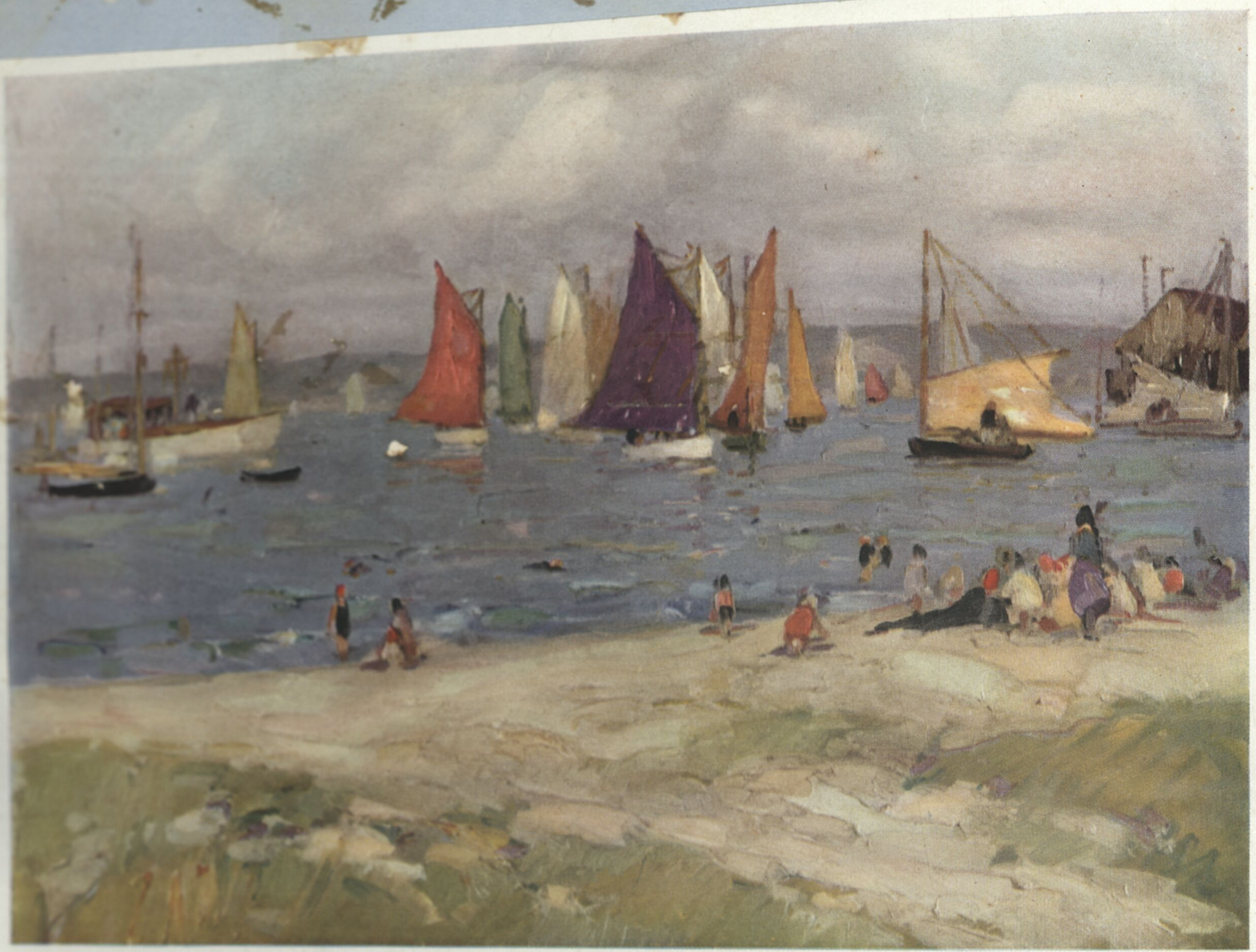
Scrapbook No.

Property of William H. Tripp



THE RAINBOW FLEET OF NANTUCKET.

From oil painting by Frank Swift Chase.

The Inquirer and Mirror

VOL. 119. No. 45. NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS. SUPPLEMENT May 4 - 1940

THE COMING WEEK another anniversary will be observed in the plant of The Inquirer and Mirror—the fiftieth anniversary of the day when the old Cranston drum cylinder first turned off the weekly editions of the Nantucket paper. That was quite a long time ago—a half century—but the old press is still on the job and grinds away faithfully each week, producing the last of the old-time "blanket sheets" published in America.

In 1890 the Cranston press was considered an up-to-date piece of machinery. It was new, right from the factory in Norwich, Conn., and it was considered an excellent equipment for a weekly newspaper, capable of turning out from 1,200 to 1,800 copies an hour.

Although today (fifty years later) it can hardly be called an up-to-date piece of machinery, it still continues to do good work and the big drum cylinder rolls over at a speed of 1,500 per hour on an average, which is fast enough for a press which has been working for fifty years.

We well recall that day early in May, 1890, when the press made its first revolution. The printing office was then up in Milk street, at the rear of the Octavus Lewis cottage. A new building had been erected to house the Inquirer and Mirror plant, the late Edward Bennett doing the construction work and the late Wallace Gardner erecting the shafting and installing the kerosene engine which was to furnish motive power.

Prior to that time the printing plant had been located in the upper floor of the building on the corner of Main and Orange streets, in the rooms now occupied by Collins Studio. The time having come when a larger and more modern press was necessary, the publisher, the late Roland B. Hussey, had the building constructed on Milk street into which the plant was moved the first week in May, 1890. The business office was maintained for a time on the corner of Main and Orange streets, but the following autumn the entire business of The Inquirer and Mirror was transferred to the Milk street building.

Well do we recall the "moving day". Aside from the erection of the new Cranston cylinder press, there was the difficult task of moving racks and type cases, and the heterogeneous collection of printing shop equipment, along with the single job press. To dismantle the plant, carry everything down that long flight of stairs, load into W. H. H. Smith's big two-horse truck, and then unload it again and place it in the new building, was a tremendous task—a hurried task—in order that publication might continue that week and the record of The Inquirer and Mirror never to miss an issue maintained.

And what a thrill went over everyone when the kerosene engine first turned over, when the erector from the Cranston Works in Connecticut threw the lever for the first time and the drum cylinder made its first revolution under "power". Besides Mr. Hussey, the "force" at that time was comprised of the late Arthur H. Cook, George P. Swain, Edgar Stuart Smith and Andrew M. Myrick.

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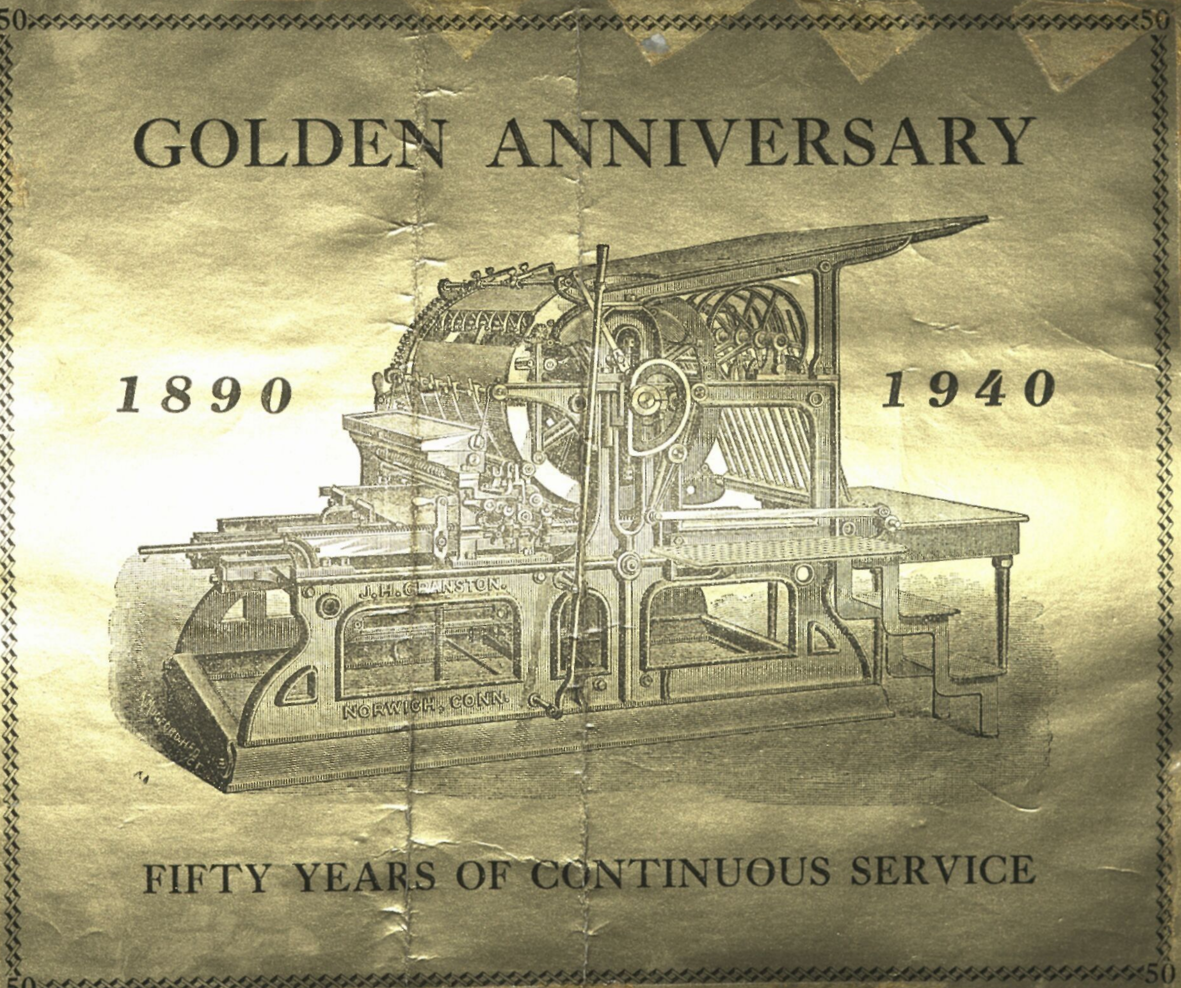
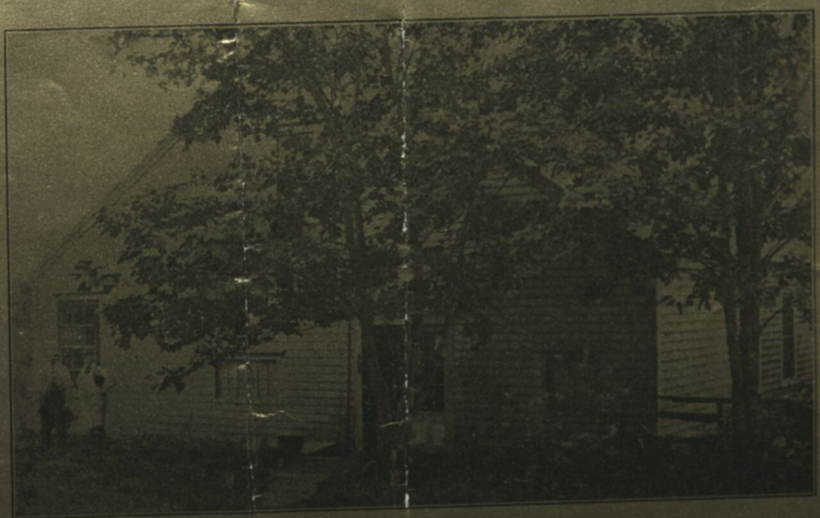
At that time the writer and present editor and publisher of the historic sheet was serving as a carrier boy delivering papers over the north route. Although keenly interested in everything pertaining to the island printing plant, and often "in the way" of the others because he had an inclination to learn to set type, the writer never gave thought to the possibility that for the next half century he would be watching the Cranston press delivering a product to the readers week after week.

Two years later (in September, 1892) he himself "signed up" for a three years' voyage with The Inquirer and Mirror to serve as an apprentice and "learn the trade" at a salary of $1.00 per week. And now fifty years have elapsed since the big press made its first revolution in May, 1890! What memories are confined in the passing years! What great changes have occurred on Nantucket in that half century! What a marked difference in the plant of The Inquirer today! A machine that would set type was not considered a probability in 1890, when an apprentice was told upon receiving his first instructions at the case that "a good type-setter could always get a job because no piece of machinery could ever be devised that could set type."

But today, hand composition is a thing of the past. In the present plant of The Inquirer and Mirror stand two modern Linotype machines, each capable of turning out the work of four men in the olden days. The one job press of 1890 has been replaced by a pony cylinder for book work, and four job presses for various classes of printing. Folding and binding machines, and other modern equipment, all with individual electric motors, have been installed from time to time, as the years have come and gone—but still the old drum cylinder of 1890 stands on the shop floor as queen of them all—today observing its golden jubilee. Fifty years of faithful and efficient service—and still on the job!

We pay our respects to that wonderful piece of machinery—out-of-date, we admit, in comparison with presses of modern construction, yet of absorbing interest to everyone connected with the printing industry, as it prints the last of the old-time blanket sheets and each week sends forth the largest newspaper page in the United States. One wonders how many more years the old press





The building in which the Cranston Press made its first revolution fifty years ago—where the plant of *The Inquirer and Mirror* was located ten years—from 1890 to 1900. Standing at the left of the picture are the late Arthur H. Cook and (with thick crop of hair and arms akimbo) the present editor and publisher.

The type of building remains practically unchanged as it now stands on Steamboat wharf. To be sure, "The Skipper" has added a galley and improvements have been made to the structure, but in the main the building bears close semblance to its appearance fifty years ago.

can stand up under the strain. The foundry in which it was built long ago ceased operations and "J. H. Cranston", who in 1890 built presses better than he knew, has gone to his reward.

The building which was erected to house the newspaper plant away back in 1890 has since been diverted to various other uses than as a print-shop. For ten years it was occupied by The Inquirer and Mirror and then (in 1900) the plant moved back "down town" to its present quarters on Orange street.

The building was removed from Milk street in "bays" and re-erected on Steamboat wharf, where it still stands as "The Skipper". At one time it was used for flying horses, operated by "Ollie" Brown; then it became the home of a steam laundry; and now it is "The Skipper's" galley and dining saloon, adjacent to which the hulk of the old schooner Allen Gurney has been moored for nearly twenty years.

It was within those four walls that the editor of The Inquirer and Mirror served his apprenticeship so many years ago. It was there that the faithful old press, whose golden jubilee we celebrate this week, first responded to the urge of "power" and issued the island's blanket sheet.

All hail to its long service and to the memories which cling to that big drum cylinder!

* * * * *

As near as we can recall, those who have "fed" the Cranston cylinder during its half century of operation are the following: Roland B. Hussey, Arthur H. Cook, George P. Swain, Andrew M. Myrick, Anthony W. Ayers, Amelia (Holmes) Westgate, Harry B. Turner, Olive (Raymond) Weimer, Frederick M. McCleave, Edouard A. Stackpole, Benson C. Chase, Alexander M. Chase, J. Albert Stackpole, Joseph Sylvia, Paul A. Palm, Harold E. Dunham.

Printing Office Reminiscences.

At the time the press was installed in 1890, there was another employee in The Inquirer and Mirror shop. His name was "Freddie" Coffin, and the boys used to call him "Wiggles". He was short of stature—not quite 5 feet—and he was the proud possessor of two things which made him conspicuous. He owned a large moustache, and he also owned a skull cap, which he always wore while in the shop.

"Billy" Clark, the town crier, used to drop around every Friday afternoon "to do up the mail"—and "Billy" was an expert at slapping paste around. He always messed things up and certainly hustled up the mail. Of a nervous temperament, "Billy" did not take kindly to teasing or being made the point of a joke. We recall that one day certain members of the force taunted "Billy" until he was "all riled up". "Wiggles" happened to make some remark at a most inopportune time. Quick as a flash, "Billy" made a grab for "Wiggles", tipped him up-side down, and doused the little individual head-down into that bucket of paste—skull-cap and moustache went with him.

Such a sputtering can well be imagined, when "Wiggles" emerged from that bucket of paste. Everybody broke into a roar—he looked so ridiculous. "Wiggles" waxed mad and, when he saw the rest of the crew were laughing, he grew madder. "Billy" continued to do up the mail and slatted paste with an inward chuckle, as the force endeavored to clean up the individual named Coffin. Soon after that "Wiggles" severed his connection with the printing business and he passed to his reward many years ago. The last time we saw him he still had the moustache—and he had invested in another skull-cap.

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Another interesting event which we recall happened one day when "Uncle William Mooers" arrived with his truck wagon and announced: "Here's some more paper for you! Guess I'd better back down and unload!"

"Uncle William" had a cranky black horse that no one could handle but himself. Boys always gave the horse a wide berth, for he had a habit of nipping quickly if one got too close.

On the day in question "Uncle William" took hold of the bridle and, with a lot of heckling, managed to get the old horse backing down grade between the fence and the Lewis cottage. Once started it was difficult to stop that animal and when told to back, he backed. "Uncle William" tripped at a critical time and fell sprawling face-down, while the horse continued to back until the wagon brought up against the building. "Uncle William" had but one eye, but that eye was a good one, and when he got "riled" it would sparkle. Just as he commenced to scramble onto his feet and view his outfit some twenty feet away, someone happened down the yard and inquired "What's the matter, Uncle William—fall down?" Came the retort: "Fall down?—what, me? I was just getting my weather eye on that d——— black critter—he was in altogether too much of a hurry when he started backing. Git outer my way, while I go see what's what."

* * * * *

One hot afternoon in mid-summer there was the sound of a bell out in Milk street. Going to the door, "R. B." saw George W. Hooper outside with his ice cream cart. "You fellows want a dish of ice cream?" he queried. Quick as a flash came the call from within the print-shop: "Tell him we need four dishes—not one." The ice cream came—and that week "George W." had a nice little puff in the paper.

* * * * *

Farmer Mackintosh wallowed into the office one morning, fresh from the cow-barn or some other equally odoriferous place. "You fellows want a punkin in exchange for an advertisement?" he asked. "Sure thing!" some one replied. All was silent for a few minutes and then everybody suddenly dropped "sticks". Through the door rolled a wagon-load of pumpkins—the nice warty kind for which Nantucket is famous.

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At one time the building on Milk street served as a branch of the local Weather Bureau and storm warnings were displayed from a staff mounted on the ridge of the building. At that period the Weather Bureau displayed weather flags as well as storm flags and we recall that a blue and white flag indicated showers. Residents near the monument had some real service in those days.

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And when the printing plant had a steam engine installed in 1895 with an upright boiler, the vicinity also had morning, noon and night whistles. It was a lot of fun, pulling the whistle cord and letting the neighborhood know it was noon or quitting time, and the blasts were often prolonged beyond the point of necessity. At any rate, the steam whistle did not keep up its music many weeks after the town's centennial celebration in July, 1895. It was blown so much that morning that the valve broke and it was never repaired—to the relief of the neighborhood.

Harry B. Turner.

May, 1940.

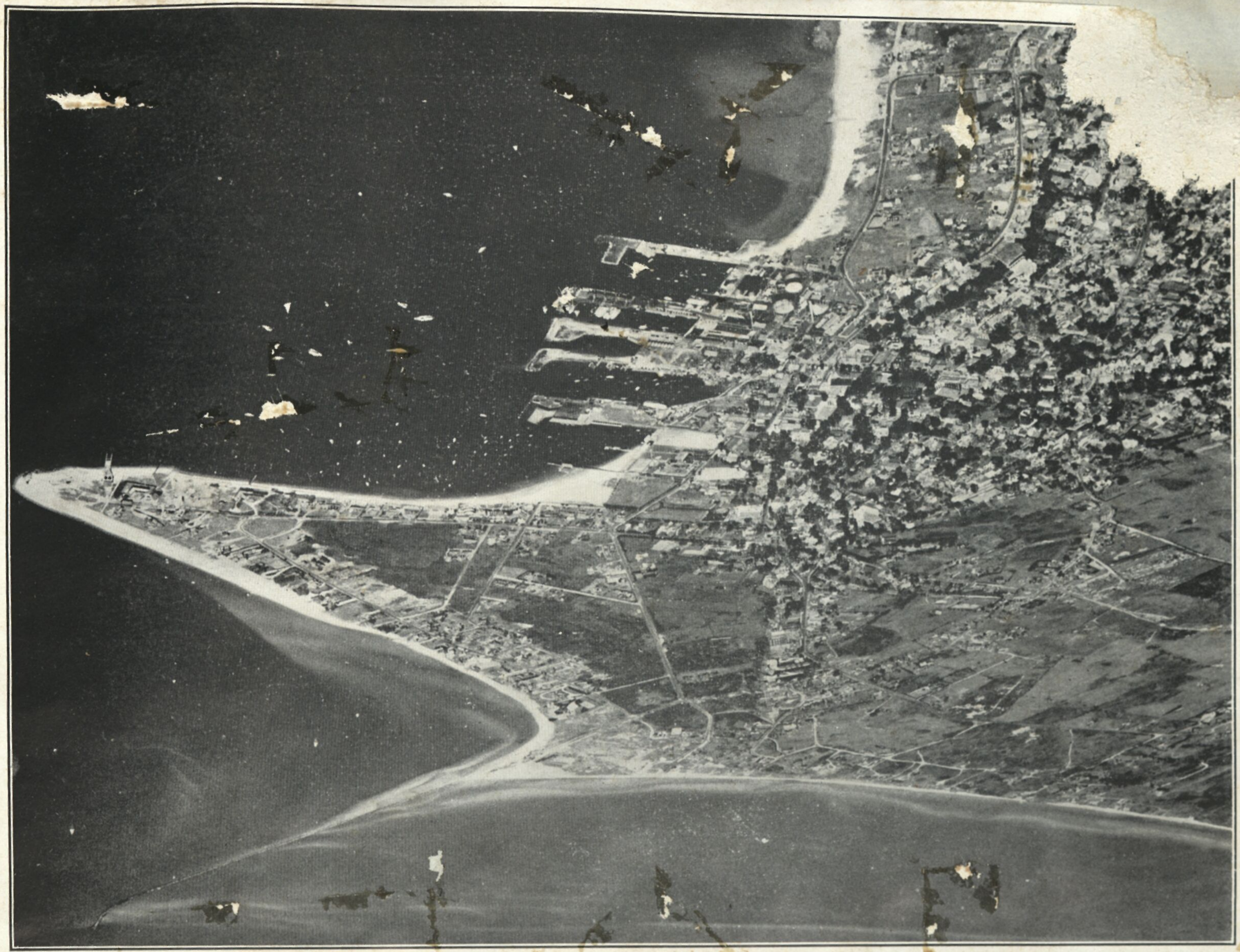

Photo by T. F. Hartley THE HARBOR AND WATER FRONT FROM THE AIR

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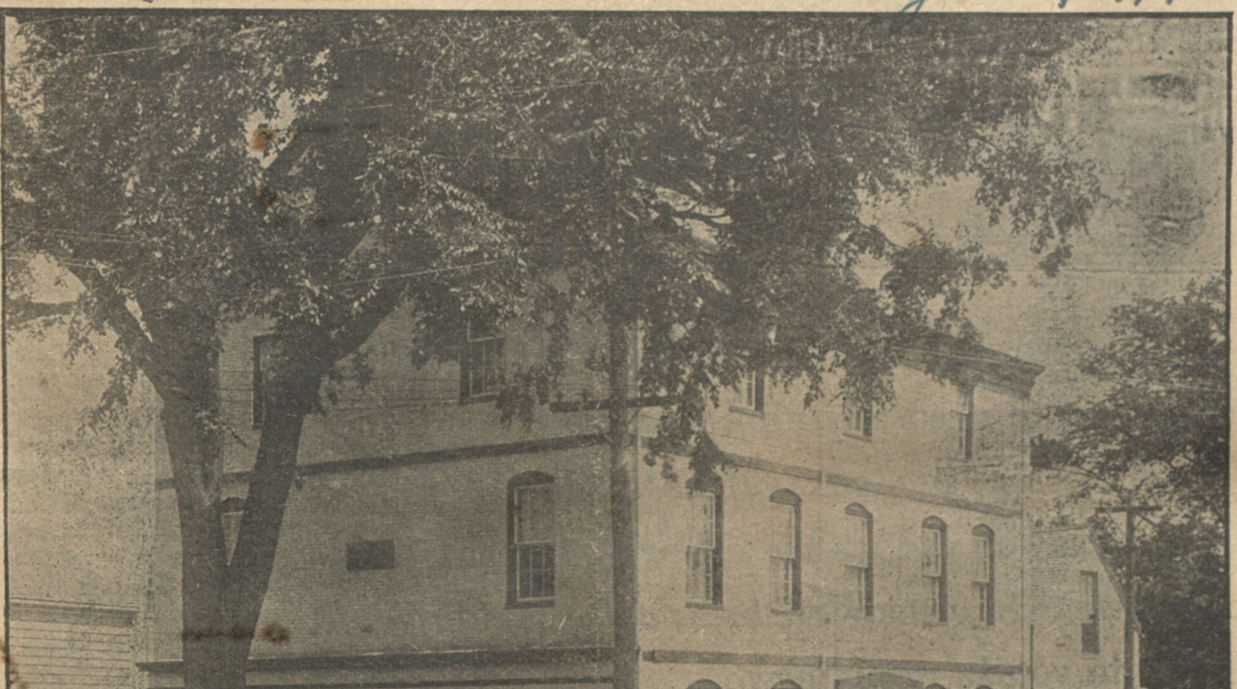
R AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS. SATURDAY MORNING,

June 9-1945



WHEN THE OLD ELM GUARDED THE DOORWAY OF THE PACIFIC CLUB.

The first elm when it was in its prime—shading the entrance to the Pacific Club on the bottom floor of the old counting house of William Rotch on Main street's lower Square. Members of the Club came out to have their pictures taken on a summer's day. In December, 1934, the old elm was taken down in its 84th year. In June, 1935, a sapling was placed in its place. The old elm had seen many changes in its years of growing.

The Planting of The First Elm On Main Street's "Square."

BY EDOUARD A. STACKPOLE.

IT HAD BEEN a cold spring. Despite a spell of bright blue sky and warm sun in March, the spring of 1851 had been a succession of wind-whipped days, with rain driving out of the east and nights with the fog coming in thickly from the southwest.

The lower Square of Main street had been the same for five years, now. The cobbles stretched in a gentle slope between the high curbings; the new stores and brick blocks had the sleek, unfinished look of all new buildings; the old Briggs warehouse still bore blackened scars of the "great fire of '46" which had swept away this section of the town; and one could sight along the north sidewalk to the rise of Liberty street where the north side of the Square had been set back.

At the upper Square the Pacific Bank stook guard. At the lower end, marking the head of Straight wharf, the old Rotch counting house kept its vigil. Two men came through the doorway of the lower floor, from the Commercial Reading Room. Captain Job Swain, who was the taller of the two, was also the elder by ten years, but Captain Alexander Clasby had made two more voyages, which might have accounted for the same amount of gray in his beard and hair.

"I guess there's something to it, after all," said Captain Swain, stopping to look up the cobbled way. "The old Square does look kind of bare and new-like since the fire."

"Aye, I can understand what thee means, Obed," replied Capt. Clasby. "But I don't approve o' spending the town's money for a lot o' trees that won't amount to anything. Thee can't expect the Square to improve with some sick-looking trees up and down the sidewalks."

"Now, Alex, don't let's get afoul of that argument again," muttered the older whaleman. "I'll admit I don't know much about trees—except the kind that makes good spars—but it seems to me that if Henry and Charles G. Coffin are willin' to buy the trees the least the town can do is to pay for planting 'em."

Captain Clasby growled deep in his throat (his officers used to call it a sign of the Old Man's "quarterdeck squall" coming up.) "Aye, if the trees would amount to anything I'd be for the planting. But thee take a noatheast gale carrying that spray up for miles and it'll kill the saplings as sure as there's fish in the sea—or else stunt 'em so they won't grow any higher than the break of the fo'c's'le head on old *Rose*."

"Well, don't you think Henry and Charles G have thought o' that?" inquired Captain Swain, turning to face his companion. "They're like their Dad Zenas, ye know, and have been studying this course for some time. Ye've got to admit the trees on Pleasant street have stood up well."

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A third man came out of the Reading Room to join them. "It's about time for the others to show up, is'nt it?" He scanned the Square anxiously.

"What does thee think of this planting business, William?" asked Captain Clasby of the newcomer.

Capt. William Veeder frowned thoughtfully. "The Square does look like a strange port since the fire—I I can't get used to it. Trees might make it fairly shipshape place, if they'll grow."

"Ah," exclaimed Captain Clasby triumphantly. "That's what I claim—if they'll grow!'

"There's only one way to find out," remarked Captain Swain, cheerfully, "and that's to plant 'em."

It was mid-forenoon when most of the habitants of the Commercial Reading Room assembled before the old Rotch building. The men had arrived with the young elm sapling and the hole was soon dug in the sidewalk.

The seven Selectmen of the town put in an appearance. They were John Shaw, William Barney, George Macy, Eben Allen, William R. Coffin, David Mitchell and David Easton. A few minutes later a number of other town officials joined the group—Town Clerk William Cobb, and George Cobb, the Town Treasurer.

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Standing for the moment apart from the group, the prime movers in the enterprise—Henry and Charles G. Coffin—spoke to each other in lowered tones. Merchants in the time-honored businees of sperm oil manufactury, they had also a further love of their island-home that strongly characterized their business careers.

"I am not a prophet, Charles," said Henry, "but I can visualize the entire Square lined with all elms. I deeply feel that this sapling is but the forerunner of many other stalwart trees which in time will beautify the streets of the town."

"It will fill a wanted need, then," commented his brother.

" 'Tis said we live the same span of years allotted the elm," went on Henry, musing. "How excellent it would be to plant a tree when one is young and watch it grow old with one."

"I am sure you would match it's dignity," said Charles, gently. "Ah, to live to the graceful oldness of a Concord elm, Henry."

* * * * *

David Mitchell, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, cleared his throat in preliminary warning that the exercises were to begin. He advanced a pace and began speaking in a voice marked by some hesitancy.

"As this is the first occasion of this nature in which I have taken part," he began, "I am not entirely certain as to the method of procedure. However, I believe that it is customary to say a a few words appropriate to the exercise of any planting—as well as to tamp down the soil about the roots of the tree."

A few of the townsfolk who happend to be passing stopped to listen and look on. One or two sailors, coming up from the wharves, peered curiously over the shoulders of the onlookers.

Chairman Mitchell continued: "Our forefathers prepared the way for many of the comforts that we now enjoy. We should do the same for our sons and grandsons. Many of us may not live to see this elm grow beyond yonder windowsill, yet our children will sit in its shade."

"A man after your own heart," Charles G. Coffin murmured to his brother.

Henry Coffin smiled. He and David Mitchell had often talked about this subject. There was an echo of Emerson in their way of thinking.

David Mitchell proceeded to toss a few spadefuls of earth down around the roots of the sapling, then gently tamped it down, so that the sapling assumed a rigid straightness.

"Theres no rake to that," muttered Captain Swain in his beard.

* * * * *

The gathering dispersed, to resume their several ways. When the brief ceremony was over, Captain Clasby went nearer the sapling for a closer glance while the workmen finished packing the earth down. He then rejoined his cronies, who had gone back into the reading room, where they continued to look out upon the Square.

"Well," said Captain Seth Nickerson, Jr., who had just arrived home after a most successful voyage in the whaleship *Massachusetts*, "how does it look to you now, Alex? 'Spose it will ever grow as high as a foreyard?"

"Might!" barked Captain Clasby, "if it lives as long as Methusalah."

"Come, come," rejoined Captain Marshall, lately ashore after a three-year voyage in the *President*. "Time didn't mean that much to your old uncle when he brought back that Portuguese bell that now hangs in the tower."

"It was meant for an alarm bell in case of fire," remarked Captain Clasby, solemnly.

"It's gone beyond that," said Capt. Marshall. "I've heard that bell on still nights while drifting 'on the line' off the Kingsmills."

"I remember once as a lad in Ternate, of the Dutch Indies." It was quiet Captain Whippey of the *James Loper*. "A bell aboard a British man-'-war, anchored to wind'ard of us, rang—and I woke from a sound sleep. It sounded exactly like the bell in the tower. I'm glad to be able to sit here now and listen to it—reminds me of those hard days in the South Seas—makes me glad to be home at last for as long as I live. "

There was a long silence.

"You know," began Captain Swain, "we whalemen ought to think more o' trees than we do. Come to think of it, they mean most everything to a ship—the decks, the masts, the whaleboats, the casks, even the shafts to the lances and harpoons. And, once ashore, it's mighty nice to lay in a hammock in the shade of a tree. Why, after all, that's what the land means—coming home to earth, ye know." He chuckled and took up his pipe.

"Look at the orchards our dads have planted in the town," remarked Captain Marshall. "Come to think of it, they provide as much comfort with the shade in summer as the fruit in the fall. Seems to me that if we had trees on all the streets of the town—well, it would make a pretty town."

"I only hope I'll live long enough to see this tree in particular grow," declared Capt. Clasby. "Nothing will please me better than to make a cane out of one o' those branches so's I can hobble up Orange street hill the easier."

* * * * *

The years passed much more quickly than Captain Clasby believed possible. Before the end of his earthly voyage he looked, not without some bewilderment, at the sapling, now tall and strong, grown high to the second story windows of the counting house. Protected from the easterly gales by the sturdy red-bricked structure, the tree flung its branches until it afforded a wide shade for the door-way.

And the Square had changed. No longer were there bare sidewalks. A line of elms on either side lifted leafy branches high above the cobbles.

Time, also, had changed the people who walked the sidewalks, in and out of the stores and warehouses. The numbers of shipmasters in the Reading Room had dwindled, but enough had remained to form an organization proudly styled the Pacific Club.

* * * *

As the trees grew they saw the Town change. The great whaling industry departed quietly; almost as silently the whaling masters dropped away. New excitements came to the Square—the first volunteers to the battlefields of the Civil War marched across the cobbles; the Spanish War caused a re-birth of spirit, the Square flared with patriotic bunting; the political parades and torchlights; the war loan exercises of World War I and then World War II took place.

Time also took on a new meaning to the townspeople. They began to reckon time in the ages of the elms. When the gas mains were laid through the streets the trees had seen three summers come and go; when the last whaleship cleared the bar the trees had gained a good start, and when the last square-rigger captain passed away the elms were as old as he.

Age lends dignity, but the elms had a natural dignity when only young trees. The years brought with them a new industry to the Town called "summer business," and the trees saw visitors from every state in the Union, who sat in the shade and "watched the pass" along the way.

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But what of that first elm? Henry Coffin planted many more, and yet this was in many ways his favorite. The tree saw the master mariners leave the building to go up the street and out of sight forever; Henry Coffin, from his window further up Main Square, had also seen the old familiar street, beyond the Bank and the upper faces disappear, but he had rejoiced in new faces. And he heard the summons a quarter century before his old elm felt the pulling of deeper roots.

Curiously enough, the tree's span of life matched its sponsor's—eighty-four years. Its end came with the beginning of a new era for Nantucket—1934. Perhaps it felt these last winter storms more than was realized, for, as with all earthly things, the life went out of it suddenly and men noticed its death with surprise, even saying that they did no realize this elm tree could be so old.

3/3/1945

Thinks Wreckage from Old Ship.

There has been considerable interest in the old piece of wreckage discovered in the beach at the end of Great Point by Chief Anthony Sylvia of the Coast Guard. A number of cars equipped with large tires made the trip out to view the scene on Sunday, the weather being favorable.

Walter Jewett, of Madaket, has advanced the most logical explanation as to the origin of the wreckage. Over the phone, he described its sturdy construction and pronounced sheer, its brass-headed bolts and wooden treenails.

Mr. Jewett stated that in the year 1895 a large section of a ship drifted into the breakers near Wauwinet. Together with Junior Fisher, he took out moorings and tried to make it fast to the shore in order to work on it. But a strong southeaster tore it away from the anchorage and carried it up to the end of Great Point.

At that time, said Mr. Jewett, the wreckage appeared part of an old ship which had been converted into a coal barge. It was a midship section, with heavy yellow pine planking, the strong ribs of oak. He is of the opinion that the Portland gale buried it completely at the end of the point.

During the week, Chief Sylvia had a piece of the planking on display in the window of the Eagle Barber Shop on Main street.

Southern Moss on Nantucket.

Anyone who has been down South, through the Carolinas, Georgia, and the other southern states has found the "Spanish moss" which hangs from the trees of great interest when they first see it. But soon the interest passes away, and the gray-green moss hanging from trees and telephone poles is just part of the landscape. But to find the moss on trees here on Nantucket is wholly unexpected and something which has yet to be explained.

Harry Gordon brought a large bunch of the moss into this office Thursday morning. While up on Coatue he had come across a tree covered with the stuff, just as it is seen in the southland. How it came to flourish on Nantucket island, hundreds of miles farther north than usually seen, is something for the tree experts to solve. We do not attempt an explanation. The moss is there, so we will let it go at that.

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AUG 4-1945

Annual Meeting of Nantucket Historical Association.

The fifty-first meeting of the Nantucket Historical Association was held on Tuesday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock at the Friends Meeting House on Fair street, adjoining the Museum. Every seat in the historic old building was taken, and the gathering listened with great interest and warm pleasure to the speakers for the occasion—Dr. William E. Gardner, who spoke on the background for his current book, "Three Bricks and Three Brothers," and Dr. Thomas E. Drake, who spoke on Elihu Coleman, Nantucket's 18th century anti-slavery pioneer.

The meeting opened with the reading of the report of the Secretary—Mrs. Oscar B. Eger. During her report Mrs. Eger mentioned the loss to the Association with the death of Dr. Charles E. Congdon, last fall, a man always deeply interested in the work of the Association and a former President.

The report showed the total membership of the Association to be 669—with 98 Life Members; 15 Sustaining Members; 524 Annual Members, and 42 Junior Members.

Mrs. Elizabeth Worth, the Treasurer, read her report, which revealed the splendid condition of the Association's Finances. It was also noted that the total assets of the Association—the value of its buildings, exhibitions, land and invested funds—exceeded $50,000.

* * * *

The presiding officer—Edouard A. Stackpole—made announcement of the variety of gifts which have come to the Association the past year. On display were some wooden pattern forms for quilts, used from 1820 to 1838 by Eunice Hussey and Love Baxter, presented by Mrs. William Sellers, of Wilmington, Del. Also, a picture of the George C. Gardner house in the 1880s, presented by Harry B. Turner, hung on the wall.

Other accessions mentioned were: a watch belonging to John C. Chinery, taken on voyages around Cape Horn, given by his daughter, Mrs. Emma F. Haywood; Indian pieces and South Sea island arrows and bow, presented by Peter M. Hussey from his father's collection; an old Nantucket bonnet, 100 years old, presented by Mrs. Robert Benchley; books and pamphlets and clippings from the estate of the late Henry B. Worth, noted island historian, presented by Mrs. Worth, and numerous other valued gifts.

The chairman mentioned that this year marked the 150th anniversary of the changing of the name of the town from Sherburne to Nantucket. During the month, he remarked, the First Congregational Church will hold exercises commemorating the 234th anniversary of the erection of the Old North Vestry at a ceremony at the original location on West Chester St.

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The outstanding event of the year, stated the chairman, was the acceptance by the Association of the custodianship of the Records of the Nantucket Monthly Meeting of Friends—the first volume dating back to 1708. These ancient and invaluable records were placed in the keeping of the Association by the Providence Monthly Meeting, with which group the present members of the Nantucket Monthly Meeting have associated itself.

Chairman Stackpole read the last "minute" as entered by Elizabeth Foster, Clerk of the Meeting, in March. The Association's reply reads as follows:

December 14, 1944.

Committee in Charge of Nantucket
onthly Meeting Records,
Narragansett Quarterly Meeting.

Dear Friends:

The Nantucket Historical Association hereby accepts custodianship of the Nantucket Monthly Meeting Records, in which the Narragansett Quarterly Meeting has title, and of which the aforesaid Quarterly Meeting is guardian.

Mindful of the trust reposing in it with the reception of these priceless records, the Nantucket Historical Association agrees to keep them in a fire-proof vault and hold them available and accessible to members of the Meeting and persons of reputable standing in the research field without expense to them.

* * * * *

The Nominating Committee—composed of Mrs. Alice Albertson Shurrocks, Chairman, Mrs. Dorothy S. Richmond and William L. Mather—submitted the following report:

President—Edouard A. Stackpole.
Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Walton H. Adams, Everett U. Crosby, William E. Gardner, Bassett Jones, Charles P. Kimball, Col. Louis J. Praeger.
Secretary—Mrs. Oscar B. Eger.
Treasurer—Mrs. Frank Worth.
Auditors—Miss Cora Stevens, Col. Louis J. Praeger.
Councillors — Miss Grace Brown Gardner, Mrs. William H. Barney, Edward P. Tice, William C. Brock, John J. Gardner, 2d, David Wood, Mrs. Elkins Hutaff, Lawrence B. Cummings.
Life Councillors—Miss Annie Alden Folger, Edward F. Sanderson, Harry B. Turner.

Upon vote of the meeting the Secretary was instructed to cast one ballot for the election of the officers.

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The Chairman then introduced the first of the afternoon's speakers—Dr. William E. Gardner. The subject of his talk was "Backgrounds for *Three Bricks and Three Brothers*." With his own inimitable way, Dr. Gardner described the various steps which carried him to the successful completion of his popular biography of the life of Joseph Starbuck. He displayed the old Starbuck account books and other of the source material and described his reaction to each discovery in the research for his book.

Dr. Gardner received vigorous applause at the conclusion of his enjoyable talk. He had demonstrated with clarity and effect the means for a successful interpretation of what might apparently be a subject "as dry as dust."

The second of the speakers was Dr. Thomas E. Drake, Curator of the Quaker collection at Haverford College. He spoke on "Elihu Coleman, Anti-Slavery Pioneer of Nantucket." Dr. Drake's essay on this subject has appeared in a volume of collected historical writings and has also been published in pamphlet form, available in the book stores of the town.

The house which Coleman erected for his bride in 1722 is still standing on Hawthorn Lane, the property of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Blair. In commenting on the meagre material extant concerning Coleman's life, Dr. Drake recounted much interesting material concerning the contemporary life in the early 1700's and spoke feelingly on the tract which Coleman published in 1729, which became the first anti-slavery document in New England and the second in the Colonies.

Dr. Drake exhibited the original tract, in Coleman's own hand, now in the possession of the Association, and also showed the 1708 book of Friends Records which reveals Coleman's marriage.

Also a member of the Society of Friends, Dr. Drake brought to the meeting not only his scholarly appraisal of Elihu Coleman, excellently presented, but the deep sincerity of his convictions. His talk was enjoyed in equal measure with Dr. Gardner's—which is to say it was thoroughly appreciated by the gathering.

* * * *

Miss Grace Brown Gardner presented the Association with a complete file of the calendar pictures of *The Inquirer and Mirror*—dating from 1914 to the present time. Many of these came from the estate of the late Miss Annie S. Ray, but Miss Gardner painstakingly searched about until she secured all the missing pictures.

William H. Tripp, Curator of the New Bedford Museum—always a welcome visitor—presented several old photos taken during the Centennial Celebration of the Town in 1895, which were accepted with pleasure.

Aug. 4 - 1945

Old North Church To Observe Its 234th Anniversary.

The traditional location of the 1711 Old North Vestry of the First Congregational Church has been approved by the Nantucket Historical Association at its meeting this week. This is the location approved by the editor of the Inquirer and Mirror as published in the First Congregational Church program and agreed upon by Miss Grace Brown Gardner, Wallace Long, Deacon Alcon Chadwick, and Dr. George Sylvester Sutton, all of whom have been giving time to the settlement of this question. The location now so approved is "On rising ground North of No Bottom Pond" and as Isaac Folger indicated on what is now the south side of West Chester street.

The 234th anniversary of the 1711 traditional date, as per The Timothy White Papers, will be held at the First Congregational Church on Sunday morning, August 12th, the second Sunday of Old North Week, and at the No Bottom Pond location Sunday afternoon at 3.00 p. m. This movement was started by the Rev. George Lockwood, D. D., of Tenafly, New Jersey, who suggested to the pastor, Dr. George Sylvester Sutton, last summer that an occasion of this nature would be appreciated by all interested in Nantucket's historical shrines. Dr. Lockwood has accepted an invitation to make the address, "Old North Church, Past, Present and Future."

An historical statement prepared by Miss Grace Brown Gardner, one of Nantucket's historians, will be read by Deacon Alcon Chadwick of the Old North Church. The devotional service will be led by the pastor, Dr. Sutton. There are many important locations of buildings and homes that might well be given significance by the erection of permanent tablets, all of which would add to the attractiveness of Nantucket. We do well to preserve all the atmosphere of Nantucket that is possible before it might be lost to the generations who will journey to Nantucket to share in the spirit of the real America of yesterday.

OBITUARY. 1892

Pitman.—Nantucket's oldest citizen passed away last Saturday, at the great age of 93 years. Capt. John Pitman, of 'Sconset, was the subject of our notice, who will be remembered by all who have sojourned in the village for any length of time. Capt. Pitman in early life followed the sea, and was 13 years of age when he started on his first voyage. He sailed in the Gen. Lincoln, with Capt. Shubael Chase. He subsequently entered the merchant service, but later returned to whaling, joining ship Leander, and following as first officer of ships Globe and Ontario, finishing the voyage in the latter as master, owing to the death of her master, Capt. Coffin. He sailed in 1839 as master of ship Samuel Wright, of Salem, arriving home in 1843, when he retired from a seafaring life and made his home in Siasconset, where he ever after resided—a period of nearly fifty years, engaging in farming, fishing, etc. Capt. Pitman was a man of remarkable constitution, and during his long life was ill but once (excepting his final sickness), which was at the age of 70 years, when he was attacked with pneumonia, both lungs being affected, and his recovery from the serious attack was noted by physicians as a remarkable case for one of his advanced years. He was a genial man and highly respected by our entire community. He leaves a widow (with whom he had lived 68 years), and two sons grown to manhood. His funeral occurred early in the week from the residence of his son, Mr. T. C. Pitman, on Pine street.

DAY MORNING, AUGUST 5, 1944.

Nantucket's Commemoration Of Melville's 125th Anniversary.

Through the sponsorship of the Historical Association, Nantucket had the honor of being the only place in America to observe the 125th anniversary of the birth of Herman Melville, the American writer whose story of "Moby Dick" has become a world classic.

Commemoration exercises were held on Tuesday afternoon at the Whaling Museum, with some two hundred persons crowding the available space and many others regretfully turned away due to lack of accommodations.

The exercises were featured by the presence of Mrs. Eleanor Melville Metcalf, granddaughter of the writer, and her all too brief talk was an inspiration to the appreciative audience. She had brought with her some mementoes of her grandfather—his pipe, quill pen, daguerreotypes (one of his friend "Toby," (whom he made famous in "Typee"), and other heirlooms. These, with photographs of a Melville portrait, and of favorite seascapes of the writer, were arranged most attractively by Albert N. Tucker.

Dr. William E. Gardner, Chairman of the Whaling Museum, acted as the master of ceremonies, and in his opening remarks he gave a brief synopsis of the world of Melville's young manhood. He then introduced Edouard A. Stackpole, of Nantucket, who gave an informal address on Melville's early adventures and the part which whaling played in the literal and mystical construction of "Moby Dick." The speaker touched also upon Melville's full understanding of the part this island had played in the history of whaling.

Mrs. Metcalf was then introduced and responded to her enthusiastic reception with an address which was as charming as her presence was gracious. She gave glimpses of her remembrances of her grandfather, and her account at once made him very real to her listeners. She gave a comprehensive account of the long years of his literary struggles following the publication of "Moby Dick," and she read excerpts from "Mardi" and the classic of the White Whale. Upon the conclusion of her talk she was greeted with sustained applause.

Dr. Gardner then brought the exercises to a close by telling of the broadcast which had been recorded on Nantucket on Sunday, for sending over the airwaves on this Tuesday—Melville's birthday—so that the message of the man and his work went out from this island across to other lands—including Russia where, in Moscow, the Institute of World Literature was also holding commemoration exercises in honor of this American genius.

When Mrs. Metcalf visited the Whaling Museum last summer, it was her remarks concerning Melville and "Moby Dick," arousing the interest of Mrs. Royal Appleton, the librarian, which resulted in her finally admitting her identity. Mrs. Appleton informed Dr. Gardner of the distinguished visitor and the exercises this year were a most pleasant sequel to the incident.

"Nantucket—The Voice of America."

Nantucket has gone on short wave, through the Office of War Information, and far-distant countries will receive the story from Nantucket by means of "recordings" which were made here the last week-end.

The Field Broadcasting equipment came to Nantucket on Friday, according to arrangements which had been made some weeks previous by Roy De Groot, representative of the Office of War Information. The broadcasting equipment was in charge of M. P. Frutchey, Jr., an expert recording engineer.

The crowd assembled on Main street last Saturday evening wondered what it was all about, when the police officers requested private cars to snuggle up a little closer in order that the truck containing the recording equipment could park at the curb.

Mr. De Groot went mong the crowd with his portable microphone and the street singing was recorded, with Herbert Brownell playing the accordian and Miss McCleary the "bones." The climax came when the curfew sounded at 9:00 o'clock and the "mike" was held aloft to record it, while the gathering sang "The Star Spangled Banner."

On Sunday various recordings were made, including a pre-view of the Herman Melville program, with Dr. William E. Gardner and Austin Strong participating; an interview with the oldest inhabitant and whaleman, "Charlie" Lamb; interviews with two other old whalemen, Nelson Ewer and Johnnie Cross, and a talk with Arthur Collins, Sr., who told of the first summer visitors; a talk with Everett U. Crosby as to trends of the times and future possibilities; an interview with Austin Strong in his Nantucket attic; and an interview with Morris Ernst, who has just returned from England, and who is at his Monomoy home.

The next morning the broadcasting outfit drew up at the entrance to the printing office and the sound of the old drum cylinder press, the Linotypes and other noises of the press-room were all recorded. The next visit was to the Whaling Museum, where Wallace Long, the custodian, was recorded as he explained the various exhibits. The mobile unit then went through the streets of the town, where a guide told of the old houses and traditions. The old Quaker Meeting House and Fair street historical rooms were also visited.

These were some of the Nantucket voices and scenes which were not only broadcast to the boys over-seas and to England, Egypt, Australia and New Zealand, but have become a permanent record in the "Voice of Nantucket."

Nantucket's Flowers.

The sail that sought the Seventh Sea—
Long ago brought home to me
Many seeds from many lands—
Rainbows from the myriad lands.
Scottish broom in golden glee
Trims the path to Sankoty.
Vivid tweed, my heathland heather—
Loves an Island's variant weather.
And the pungent bay-berry,
New England pewter, lives with me.
Arbutus trails along the moor,
And lady slippers, pink, demure,
In sandy hollows, everywhere—
Shyly greet the salty air.
Hot summer lights the lily's flame,
And brings my rose to common fame.
My rambler rose, it climbs the wall
Drapes the doorstep, runs to call—
Tops a chimney, taps a window
Petals bright and gorgeously
My Island garden in the sea.
Long ago brought home to me
All beauty came to live with me.
Oh voyager, when you depart—
Wear my flowers in your heart.

—Eleanor Dixon Glidden.

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5/27 1944

"Ninety Five Per Cent Perfect" Appears in Second Edition.

The second edition of Everett U. Crosby's valuable book ""Ninety Five Per Cent Perfect" was published last week. It contains, also, his book on "Nantucket's Changing Prosperity, Future Probabilities." The new edition has the same collection of photographs and drawings which so marked both previous editions—long since out of print.

The new volume is bound in board covers and contains 125 pages. It is for sale at Miss Cora Stevens Shop in Nantucket, at Goodspeed's, in Boston, and Brentano's in New York. The price is $2.50, and will be sent by mail for 20 cents additional.

* * * * *

Mr. Crosby's new edition emphasizes again his valuable contributions not only to the history of Nantucket's distinctive architecture but to the future enhancement of the old town's greatest physical asset—its old-time appearance.

It is a distinguished volume, carefully planned as to text, documented with technical detail which the average reader will appreciate for its simplicity, and profusely illustrated by its extensive gallery of photographs of the old dwellings and business blocks of the town.

The simplicity and sturdiness of the old houses, the excellence of ornamentation with the coming of the neoclassicist period, and the retaining of the appearance of century-old dwellings despite the modern conveniences installed and the changes to portions of interiors, is presented thoughtfully. The historical factors affecting the original style of building, the various details of their construction, etc., are excellent and accurate. One does not have to be an architect to appreciate the lines of these Nantucket structures and their stamp of sturdy oldness rather than ruinous antiquity.

* * * * *

One of the reproductions of old-time pictures in the book is that showing the north side of Main street and portions of Federal in 1834, from an old drawing by Wm H. Gardner, copied by Fish, the Nantucket artist. It is an invaluable sketch as it details the English style of half-timbered and gable-roofed houses which were in existence on Main and Federal streets before the great fire of 1846.

* * * * *

Mr. Crosby's study of the business section of the town is increasingly important with the prospect of post-war years on Nantucket. Sketches of the old store-fronts to contrast certain modern influences in newer construction point out conclusively the sensible and practical way toward preserving the integral value of Nantucket's old appearance. That it is this oldness which is its chief "stock in trade" can not be challenged.

As an appendix, Mr. Crosby has included photographs of the old houses in "95% Perfect" with the shadows and the foliage to enhance their beauty and old lines. In addition, he has also the very excellent, detailed program of basic specifications for additions and alterations to the exterior of old Nantucket houses which were adopted in 1937 at a meeting of practically all of the island's carpenters, masons, painters, dealers and artisans, and real estate folk, as well as representatives of civic organizations.

Final Exhibits at Kenneth 8/25 Taylor Galleries. 1945

The final exhibits of the season were opened to the public last Wednesday afternoon. These will continue without change until the closing day, Sept. 9th. Upstairs, Miss Florence Ingall has arranged a varied and interesting loan exhibition of Nantucket arts and crafts. They include the fine furniture made by Frank Baldwin, a hobby that he has followed with professional skill for many years.

Between the windows is a table with a special display of sea gear of various sorts, including a tool chest completely equipped, ditty bags, square-knot work and an exquisite model of a naval galley or gungoat in the flotilla ordered by Thomas Jefferson in 1803.

Above hangs a group of ship paintings by William Blair and Harry Allen. Elsewhere there are hooked and braided rugs, miniature furniture, lightship baskets, tiles, silver and pewter, and many other interesting crafts by various exhibitors.

An outstanding feature of this exhibition is the showing of artistic photographs. This department was under the care of Louis Davidson. The photographs include some of his own work, also that of Miss Ingall, Mr. Pollak, Mr. Carroll and color work by Mr. Harrer.

On a table in the office is a handsome array of Mrs. Putney's ceramics, and on the walls there is a group of examples of the work of the late Tony Sarg, the famous artist and craftsman who made his summer home at Nantucket in former years.

These, unfortunately, do not include any of his marionettes, but they range from his delightful book for children to the painting of the old fish market on Easy Street; and there is a photograph of the horrendous sea serpent which he devised one summer to bask on our shores.

The Lower Gallery is devoted to the annual "August Show." Large as the space is, it is not big enough to carry as many pictures as the jury would have liked to show. In order to make the exhibit as representative as possible, the principle was followed of allowing every one who contributed at least one chance to be seen.

As a rule each artist was limited to one picture, though there are several exceptions. "Modern" styles in painting are represented as well as the conventional. The limitations of space forbid singling out any special work for mention here, but there are a number of outstanding paintings.

Since Mrs. Henry Lang maintained the Easy Street Gallery for so many years, it is only fitting that there should be something in the first August Show at the new galleries to commemorate her generous service in the past. Accordingly, there is a modest display of four paintings kindly lent by the Montclair Museum of Art, together with one contributed by Mrs. Ormonde Ingall, forming a group in Mrs. Lang's honor. These are all paintings of the Far West.

Awards for excellence in three mediums, oil, water color and black and white, will be made and announced shortly.

On the afternoon of the same day of the opening, A. E. Marshall gave the Gallery Talk. He is a chemical engineer of national distinction, at home in many special fields. One of these is glass. For eighteen years he was Chief Consultant to the Corning Glass Works.

He spoke most interestingly on the beginnings of glass-making and its relation to the development of civilization. Next Wednesday, the 29th, Mrs. Edmonds Putney will give the final Gallery Talk of the season. She will speak on ceramics, a subject in which she is expertly at home.

The Kenneth Taylor Galleries—an Appeal for Support.

To the Public:

The Kenneth Taylor Galleries have been in operation since the 1st of July and already we have had over 4500 visitors.

The idea of acquiring and restoring the old warehouse and adapting it for exhibition use resulted so well it has met with universal approval.

Exhibitions of important and diversified interest are crowding our rather extensive facilities. The weekly Gallery talks are well received. Both the exhibitions and talks suggest great possibilities for coming seasons.

It is prophesied that Nantucket is well under way toward becoming an art center of recognized high standing, with its attendant growing artists' colony.

Our building and equipment became possible due to a bequest and gifts to the Foundation. The Galleries and its staff were completely financed for this first season by another gift.

Some $15,000 has been expended. By the close of the season we will need further funds for usual running expenses, some additional desired improvements and for next season's operation.

Therefore—this is an appeal for funds. We hope everyone interested will contribute. Any amount from a dollar up will be welcomed. Contributions will be especially helpful if received before Labor Day. Checks should be made payable to the Nantucket Foundation, Inc.

Sincerely,
The Board of Governors.
Frank E. Congdon, Louis J. Praeger,
William E. Gardner, William Wallace,
Everett U. Crosby, Chairman.

8/25 Real Estate. 1945

On Monday of this week title was passed on "Moors End", one of Nantucket's most beautiful homes. Colonel Robert W. Stewart of Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill., purchased the property in 1931 and has used it as the summer residence for himself and family since that time. The new owner is Mrs. Louise Anderson Melhado, wife of Allan F. Melhado of New York city and Nantucket.

Nantucket is proud of this beautiful property and is glad to know that it will again be in the hands of those who love Nantucket and who contribute much to what is the finest in the town. The gardens of "Moors End" are famous and garden lovers will be happy to know of Mrs. Melhado's great interest in flowers.

"Moors End" was built by Jared Coffin some time in the second decade of the nineteenth century. Old prints show the house standing in 1834. Jared Coffin was the owner of a whaling fleet and the representative of Nantucket in the Massachusetts Council.

Colonel Stewart has shown great interest in the civic affairs of Nantucket. At one time he was First Vice-President of the Civic League, a governor of the Yacht Club, a director of the Nantucket Cottage Hospital and a member of the Winter Club, the Pacific Club and Sportsmen's Club. Nantucket will hope that the genial Colonel and his family will not forsake us and that we shall see them as usual next year.

Nantucket is well acquainted with the new owners of "Moors End". They purchased the former Reynolds Brown property on Cliff Road some years ago, and added much to the charm of this old house, which was admired by many in the recent Hospital drive.

The sale of this property was through Elias J. Lyon & Co.

8/11/1945

Another Group of Houses Will Be Opened for Benefit of Hospital.

On Friday next, August 17, another group of interesting old Nantucket houses will be open for the benefit of the Nantucket Hospital, from 2:00 to 5:30 p. m. This feature of the summer's activity in the Drive for the Hospital is always eagerly awaited by hundreds of persons, and the groups of houses which were opened several weeks ago were visited by a large number of persons, many of whom are now looking forward to visits to the other group next Friday afternoon.

The group will include the residences of Mr. and Mrs. L A. Chambliss, 94 Main street; Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Yates, 8 Pine street; Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Kilvert, 105 Main street; Miss Gladys Wood, 139 Main street; Mr. and Mrs. William A. Weidersheim and Mrs. Williams (Rutter house), both on Gull Island Lane; and the home of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Melhado, 16 Cliff Road.

The Committee in charge has as the Chairman Charles S. Todd, with Miss Marion Allen in charge of selling tickets; Theodore Nevins, publicity; Mrs. Robert Elder, hostesses; Lester C. Reighley, tickets at the door.

Read House—86 Main Street

On the corner of Main and Pine streets, with its eastern wall having the same lines as the course of the street, the residence of Albert Read has a high, aloof appearance. Its interior has a spaciousness which will surprise the visitor. There is a very fine front staircase, with curved baluster-rail, fireplaces with marble mantles and side-supports, and decorated corner pieces on the door frames.

This house was built in 1824 by Zenas Coffin, the richest whale-oil merchant in the history of Nantucket. Mr. Coffin had the house erected for his daughter Ann, who married George C. Macy. On the next corner at Walnut Lane, another sister lived, the wife of Matthew Crosby. Zenas Coffin had two other houses built on Main Street for two other daughters and their husbands.

The Albert Read house will provide a memorable visit because of the several rare clocks which Mr. Read has collected. His prize possession is a "Lighthouse Clock," made by the great Simon Willard. Then there is the miniature Grandfather's Clock, made by Joshua Wilder of Hingham; the Shelf Clock by Joseph Ives, which is wound by a wagon spring; the "Massachusetts" Clock, with its crude dial; the Mirror Clock, made by a Prince, with its unusual case, and the sturdy old Newburyport Grandfathers Clock which stands in the front hall.

Yates House, 8 Pine Street

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Yates is at 8 Pine street, just a few steps from Main. Years ago this lane was called Hayscale Lane, and marks the western division line of the Fish Lot shares.

The house is interesting because it is one of the gambrel roof dwellings built in the 1750's, of which only a half dozen were erected. It was orginally known as the Alexander Gardner house. There are many features in this house to interest the visitor, chief of which are the panelling and the kitchen. The structure has retained much of its old-time distinction.

Chambliss House, 94 Main Street.

Retracing his steps and walking a short distance up Main street, the visitor will find the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Chambliss at 94 Main street. This was built a century ago by William Hadwen, who then lived in the house next west (the Satler house) which he also built. Having no children of his own, Hadwen erected this white-pillared mansion, similar to his own, for his adoped daugher—a neice, Mary G. Swain, who married a young Congressman from California named George Wright.

The Chambliss house is redolent of the "palmy days," when the wealthy Quaker merchants were breaking away from the strict tenets of the Society of Friends which controlled the style of building on the island.

It was a mansion containing certain further innovations, too, for it had no blinds on the windows and the pillared exterior and elaborate interior revealed taste for living in the ease and splendor of the society in Washington, D. C. The mansion is said to have been patterned as a replica of "The Temple of the Winds." The carvings and plaster designs in the domed hall and large "dome room" on the second floor are unlike anything else in Nantucket.

Kilvert House, 105 Main Street.

The Kilvert house, on the corner of Main and Gardner streets in Monument Square, is among the best of the restorations of the oldest houses on the island. Facing the street at a slant to conform with the street lines of the converging traveled ways, it lends an air of the olden time to the entire neighborhood.

Some authorites claim the house is in reality two houses in one, with the older section of the 17th century. It is without doubt a very important link with Nantucket's architectural past, as it is an existing representation of a transitory stage, when many houses were removed from their original sites "out Capaum way," in the older section of Sherburne, in the early 1700's, to form the nucleus of the growing settlement around the "Great Harbor." The date of its removal is not known. It was then known as the Christopher Starbuck house, and the older section might be of the 1690's.

When it was restored a few years ago, only the sills had to be replaced, and these because it had rested on the ground for nearly two centuries.

The exposed floor joists, the oaken summers, girts and corner posts, the huge fireplaces and their mantles, the pine floors, provide a spendid, living picture of how those early Nantucket families lived their simplified existence.

Weidersheim and Rutter Houses on Gull Island Lane.

At the junction of Center and West Chester street is a lane leading west to the estate known as Gull Island.

This house was owned in the 1790's by Thomas Gardner and later by his son Capt. Charles Gardner, later by the Sheffields and Riddells. Tradition says that an old fort originally occupied the land and that there was a drawbridge at the present gate.

On the lane are two small dwellings of ancient origin. The first next the corner has been owned for a quarter-century by Mr. and Mrs. William Weidersheim. For many years it was occupied by "Uncle Joseph Sheffield," and his wife "Aunt Keziah."

The old paneling, small doors and well-proportioned fireplaces will surprise the visitor. Mr. Weidersheim has built on a living room of excellent design, where the coat-of-arms of the MacKay family hangs. Mr. Weidersheim is a great-nephew of the famous clipper ship builder Donald MacKay. This house is thought to have been erected before the Revolution, and is interesting from the point of view of revealing the adaptability of the old Nantucket houses to modern ways of living.

The Rutter house, next west, which is occupied this summer by the Mrs. Williams, was moved a number of years ago from its original location nearer the large Gull Island residence. Here is one of the best preserved of the early Nantucket dwellings, having been built in the 1740's. The roominess of the house will be especially revealing, and the summers and corner posts offer the best evidence of its sturdy construction. The "keeping room" has an especial charm; one may visualize an island family before a winter's are busily engaged in customary evening tasks. It is a room strikingly similar to that painted by Eastman Johnson in one of his famous paintings of an old Nantucket interior.

Melhado House—16 Cliff Road.

Years ago, the present Cliff Road was known as "North Street," and it had a number of old dwellings along its winding length from North Water to North Liberty street. Some of these houses have been moved to other parts of the town; others have been taken down. The Melhado house, at 16 Cliff Road, is one that has remained in its original position but has seen several additions over the years.

It was known a hundred years ago as the "Eunice Bunker" house, she being the widow of Captain James Bunker. It was then and still is in an ancient company, with the Peter Folger house on the one side, and the Hezikiah Pinkham and Thaddeus Folger house on the other.

The Melhado house will provide a most interesting visit. It might be termed a Nantucket "house of six gables," with the various additions on the west side offering such a view. The outstanding feature of the excellent interior is the fine old paneling throughout the 18th century part of the house.

5/5/45

Tribute to Two Nantucketers Of "The Old School."

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:..

Each Monday evening after removing the Inquirer and Mirror from its familiar green wrapper I find myself turning almost automatically to the column recording vital statistics—births, marriages, and deaths. Whether this habit is innfluenced by age, I am not sure, but it is noticeable that among older non-resident readers of your paper their first interest seems to be "Who has died?" Those of us who live in "America" and visit the island but infrequenttly are particularly interested in happenings of this character.

The recent death of two members of my generation is of more than ordinary interest. In their passsing Nantucket is poorer and the country has lost representatives of "the old school" of which there are none too many. May I here express, inadequately I am sure, something of my feelings as I recall the lives of these two women.

Annie S. Ray was my classmate during the days of our early struggle for an education at the old Academy Hill school building until we entered high school. After one year in high school, my education was "finished" in the office of the Inquirer and Mirror, but Annie continued her academic education to become a teacher of more than ordinary ability and helpfulness so well recorded in your paper of March 31.

Mary E. Brooks happened to be my father's first cousin, so naturally I had occasion to be well acquainted with her. Living at Tuckernuck during her early years gave us little opportunity for companionship, but the name of "Mary Brooks" became a tradition which has followed me all the days of my life.

Now that both are gone and the years have provided the proper perspective, it is fitting, and should be inspiring, to review briefly certain outstanding qualities in these two women. Both were children of hard-working, honest, typical Nantucketers. I know these men—Captain John Ray and "Uncle" John Brooks. One sailed the sea for his livelihood, the other tilled the soil. Each was a quiet man, attending his own business, seeking no publicity, yet as I recall them now, gaining considerable credit by these same qualities. The mothers of these two women made the homes havens of rest and comfort.

Annie Ray was always a good scholar, a jolly companion, a dependable friend. The kind of girl it was a delight to know, whose fine character was as natural as life itself. She was bubbling over with wholesome fun—as we sometimes say, "the life of the party". It would have been surprising if her pupils in New Bedford, where she was a teacher for more than thirty years, did not "highly esteem" her.

Mary Brooks made her home in Nantucket where she was born, after several years at Tuckernuck, the home of her parents. I asked her at one time if she was born at Tuckernuck, to which she replied, "No, I came down to Nantucket to be born." A very bright and active mind made her a well-liked companion, whose circle of friends, native and "strangers", was wide. In talking often to Mr. Joseph Phinney, a summer resident of Tuckernuck for many years, our conversation never failed to include Tuckernuck and particularly Mary Brooks.

These two women are (not were, for "their works do follow them") representatives of American culture at its best. Annie Ray and Mary Brooks never married. Theirs was not to make a home and train children but the children of others will "rise up and call them blessed." One as a teacher in public school service, the other as a good neighbor to all who came to or were visited from her hospitable door, each has contributed much for the good of humanity. To have enjoyed the friendship of these women has been a lifelong pleasure. The need of such characters in the world was never greater.

Alliston Greene
Worcester, Massachusetts
April 30, 1945.

2/3/45

A Billy Bowen Story..

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

An article in a recent issue of the Inquirer and Miirror identifies the figure on the outside page of your new attractive-as-usual calendar—an "old salt" on top a 'Sconset house peering through his spy-glass—as Billy Bowen, a Nantucket character whom as a boy I remember well. It recalls a story about him told by my friend and former associate, the late George Fawcett, who long ago occupied a warm spot in the hearts of the theatre audiences, both in America and London.

The actor's meeting with Billy Bowen occurred when Mr. Fawcett had a summer home at 'Sconset. Billy, he said, was one of the two or three people who lived in the County Poor Farm in winter, but in summer billeted himself on the colonists. Being upwards of eighty years old he was a privileged character, and, as he and Mrs. Fawcett were on his list, breakfasted with them quite often. In his younger days Billy had been a whaler. He loved to tell his stories, mostly of gay escapades with South Sea Island ladies, when his eyes would glisten with reminiscent joys.

One story was about his one time at the theatre. He would giggle at the thought of it before he began, and his laughter would interrupt two or three times before he got through. It was evidently in New York and a burlesque show, where they were always chasing the devil. At last they got the devil surrounded and were pushing him down a hole in the stage. At this particular performance the trap evidently did not work and they could not stuff him down any farther. "Thank God hell's full" came a voice from the gallery. And then Billy would explode and slap his sides.

—William Crosby Bennett.
120 North Swall Drive,
Los Angeles, California.

2/3/45

The Town Clock.

It is not strange that Nantucket's faithful town clock has a case of the jitters occasionally, especially with the advent of cold weather. It has been ticking off the hours for sixty-four years and really merits "taking ing down" and a general over-hauling. We notice from our exchanges that several towns in this section have done the right thing by the town time-pieces and have had a man down from the Howard Clock Company, who dismantled, cleaned and re-adjusted the clocks, with comparatively small expense involved. Of course it meant a day or two when the community was "without the time", but it was doubtless a good investment.

Nantucket's time-piece was a gift to the town from the late Hadwen Starbuck and it has been working steadily for nearly sixty-four years, having first been set in motion on the 28th of May, 1881. Since that time it has never been completely over-hauled by a man from the factory, and it would seem as though it is entitled to some special attention, other than what the care-taker can give it and at the same time keep it operating satisfactorily to the community. Both Lincoln Ceeley and the bell-ringer, Jay Gibbs, have had their perplexities in keeping clock and bell functioning during the cold weather, and both of them would doubtless approve of a general over-hauling of their mechanical charges.

7/12/30

Whaling Lecture.

The Nantucket Historical Association will hold its annual meeting at the Whaling Museum on Thursday afternoon, July 24, at 2:30. Following the business meeting at 3 o'clock there will be a short ceremony of formal dedication of the new museum. The meeting will be open to the public, and all who are interested are cordially invited to attend.

On Wednesday evening, July 23d, Chester Scott Howland of New Bedford will give his lecture on "The Story of the Early Whalmen", illustrated by both still and moving pictures, at the Unitarian Church. Mr. Howland knows his subject thoroughly, and his collection of slides and movie reels is one of the best ever assembled, giving a graphic and thrilling picture from actual scenes afloat and ashore of the methods of old-time whaling. He is a fine speaker, and the lecture has the endorsement of Professors Carver of Harvard, Conklin of Princeton, and Ball of Yale, all of whom speak in the highest terms of both pictures and speaker. The Boston City Club and the Explorer's Club of New York and scores of other clubs before which the lecture has been given also recommend it highly.

The entire proceeds from the sale of tickets will be devoted to the Whaling Museum fund, Mr. Howland generously offering his services without cost to the Association because of his interest in its work.

All who have visited the Whaling Museum or who intend to do so should make it a point to attend the lecture and take a "Nantucket Sleigh Ride" with Mr. Howland. See advertisement in another column.

1859.

B.

$ 800.00.

$ 20.00

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 27, 1944.

PROOF BY WHALESHIP LOGS

That "Education Flourished on Nantucket" Clearly Shown by Contents of Old Log-books.

By Edouard A. Stackpole.

In the last issue of the *Vineyard Gazette* appears a most interesting letter from the descendant of a Nantucket whaling master. As the grandson of Captain Eben Coleman, of this town, Hugh Tallant describes the log-book of his grandfather's ship, which reflects many of the characteristics of Nantucketers in those days.

Captain Eben Coleman sailed in the new whaleship *Mariner* from this port in August, 1832, and returned in May, 1836. It is apparently this voyage to which Mr. Tallant refers in his letter, which reads as follows:

Editors, *Vineyard Gazette*:

As the grandson of two Nantucket whaling captains, I was much interested in your article on A(n) Historical Treasure Now Lost Forever. I am fortunate enough to possess the log of one of my grandfathers, Capt. Eben Coleman, who sailed in the 1830's and '40's, the hey-day of Nantucket activity and prosperity. The document is quite different in character from the Vineyard logs and letters which you describe. It is neither illiterate, dour, nor lacking in humor and romance, and for that reason may be of interest to your readers.

Evidently education flourished on Nantucket far more than on the Vineyard. The famous Coffin School was founded by Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin about 1827, but there must have been excellent instruction long before that date, for my grandfather was a very highly educated gentleman, indeed. When his house came into my possession about 1910 I had occasion to look through his library, and found it well stocked with scientific treatises including several on the origin of the human species by precursors of Darwin.

My grandfather also brought back from one of his voyages the design of a very curious maze. My mother, who taught it to me, said that he picked it up in Japan, but I am more inclined to believe that he learned it in Portugal. At any rate, the last time I was in Pompeii I found it scrawled on the wall of one of the houses—apparently by a Roman schoolboy studying Greek, for it was accompanied by an inscription in combined Greek and Latin, reading: "Labyrinth, here lives the Minotaur." Subsequently, I found the same maze on a Cretan coin of the second century B. C., and it thus does seem to be the labyrinth which Daedalus designed for King Minos to house the offspring of Pasiphae.

Superbly Terse, Well Worded Record.

However this may be, the log itself is a superbly terse, correct and well-worded record of the daily happenings of one of my grandfather's voyages. It is written in a beautiful, cursive hand which discounts the chirography of 99% of modern "educated" people, and contains no Biblical nor other doleful ejaculations.

The humor is furnished by a number of cartoons with which the margin is embellished. My grandfather evidently had a knack at caricature which came out in these drawings. Most of them, of course, have to do with the whales which he sighted. If he caught them he indicated their number by their snouts protruding from the water. If he lost them he showed their flukes about to disappear beneath the surface.

However, these are by no means the only illustrations. In those days there was not a whale worth mentioning within a thousand miles of Nantucket, and Nantucket whalers were obliged to range as far west as Cathay. On one such long voyage my grandfather took with him a missionary and his wife, and before he put the couple ashore in China a child was born to them. On the day of this occurrence there appears in the margin of the log an excellent sketch of a squalling, squirming infant.

The romance is furnished by his record of the ships which he spoke. At the end of the log is a note containing such subsequent data as he had been able to gather concerning these ships. Most of them arrived safely in port, but some, alas! were never heard from again. One was attacked by pirates and one was wrecked on a tropical island—evidently neither a barren waste nor a resort of cannibals, for the ships company managed to subsist in true Swiss Family Robinson style until rescued.

All in all, this log would furnish material for an excellent tale by a modern Robert Louis Stevenson.

Hugh Tallant.

Savannah, Ga.

It is difficult to visualize the many types of men who made up the captains of the whale-fleets a hundred years ago. Much has been written about the superiority of certain ports in the New England whale-fishery, but the occasions are few when attempts are made to tarnish the glory of the Nantucket whaling masters. They were a race of sea-kings, and, like the island fleet, antedated the golden age of whalers and whaling from other ports.

It is not frequently acknowledged that Nantucket led the ports of the entire world in deep sea whaling for over a century, perhaps because the period of this island's supremacy is so often confused with that of New Bedford's. When Capt. Kit Hussey, blown out to sea by a gale in 1716, sighted and caught the first sperm whale, he inaugurated an era—for the sperm oil was the best grade ever procured and the Nantucketers henceforth sought principally that type of whale.

In their search, they led the way to new whaling grounds in all parts of the north and south Atlantic oceans. How they led America's whaling fleet around Cape Horn and into the Pacific and thence into all parts of that great ocean is a remarkable story of maritime achievement. The "golden age" of whaling from this island was from 1800 to 1835—and included the devastation of the war of 1812. Nantucket ships poked their bluff bows into the unknown reaches of the South Seas; her skippers discovered new islands, re-located old ones, opened new whaling grounds.

* * * * *

Whaling masters like Captain Colemen were not rare. It was this type of captain who made the island famed as a nursery for sailors. Men like Capt. Mayhew Folger, who discovered the lone survivor and the descendants of the "Bounty Mutiny" on Pitcairn Island; Capt. Owen Spooner, who discovered "sunset longitude;" Captain Obed Starbuck, who as a youth recaptured the ship *Hero* from South American pirates after the captain had been killed; Captain Alexander Macy, who entertained native kings from islands he discovered; and Capt. Prince Mooers, who took the *Spartan* into Guam as early as 1826.

Most of the prosperity of Edgartown—"Old Town," as it was affectionately called—was due to its use as a port of clearance and arrival by Nantucket whaleships. It is a matter of history that it was Joseph Rotch, of Nantucket, and his sons, William and Francis who coupled their whaleships and resources with Joseph Russell's land-holdings to establish the village of Bedford as a whaling port—which, a half century later, would outstrip its parent port.

* * * * *

As for education flourishing on Nantucket, there are ample records to show this clearly. The Quakers were the controlling element in the community and they established private schools early in the town's history. Both the dame school and cent school flourished. For the older scholars the instructors engaged included graduates of both Yale and Harvard.

An "Academy" was launched in 1800, which was sponsored by some of the leading citizens. Private schools continued well into the century. In 1827, Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin established the Coffin School. One of the best known of the private school teachers was Cyrus Peirce, later to become principal of the first high school here. Public schools were organized in 1827.

For the adults, such groups as the Nantucket Philosophical Society and the Nantucket Atheneum were formed to foster the arts and sciences The former group was headed by Walter Folger, a great scholar, and included William Mitchell, father and teacher of the famous woman astronomer, Maria Mitchell, and William Coffin. The Atheneum sponsored lectures by famous Americans like Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Nantucket boys, going to sea at an early age on Nantucket ships, knew they were studying for an officer's berth—and proceeded to do so. There can be no greater proof of this than the record Nantucket men have established not only in the home whaling fleet but in those from ports all over the world wherever whaling was carried on.

* * * * *

The decline of Nantucket was first occasioned by the extra cost in lightering ships over the sand bars which blockaded the harbor. Then many of her young officers went to other ports to become masters of ships. The panic of 1837 began the series of misfortunes which killed the industry on Nantucket. Then came the "great fire of 1846," which burned out the entire business section of the town, the warehouses and manufactories, the stored oil, the wharves; then came the gold rush to California in 1849, which caused an exodus of 500 young men from the island; and then came the Civil War, the final blow. Incidentally, Nantucket was the banner town of the state in that war with her soldiers and sailors numbering some 400 men.

Log of the "Edward Cary," Excellent Example of a Whaler's Voyage.

The Nantucket Historical Association has many log-books in its collection which reveal not only the drab, monotonous side of whaling but much of the "other side" of the ledger—the hopes of the men, the thoughts of home and loved ones, the character of the officers and the ship's master, who so closely controlled the fortunes of his men and his ship.

Among these logs is one of the ship *Edward Cary*, during her voyage from Nantucket to the Pacific from the years 1854 to 1858. The ship sailed just ninety years ago this week under the command of Capt. Perry Winslow. George G. Coffin was her first officer, Obed C. Sandsbury her 2nd officer and Joseph B. Chace her 3rd. The boat-steerers were Joseph Morris, William Saveres, Frank Sylvia and Joseph Edward Ray. Her crew included men from New York state, Boston, Fall River, the Western Islands and London, England.

Capt. Winslow took with him on this voyage his wife and two children, John M. Winslow (who lived to be over 90) and Sara Bunker Winslow, who nearly attained that age. They were mere youngsters of 7 and 5 respectively on this voyage.

This log was one kept by Joseph E. Ray, son of Benjamin Ray, who observed his 23d birthday at sea, Nov. 4, 1856. Not only does the writer ably record the routine of the voyage but he introduces many informative bits as to the islands visited, the captain and officers and their habits, his shipmates—and, best of all, himself, for he gives a remarkable insight into his character by both word and by drawings.

From the 21st of May, 1854, when the steamer *Massachusetts* brought to Edgartown the crew of the *Edward Cary*, and the ship sailed down Vineyard Sound, until he records her return to within sight of Gay Head on August 7, 1858, Joseph E. Ray gives a concise and thoroughly complete picture of a whaling voyage. There are pen and ink colored views of various islands and ships, among them being remarkably detailed sketches of the harbor of Fayal in the Western Islands, (Azores), and of several ships lying at Russell, Bay of Islands, in 1855 and 1856.

The observations include mainly the condition of the ship, the "wind and weather," and the course, as well as the latitude and longitude. The *Edward Cary* rounded the Cape of Good Hope, proceeded to run her easting down until south of Van Dieman's Land, thence northeast of the Three Kings, off the north coast of New Zealand, from which landfall they set a course for the Kermadecs.

Whales were scarce during those first eight months of voyaging. Off the rugged shore of MacCauley's Island, the ship *Monticello*, of Nantucket, was

$522,50

Aug. 11-1945

A Circus on Nantucket? An Elephant Came.

New Bedford started the query whether a circus ever came to Nantucket. It seems that along in the 1820s or 1830s a circus came to New Bedford and the impression was that it then came over to Nantucket. We have no record of such an event. The nearest we have to a circus, according to our records, was the visit of an elephant in June, 1835. In our cemetery we find a circular announcing the visit of the elephant, with the following beneath an engraving of the creature:

A GREAT NATURAL CURIOSITY

To be seen at Mrs. Ruth Chase's Barn, near Mrs. Lydia Hosier's Store, in this town on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, of this week, and those days only.

The Learned ELEPHANT,

WHICH for sagacity and docility, exceeds any one ever imported into this country, will go through her astonishing performances which have excited the admiration of every beholder. The Elephant is not only the largest and most sagacious animal in the world, but from the peculiar manner in which it takes its food and drink of every kind with its trunk, is acknowledged to be one of the greatest natural curiosities ever offered to the public. The one now offered to the curious, is a female twelve years old, she is seven feet six inches high, two feet ten inches round her legs, three feet two inches round her feet, and weighs between five and six thousand pounds. Some of the amusing exercises of this animal, are, to kneel to the company, balance her body alternately on each pair of legs, present her right foot to enable her keeper or any other person to mount her trunk, carry them about the room and safely replace them, draw a cork from a filled bottle and drink the contents, and then present the empty bottle and cork to her keeper. She will lie down, sit up, and rise at command, bows and whistles at request, answers to the call of her keeper, she takes from the floor a small piece of money with her trunk and returns it to her keeper, besides many other marks of sagacity. Those wishing to gratify their curiosity, may now have an opportunity, as good accommodations are provided and every attention paid to visitors.

Admittance 12½ cents, Children under twelve half price. Hours of exhibition from nine in the morning until six in the evening.

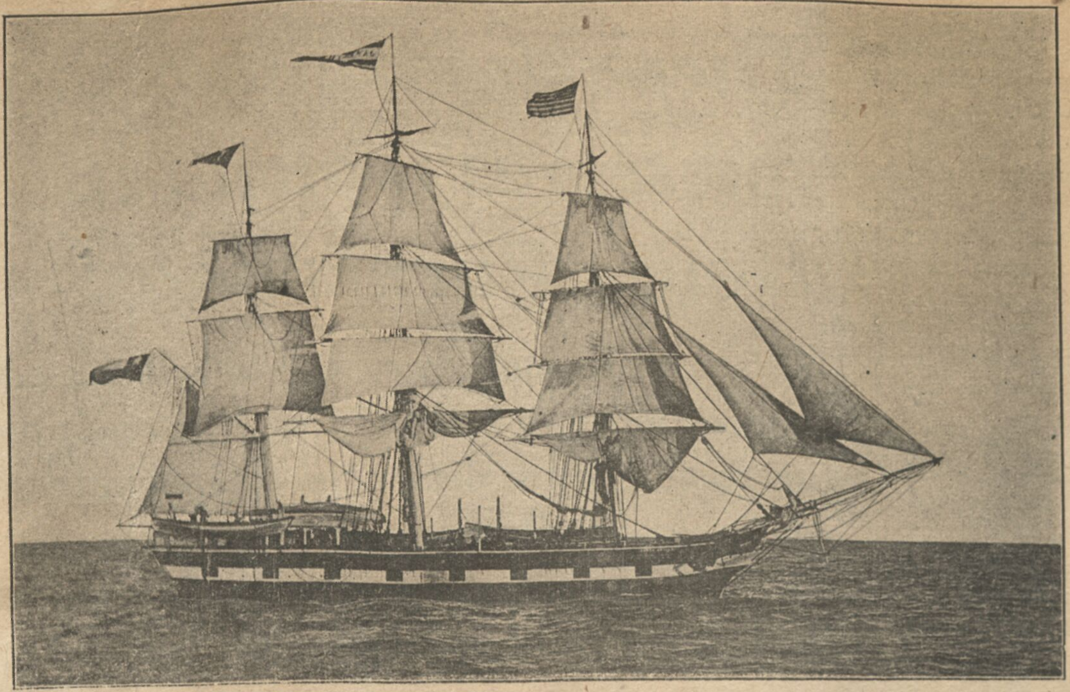
8/11/1945

Nantucket Author Will Go to New Bedford.

Rev. William E. Gardner, author of "Three Bricks and Three Brothers," which has met such a popular demand during the few weeks it has been on sale, is to be at Hutchinson's Book Store in New Bedford, on Thursday next, when he will autograph the books. Dr. Gardner will be at the Book Store at 5.00 o'clock, upon request of the proprietor, and already many orders for autographed copies of "Three Bricks and Three Brothers" have been received there. At 5.30 a fifteen-minute radio program will go on the air over WNBH direct from Hutchinson's book department. At 5.45 the guests will be served a luncheon which will be called "The Nantucket Sleigh Ride."

With Dr. Gardner at the same time will be Edward Rowe Snow, the well-known author, who is also known along the coast as "the Flying Santa Claus", through his missions by air over light-houses at Christmas time. Mr. Snow is author of a number of books, such as "Storms and Shipwrecks of New England," and "Cruising the Massachusetts Coast." He too, will autograph copies of his books.

ISLAND, MASS. SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 27, 1944.



Whaleship *James Arnold*, one of the craft "spoken" by the *Edward Cary* during her voyage to the Pacific.

Whaleship Log Proves Education "Flourished on Nantucket."

Continued from Second Page.

sighted and Captain Winslow and his family went on board for a gam. It was the first of many such occasions for the *Edward Cary*. During her long wanderings through the Central Pacific the craft gammed with many of the whaleships, sometimes cruising in company with them. On one occasion, in the Phoenix Group, the *Edward Cary*, the *Commodore Morris*, Captain Lawrence, and the *Mohawk*, Captain Grant, lay hove to for a gam—and on board the *Mohawk* were the respective skippers and their wives and families—a reunion of Nantucketers in mid-Pacific. A dinner of roast pig, plum duff and pumpkin pie was served on this occasion. It is a notable fact that, eighty years later, three of the children taking part in that observance still greeted each other in the streets of Nantucket—George Grant, son of Capt. and Mrs. Charles Grant, and John M. Winslow and Sarah Bunker Winslow, children of Capt. and Mrs. Perry Winslow.

A cruise down to the whalers' rendezvous at the Bay of Islands, in Jan. 1855, found the *Edward Cary* anchoring in the midst of a fleet including the *Fabius, Marcia, Benjamin Tucker, James Arnold, and Brunswick*, all of New Bedford, and the *Mohawk*, of Nantucket. By the latter ship, Joseph Ray received four letters from home. Some days previous he had dispatched letters home on board the ship *Norman*, of this port; later he put some on board the *Alpha*.

* * * * *

Aboard a whale-ship at sea on a "cruising ground," meant sometimes months of sailing within comparatively narrow bounds or of making a long cruise of a thousand or two thousand miles. For instance, during 5 months from November, 1854 to April, 1855, the *Edward Cary* was on the Kermadee Ground, between the 175th and the 178th degrees of west longtitude, yet hardly ranging more than 10 degrees of latitude. Then, again, from May, 1855, to December of that same year, the whaleship cruised from the Tonga Islands north to the "line", thence to the west and the Phoenix Group and so on to the Gilberts, then south, to sail between the Fijis and the New Hebrides to Norfolk Island.

Homesickness was inevitable, even though he was the veteran of a previous voyage, Joseph Ray wrote:

"I've wandered far from thee, mother,
  Far from our happy home;
I've left the land that gave me birth,
  In other climes to roam,
And time since then has rolled a year,
  And marked it on my brow,
  And still I often think of thee—
I'm thinking of thee now."

He writes also the names of his friends back in Nantucket, jotting the names down in various pages. The list includes: Mary M. Hayden, Rebecca F. Chase, Mary G. Ellis, Eliza Jane Barnard, Eunice Rand, Elizabeth R. Perry, George F. Folger, Albert C. Brown, Leander F. Alley, William C. Russell and George F. Brown.

* * * * *

At Norfolk Island, a favorite port of call, young Ray falls in love with Anna McCoy, one of the descendants of the *Bounty* mutineers, whose family was transported from Pitcairn several years before. When the ship departed from the island, he wrote:

"Dear Anna, now farewell,
Since fate compels us thus to part,
May God protect thee from life's ills,
And guard the tablets of thy heart.
....But Anna, in thy memory yet,
Cherish one thought of the absent one,
Forget him not when far away,
Pray God to guide his gallant bark
Safe o'er the troubled sea."

While at Norfolk, he also penned a well-worded tribute to "Mr. Frederick Young, Chief Magistrate of Norfolk Island."

At Roratonga, he drew excellent pictures of the missionary's church and home. Here he records a visit to the "melancholy scene of the grave of the wife and infant child of Capt. J. B. Nicholson, of Nantucket," buried only a few months before. Of this sad visit, he writes:

"I returned to the ship feeling lonely and sad, after viewing the last resting place of those who but a few short months before I had seen in the bloom of health and loveliness."

* * * * *

There is much humor in the log. Young Ray speaks of the old blind rooster, the hen that fell into the scuttlebutt and drowned, and the dog that was named "Bino." Sometimes the vigorous routine of shipboard life brought forth a poem, as follows:

"At early morn, when Sol arose,
From beneath the briny flood,
We saluted him with cringing noise
Of scrub! scrub! scrub!"

On another occasion, he chronicled "the death of a worthy pig who departed this life on the morning of Oct. 12th from the effects of drinking water in which paint brushes had been washed. ......F. F. Scott and others of the medical fraternity held a post mortem, coming to the conclusion he died for the want of breath."

On the 4th of July, at Vavaoo, in the Friendly Islands, the crew of the ship observed as follows:

"The 81st anniversary of our great and glorious Independence. All work was consequently suspended and the day was celebrated by a public dinner on board the *Cary*. Boat races—the day passed pleasantly. Arrived ship *Harvest*, of Nantucket, and *Elizabeth Swift*, Isaac Chase, master. So ends."

While on liberty ashore the next day, young Ray records getting lost "with some of the *E. Swift's* crew and after some difficulty got a pilot and came into town." The famous barque *Awashonks* arrived the next day. On July 6th he recorded: "A gloom is spread over the crews of the shipping caused by a man from the *Shepherdess* jumping overboard and before he could be rescued being bitten by a shark and immediately died."

* * * * *

Then there were days when humor was lacking, when he recorded: "Tired and sick of this hole—no whales, no ships;" and, "I hope this cruise is a successful one—we may feel far better than we do now;" and further, "I feel lonely tonight, thinking of home and friends I have left behind."

* * * * *

It was, indeed, a revealing log-book—this voyage of the *Edward Cary*—and the sequel of young Joseph Ray returning to Norfolk Island and his Anna would be well in keeping with the thread of the yarn. But history records otherwise, for the young Nantucketer was lost at sea on that next voyage.

AUGUST 11, 1945.

"A Nantucket Auction," August 23 at Sanford House Grounds.

An old Nantucket Auction will be held on August 23d at the Sanford House grounds by the Nantucket Neighbors and its parent organization—the Nantucket Civic League.

The purpose of the auction is to offer an afternoon of fun in the old Nantucket manner, and to provide the financial means for the Nantucket Neighbors and other projects of the Civic League. The Auction will go even further, since it will present an opportunity for every one to purchase worthwhile and hard-to-get items.

Plans are under way to canvass, as far as possible, all householders and visitors, asking them to donate saleable articles. A special effort is being made to obtain articles which have a special significance so far as Nantucket is concerned—antiques, books on Nantucket by Nantucketers and others, Nantucket paintings, scrimshaw, lightship baskets, etc. There will be plenty of other every-day things, hard to get now.

Contributions have already begun, including several deep, oval picture frames, old prints, and a set of old mahogany chairs, an old Staffordshire tureen, and other articles.

All who wish to help will assist greatly by not waiting to be approached by one of the Committee. Please call 1130 or 214-W. Any saleable article, or articles, will be most acceptable, even the simplest thing.

If possible, you are asked to make delivery before the day of the auction at the Civic League headquarters at 27 Broad street; or, on the day of the auction, at the Sanford House grounds on Federal and Broad streets. If you lack suitable means of conveyance, please call either one of the telephone numbers noted above.

Helpers and vehicles, particularly beach-wagons, are needed. If you would like to help, call the Civic League office. Coupons will be provided to replenish gasoline used.

Large Audience Heard Barrett and Saw His Pictures.

A large audience, with many unable to attend because of lack of room, filled the Unitarian Church on Tuesday evening, when Walter Barret, of Nantucket, late of the 15th Engineers, showed, from his large collection, Kodachrome color pictures of Nantucket, Oran and Sicily, at the weekly Neighbors' Night

Mr. Barrett's pictures presented a colorful view of his life in the army, as well as some choice "shots" of his native home. One journeyed with him on his trip to Fort Bragg, got many glimpses of the training he received, both the basic and advanced work, with the Engineers, and finally landed with him on foreign shores.

Pictures in North Africa and Sicily were then shown, with the soldiers' way of life sharing the scenic views. Pictures of the trip home—with Nantucket the goal—completed the cycle. Practically none of the horrors of war were shown but many knew that Walter carried shrapnel from wounds—and we saw what happened to his bulldozer when it was hit. One judged that even in war he had been able to find much to enjoy, particularly when he met another Nantucketer—Earl Blount—and when *The Inquirer and Mirror* arrived.

Included in the Nantucket pictures were several winter and snow scenes, of especial interest to many who have never seen what winter looks like on the island.

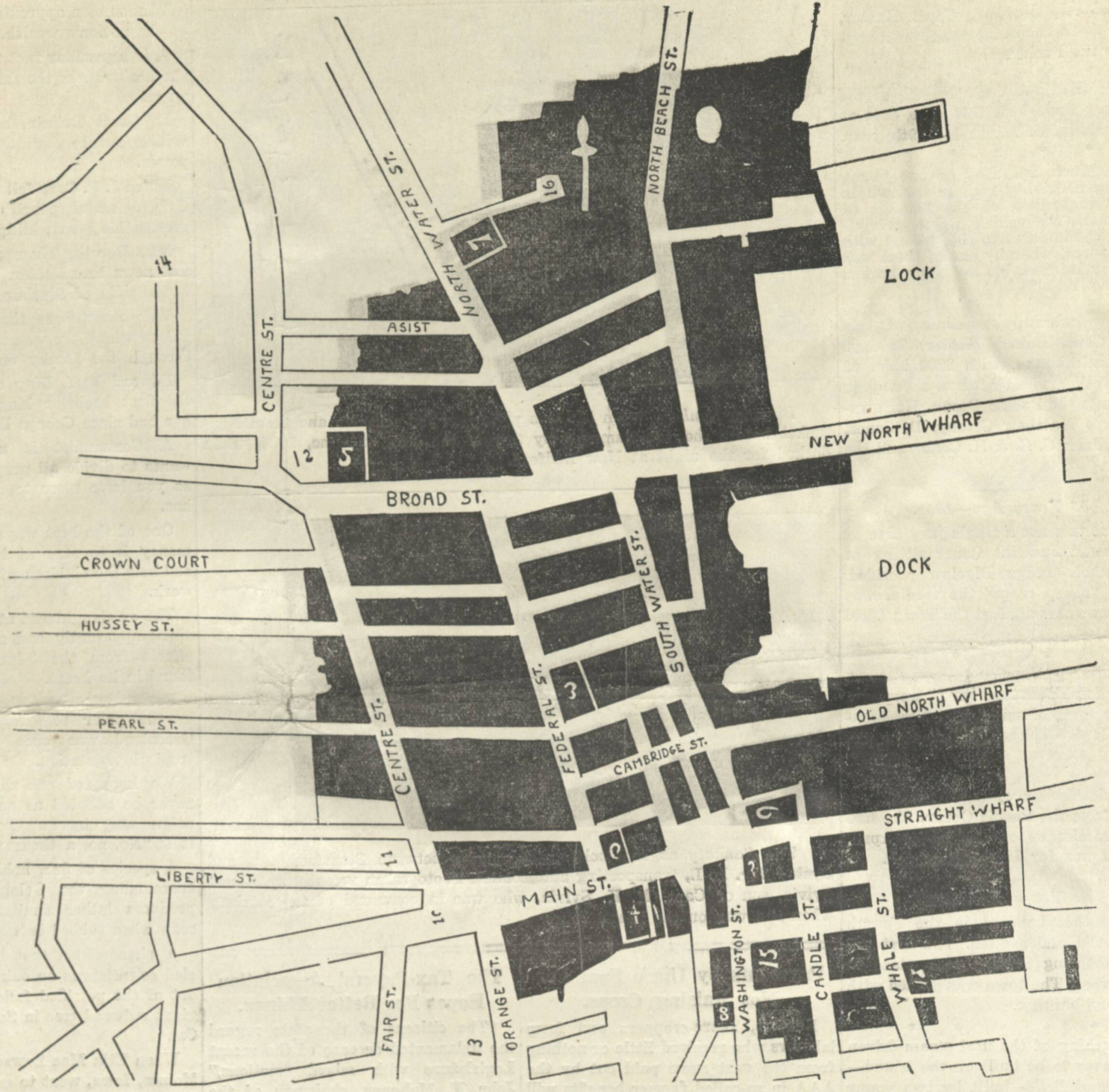
Int. Comy April 10 1859.

" 11 Sundry a/c Dr to Ship Herald
" 103 Francis Whitlow. 3794 lbs Metal @ 13 1/2 7.06.
Less allowance on Bil

" 16 B C Bank. Dr to Francis Whitlow $507.06.
" 103 Amt rec'd. 4 mo 16 1859.

AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 18, 1936.

NINETY YEARS AGO LAST MONDAY



PLAN OF THE TOWN OF NANTUCKET SHOWING DISTRICT BURNED OVER IN THE FIRE OF 1846.

1.—Geary's Hat Store, where the fire commenced, (now the site occupied by the Nantucket Spa). 2—Trinity Church. 3—Atheneum. 4—Washington Hall, a large building. 5—Citizen's Bank, papers saved. 6—Manufacturers and Merchants Bank. 7—Aaron Mitchell's brick house and the largest hot houses on the island, every part of which was destroyed. 8—Dwelling of George Myrick, which was not burned. 9—Brick Office, Custom House and Commercial Insurance Office, the walls of which stood perfect, 10—Pacific Bank building, not injured. 11—Methodist Church building, slightly injured. 12—Jared Coffin's brick dwelling, saved without damage (now the Ocean House). 13—Unitarian Church, saved. 14—North Congregational Church, saved. 15—Gosnold House. 16—Sea street.

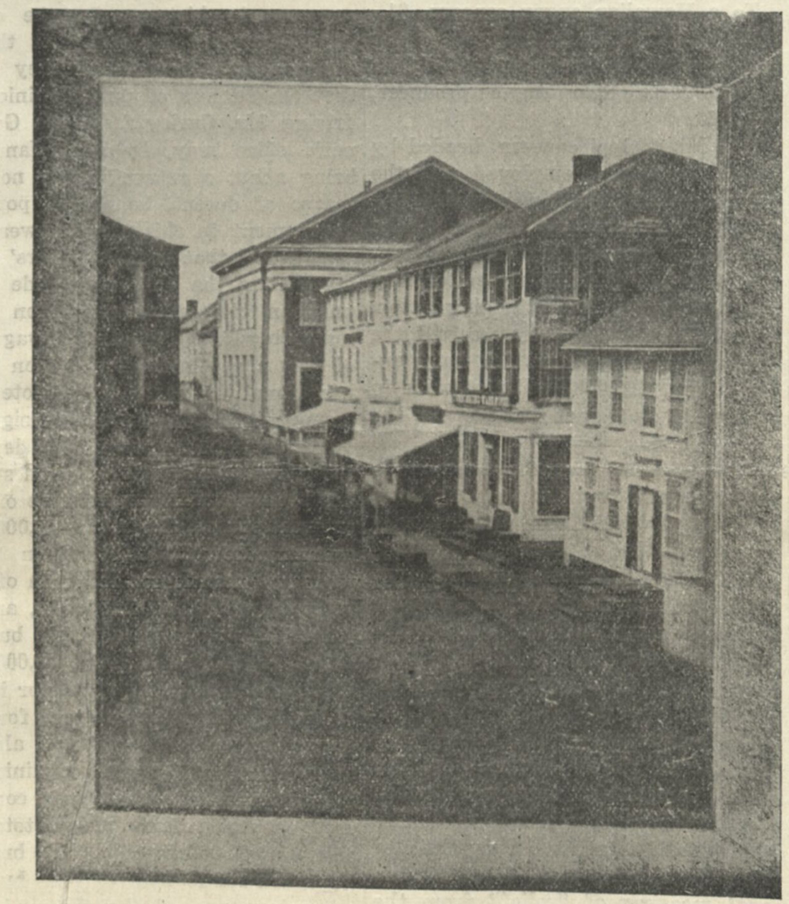
(Drawing copied from the original sketch in the Nantucket Inquirer of July 27, 1846.)

635.82

"Great Fire" Swept Nantucket Ninety Years Ago.

The worst catastrophe ever occurring on Nantucket was what has always been called the "great fire", in which one-third of the business section of the town was swept away by the flames on July 13, 1846—ninety years ago last Monday. Even the rising generation today hears occasional reference made to the "great fire", but mostly in connection with Nantucket history, for there are none living today who can recall the terrible event of 1846 from memory's pages.

The fire started about 11 o'clock on Monday evening, the 13th of July. It originated in the hat store of William H. Geary (approximately the site now occupied by the Spa) and, spreading up and down, burned all the buildings on the south side of Main street, between Orange street and the Straight and South wharfs. Crossing Main street, it spread in all directions, consuming everything east of Centre street between Main and Broad streets, also the buildings on the west side of Centre street between that and the harbor, as also the the house of Mrs. Upham (now site of H. Marshall Gardiner's building) and Quince street, but fortunately sparing the Methodist church building. Crossing broad street, it burned the fine Episcopal church, and all buildings on the north side between buildings on the east side of North Water street, as far north as the residence of William E. Burchell, and several houses on the west side. Between three and four hundred buildings were burned and property to the amount of nearly $1,000,000 was destroyed. Had the efforts to save the Methodist church proved unavailing, the probability is that the whole northwest section of the town would have been burned.



The north side of Main Street before the fire of 1846.

The extent of the devastated area is shown on the map printed herewith, which was made a few days after the fire occurred.

It has always been claimed by many that but for the obstinacy of the Cataract engine company (which was a private company owning the engine which is now preserved in the rooms of the Historical Association) the flames would never have gone beyond the Geary store.

The officials failing to exercise authority and the loss of time occasioned in getting No. 8 to another cistern and in working order, gave the flames a chance to spread and soon the fire was beyond control and sweeping northward.

From the Daily Warder of 1846 we copy the following article which is an excellent description of the "great fire", written by an observer:

This disaster occurred between the

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hours of 11 p. m. on Monday and 6 a. m. on Tuesday last. Upwards of three hundred buildings, including many public edifices, and the most valuable stores and warehouses, with numerous costly private dwellings, were in that incredibly brief space of time reduced to ashes. A prodigious amount of merchandise, furniture and other personal property was also consumed; for such was the furious velocity which signalized the course of this extraordinary conflagration that but very little could be saved from its devouring grasp.

Articles were removed from place to place repeatedly and at length burnt in their supposed places of refuge, at points very remote from the spots whence they were first taken. So intense was the heat that the widest streets became impassable. People could only operate upon the outer boundaries, and the vast area comprehending the burnt district at one period seemed like an interminable sea of fire.

No forms of language can convey an accurate idea of the horrors of that memorable night. No rain had fallen for a long time, and the houses, which were chiefly of wood, had become by the agency of many long days of unbroken sunshine, amply ripened for their destiny. The flames flew from house to house, crossing streets, lanes and courts.

Explosions of gun-powder and torrents of water seemed alike unavailing, though directed by the stoutest arms and the most desperate and determined spirits. All night long were these doomed people thus exercised, harrassed and foiled. Human strength and skill were at last exhausted, and the fire having engorged everything within its reach, subsided only for lack of other accessible materials. Men fell powerless in the highways, utterly worn down and disheartened. Fire engines wrought in the most dangerous positions up to the last moment, were yielded to the flames which poured in upon them from opposite quarters.

The phenomenon which was witnessed here at the great fire of 1838, was again observable. Vast quantities of oil stored in sheds and oil-yards, becoming heated in the casks, burst forth upon the ground, became at once ignited and rolled in fiery floods into the harbor below Beach street, covering the surface of the water to a great distance with sheets of living flame.

But so appalling was the scene—so intensely engaged and excited were the populace of all ages and sexes—that no moments could be spared for contemplating the particular terrors of this dreadful conflagration. And even now the inhabitants generally are scarcely willing to credit their senses. The whole is like a painful, paralyzing dream.

Besides the destruction of the business section of the town, the number of families who lost their homes was considerably over two hundred. These families probably averaged not far from five members each, so that more than one thousand persons were rendered homeless by the fire in the space of a few hours. So rapid was the progress of the flames that most of these families lost more than half their household goods, and a majority of them well-nigh the whole.

It is said that more than thirty widows resided in the burnt district, most of them poor and not a few of them with children depending upon their earnings for bread.

The amount of aid sent the stricken inhabitants from the mainland was large, contributions of money, clothing and provisions being sent at once from nearby cities and towns. The city of Fall River loaded the steamer Bradford Durfee and sent her down to Nantucket as a relief ship a few days after the fire, and thousands of dollars were subscribed in Boston and other cities for the relief of the Nantucketers.

A survey of the burnt district was made soon after the fire and it was found to cover thirty-six acres. It was by far the most compact section of the town and as the streets running through it were narrow the greater part of the land was covered with buildings.

As soon as possible after the islanders began to recover from the shock they commenced rebuilding and temporary structures were put up on the south side of Main street in which to do business, with the intention of more substantial structures later. But this side of the street was never rebuilt as planned, between Orange and Union streets, and the temporary, make-shift buildings erected soon after the fire of 1846, were left standing until 1926 when the new Wing and Anastos blocks were built.

On the north side of the street, however, brick buildings were erected and they were substantial structures.

In re-locating the street lines after the fire, Main street was widened considerably, the north line being set back a number of feet, thus forming what is now known as "the square", with the Pacific Bank building facing it on the west and the Pacific Club building on the east.

Whaling Museum Receives Odd Conception of a Whale Hunt.

The Nantucket Whaling Museum has recently been presented with an original black-and-white drawing of a whale hunt. It is a most unusual whaling scene and was drawn by John Averill. A letter to President Charles E. Congdon, of the Historical Association, explains the gift as follows:

*George Bijur * Inc.*
9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.
October 16, 1937.

Director, Whaling Museum,
Nantucket, Mass.
Dear Sir:

As an annual summerer-at-Nantucket for many years past and one who has spent many delightful hours in the Museum, I thought you might be interested in the enclosed picture of a whaling scene drawn by John Averill, of Chicago, for a recent magazine advertisement.

It is, so far as I know, the first time a prominent modern artist has imaginatively recreated and interpreted the old whaling saga in 1937 terms.

And just as the pioneer New England artists turned not to realism in designing their quaintly fascinating prints, but to the whaling scene as they *imagined* it, this modern interpretation seemed to us especially interesting as an expression of what the whaling adventure seems like to a pictorial historian of the present day.

It occurred to us that you might like to have in the museum the original drawing from which this printed proof was made, and that it would show an interesting contrast between the old and the new ways of depicting the whale-hunt; that it would make an additional feature of interest to visitors, many of whom know and admire John Averill.

If you would like to include this rather valuable drawing in your collection, I am empowered on behalf of our clients, the Mutual Broadcasting System, to offer you the original drawing, free of charge, as a permanent gift for your museum. There is of course no advertising matter whatsoever on the drawing.

The sole stipulation would be that Mutual be allowed to borrow the picture for a few weeks at the time the next exhibition of modern advertising art is held, at which time, we believe, the Committee on Selection may want to hang it as one of the 100 best drawings of the year.

If you will let us know your wishes, we should be glad to have the picture framed as you may specify. The size of the original is 13 1-2 inches by 10 1-2 inches. We should suggest as label simply a brass tag stating "Whale Hunt, By John Averill, donated October, 1937, by the Mutual Broadcasting System."

Sincerely yours,
George Bijur,
President.

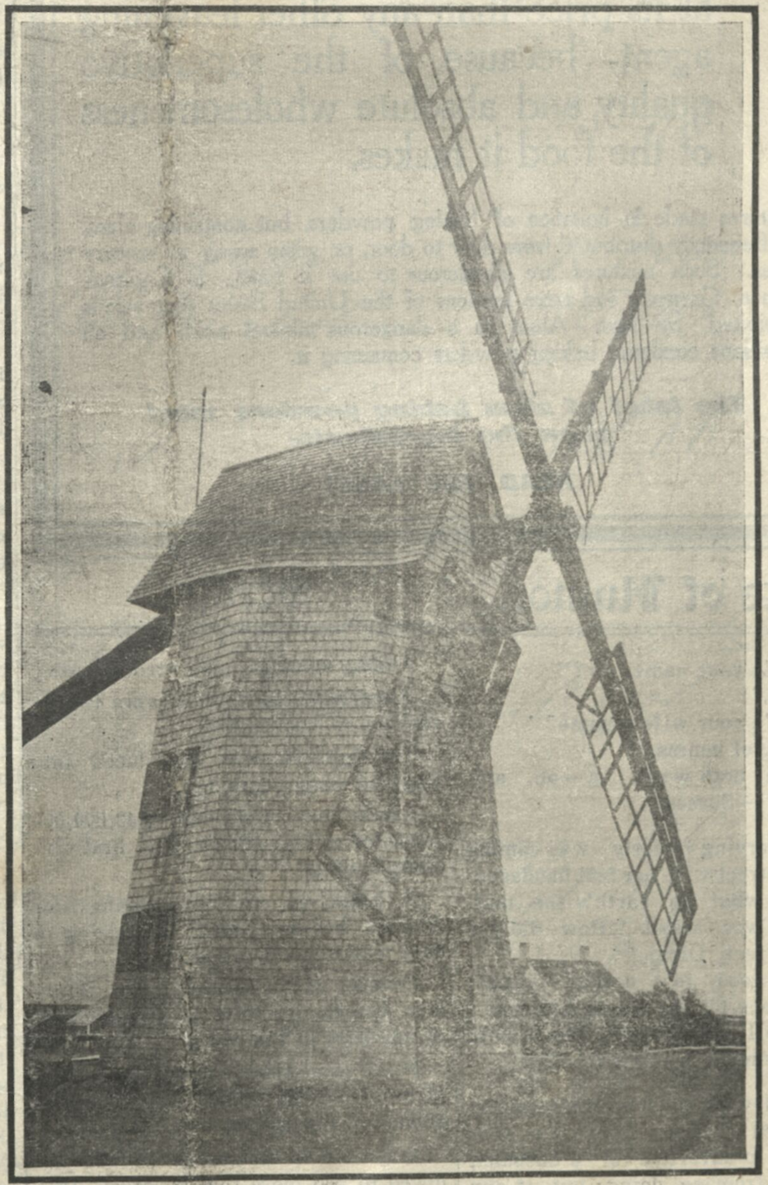
SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 11, 1911

NANTUCKET'S OLD MILL.

The Story of the Island's Famous Land-mark, as Told by Allen Day in a Recent Issue of the Scientific American. How a Yankee Sailor Introduced the Dutch Wind-mill Into New England.

Nantucket's historic wind-mill has been the theme for many a newspaper and magazine article, yet few have endeavored to give to the average reader a comprehensive idea of its construction and operation. In a recent issue of the Scientific American, however, Allen Day presents some facts regarding the old land-mark which have never before been published, and although some of the writer's statements are not exactly correct—especially in reference to the mill as being in actual operation at the present time—we feel that the article will be of interest to all who have even a passing knowledge of "The Old Mill."

As a matter of fact, the mill has not been in operation for nearly twenty years, but its peculiar mechanism is intact and it is thought it may be operated again after a few slight repairs are made. The last miller was a Portuguese named [illegible] Frank Sylvia, and he had as assistant the late Peter Hoy, who later became custodian of the mill. The mill was placed in operation occasionally as late as 1892, and the last time it ground any grain the meal was done up in small paper bags and sold as souvenirs. Since 1892, however, its vanes have never been turned, but it has been inspected by thousands of visitors to the island each summer, and since it became the property of the Nantucket Historical Society a number of years ago, has been shingled and its exterior kept in thorough repair.



An exterior view of Nantucket's old wind-mill and the big vanes to which sails were attached to catch the wind.

Whether it will ever again be placed in operation is a question. Such an event has been under consideration by the committee having the mill in charge, who feel that the operation of the old mill, at certain intervals during the summer season, and the placing on sale of the meal that is ground, in the shape of Nantucket and Old Mill "souvenirs," might prove quite an attraction and also increase the earnings of the mill as a museum. A careful and thorough examination of the movable parts would first be necessary, but there is no doubt the mechanism is still in safe and proper working order.

For the following article and the illustrations which accompany it, we are indebted to the Scientific American and its editors.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The island of Nantucket is a miniature Holland in the number of its windmills. There are several types, ranging from old-time water lifters to the modern air motor, for there is not a creek or even a rivulet on the island, and the people must depend on rain falling on the roofs of their homes and collected in cisterns, or upon hand force pumps or air power for drawing water. Some of the more enterprising farmers have tanks at a height of forty to fifty feet above the ground, supported by steel lattice towers. The ocean winds blowing over Nantucket create an air current which often blows at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and thus the underground water is pumped into the tanks. Piping extending to the ground, thence to the fields and gardens, forms a little irrigation area, while the force is enough to sprinkle lawns and flower beds and to furnish water for washing and other domestic purposes.

But the most interesting industry in Nantucket is a grain mill operated by wind assisted by "man power." It is the last of three that actually turned the corn—the only grain that will grow on the island—into meal. It is probably the oldest windmill in actual operation in America. It was completed in 1746, and with the excep-

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tion of a few years, has been grinding corn since that time—165 years. The idea that the air current could be used for power for grinding grain occurred to Nathan Wilbur, a Nantucket sailor. He had visited Holland, which is wind-swept similar to Nantucket, and saw the canvas wings forced by the wind, sawing lumber, as well as converting grain into food products. When Wilbur told of his plan, the Nantucket people ridiculed it, but he was not discouraged, and decided to build the mill himself. On the island coast many shipwrecks had occurred. The oaken beams washed ashore furnished material for the framework, while deck planking of white oak, still as tough and firm as when pinned into the vessel, was available for the exterior.

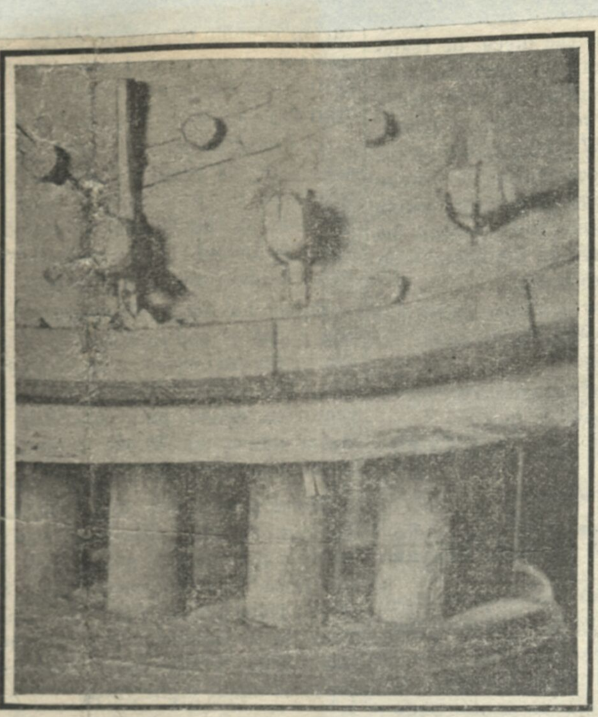
One of the oddest features of this curious old mill is the way in which man aids the wind in its operation. While the air currents sweep over the island as steadily as over the sea, since it is 30 miles from the nearest shore, the breeze or the gale may continue from thirty-six to forty-eight hours without diminishing in force—enough to move the wings of the great wind wheel at full speed without the need of other power. But Wilbur thought of the days when the breeze was light, and when it might be necessary to run the mill continually to supply the demand for meal. His marine experience brought to his mind the idea of the capstan, which allows merely one man to exert a force that far excels his unaided strength. But the capstan was used for raising anchors, tightening ship cables—how could it be used for a corn mill?

Wilbur thought it over, and evolved a plan which was as ingenious as it proved to be practical. While, as stated, his neighbors had at first ridiculed the scheme of building the mill, they began to have more faith in him as they understood his plans more clearly. Then he told them that he could aid the wind in grinding by turning a spar attached to a capstan on the ground. With the help of teams of his neighbors, an old spruce mast among the wreckage that had drifted on the coast was hauled to the mill site. The upper end was fitted with a rim of hickory cog teeth, and the lower end set into the hub of a wheel. The cog end was fitted into the rim of what the railroad man would call the driving wheel, which moved the upper grindstone.

Wilbur cut and shaped the ship timber with a kit of tools brought from England. Piece by piece the framework rose from the ground. Its shape was octagonal. Nails were too expensive for fastening, and screws and bolts were unknown. So every part of the framework is held together by pins of hickory wood driven with a hammer through holes cut in the timbers. Although the mill from the roof to the ground is fifty feet high, Wilbur designed and constructed every part of it, except the grindstone shaft, and assembled the various parts. Only when he was ready to set the "machinery" and grindstones in place did he have help. The material for the upper portion was hauled up piece by piece by means of a rope and a pulley fastened to the top of a wooden beam set firmly in the ground. In this way he placed the pieces in position without other aid.

What the construction of this curious mill meant in time and labor may be realized when it is stated that the spar alone is 50 feet in length, 12 inches in diameter at the top, tapering to 6 inches where it is set into the wheel which is turned by the capstan. The four wings or arms of the wind wheel driven by the wind are each 30 feet in length, having a maximum width of 6 feet. They are covered with sail duck lashed to the framework with tarred cord running through brass eyelets in the cloth.

The interior mechanism of the mill is remarkable from an engineering standpoint. What might be termed a "driving wheel" is set in the top of the mill. It is also made entirely of oak. There are no spokes, as the wheel is solid, planks an inch in thickness extending from the hub to the rim. The rim itself is no less than a foot square in thickness, composed of sections cut into concave shape, so that the whole forms a circle which is 11 feet in diameter. The sections of the rim are also held tightly by wooden pins, and the exterior of the rim is covered with a band of iron, taken from a wrecked ship. Projecting from the inside of the wheel rim are wooden cogs. These intersect another set of hickory "teeth," each three inches in length, which are wedged into the vertical shaft that revolves the upper grindstone. Consequently, as the driving wheel turns, it also turns the shaft. Such is the process that performs the actual grinding, the meal pouring into a hopper on the floor below.



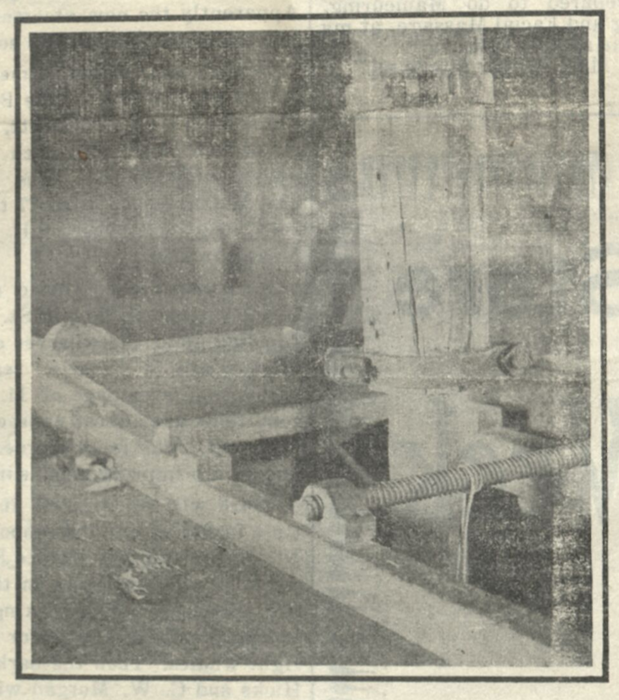
Interior of mill, showing stones for grinding corn; how they are turned by wooden cogs; also the rim of the great wooden wheel into which the cogs fit to cause the stones to turn.

The grinding shaft is another novel feature of the mill. As already stated, nearly all the material of which it was constructed was "home-made," but even oak was not strong enough to revolve the granite grindstone, as it is a foot thick and six feet in diameter, with a hole for the driving shaft only four inches square. Wilbur solved this problem by making a combination shaft. He had a bar of iron forged in England, of the length required, and of a width that would exactly fit the hole in the stone. He set this through the stone, the lower end being buried in the ground beneath the mill, thus anchoring the shaft Above the grindstone the iron was fastened to the wooden shaft by clamping the ends together with a heavy iron "collar" or band.

The method of applying the power generated by the wind wheel, and the spar and capstan system, are as interesting as the way in which the grindstone is turned. The operation of the spar has already been explained. The cog principle is again used, however, in its connection with the mill. The upper end of the spar, which projects into the mill, is connected in this way with the hub of the wheel, and as the spar is turned by the capstan, this aids in keeping the wheel in motion. The shaft of the wind wheel framework extends to the center of the driving wheel, and, turning by the action of the wheel as driven by the wind, communicates power to the grinding machinery in this way.

As it is necessary to control the force of the wind at times when the velocity is too great, and the wheel might be damaged by turning too rapidly, the builder of the mill designed a crude brake which counteracts the force of the wind and controls the speed of the wind wheel when necessary. It consists of a heavy oak beam, to one end of which a box of stone weighing several hundred pounds is attached by a rope and a pulley. One man can raise and lower the box, so carefully is the weight adjusted. The end of the beam projects under the shaft extending from the hub of the wind wheel into the mill. It is held loosely in a rope noose, and when it is necessary to check the speed, the box of stone is loosened and the weight presses down. On the principle of the see-saw, the other end moves up and presses against the wind wheel shaft. This brake is also used to stop the wind wheel at night, or when operations are suspended.

The capacity of this mill is ten bushels an hour when operated at its greatest speed. But one man is necessary to perform the operations. The arrangement about grinding corn is a custom handed down from the older days. Farmers bring the grain to the mill, and when it is converted into meal and weighed, each farmer gives the miller three quarts out of every bushel of grain which is ground, or about ten per cent.



The shaft which is operated by the wind-mill. It was never repaired although in operation nearly 150 years. The shaft was cut out of oak, and all iron, including the shaft end that fits into the stones, was brought from Great Britain.

Stone brake by which speed was increased and decreased by a box loaded with stone set on a controller beam and operated by a pulley.

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Early Yankee Whalemen Had Many Exploits.

From the New York Times.

The whaling industry in this country started in Massachusetts soon after the settlement of Plymouth by the Pilgrim Fathers, by going out from shore in small boats, and the settlers began to make their homes on Cape Cod because of the number of whales in that locality. By 1639 whaling had become one of the largest sources of income to the Massachusetts Colony, and it was in 1640-1 that many of the whalemen settled on the shore of Long Island in the vicinity of Southampton and started the operations there.

The first whaling vessel to go on a deep-water cruise was the Happy Return, sailing out of Boston in August, 1688, bound for the West Indian waters in search of sperm whales. The vessels of early times were small and only gone a few days at a time, returning to shore with their catch to try out the oil, and it was the year 1761 when oil was first tried out on board ship at sea. From then on, the vessels were increased in size and equipped with appliances for trying out the oil and storing in casks in the hold. Then voyages became longer and the whalemen began to visit distant waters in their hunt.

Prior to the Revolutionary War the Yankee whalemen had pushed north and found the Davis Straits grounds and followed on into Baffin Bay and Timothy Folger of Nantucket was the first man to make a sketch of the course and velocity of the Gulf Stream. This sketch was engraved by Benjamin Franklin, a relative of Folger, and has been little improved since.

Another Nantucket skipper, Captain Uriah Bunker, was the first to cross the Equator in search of whales and discovered the Brazil Banks in 1774. This was followed by the discovery of the grounds off the coast of Guinea and the enormous seal rookeries and haunts of the sea elephant on Kerguelan, South Georgia, and other Antarctic islands. The first American whaler to round Cape Horn and hunt for whales in the Pacific Ocean was the Beaver, Captain Paul Worth, sailing from Nantucket in 1791.

Whaling in the Arctic north of Behring Strait was inaugurated, according to one authority, in 1845 by the bark Superior of Sag Harbor, Captain Royce; while another authority claims it for the bark Superior of Gay Head in 1848. Evidently the same ship. In 1851 the Saratoga of New Bedford reached latitude 71 degrees, 40 minutes north, which is fifteen miles nearer the North Pole than was attained by the exploring ship Blossom.

The ship Beaver, Captain Hezekiah Coffin; the Dartmouth, Captain James Hall, and the Eleanor, Captain James Bruce, were the three ships from which the tea was thrown overboard at the famous Boston Tea Party. They had sailed from Nantucket in 1772 with cargoes of oil for London and returned under charter with the tea. The Beaver and Dartmouth were owned in Nantucket and all three returned there to resume their whaling voyages.

The first American ship to show the Stars and Stripes in an English port was the Nantucket whaleship Bedford, Captain William Moores, who reported at the London Custom House February 6, 1783, with a cargo of oil and candles.

With the use of larger ships, the bar across the entrance of Nantucket Harbor became a serious drawback to that port and led to a curious invention by Peter Ewer, called a Camels. They consisted of two pontoons connected side by side that could be sunk in deep water while the ship was floated between them. Then they were pumped out, thus raising the ship to a height that enabled the whole outfit to be towed across the bar, then sunk again and the ship freed. No owner wanted to risk his ship for a trial of them; but the firm of Charles G. and Henry Coffin offered their new ship Constitution, then ready to sail on her first voyage. She was successfully floated out of the harbor into deep water on September 23, 1842. The first ship brought in by the Camels was the Peru, owned by the same firm, with 1,340 barrels of sperm oil, on October 13, 1842.

That the daring spirit of the old-time whalemen still lives in the present generation was illustrated by an incident of the World War. When the U. S. destroyer Jacob Jones was torpedoed off the coast of France and the crew were swimming around in the water, one of them, a worthy son of Nantucket and descendant of an old whaling skipper, swam up to in front of his commander, spat the water out of his mouth and with a grin on his face inquired, "Hey Cap, where do we go from here?" Not that he cared where he went; it was just curiosity.

H. C. Rogers.

New York city.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1945.

Capt. Starbuck and the Pacific Island of "New Nantucket."

A few months ago, Staff Sergeant William R. Waine, writing from an A. A. F. base in the Southwest Pacific theatre, requested information concerning the island in the Pacific known as "New Nantucket." He stated he had a hazy recollection of hearing or reading somewhere that such an island existed and was curious as to its location and history.

A survey of the modern maps will not reveal "New Nantucket." The cartographers of this century have given it a newer name—"Baker's Island"—in its position just above the equator, in longitude 176° 20' west of Greenwich. Its nearest companion, Howland Island, a few miles to the northeast, was originally known as "Worth's Island."

"New Nantucket" was discovered by Capt. Obed Starbuck, of Nantucket, during a voyage to the Pacific in the whaleship *Loper*, in the year 1825. Upon his return home in the fall of 1826, he reported the new discovery together with several others which he had made during that particular voyage.

Just why Capt. Starbuck decided upon the name "New Nantucket" is a matter for conjecture. The island is not more than a mile in circumferance, low, sandy, with only a coarse grass and a few shrubs for vegetation, and is not more than 10 feet above the surface of the sea at its highest point. As a nesting place for thousands of sea birds over the centuries it has an extensive guano deposits and was utilized by the guano-collecting schooners of the past century which transported thousands of tons of the powerful fertilizer from Pacific isles.

[Note: At one time a guano factory was maintained at Woods Hole, or Woods Holl, as it was then called.]

The name "New Nantucket" clung to the island for over a century, and the humor of its appearance contrasted to "Old Nantucket" was the butt of many jokes. Nonetheless, it was visited by numerous whaleships seeking bird's eggs as a change in the rigid shipboard diet, and was a land-fall for ships making a passage "on the line."

The island came into the news at the time Amelia Earhart was lost on her Pacific flight. In 1938, when the air-clipper routes were being planned across the Pacific, the island again came into the news being in direct line of flight from Hawaii to Samoa, the Fijis and New Zealand.

At one time a supply party was stationed there and rude huts erected. A Japanese submarine lobbed a few shells into the installations a few weeks after Pearl Harbor, and, although no casualties resulted, the American party was happy enough to be rescued by a U. S. destroyer some days afterwards.

* * * *

Captain Obed Starbuck discovered several Pacific islands but only one still bears the name he originally gave them. This island lies north of the Society Group and is known as Starbuck's Island. It was discovered in 1822 while Captain Starbuck was in command of the whaleship *Hero*.

Born in 1797, Obed Starbuck went to sea at an early age. The 1812 war interrupted his voyaging but in 1815 he went out in the ship *Russell*, under Captain Joseph Allen. Upon his return home he felt qualified to accept a berth on the whaleship *Hero*, a new vessel which was owned mainly by his father. Capt. James Russell, her commander, made a good voyage, returning at a time when sperm oil was bringing nearly $2 a gallon.

When the *Hero* sailed out again, on July 12, 1819, Obed Starbuck was her first officer. It was on this voyage, while lying in St. Mary's, one of the group of islands off the coast of Chili, that the Spaniards of Benevedes party (an insurgent band) captured the *Hero*. Captain Russell and another man were killed that same night. Returning to the ship in the dark, Obed Starbuck led a party which re-took the *Hero*, cut her cables and got her safely to sea. At Valparaiso, the ship was officially turned over to him by the American consul and he sailed for Nantucket in company with the *Two Brothers*, on board of which was Capt. George Pollard, the ill-fated master of the *Essex*, which had been sunk by a whale a few months before.

The *Hero* was immediately fitted out for another voyage, with Obed Starbuck placed in command. He made the first of a series of remarkable voyages, returning in two years and one month with a full ship. He then took command of the ship *Loper*. On his first voyage in this craft he was gone a year and eight months. In his next voyage, he was gone but a year and a half, and on his third voyage in the *Loper*, he established a record never equalled, returning home after an absence of only 1 year, 3 months, 22 days, bringing in a cargo of 2270 bbls. of sperm oil.

It was during these three voyages in the *Loper* that Capt. Starbuck made the majority of his South Sea island discoveries. Besides "Starbuck's Island" and "New Nantucket," previously mentioned, he discovered "Starbuck's Group," now called Aranuka Isles, in the Gilberts; "Tracy's Island," also known as Vaitupu in the Ellice Group, and "Loper's Island," in the same group, now called Niutao and Lynx Island; and "Granger's Island" in the Mariannas.

Possessed of a remarkable energy, Capt. Starbuck continued his whaling career until 1843, when he retired after a voyage in the ship *Zone*, from this port. He had erected in 1830 a large mansion on Fair street, which is now known as The Ship's Inn. He lived here for nearly half a century, and became a public-spirited citizen of his native town.

Captain Starbuck died in his 86th year at his Fair street home. A close friend who had known him in his active life as a whaleman, declared: "He has been a marked man among us for a long period, and lived in times that called out all the points and developed all that wonderful energy so much needed in trying times."

—*E. A. S.*

Dr. William Gardner in Excellent Talk on "Humanizing History."

The Winter Club held its final meeting of the Spring at the home of Bassett Jones in Polpis, on Tuesday evening. President Frederick P. Hill presided and Secretary Joseph Cochran's reading of the record was approved as read.

The speaker of the evening was Dr. William E. Gardner, who gave a first-hand account of what he has done in humanizing Nantucket history in the writing of his book "Three Bricks and Three Brothers," which is to be published next month.

Qualified by his exemplary career as head of the educational division of the Episcopal Church for over twenty years, with headquarters in New York City, Dr. Gardner has combined his natural gifts for vitalizing the ancient lore of the Bible with his understanding and deep love for his own island's history.

Dr. Gardner had little to say about his hours of painstaking research and careful writing. But to his listeners it was most evident—despite the fact that he too generously credited friends with assistance and suggestions.

Having been engaged in research for over a year, Dr. Gardner found many vital factors in the life of Joseph Starbuck, one of the outstanding whale-oil merchants in the island's palmy days.

Born in 1774, with the Colonies on the brink of the Revolution, Joseph Starbuck was one of five brothers, of which one was lost at sea and four grew to manhood to lead interesting and eventful lives. Dr. Gardner made Joseph "come alive." He took him out of his portrait frame and gave him real stature. A man who has become somewhat of a legend in Nantucket history has for the first time been shown in a natural and understanding manner.

Thomas Starbuck, the father, was an enterprising "trader," who not only imported and slaughtered beef cattle, but hired out oxen and bought and sold lambs. An important adjunct to his business was his cooper shop on Vestal street (now Lincoln Ceely's shop). Joseph went into business with his father, soon branched out by himself and eventually invested in whaleships.

Success in his investments soon led to the purchase of ships and then the building of his own Starbuck fleet. Dr. Gardner traced his career in prose that flowed naturally, and sketched the background of the island's history withal. The result is a story that is well balanced and continually interesting.

All prospective readers of "Three Bricks and Three Brothers" will enjoy the re-creation of the life of a merchant of old Nantucket. How he acquired his early schooling, how he devoted his energies to his business, how he built three brick mansions on Main street for his three sons, how he witnessed the return of one of his ships on her greatest voyage, all make a story that is a "must" for those who love Nantucket and its great past.

* * * * *

The members and guests arrived at "Nashayte" shortly after 7:00 o'clock, and, with Host Jones as guide, made a tour of the pine seeding beds and of the grounds proper. The tour was a very happy aftermath of the talk on coastal planting which Mr. Jones had given at the previous meeting of the Club, and also served as an introduction to Dr. Gardner's treatise on humanizing history. There was the visible evidence of the growing trees and shrubs under the guidance of man's skill on the one hand, and the invisible evidence of how intangibles may grow into pages of a book of blended fact and fiction on the other. Both were enjoyable and thoroughly appreciated.

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An Historic Light Out.

1/30/15

From the New York Sun.

Two days before the old year expired the light of the Whalemen's Shipping List went out at New Bedford after seventy-one years and more of devoted service. It will be sad news where the Acushnet meets the sea, on the decrepit Stonington docks, and the quaint Provincetown waterfront, while the blow will fall cruelly in that select company of ancients who gather in the little club at Nantucket down by the harbor to talk of the fame of other days. True, the whaling industry has been on its last legs for a long time, but the Whalemen's Shipping List was a link with a glorious past. Every Tuesday it came out with a table of the ships of the whaling fleet, their whereabouts, sailings, etc., set in agate, together with what intelligence of the industry could be picked up along the water front, gleaned from exchanges or received from the post and the telegraph. The chinks were filled in with miscellany that was always good reading. Not a pretentious sheet, but of intrinsic value to the subscribers and accordingly treasured.

There was a time when the American whalers and their kith and kin could not conceive of their Shipping List stopping publication. When its first number came out 675 whaling ships were sailing the seas. New Bedford sent out 214; Fairhaven, across the harbor, 46; Nantueket, 75; and Provincetown, Stonington, Stamford, and other New England ports had each its fleet. Three years later, in 1846, the industry was at its zenith and for fifteen years afterward there was prosperity for all. The risk was great, but it had the spice of adventure, and the profits were large, sometimes handsome. In 1851 no less than 428,074 barrels of sperm and whale oil and 3,906,500 pounds of whalebone were brought home. During the Civil War, which, by the way, almost finished the fleet, the demand for its products was so great that sperm oil sold for $2,75 a gallon, whale oil $1.60, and Arctic whalebone brought from $6.50 to $7 a pound.

The last number of the Whalemen's Shipping List quotes sperm oil at forty-five cents a gallon, and there's a depth of melancholy in the report: "Whalebone—we do not learn that any sales have been made." And what of the great fleet that sailed the seas from the Arctic to the Antarctic? In place of 680 ships in 1846 there are now but thirty-two, with a tonnage of 6613; of these twenty-one hail from New Bedford, nine from San Francisco, one from Provincetown, and one from Stamford. The New Bedford craft operate in the Atlantic, the San Franciscans in the Arctic. The two little schooners credited to Provincetown and Stamford are practically out of the whaling business, Thus the A. T. Gifford, eighty-six tons, of Stamford, is just back from Hudson Bay with no oil aboard, but with profits from a trading voyage. Not an echo is heard from Stonington, and long has Nantucket Island been mute, living on its memories.

In the flush old days the Whalemen's Shipping List had 2,500 subscribers. But it had "to be hauled out on the beach" as the old year ebbed. Mournful was the confession that "it is no longer self-sustaining." In its prime, and down to the last issue, its pride was that every item printed was true as gospel. Unlimited pains were taken to verify news and nothing so shocked the publisher as to find that an over-statement had been made. But it was of rare occurrence. Wherever the Shipping List went, and it went to many parts of the earth, a partial tear will be dropped for its demise.

New Bedford still has its Sailors' Bethel and the Old Dartmouth Historical Society, where you may learn all about the ancient whaling industry and see models of the stout old ships and pictures of the sterling American captains in chokers, together with innumerable relics from foreign parts, including the spice-laden islands of the South Seas—what a heap of fascinating treasures are there! but the lambent light of the Whalemen's Shipping List is out, never to shine cheerily again. Be sure the loss will be talked about for many a day in the dark old buildings, with their odors vaguely suggesting remote seas, down along the water front, where there is leisure for reminiscence.—N. Y. Sun.

9/1/28

Woods Hole Should Not Be Called "Holl".

Quite frequently a query is made as to why Woods Hole was ever called Holl. Waldon Fawcett, a summer resident of Siasconset, upon hearing something of the controversy as to whether it should be Hole or Holl, wrote to the secretary of the United States Geographic Board and has received the following reply:

Washington, D. C.,
Aug. 14, 1928.

Dear Mr. Fawcett:

I have been some time getting around to the question of the origin of Woods Hole, and the reasons for its spelling in some publications, Holl.

My investigation finally led me to Mr. Henry H. Smythe, President of the Falmouth Historical Society, Falmouth, Massachusetts. Mr. Smythe apparently has the matter thoroughly established and for your information I quote you the sbstance of his letter:

* * * * *

"The spelling 'Holl' was unknown before the late Joseph Story Fay acquired large tracts of land and took residence in the village of Woods Hole in 185-. He became interested in the early settlement of the village, especially the conjectural landing of Gosnold and his companions on the mainland in 1602.

Mr. Fay thought he saw in the word 'Hole' a corruption of the Norse word 'Holl' meaning a 'knoll' or wooded hill. He wrote some articles to this effect, and made unavailing efforts to have the postal authorities change the name accordingly. His influence and interest in the change was sufficient to introduce the change in some stray publications, but the change was not taken seriously in Falmouth, and since his death in 1896, even before, the spelling 'Holl' passed out of discussion.

"The word 'Hole' as here used is applied to a passage between two points of land through which boats may pass. Other such uses of the name in the immediate neighborhood are 'Holmes Hole, at Marthas Vineyard, 'Robinson's Hole' at Naushon, 'Quick's Hole' and 'Woods Hole.' There is little doubt but that the village of Woods Hole acquired its name from its proximity to the 'Hole' through which boats pass from the Sound into Buzzards Bay.

"The name has been 'Woods Hole' from the earliest times. The Proprietor's records of Falmouth, the earliest record we have, under date of March 26, 1691, contain an entry for the laying out of the land to 'Woods Hole Neck,' p. 15. Frequent references in the records to the 'Hole' refer to the opening between the sound and Buzzards Bay. The origin of the name 'Woods' is wholly unknown. Analogy would indicate it to be a man's name, but no such man has yet been identified with the vicinity."

• • • • •

It is evident that the word 'Holl' was the result of an effort on the part of somebody to read into it a meaning never intended.

Very sincerely yours,
Will C. Barnes,
Secretary.

Off-Islander.

You cannot follow an islander
Being his like in mind and ways
For he resembles the commons trails—
You land at 'Sconset when you search for Quaise.

You are not with the island folks
Though you bob around like a lobster cork
For a score of years, for they don't forget
That you came by ship and not by stork.

—Eleanor Hollister.

Miriam Coffin House,
Quaise, Nantucket.

There Is Nothing Like An Island.

8/26/44

Suggestion for a Rainy Afternoon

A game we used to play with a small boy of our acquaintance went something like this: We would say some word and he was to, immediately, say whatever word came into his mind, suggested by the word we gave him. Being a rather small young man at the time, every time we gave him the word "red" he always shouted out: "fire-engine!"

As a matter of fact, this association-of-idea game can often be advantageously used in starting up subjects of conversation in a group of grown-ups, when general discussion of the weather and ration-points has died down. One discovery will be made and that is that the same word suggested to twenty people at the same time will, generally, bring out twenty different results. No two people are alike; no two people have just the same associations with even the same name or word or place.

Take any group, large or small, of people who have made Nantucket their vacation home. Give them pieces of paper and tell them to write down, instantly, the first word that comes to their mind at the sound of the word you give them.

Then say, "Nantucket!"

Collect the papers and see if there are two words on the collected papers alike.

Many people come to Nantucket for the same reason; they see the same sights; they meet the same shopkeepers, fishermen, tea-room hostesses, natives; they smell the same moor-scents; drive or walk along the same roads; wiggle their toes into the same sand; plunge into the same blue water; hear the same sounds; sleep the same peaceful nights. And, yet, the word "Nantucket" brings to each mind a different thought—and, to the same mind, at different times different thoughts.

We suggest playing this game with your friends or neighbors on some afternoon (we trust there will be none this summer!) when a stray easterly wind loses its way and brings an unwelcome gift of rain and fog.

—Paul Hayden.

College Point, N. Y.

We have Beach Plum and Grape Labels on sale at this office.

Nathalie Thebaud Married.

From New York Herald-Tribune.

Miss Nathalie H. Thebaud, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Thebaud, of Round Hill Road, Greenwich, Conn., was married Saturday, August 19, in the small ballroom of the Colony Club to Thomas A. Lewis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lewis, of Norfolk, Va. A reception for the families and a few intimate friends was given there afterward by the bride's great-aunt, Mrs. Nathaniel C. Reynal, of New York.

Miss Cynthia C. Thebaud was her sister's maid of honor, and Mrs. Alfred G. Mackenzie was matron of honor. Lieut. Frank Martin Tack, U. S. N. R., was best man and E. Paul du Pont, brother-in-law of the bridegroom, was the usher.

Mrs. Lewis, grand-daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gilbert Thebaud, of New York, was graduated from Dana Hall and has studied at Parsons School of Design for four years.

Mr. Lewis attended Woodberry Forest School and was graduated in 1936 from Princeton, where he was a member of Cap and Gown Club. He is with Pan American Airways, North Atlantic Division.

In Memory of Francis Hanlon.

Passed on beyond our mortal vision,
All heedless of our falling tears,
Unconscious of our desolation,
Unnoting all our lonely years.

And while in silent grief we lingered,
Came tender voice, unheard before,
Weep not, the one whose loss you sorrow
Has gone up stairs and shut the door.

Passed on, beyond our mortal vision,
But now the thought is robbed of gloom;
Within the Father's many mansions
Still dwelling in another room.

The one whose going left us lonely
Has gone upstairs and shut the door.
Is scaling heights undreamed of yore,
And guided on by love's unfolding

Capt. Leland S. Topham.

A Message to "Friends" on The Island of Nantucket.

Early this year, the Nantucket Monthly Meeting of Friends, which as an organization had been in existence "off-island" for the past seventy-five years, was "laid down," and its members, reduced to a few, had become affiliated with the Providence Monthly Meeting. The few members, led by the Fosters of Apponaug, R. I., in the township of Warwick, had been faithfully maintaining the Nantucket Monthly Meeting for a long period, but felt the time had come to "lay down" the Meeting and join the group in the Providence Meeting.

The Nantucket Monthly Meeting had been in existence since organized under the leadership of Mary Starbuck on Nantucket at the turn of the 18th century, continuing here for a century and a quarter. The invaluable Quaker records were transferred from the island at the time the Monthly Meeting moved away to Lynn. It was suggested by the interested present custodians of the records that the Friends who are holding meetings here in the summer months re-form a Nantucket Monthly Meeting, so that the priceless records might be returned to the island, to be stored at the Pacific National Bank. The proposition is now under serious consideration by the interested parties.

On Monday a young man named Robert J. Leach came to the island to study some of the early records now in the possession of the Nantucket Historical Association. While staying here he was the guest of Mrs. Dorothy Richmond, a member of the Philadelphia Meeting of Friends. Mr. Leach, also a Friend, brought the following message from the New England Yearly Meeting, held at Westerly, Rhode Island, from the 21st to the 23rd of Tenth Month (October), 1944:

To Friends on the Island of Nantucket:

We send you this greeting by our Friend, Robert J. Leach, who has told us of his intended visit to Nantucket. We continue our affection for your island, carried through the long years when the Nantucket Friends' Meeting was maintained off island after the deaths of all resident members. This year this organized Meeting was merged with other groups into a new Providence Meeting because the members felt that the demands of their present-day Christian fellowship were more important than unbroken historical continuity.

If Robert Leach's visit in any measure binds closer the ties that unite you to each other and to God, we shall be satisfied. Our hope for you, as for all the smaller or more distant communities in New England, is that you may know a spiritual life together that will give your young people more confidence to work out their future at home.

With love we are your friends.

Signed on behalf of New England Yearly Meeting of Friends,
Henry H. Perry, Clerk.

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Fore River Proud of "Naushon's" Service Over-seas.

From the Quincy Patriot Ledger.

The Fore River-built S. S. Naushon, which in peace-time days made the daily run to and from New Bedford and the islands of Marthas Vineyard and Nantucket, is now doing duty as a hospital ship under the red ensign of the British merchant navy, according to an announcement made recently by the New Haven railroad, formerly owner of the steamer.

Built in 1929 at a cost of $600,000 the 250-foot Naushon ceased her pleasure duties shortly after Pearl Harbor, when she was turned over to this government for naval service. Secrecy followed her movements until the recently published story in "Stars and Stripes," official daily newspaper of the armed forces, revealed that the Naushon has been turned over to the British navy as a mercy ship.

Many changes have been made throughout the steamer since she was launched at Fore River more than 19 years ago. The "Stars and Stripes" reporter who met the converted Naushon at the London pier made the following observations:

"The outer staterooms, which once accommodated vacationists on their way to the fashionable Vineyard resorts, have been converted into nurses' quarters. Part of the promenade deck has been closed in and is used as the officers' ward room. The car deck contains the bunks for the wounded men and has been sectioned off into wards."

The new hospital ship was taken across the ocean by a crew of 60 men and the second officer in charge declared that "she took the Atlantic like the Queen Mary." Camouflaged and boarded up for her voyage, she was painted white with a green stripe running fore and aft just below the dock deck upon her arrival, and several red crosses were painted on her sides and stack.

The Naushon, larger in every way than her sister ship, the "New Bedford," was the first twin-screw boat to be used on the run. She had four decks, 32 staterooms and space for from 50 to 60 automobiles. With completely modern equipment, the steamer boasted an automatic sprinkler system, four lifeboats and a new type life raft.

In the summer of 1939, the Naushon rounded out 10 full years of service on the island run, during which time she carried more than a million passengers. When she was taken off the familiar route she held the record of being the newest, largest and fastest steamer. Her speed at that time was from 14 to 15 knots an hour, and it was estimated that she traveled 217,396 miles during those 10 years and transported 146,939 tons of freight.

Designed by Albert F. Haas of Newport, R. I., superintendent of marine construction, it took to the water in Quincy and made its maiden voyage from New Bedford on June 4, 1929, carrying 75 officials and guests, including a former mayor of New Bedford.

The Naushon was temporarily assigned to making runs from New London to New York for the winters of 1929-30 and 1930-31, to aid in defraying the costs of construction. After those years, however, it was employed only as a summer steamer on the island run.

The vessel experienced only two mishaps in her peace-time career. The first was in August of 1931, when a northeast gale swept her aground on the sand at the head of the harbor at Vineyard Haven. Under her own power, and with assistance by a tug and a coast guard cutter, the Pequot, the Naushon pulled loose and tied up at her wharf. A schooner rammed into the rear gangway of the Naushon and received a cracked bowsprit during this same gale, when the steamer tore the schooner from its anchorage and carried it to the beach along with several other small craft. Twenty-eight men, women and children were taken ashore in lifeboats as a result of the pile-up.

On July 21, 1935, the second mishap occurred when the ship ran aground in dense fog on Canal Flats, at the entrance of the inner harbor in Vineyard Haven during an extremely low tide. The Naushon struck the shoals at about 10 o'clock that night and was refloated under her own power before midnight. As a result, 80 passengers were transferred to small craft and landed at the dock.

Proud officials of the New Haven railroad, who have seen the transformation of the Naushon from a pleasure steamer into a more vital and far more important ship, "wish her all kinds of good luck in her new role of mercy-ship." Millions of vacationists who sailed on her in days gone by will echo that wish.

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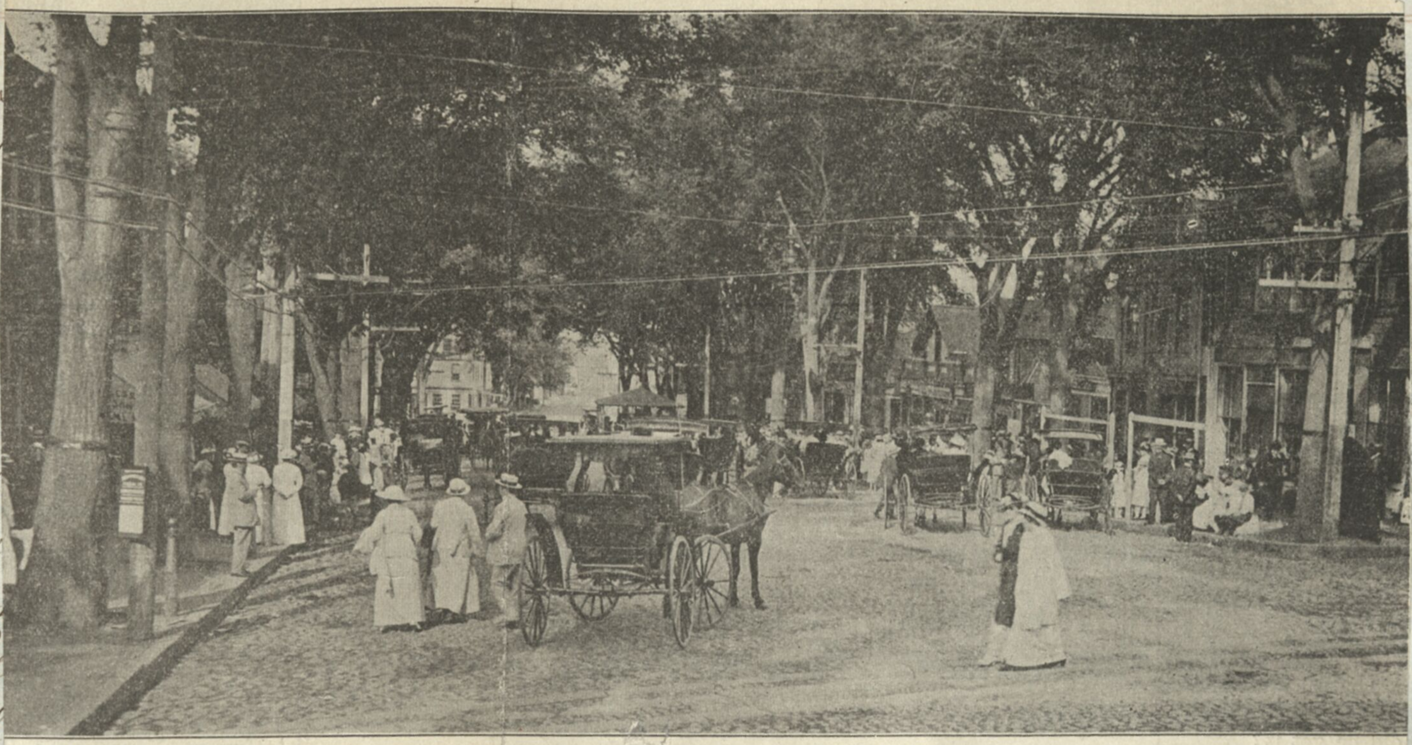
NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS., SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 3, 1937.



A GLANCE DOWN MAIN STREET IN THE "NINETIES."

The Business Section of Main Street in the Nineties.

Main street in Nantucket has seen many changes during the past fifty years. Therefore, we thought that it might be of interest to the readers of the Student Issue to learn, or have recalled for them, what some of these changes have been.

Of course, there are many still living who recall the changes, but it seemed to us that the oldest resident business man would be the logical one from whom to obtain the information.

Upon inquiring, we found that Mr. James Y. Deacon, who now runs a store on Main street, was just the man to see, so an interview was arranged.

Mr. Deacon was very glad to give us a "picture" of the Main street as it appeared in the "Gay Nineties". He told us that he first made his residence in Nantucket as a permanent business man in 1891 when he worked at the Point Breeze Hotel. Previous to that Mr. Deacon had, as a resident of New Bedford, made many trips to Nantucket.

After working at the Point Breeze and owning shops in various parts of the island, Mr. Deacon opened his first Main street shop in 1895, where Edward Terry now has his barber shop.

He told us that there had been no extensive changes in the buildings on the north side of Main street, but that there had been almost complete changes in the type of business being conducted in the stores and in the people who ran them. We will, therefore, try to give you this "picture" of the Main street of 1895.

There were several meat markets. Richard Burgess had one where the A. & P. store is now, while his brother had another almost across the street. The Lamb brothers, Frank and Nelson, ran the market in the building now occupied by the "Epicure". At one time, it is said, the Inquirer and Mirror in printing the advertisement of this establishment abbreviated the title of the owners too much, making the ad read "Lamb Broth" rather than "Lamb Bros." Frank Lamb is father of Everett Lamb, the present janitor of the Academy Hill School.

Co-operative stores seemed to be popular in those days for there was one in the shop now occupied by the Corner Store. It was called the Union Store and was managed by John Harps. Later it was run by Butler Folger. There was a grocery store where Mr. Deacon's shop now stands, operated by Mr. Myrick.

Congdon's Pharmacy was as it is now, but Coffin's Drug Store was owned by a man named Albert Tobey.

Coffin's Hardware Store was then Devlan's Hardware. Henry Brown, whom most of us remember, was in partnership with Devlan, and took over the store when the owner died. Roger's was known as Jernegan's. In Clark's Antique Shop, there was a furniture store run by George E. Mooers, who had a meat auction every morning in front of his store.

"The Nantucket Journal" was printed in the rooms now owned and used as a clubroom by the Number Four. There was a fish market owned by Holmes and McCleave where Walter Cady now has his Food Shop.

In the building next to the First National Store, Thomas B. Hoy established the first moving picture house on the island.

On the upper part of the opposite side of Main street, there were the following: a Dry Goods and Shoe Store run by A. Mowry where Coffin's is now, with a Watch Repair Shop, owned by J. W. Westgate, next to it. In the same block was a tin and stove shop owned by George C. Barrett.

Going toward the fountain, there were: a Shoe Repair Shop owned by a man named Jones; a Barber Shop owned by John Brady, father of Malcolm Brady; and, later, the original A. & P. store was on that side of the street for seven year, and it has been on the other side of the street for the past fourteen years.

In place of the present brick building occupied by the C. F. Wing Company, there was a wooden building that housed the Post Office. John M. Winslow was its postmaster.

Henry Paddack and Benjamin Long had a paint business in the same place as the present Paddack's Paint Shop. Mr. Paddack built the Masonic building and rented it to the Masons. It was willed to them by Mr. Paddack when he died. Byron Pease had a fruit store and pool room in a part of the lower Masonic Building.

The Nantucket Gas Company had its headquarters where Marshall Gardiner has his shop.

We have learned from Mr. Deacon that his brother, William Deacon, a plumber, was then associated with Mr. William F. Codd, superintendent of the Wannacomet Water Company.

We have tried to cover most of the changes in Main street as they were related to us by Mr. Deacon. The cobbles still remain, but automobiles instead of horses are drawn up at the curb. We wonder what the next forty years will witness in changes. What type of vehicle will be there in 1977 and what will the stores be selling? Perhaps one of us will be interviewed on the Main street of the "Wild Thirties". Only time can tell.

Anne Hillier, 8-A
Elizabeth Norton, 8-A

Nantucket Paintings by Eddy Shown at New Bedford 1920

An exhibition of 24 paintings by Henry S. Eddy, on display this month in the lecture hall of the Free Public library, is attracting considerable interest. The merit of the pictures themselves and the fact that the artist comes of New Bedford ancestry and has taken Nantucket scenes for many of his subjects combine to draw many visitors to the exhibit.

Librarian George H. Tripp said that a successful exhibit of Mr. Eddy's paintings was brought to the New Bedford library several years ago, and when he learned that the present collection was on display in Providence he had the paintings brought here. They will remain at the library through the month of April and will then go the Albany Institute of History and Arts, Albany, N. Y.

Paintings of Orange street and Fair street, Nantucket, are among the collection now on display. There are a few marine paintings, many of buildings, and a number of landscapes.

Mr. Eddy is a grandson of the late Job A. T. Eddy, who was born in New Bedford, July 22, 1825, and the son of Charles Eddy, also a native of New Bedford. The artist was born Dec. 31, 1878, in Westfield, N. J., where his parents then lived. Charles Eddy was at one time connected with the Tabor Art company here.

Henry S. Eddy studied in the Art Students league, New York, the National Academy of Design and other art schools. Mr. Eddy's paintings have been exhibited all over the country, and his pictures have been purchased and now hang in such places as the Milwaukee Art institute, Reid Memorial library, Passaic, N. J., Art Gallery, Elmira, N. Y., Free Public library Cranford, N. J., First National bank, Plainfield, N. J., the Lotus club, New York city, Hutchinson's school, Memphis, Tenn., and the Y. M. C. A., Westfield, N. J.

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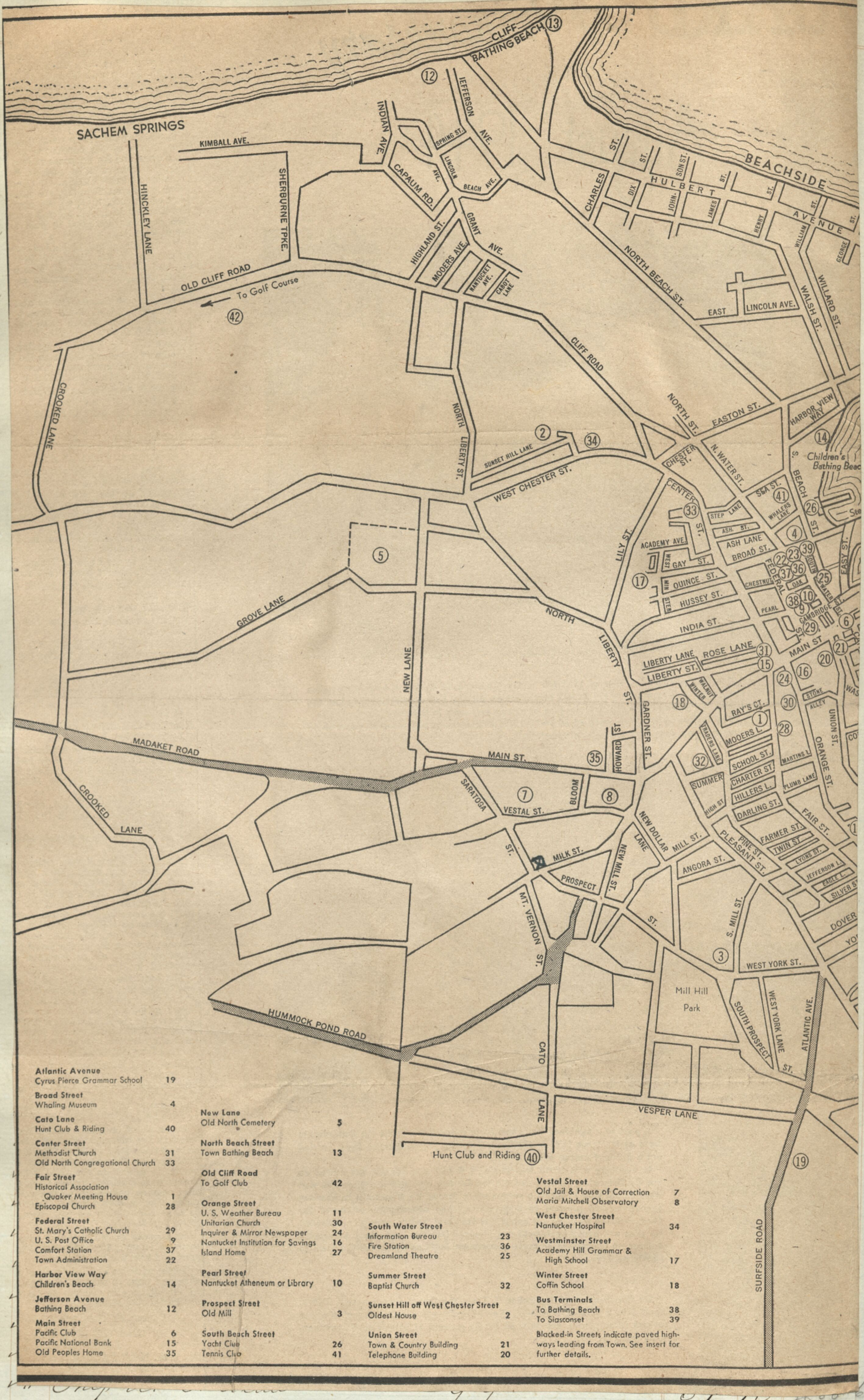
SACHEM SPRINGS
CLIFF BATHING BEACH
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⑫
KIMBALL AVE.
INDIAN AVE
JEFFERSON AVE.
SPRING ST.
LINCOLN AVE.
CAPAUM RD.
BEACH AVE.
HINCKLEY LANE
SHERBURNE TPKE.
HIGHLAND ST.
GRANT AVE.
MOOERS AVE.
NANTUCKET AVE.
CABOT LANE
BEACHSIDE
CHARLES ST.
DIX ST.
JOHNSON ST.
HULBERT AVENUE
JAMES ST.
HENRY ST.
WILLIAM ST.
GEORGE ST.
NORTH BEACH ST.
EAST LINCOLN AVE.
WALSH ST.
WILLARD ST.
OLD CLIFF ROAD
To Golf Course
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CLIFF ROAD
CROOKED LANE
NORTH LIBERTY ST.
NORTH ST.
EASTON ST.
HARBOR VIEW WAY
⑭
Children's Bathing Beach
② SUNSET HILL LANE
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WEST CHESTER ST.
CHESTER ST.
N. WATER ST.
CENTER ST.
SEA ST.
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WHALERS LANE
S. BEACH ST.
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STEP LANE
ASH ST.
ASH LANE
BROAD ST.
④
ACADEMY AVE.
WEST ST.
GAY ST.
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CHESTNUT
MIN STER
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GAMBRIDGE
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EASY ST.
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GROVE LANE
LILY ST.
NORTH LIBERTY ST.
INDIA ST.
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LIBERTY LANE
ROSE LANE
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MAIN ST.
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LIBERTY ST.
WINTER
WALNUT
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RAY'S CT.
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STONE ALLEY
UNION ST.
①
MOOERS L.
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NEW LANE
MADAKET ROAD
MAIN ST.
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HOWARD ST.
GARDNER ST.
TRADERS LANE
SCHOOL ST.
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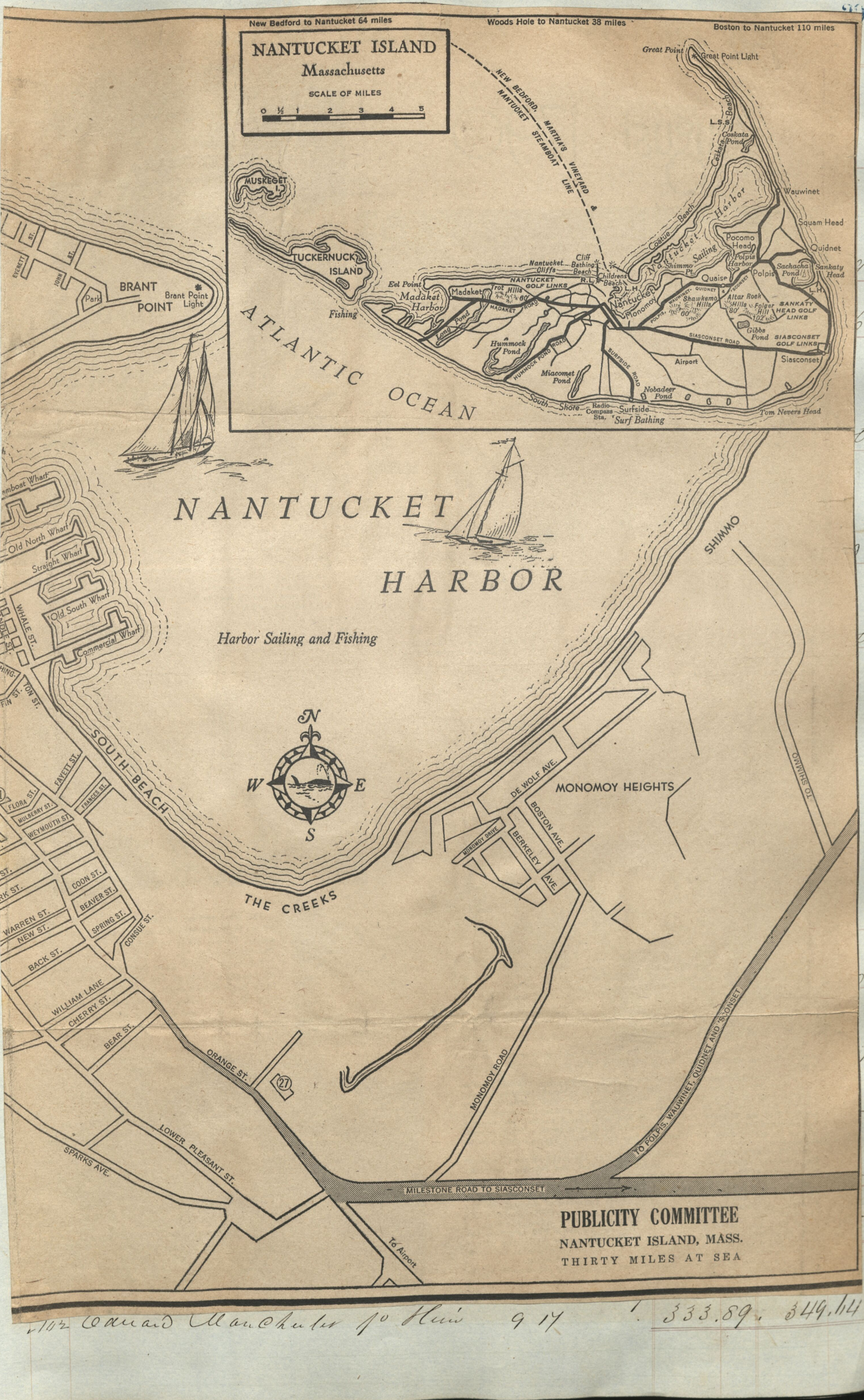
CHARTER ST.
MARTINS L.
SUMMER
HILLERS L.
PLUMB LANE
ORANGE ST.
HIGH ST.
DARLING ST.
FAIR ST.
⑦
BLOOM
⑧
SARATOGA
VESTAL ST.
CROOKED LANE
NEW DOLLAR LANE
MILL ST.
FARMER ST.
TWIN ST.
LYONS ST.
JEFFERSON L.
EAGLE L.
SILVER ST.
PINE ST.
PLEASANT ST.
ANGORA ST.
MILK ST.
ST.
NEW MILL ST.
PROSPECT ST.
MT. VERNON ST.
S. MILL ST.
DOVER
YO
③
WEST YORK ST.
Mill Hill Park
SOUTH PROSPECT ST.
WEST YORK LANE
ATLANTIC AVE.
HUMMOCK POND ROAD
CATO LANE
VESPER LANE
Hunt Club and Riding ㊵
⑲
SURFSIDE ROAD

Atlantic Avenue	
Cyrus Pierce Grammar School	19
Broad Street	
Whaling Museum	4
Cato Lane	
Hunt Club & Riding	40
Center Street	
Methodist Church	31
Old North Congregational Church	33
Fair Street	
Historical Association Quaker Meeting House	1
Episcopal Church	28
Federal Street	
St. Mary's Catholic Church	29
U. S. Post Office	9
Comfort Station	37
Town Administration	22
Harbor View Way	
Children's Beach	14
Jefferson Avenue	
Bathing Beach	12
Main Street	
Pacific Club	6
Pacific National Bank	15
Old Peoples Home	35
New Lane	
Old North Cemetery	5
North Beach Street	
Town Bathing Beach	13
Old Cliff Road	
To Golf Club	42
Orange Street	
U. S. Weather Bureau	11
Unitarian Church	30
Inquirer & Mirror Newspaper	24
Nantucket Institution for Savings	16
Island Home	27
Pearl Street	
Nantucket Atheneum or Library	10
Prospect Street	
Old Mill	3
South Beach Street	
Yacht Club	26
Tennis Club	41
South Water Street	
Information Bureau	23
Fire Station	36
Dreamland Theatre	25
Summer Street	
Baptist Church	32
Sunset Hill off West Chester Street	
Oldest House	2
Union Street	
Town & Country Building	21
Telephone Building	20
Vestal Street	
Old Jail & House of Correction	7
Maria Mitchell Observatory	8
West Chester Street	
Nantucket Hospital	34
Westminster Street	
Academy Hill Grammar & High School	17
Winter Street	
Coffin School	18
Bus Terminals	
To Bathing Beach	38
To Siasconset	39

Blacked-in Streets indicate paved highways leading from Town. See insert for further details.

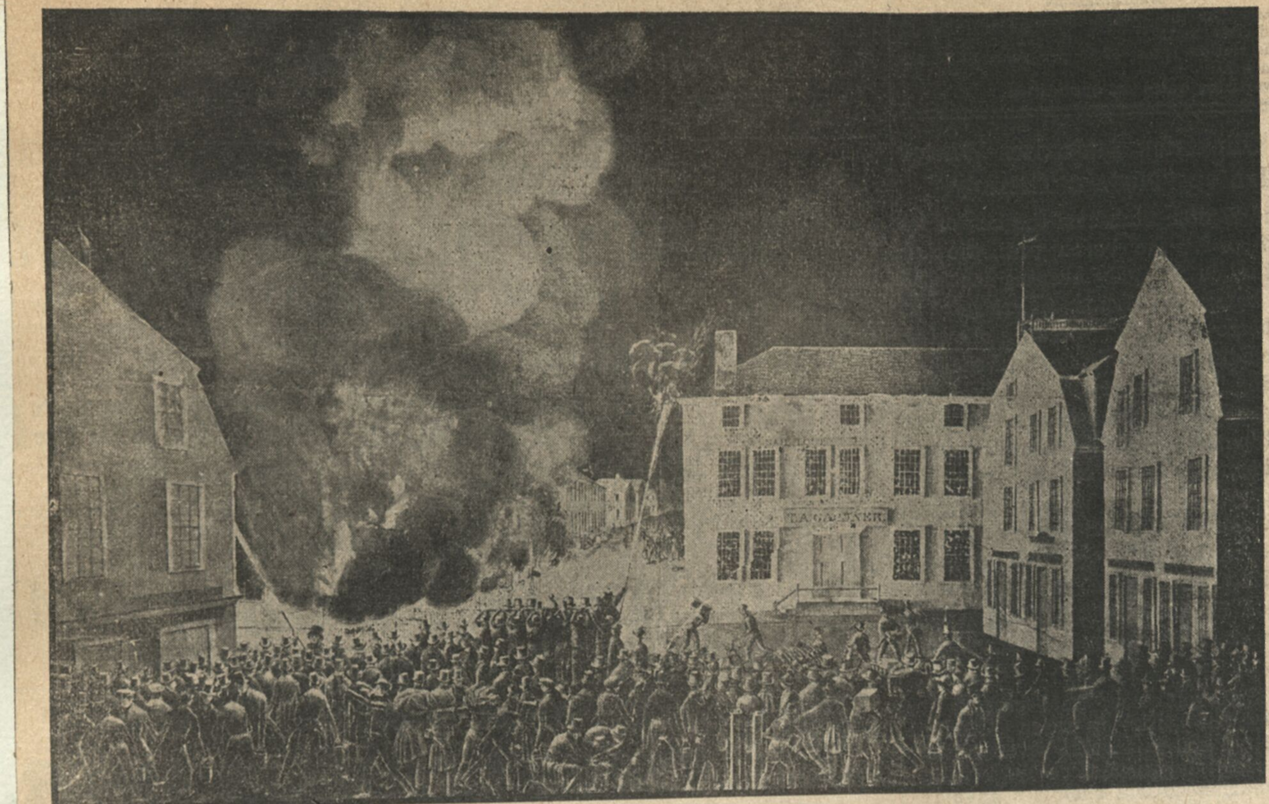

New Bedford to Nantucket 64 miles
Woods Hole to Nantucket 38 miles
Boston to Nantucket 110 miles
NANTUCKET ISLAND
Massachusetts
SCALE OF MILES
0 ½ 1 2 3 4 5
NEW BEDFORD, MARTHA'S VINEYARD & NANTUCKET STEAMBOAT LINE
Great Point
Great Point Light
L.S.S.
Coskata Pond
Coskata Beach
Wauwinet
Squam Head
Quidnet
Sankaty Head
L.H.
Sachacha Pond
Polpis
Pocomo Head
Polpis Harbor
Nantucket Harbor
Sailing
Coatue Beach
Shimmo Pt.
Quaise
MUSKEGET I.
TUCKERNUCK ISLAND
Eel Point
Madaket
Madaket Harbor
Fishing
Nantucket Cliffs
Cliff Bathing Beach
Childrens Beach
NANTUCKET GOLF LINKS
Trot Hills 60'
R.L.
L.H.
Nantucket
Monomoy
Shawkemo Hills 60'
Altar Rock Hills 80'
Folger Hill 102'
SANKATY HEAD GOLF LINKS
Gibbs Pond
SIASCONSET GOLF LINKS
SIASCONSET ROAD
Siasconset
Long Pond
Hummock Pond
HUMMOCK POND ROAD
Miacomet Pond
SURFSIDE ROAD
Airport
Nobadeer Pond
Surfside
Surf Bathing
Radio Compass Sta.
South Shore
Tom Nevers Head
ATLANTIC OCEAN
BRANT POINT
Brant Point Light
Park
EVERETT ST.
JOHN ST.
Steamboat Wharf
Old North Wharf
Straight Wharf
Old South Wharf
Commercial Wharf
WHALE ST.
NANTUCKET HARBOR
Harbor Sailing and Fishing
N
E
S
W
SHIMMO
TO SHIMMO
SOUTH BEACH
FAYETT ST.
FRANCES ST.
FLORA ST.
MULBERRY ST.
WEYMOUTH ST.
COON ST.
BEAVER ST.
SPRING ST.
WARREN ST.
NEW ST.
BACK ST.
CONSUE ST.
WILLIAM LANE
CHERRY ST.
BEAR ST.
ORANGE ST.
27
LOWER PLEASANT ST.
SPARKS AVE.
THE CREEKS
MONOMOY HEIGHTS
DE WOLF AVE.
BOSTON AVE.
BERKELEY AVE.
MONOMOY DRIVE
MONOMOY ROAD
MILESTONE ROAD TO SIASCONSET
TO POLPIS, WAUWINET, QUIDNET AND 'SCONSET
To Airport

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE
NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.
THIRTY MILES AT SEA

" 102 Edward Manchester 1° Hun 9 17 1 333.89 349.14

JUNE 1 - 1946

When Main Street Sustained Its First Serious Fire May 10, 1836



The blaze is shown consuming Elisha Starbuck's Washington House. Before it was brought under control, the fire had swept through four other dwellings and shops in the vicinity causing damage totalling $35,000.

"The Great Fire" of June 2, 1838, Cost Nantucket $100,000.00.

By Edouard A. Stackpole.

Whenever a great conflagration takes place in any community it is generally referred to as "the great fire" of that certain year. Nantucket's "Great Fire" took place one hundred years ago this coming July, known as "the fire of 1846," which devastated the entire business section of the town.

The extensive damage and horror of this "great fire" has so overshadowed others that it has completely hidden the fact that the 1846 fire had two fore-runners—two disasters which swept smalller sections of the town—making three major conflagrations which took place within a ten year period.

* * * * *

The first of these great fires took place in 1936, when a blaze broke out in the dwelling of E. Starbuck, on the corner of Main and Union streets—known as the Washington House. Before the blaze could be brought under control it had swept through four other dwellings and stores in the vicinity, consuming barns and small shops, also, and causing damage to the amount of between $35,000 and $40,000.

This had been the worst fire up to that time in the history of the island, and the citizens of the town were determined that the volunteer fire companies, which had done such yeoman service, would never again be called upon to fight such another conflagration as had occured on May 10, 1836.

* * * * *

But two years and 23 days later—June 2, 1838—there occurred "an awful conflagration," (as the editor of *The Inquirer* so worded it), "by far the most extensive and disastrous ever experienced in this community. It commenced a few minutes past 2:00 in the morning of June 2, and raged with unappeased fury for nearly four hours."

The fire originated in the ropewalk of Joseph James, sparks from a steam-engine starting the blaze in some rope material. The walk was "in the rear of Union street." A strong southwesterly breeze was blowing, which enabled the flames to spread rapidly, not only throughout the length of the ropewalk but into numerous other structures close by which contained considerable quantities of highly combustible materials.

In the words of an eye-witness: "It was truely 'wild-fire.' No sooner had the alarm of the fire-bell sounded in my ear than I sprang to the window, to see in what direction the fire lay. The appearance of a cloud of smoke and fire, as if it were a man's hand, first presented itself; and though with immediate and inexpressible haste I 'girded up my loins,' that I might not be in the rear of my fellow citizens, who were hurrying one and all, with their pails and buckets to the scene of the conflagration, the horizon, ere I could get out of my room, was almost instantly illumined. Like wild-fire the flames had spread throughout the ropewalk, where the fire commenced, removing all hope of saving any part of the premises, which were at least 300 feet long."

* * * * *

Due to the nature of the strong southwesterly breeze, the flames leaped across intervening spaces quickly. The firewards, realizing that something must be done swiftly, tried to forestall the spread of the flames.

Union street—and adjacent property—were regarded beyond possiblity of safety, and the order was given to save as much of the moveable furniture as possible. The dwellings and stores were soon thronged with volunteers clearing the rooms.

But the flames, in their extent and height under the high bank, created a back current of hot air, and instead of spreading in the direction anticipated the blaze literally leaped back, firing the candle house of Philip H. Folger, and then creeping to the equally large manufactury of James Athearn.

An immense stock of valuable sperm oil was soon afire. Against this terrifically hot wall of flame, the fire-engines were helpless. To make the situation worse, the heat began to expode the casks and the oil, igniting immediately, began to run like liquid fire, spreading out upon the waters of the harbor, so that the wharves and the sloops and ships were imperiled.

* * * * *

This new danger found the fire-fighters practically helpless to check the growing conflagration. The tide was coming in, the burning oil being swept by it into the property of Matthew Crosby & Son, converting the extensive warehouse with its stock of oil into a raging furnace of white-hot flame.

The entire waterfront section from Old South to Commercial wharf was now afire, and the lower part of the town was in imminent danger of being destroyed. The firewards decided that gunpowder was the last resort and, upon their orders, intermediate houses and shops were blown up. The explosions could be heard all over the island.

At the height of the fire, the smoke and flames rose to a great height, and when oil-created gases exploded into flame amidst the smoke high over the burning buildings, it was like a scene out of Dante's Inferno.

Large quantities of oil floated into and through drains beneath the ropewalk, running into the low and marshy ground at what is now the north and south sides of Coffin street. Much of this oil was afterwards recovered. But the bulk ran into a big ditch, became ignited and did much to spread the flames.

In the meantime, one or two sick people had to be carried out of their houses on litters. The townspeople who were unable to save anything from their burning homes placed their families beyond danger and joined the fire-fighters.

But while the male population was engaged in the strenuous battle with the flames, the women were not idle. They employed themselves in carrying around refreshing drinks, "to enable the men to sustain, as far as they were able, the fatigue and labor to which they were called."

A contemporary fire-fighter reported thus:

> "Never did I witness so much consideration and sympathy; all seemed to suffer, all felt, as it were, the loss and all were willing to do what they could! And had it not been for these combined and extraordinary efforts, I verily believe the devastation must and would have been incalculably greater."

* * * * *

Nantucket had never before experienced such a scene. No candle-house had ever burned before in its entirety—the business center of the town had suffered only one bad fire previously.

The following day revealed the burned-over area in all its backened bareness. From Union street to the waterfront between Old South and Commercial wharves, not a building was left standing. The ruins were made further unusual by the fact that very little evidence of the cluster of buildings which had stood there remained. Aside from several mounds of bricks, the area was absolutely bare.

When first surveying the ruin and desolation, it was believed that the conflagration had cost the town some $200,000 loss. But it was later found that two lots of oil—presumed lost in adjoining warehouses which had been partially consumed by the flames—were intact. One lot was valued at $60,000.

In commenting on the rapid spread of the flames, Editor Samuel Haynes Jenks, of *The Inquirer*, wrote:

> "It was only by the most incredible exertions of the fire department and citizens generally that the flames stayed within the bounds of even this spacious area. On this occasion the aid of gunpowder proved to be of material benefit. Four dwelling houses, one store and one work-shop were blown up in order to arrest the progres of the flames. These operations were admirably performed under the direction of George B. Upton, Esquire, without personal injury to a single individual, and doubtless to the effectual preservaton of a very compact neighborhood, embracing an immense amount of property."

The following prophecy by an eye-witness is interesting. The fire had been so devastating that it was not believed possible that its duplicate would ever take place—and, yet, only eight years later, an even greater conflagration swept the business section of the town. The contemporary witness wrote:

> "Whether the fire originated in accident, neglect, or in any other way, it is not for me to determine—the like I hope will never recur—but witnessing as I did the unwearied efforts of the Fire Department, I must say they afford a reasonable security that with due precaution and with such exertions as they put forth, no fire in Nantucket can ever again become so extensive and alarming."

* * * * *

The candle-house manufacturies of Daniel Jones, Philip H. Folger and Valentine Hussey were totally destroyed; the oil establishments of Matthew Crosby and James Athearn were destroyed with immense quantities of oil; the dwellings of Walter Folger, Jr., J. N. Bassett, H. Crocker, T. Morris, S. Dunham, C. R. Gardner, W. Hodges, S. Ames, J. Cushman and J. Crosby were burnt down, as were shops of Gilbert Coffin, J. Meader, R. Rawson, T. Barnard, L. Fisher. together with a twine factory belonging to Reuben Bunker.

The most important losses were sustained by the following: James Athearn, $46,000; French & Coffin, $32,000; Matthew Crosby & Son, $24,000; Daniel Jones & Sons, $23,000. These represented oil stocks and supplies and buildings. 26

Joseph James, ropewalk and stock, $13,500; Valentine Hussey and his brother, oil manufactury, $10,000; Philip H. Folger, the same, $8,000; R. Bunker, twine factory, $2,000.

Dwellings—Harvey Crocker, $4,000; James N. Bassett, $3,200; Walter Folger, Jr., $2,200; widow of Jesse Gardner, $1,000; S. H. Ames, $2,500; Henry Swift, $2,800; William Hodges, $900; Jesse Crosby, $650; Thomas Coffin and William Alley, $900; John Elkins, shop, casks, etc., $1,800; Chas. F. Gardner, furniture, $600; Thomas Morris, paints, etc., $1,750; Leonard Fisher, shop, tools, $750; William P. Smith, Jabez Cushman, Alexander E. Gardner, Grafton Gardner, Thomas G. Barnard Chas H. Wyer, John G. Thurber and George Gardner lost approximately $300 in tools and furniture. 49

* * * * *

Besides these, the following persons experienced damage in various ways in destruction of tools, stock, injury to buildings, fences, and ships: Elisha Smith, owners of ship *American*, C. Mitchell & Co., Henry Coffin, Henry Clapp, George F. Russell, David & A. Macy, Charles Hood, Elisha Starbuck, Wm. M. Andrews, George Clasby, Freeman Parker, John Meader, George Myrick, Jr., Barzillai and Thomas Folger, Jesse Crosby, 2d, Asa Coffin, 2nd, Enoch P. Crosby, owners of the ship *Mary Mitchell*, Albert W. Starbuck, widow of Thaddeus Hussey, J. H. Pease, widow of Philip Wyer, Noah Pool, Samuel Haynes Jenks, Barclay Fanning, Benjamin Coffin.

* * * * *

A special town meeting was called on Saturday evening, June 2, to adopt measures of relief and investigate the cause of the fire. James Mitchell, Esq., was chosen moderator. 6.07

A committee composed of Barker Burnell, Charles Bunker, George B. Upton, Obed B. Swain and Aaron Mitchell was chosen to investigate the cause of the fire. Two of the important questions put to the committee were: "To inquire whether the watch was vigilant during the night," and "To inquire whether the place where the fire originated was dangerous on account of fire."

One of the important resolutions adopted was that a committee of 20 citizens be chosen to receive collections "here and abroad" and to disburse the same according to its best judgment.

This committee was made up of the following: Aaron Mitchell, Charles G. Coffin, David Joy, George B. Upton, George C. Gardner, Charles Bunker, John H. Shaw, Barker Burnell, James Mitchell, Frederick C. Macy, Edward M. Gardner, Joseph Starbuck, Obed B. Swain, Nathaniel Barney, Thomas Macy, Richard Mitchell, Peter Macy, Charles Mitchell, Charles P. Swain, Samuel B. Tuck. To this membership were later added Harrison G. O. Dunham, Roland Hussey, Peter Folger, Newell Sturdevant, Simon Parkhurst, Henry Swift, Matthew Starbuck, John W. Barrett, Thomas Coffin and George Cobb.

A vote taken at this meeting, which is of particular interest today, is as follows:

"That said Committee be requested to take into consideration the propriety of limiting the height of wooden buildings, either by Ordinance of the Town or otherwise; and report at an adjournment of this Meeting."

11/26/38

Days of Whaling Pictured By Federal Writers.

Old whaling salts along the waterfronts in New Bedford, Nantucket, New London and Cape Cod ports have not as much to talk about these days as they once had.

Once they could take pride in the full-rigged barks and schooners making for the horizon on one- and two-year voyages in search of whales. Now those very ships and the old whaling days are but memories.

These memories began taking shape soon after the Civil War, when three distinct factors—discovery of petroleum oil, the war, and the large number of men and ships lost in Arctic ice fields—led to the decline of Yankee whaling, and its gradual absorption by Scandinavian fishermen.

Whaling, as the old Yankee salts practiced it, is gone forever, says the Christian Science Monitor in commenting on the books recently issued by Federal writers. The industry is now as efficient and as mechanized as the automobile business. Today steamers hunt as units, and tow catches to port every day. Oftentimes, especially in foreign countries, ships are outfitted so as to be able to process a whale while still at sea. Harpoons are shot by cannon, instead of by hand, and harpooned whales no longer set out to tow small boats on "Nantucket sleigh rides".

Not a few of the experiences, hardships, and tragedies of Yankee whaling captains and crews are set forth in "Whaling Masters," a new volume in the American Guide Series. Compiled and written by WPA workers on the Massachusetts Federal Writers' Project, with the co-operation of the Old Dartmouth Historical Society of New Bedford, the book describes the history of whaling, besides listing hundreds of captains and their voyages.

The book tells how the Pilgrims were credited with the first recorded attempt to capture a whale, while they were anchored in what was to be called Provincetown harbor. "A number of whales 'of great size' were feeding and disporting in the vicinity of the famous shallop. One venturesome member of the school came to the surface close to the side of the ship. A fowling piece was loaded with a super-charge, aimed and fired. But ...the charge was too much for the weapon and it exploded." The whale was not caught, it added.

Despite the firing of that first shot in the whaling industry in 1620, however, there is, according to records, no indication of any really concerted whale fishing as an independent industry until about 1740.

Nantucket, with a fleet of 30-ton sloops, was for many years the country's leading whaling port, but through the years it gradually yielded place to New Bedford.

Among factors leading to the change were the isolation of the island, which during the wars of 1776 and 1812 made its ships easy prey to the British, and the fact that newer whaling methods had been developed, including that of outfitting ships for months at sea. This meant that larger and larger vessels were needed to bring home cargoes; and Nantucket harbor was blocked by a sand bar that could be cleared by small craft at high tide—and not by the larger whaling vessels.

Nantucketers tried to remedy the situation by building a floating dry dock, or "camel", into which large vessels were warped the same as into any dry dock. The water was pumped from the camel, and the ship floated in or out of the harbor. For seven years the islanders followed this procedure in the attempt to keep up with New Bedford. A cataclysmic fire in 1846, however, spread to the harbor and cost shippers hundreds of thousands of dollars.

New Bedford, which had begun to challenge Nantucket's supremacy as early as 1815, then took over in earnest.

The book continues with a description of the typical whaling vessel—the bark—which had fore and main masts square-rigged, and mizzenmast fore-and-aft rigged. Fewer men were required to sail a bark, for the fore-and-aft rig was handled from the deck without the necessity of sending men up into the yards.

Old whaling masters, however, had decidely individual ideas as to best type of vessels and gear. Most of the larger vessels carried five whaleboats. The captain and each of his four officers had command of the small boats and their crews of five each. An average whaling crew included 35 or 40 men.

A typical day on a whaling vessel was described as follows:

"Breakfast at 5 o'clock was followed by swabbing decks, then making sail and tightening rigging. There were bales of oakum and sennit to be braided into buffers and fenders... to pevent chafing. Harpoons and lances had to be kept razor-edged, lines overhauled and weak spots spliced. The cooper and ship's carpenter continually needed men to assist them. At 4 p. m. decks were swept and scrubbed again. Supper was at five o'clock; and between that hour and 7 p. m. the whalemen had two hours of 'loafing' time."

Sailors used this time for scrimshaw work—the carving of articles out of whalebone. These included pie crimpers, canes, and knickknacks.

Whalemen's wages in those days were usually small, and not infrequently voyages were disastrous to owners. On the other hand, the percentage of profit from successful voyages was tremendous. Such trips were called "greasy voyages". One that cleared expenses, but left little profit was known as a "saving voyage".

One ship, mentioned in the book, which had an unusually "greasy" career, was the Lagoda. On its best voyage, it returned a net profit of 363.5 per cent, to its owners. Its average profit a voyage in 19 years was 98 per cent., and its lowest 29.6 per cent.

Whalemen were paid in "lays" or shares. A captain's lay might be from one-eighth to one-fifteenth, or one barrel out of every 15 of a catch netting $35,000—or $2,333. A common sailor would probably receive one-one hundred and fiftieth lay or $233.

The years from 1859 to 1872 saw the decline of whaling in America. In 1861 came the war, and through confederate raids, 34 whaling vessels were either burned or captured. The Union Government bought 40 ships, which constituted the Stone Fleet. Loaded with stone, they sailed south and were scuttled in Confederate harbor entrances, to make a blockade.

The war thus took 72 vessels. The Arctic took still more. The industry, nevertheless, fought on, until petroleum began to be produced in increasing quantities and at a decreasing price, and until corset makers began to offer steel stays to take the place of heavy bone ones.

By 1910, Norwegians were virtually in control of whaling, although it is still practiced commercially off the coasts of Lower California and Mexico, and in the Southern Pacific, as well as in the Antarctic Ocean, off Japan, off the western coast of Africa, and along the New Zealand coast.

The book contains a small glossary of whaling terms, interesting among which are:

Breaching: About to dive, the whale frequently shot out of the water nearly full length, diving head first beneath the surface.

Case: The upper portion of the sperm whale's head, from which valuable spermaceti was bailed and used to make candles.

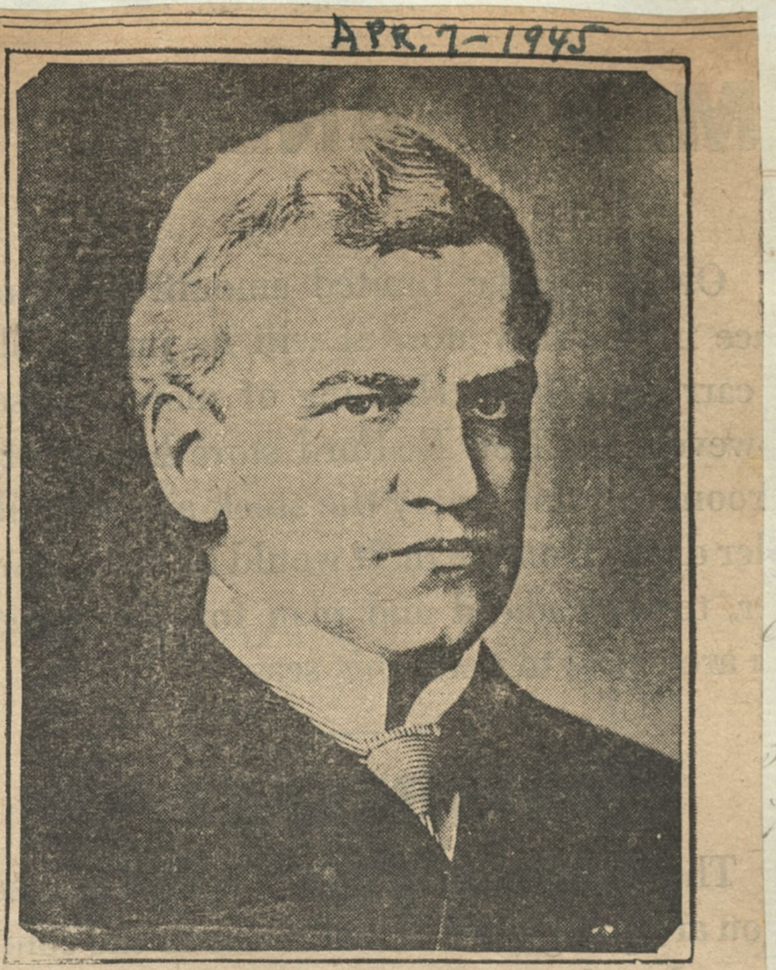
Chantey Men: Old-timers who knew sea songs and led the singing when the crew hove at windlass.

Flukes: The tail of a whale.

Greenie: One making his first whaling voyage.

Lobscouse: A delicacy—hard bread and salt meal well sprinkled with pepper, chopped into pieces and boiled in water.

APR. 7 - 1945



THE LATE MR. JUSTICE CLARKE.
(From a photo taken at Nantucket)

Death of Justice John H. Clarke Former Summer Resident.

Mr. Justice John Hessin Clarke, a former associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and for a number of years a summer resident of Nantucket, died in his sleep recently in his bachelor's apartment at San Diego, California.

With his sisters, Justice Clarke spent many summers at Nantucket and he will be pleasantly recalled by many of our citizens for his quiet, genial manner and his friendly attitude to all, especially to the children he would meet on the streets during his daily walk down town.

He was appointed to the Supreme Court of the United States by President Wilson in July, 1916, and that summer he was occupying "Rochester Lodge" on Cliff Road. When a newspaper correspondent in Washington sent The Inquirer and Mirror a telegram informing us of the nomination of Mr. Clarke, the writer had the privilege of conveying the news to him as he sat looking out upon Nantucket harbor enjoying the view. He seemed surprised, but the only comment he would make was: "If the President feels that I am qualified for such an important position I of course will accept. I could not well do otherwise."

At that time Mr. Clarke's campaign for the Senate was just getting under way and for the moment he was somewhat disturbed, not knowing just how far the campaign had progressed. A corporation lawyer, with a large practice in Cleveland, he was receiving strong support through Newton D. Baker, then mayor of Cleveland. Upon his nomination for the Supreme Court, the senatorial campaign stopped at once.

Attorney John H. Clarke became Justice Clarke on the 30th of July, 1916, and he served on the Supreme Court until September 18, 1922, when he tendered his resignation "to preach the doctrine of the League of Nations."

"I believe the future of the United States, both from a political and a business stand-point," said he. "depends upon the entrance of America into the League. To help my fellow countrymen in reaching this viewpoint has been one of the reasons for my resigning."

Eight years later, Justice Clarke, in a New Year's message, formulated his six rules for happiness, drawn from his experiences.

He recommended: Be true to yourself; make each day your masterpiece; help others; drink deeply from good books; make friendship a fine art; build a shelter against a rainy day.

Justice Clarke was high in Masonic circles and it was his request that after the rites in San Diego, his body be cremated and the ashes taken to Youngstown, Ohio, to be placed in the family lot in Lisbon cemetery.

10/13

Home from the Arctic.

1906

Capt. John A. Cook of steam whaler Bowhead arrived in Brockton this week, accompanied by his wife, and brought the first official account of the rceent experiences of the Arctic fleet while frozen in the ice near Herschel island.

Mrs. Cook's condition is the reason her husband is not with his ship. Early in June, when the Bowhead was released from the ice, Mrs. Cook was so much in need of medical attendance that he hailed the first revenue cutter that arrived on the whaling ground and started with her for Cape Nome.

According to Capt. Cook the experience on his last trip was the most awful he has ever encountered in the Arctic. In 1904 the Bowhead, with four other ships, sought the winter quarters of the fleet at Herschel island. Mrs. Cook was the only woman in the party, and at the beginning the fact of being frozen in held terrors for her.

There were supplies in plenty. It was the lonesomeness and the monotony. It preyed upon all, but it was upon Mrs. Cook that it fell hardest. Her husband and the others of the ice imprisoned colony did all they could for her, but she had determined to spend last summer at the home of her married daughter in Provincetown, and the irksomeness of the predicament in the far and frozen north at length got on her nerves and shattered them. The intense cold, too, had a depressing effect that was impossible to shake off, and it rendered illness inevitable once it had threatened.

Finally June of 1906 dawned, and one day the whalers of the frozen land realized that they were soon to be freed. The release came, but Mrs. Cook was then too ill to take part in the festivities with which the event was celebrated. She was, in fact, so ill that Captain Cook determined to make a run home at the earliest opportunity.

Within a few days a revenue cutter appeared on the scene, and turning the command of the Bowhead over to Captain James Tilton of New Bedford, who was serving as first mate, Captain Cook and his wife embarked for Cape Nome, and several days later Mrs. Cook was once more landed, having been inside the Arctic circle since March 18, 1903, longer than any other white woman has ever remained in the frozen zone.

26 20554

The Shurrocks Collection of Indian Relics.

Mrs. Alfred Shurrocks was my gracious hostess Saturday morning at her home on Vestal street, where I spent a most interesting time looking at the collection of Indian relics and listening to her tell of them.

Mr. Shurrocks is an architect by profession, but both he and Mrs. Shurrocks have always been interested in collecting Indian relics and studying Indian lore. It was in 1929, when walking to town from Dionis, that they found their first arrowhead on the west side of Capaum Pond. Since then they have found their arrowheads, hammerheads, knives, axe-heads, scrapers, sinkers, drills, etc., on all parts of the island, in fields and in roads. On some of the stones lichen had grown on top. These arrowheads are made of all kinds of stone found on Nantucket, and of a certain hardness. Among the stones represented are flint, quartz, jasper, and chert (an impure kind of flint). There originally was no pure flint on the island, but it was brought over by Colonists, who used it for ballast for their ships, and then sold it to the settlers and Indians.

Among the divisions of the stones found here are yellow, red, green, smoky, blue, amethyst, milky white; crystal, half-crystal, sugary white, and sugary yellow quartz; blue, light blue, green, purple, white, and gray chert; yellow (found also in Pennsylvania, and red jasper (found in Saugus, near Lynn).

The arrowheads include the bird points, used to kill birds and small game. Drills were used for surgery and for boring beads. The top of one drill was found in 1935, the bottom of the same stone was found eleven months later in practically the same place. Scrapers were used to smooth wood for arrows. The hammer-heads are large round stones with a groove around the middle for the handle. Spearheads are usually long and slender, used chiefly for spearing fish. Every adult Indian had at least one knife; these knives varied in size and shape. One part of a knife was found in a road, the other part was found seven feet away; evidently a car had broken it and carried the last piece away.

After deciding to make an arrowhead, the Indian started with a good stone, striking off pieces with another stone, roughly shaping it. He shaped it more and more until it was small enough to be weakened with blows. Then he took another stone and pried off the chips by pressure. Some people claim it took from one to two weeks to make an arrowhead.

The Indian evidently used antler bones to pry open oysters and other shell fish.

They put chips, bones, and blanks into their shell piles. When these shell piles became odorous the Indian moved his wigwam a few yards away and started another shell pile. Along both sides of Sesachacha Pond shell piles were found.

When an Indian made new arrowheads, he put them into a caché until he needed them. He usually buried them just under the surface or left them on the surface.

The first Indians in New England were the Pre-Algonquins; these were driven out by the present Algonquins. The first Indian records came from their graves.

There were four sachems on Nantucket when the white people came—Potconet, whose territory was Madaket and from the head of Hummock Pond to Mill Hill, and along the North Shore; Wauwinet, whose territory was from Monomoy to Cain's Pond, including Great Point; Wanackmamack, whose territory was from Topchue Pond to Altar Rock to Cain's Pond including Siasconset; Autopscot, whose territory was from the east side of Hummock Pond to Mill Hill, and from Consue Spring to Topchue Pond.

It was found that in the summer the Indians lived near the water in the harbor and sound; in winter they moved into the land.

Ever since Mr. and Mrs. Shurrocks started their collection they had in view the idea of presenting it to the Historical Association. Archeologists consider their collection of over a thousand relics remarkable, and the town will indeed be fortunate to have such a fine collection to hand down to posterity.

Richard Smith, 8-A

3/19/1938

Nantucket Whalers' Discoveries Basis For U. S. Pacific Claims.

Edouard A. Stackpole.

[As portions of this article originally appeared in *The New York Times* this acknowledgment is made of the courtesy of that newspaper in allowing us to use that material.]

The action of President Roosevelt in claiming Canton and Enderbury islands of the Phoenix group in mid-Pacific ocean, points to a broader policy of defense on the part of the Navy Department. It brings into a clearer perspective the strategic value of this outer fringe of the sea-defense for the west coast of the United States and the Panama Canal, as well as gaining a firmer position in the defense of the all-important naval and air base at Honolulu in the Hawaiian Islands.

That this government should seek a good basis for claims to these Pacific Isles is, of course, important; and by the discoveries of the whalemen the State Department has found a substantial argument for its claims.

* * * * *

Nantucket was always alive to the importance of the Sandwich Islands as a naval base, but many were of the opinion that the Marquesas should also be under the jurisdiction of this country, especially after the Monroe doctrine was announced.

Realizing the maritime importance of claiming other groups in the far Pacific, the merchants and ship-masters of Nantucket sent a petition to Congress in 1825, announcing the fact that discoveries had been made and asking for another protecting squadron in the Pacific. Right after the War of 1812 the Navy Department had dispatched a squadron to the west coast of South American, for the purpose of protecting the American whaling fleet in those waters from the Spanish and South American revolutionist privateers, as well as many pirate ships.

* * * * *

But nothing was ever done about the mid-Pacfic, and in 1828, Nantucket sent another petition to Congress, asking that an expedition be sent out to explore and chart the islands and areas used by the whalemen. Twelve years elapsed before anything was done.

In fact it was not until 1836 that a Congressman named H. M. Reynolds did considerable work in arranging a list of the various discoveries by the whalemen. He recognized the value of "American Polynesia," as it was then called, and pointed out to the naval department that an expedition should be sent out for the purpose of charting and claiming the various islands. His active interest brought about the famous Wilkes Exploring Expedition, which did much in charting the unknown areas of the Pacific. These were the first ships to sight the frozen continent of Antarctica. But, so far as the accomplishments of the expedition are concerned, Congress never followed up the good work, allowing other nations to take over islands which should have been claimed at that time.

* * * * *

Since the development of aviation in the Pacific, there has been a revival of interest in the groups lying between Hawaii and New Zealand and Australia, for they have become valuable not only as stepping stones for the trans-oceanic clipper planes, but as an outer fringe in the Navy's line of defense in the Pacific.

Today, the average person thinks of the Pacific Ocean as containing but two or three principal groups of islands—the Hawaiian group, the Philippine, the Society and possibly the Fijis. When they think of single islands they recall Tahiti, Hawaii, Pitcairn, Guam, Samoa and Easter islands. While these are outstanding historical centers they are not, by any means, the geographically important of all the Pacific isles.

* * * * *

For three centuries the tremendous sweep of the Pacific had charmed the hearts of the navigators from five nations. It was common knowledge that Magellan had crossed its great breadth and that Drake had dared its storms in circumnavigating the world. The voyages of Mendano and Quiro are not so well known as those of Bouganville and Hervey, but they were all unimportant until the cruisings of the redoubtable Cook took place. And yet even this great navigator did not touch in the groups that were used by the Nantucket whalemen as supply bases and watering places.

Three islands—Jarvis, Howland and Baker—were taken over by this government two years ago, by right of occupation and use. For a century Great Britain had claimed them, but apparently the United States' sudden announcement of sovereignty in 1936 has not been disputed.

* * * * *

In the early days of deep-sea American whaling, the ships of Nantucket became the pioneers which opened up new whaling grounds in all parts of the watery globe. They were the first to go to the Greenland grounds, to the Brazil Banks, the Coast of Guinea, and the Falkland Islands. And in the early 1790's, it was a Nantucket ship, sailing out of Dunkirk, that first arrived home with a cargo of sperm oil obtained in the Pacific Ocean.

During the last years of the 18th centuries and the first years of the 19th, Nantucket ships sailed the "off-shore" grounds, a thousand miles off the coasts of Chile and Peru. Finding ships from other ports slowly following in their wake, the Nantucket ship-masters began to penetrate to the west and north, exploring hitherto unknown portions of the South Seas.

It was while sailing through groups of islands which were not laid down on the charts, that these whaling captains began to make their own charts—proceeding to name many islands which they had discovered in the far reaches of this vtst ocean.

Many of them they named for the owner of the ship, some for the ship itself, and in other cases, with pardonable pride, named the island after themselves.

* * * * *

It was during the search for Amelia Earhart last summer that the attention of the civilized world was directed to that part of the Pacific around Howland Island. Editors dusted off their world atlases and called for sketch maps of the area over which the Navy conducted its monumental but sadly unsuccessful search.

More than one hundred years before this time—one hundred and twenty, to be exact—the Nantucket whaleship *Equator*, Captain Elisha Folger, was sailing "along the line," or on the equator, hunting for new whaling grounds. This was in 1818. Since the discovery of the "off-shore grounds," a few years before, the Nantucket ships had begun cruising west and north in their whale-hunts. Huaheine, Bola Bola, and Eimeo in the Society Islands had been used as their supply ply bases, where ships had been provisioned and watered, and where their hulls had been hove down and scraped of barnacles and seaweeds.

The Marquesas would have made a fine base, but the activities of Porter in the *Essex* during the 1812 war had aroused the natives against all white men, and the whalemen did not trust the apparent safety of the harbors.

And so, Capt. Folger steered above the Marquesas, going far to the west "along the line," until he came to two *Equator* west until he came to two islands not placed on any of the rude charts of the area. He landed on each and named them Dangerous Reef and New Nantucket. The latter island is in longitude 176° 20″ west, and lattitude 11 9 north. One can imagine a wistful sort of homesickness in naming the coral atoll after his island-home which was in such direct topographical contrast. It is now called Baker's Island.

The *Equator* sailed on to discover more islands, but what was more important, her master found a new area where whales were in abundance. He named the new locality the "Kingsmill whaling grounds," and it became a source of revenue for hundreds of whaleships during the next half-century.

In seeking good islands for water and supplies, Capt. Folger found several more which were uncharted. He named them Starbuck's Island (lat. equator, longitude 173° 30″ east); Loper Island (lat. 6° 8″ south, long. 177° 22″ east; and Tracy's Island (lat. 7 degrees 32 minutes south, long. 178° 46″ east).

* * * * *

The year 1819 found the *Equator* half filled with sperm. Capt. Folger sailed north and east for the Sandwich Islands, becoming the first American whaleship to put in at the harbor of Honolulu on the island of Oahu. This was on Sept. 17, 1819. He sailed back to the Kingsmills, filled his ship and then turned her bow to the east and south for home, arriving at Nantucket in December, 1820.

His voyage was epochal. The news of the Kingsmill Grounds made the rounds. The *Equator* has spoken ships at sea on the way home. These were the *Maro, Dauphin, Independence* and *Lady Adams.* A dozen other island whaleships learned of the locality during the next year.

Four Nantucket whaleships made the Sandwich Islands their headquarters during the years 1819-20-21, and 22. They were the *Maro, Independence, Rambler,* and *Ganges.* The English whaleship *Syren,* captained by Frederick Coffin, of Nantucket, was also in this vicinity, as was the *Balcana* of New Bedford, also under a Nantucket master. 141

What happened is strangely prophetic. The *Maro, Syren* and *Balcana* sailed in company to the northwest Pacific and discovered a new whaling locality, which they called the "Japan Grounds," although they were a thousand miles from the Coast of Japan. The region became another famous area for sperm whales.

* * * * *

The *Independence, Rambler* and *Ganges* sailed to the south and west, on the "Kingsmill Grounds," and each of the ships came upon new islands which they charted.

The *Independence,* under Captain George Barrett, sailed boldly among the Gilbert and the Ellice groups. In the latter group he discovered and charted two islands, Mitchell's Island, in latitude 9° 18″ south, longitude 179° 45″ east; and Rocky Island, lat. 10° 45″ south, long. 179 degrees, 28 minutes east.

Still steering south and southwest, Capt. Barrett sailed "down along" to discover the "Navigator whaling grounds" off the Navigator group, as the Samoan Islands were known in those days. Still heading south, Capt. Barrett sailed past the Fijis and was approaching the coast of New Zealand when he died. The mate, William Plaskett brought the ship home in June, 1822, with more than 2000 bbls. of oil.

Capt. Plaskett proved to be an explorer in his own right. Having caught the zest of his late commander, he took the *Independence* out in September of the same year (1822) and entered the Pacific a few months later.

The following year (1823) saw Capt. Plaskett on the Kingsmill Grounds. In the Gilberts, or Kingsmills, he discovered and named Plaskett's island in latitude 3° south and in longitude 176° east.

During his cruisings, Plaskett found another island further west and south, in the Ellice group, which he named Smut-Face Island from its distant appearance. This was in latitude 6° 16″ south, long. 177° 19″ east.

* * * * *

The *Rambler,* under Capt. William Worth 2nd, which had sailed from

Nantucket in January, 1822, arrived in the Kingsmill grounds late in that year. While cruising through the Ellice group early in 1823, Capt. Worth found a number of islands and shoals not laid down on any charts. Consequently he named two reefs—in lat. 21° 45″ north and long. 175° 12 east, and lat. 23° 30″ north and long. 178 - 31—Rambler's Reefs. He also charted 9 reefs in lat. 6° 20″ south and long. 159° 30″ east and named them Tuck's Reefs and Sail Rocks. In lat. 8° 45″ south he discovered five atolls in a lagoon which he named Worth's Isles. And further north, in latitude 11° and long 175° east he found an island and named it Tuck's Island.

* * * * *

In August, 1821, the ship *Ganges* sailed from Nantucket under Capt. Joshua Coffin. Here was a doughty skipper, with a daring to match his contemporaries. In lat. 31° 13″ south and long. 178° 54″ west, he discovered an island in 1823 which he named Coffin's Island.

This island is of particular importance to the aviation development of the trans-Pacific route as it is in the Kermadec group, just north of New Zealand.

Gardner's Island in the Phoenix group, was discovered by Capt. Coffin. It was named for Paul Gardner, the owner of the ship.

In latitude 10° 25″ south, and in longitude 161° west, Capt. Coffin discovered two large islands which he named Great Ganges and Little Ganges islands. It is reported of Captain Coffin that he afterwards sailed on the "Japan grounds."

After this latter whaling locality had been discovered by the *Maro* and the *Syren*, several Nantucket ships made six-months' cruisings there, using the Sandwich Islands as base for supplies. Among these ships was the *Lady Adams* which sailed from Nantucket in 1822 and was never seen again after being reported on the "Japan grounds."

Another exploring whaleship was *Harvest*, Capt. Richard Macy, which sailed from Nantucket in 1825, and in lat. 21° 21″ and long. 161 deg. west, came upon an island which was unknown. He landed and found that the natives regarded him as a god. (Vol. IV, American State Papers).

Captain Prince Mooers in the year 1825 while in command of the *Spartan* of Nantucket discovered two islands in 17° south latitude and 160 deg. 40″ west longitude. He named them Spartan Island and Spartan Reef.

In 1827, the whaleship *Reaper*, of Nantucket, under Capt. Benj. Coffin, discovered an island in latitude 9° 55″ south, long. 152° 40″ west, which he named Reaper Island. In this voyage, the ship was gone only 19 months and yet brought back nearly 2000 barrels of oil.

Not all of those brave whaleships returned from their cruisings in uncharted seas. The *Two Brothers*, Capt. Pollards, was lost on an uncharted reef in 24° north and 169 deg. west, in 1821, and the reef was ever after known as Brothers reef. Capt. Allen in the *Maro* discovered and charted an especially dangerous reef in lat. 25° 31″ north and long. 170° 20 min. west which is known to this day as Allen's or Maro reef.

In 1826 the whaleship *Japan*, under Captain Shubael Chase discovered and named four islands in the Gilbert group. He named them Chase's, Bird's, Lincoln's and Dundas islands. The ship was owned by Paul Mitchell & Sons.

* * * * *

The tremendous distances covered by those bluff-bowed whaleships in those days of exploration can well be imagined when one follows the course of the *Oeno*. This Nantucket craft sailed in 1821 and did not return until July, 1824. Capt. George B. Worth, her commander, took a southern route to the Society group in 1822 and discovered an island to the north of Pitcairn, which he called Oeno island. In the next year he discovered Worth Island, which is now known as Howland Island, just above New Nantucket. This is above the equator, thousands of miles from Oeno Island.

But the *Oeno* was an ill-fated ship. On her next voyage, in command of Samuel Riddell, she was wrecked in the Fijis and her entire crew massacred by the natives. Only one boy—named Cary—escaped, and he was not rescued until he had spent three years among the savages. It was not until nine years after the *Oeno* had sailed that Cary returned to Nantucket once more.

* * * * *

It was as a result of a mutiny on the Nantucket whaler *Globe*, which occurred in the Kingsmill group in 1824, that the schooner-of-war *Dolphin* was dispatched to search the area for the mutineers. The *Dolphin* landed at an island in the Phoenix group now known as Pitts Island, subsequently continuing her search and landing at the Mulgraves in the Marshalls. Here she rescued the only two survivors of the *Globe* who went ashore there and took them out of a captivity of two years.

The *Dolphin* was the first American ship of war to sail through these groups and this was in 1825. She was also the first war vessel of this country to put in at the Sandwich Islands.

Take the case of Capt. Richard Macy, of the ship *Maro*, In August, 1824, he wrote to Josiah Macy, Justice of Peace, at Nantucket, a letter which was not delivered until March, 1825. Capt. Macy wrote:

"Impressed with the strong belief that great numbers of sperm whales are existant among the numerous islands of the Pacific generally known as the Society, Friendly and Fijee and Caroline islands, I resolved to spent three months among these islands."

It was as if Capt. Macy was merely stating that he thought he'd cruise up to Boston for a few days. With an unconscious nonchalance born of confidence, he proposed a voyage of months in uncharted waters, among islands inhabited by treacherous savages—and all in pursuit of the sea's mightiest monarch, the sperm whale.

Capt. Macy sailed the *Maro* out of Eimeo in the Society group on Christmas Day, 1823, and headed west to the Cook Islands. On the 3rd of Feb., 1824, he states: "I discovered three islands, and they are not laid down on any charts. They are very low and dangerous, with several miles of coral reefs surrounding them. The natives resemble the Society islanders. They are in a state of nature, with only a few leaves around their middles. I have named the islands Elizabeth's, Eunice's and Macy's Islands. They are in latitude 21° 06″ to 20 degrees 52 min. south and longitude 178° 47″ to 178° 36″ west. The next island I stopped at was Rotunah in the Feejees ......There were 400 natives all over the ship....I went ashore to meet the king...On Feb. 28th, I sailed for the Coast of Japan."

A yachtsman in these modern days would have written several volumes where Capt. Macy's frugal letter traced a voyage that was "ordinary" to the whalemen out of Nantucket in those days.

* * * * *

Then there was the *Paragon*, which touched at Easter Island in Feb. 1825. "The natives," wrote Capt. Bunker, "came off to the ship lying about 2 miles off shore, with yams, bananas, sweet potatoes, etc. Some of the men and women even swam that distance out to us with offerings. In payment they received whale-scraps which they devoured with great eagerness."

* * * * *

The State and Navy departments of this country have, for several months, been engaged in a research study of the Gilbert, Ellice and Phoenix groups, in this area, attempting to lay a basis for claiming many of the stragetic islands by right of discovery. These experts have searched through the old records in Nantucket, Boston, Salem, and New Bedford.

But the government experts found their task was not an easy one. In fact, they were comparatively unsuccessful until they came to Nantucket, where a local historian gave them certain data which proved to be very valuable. This was given in the summer of 1937—information which revealed that many of the islands in the Pheonix, Gilbert, and Ellice groups, as well as in other groups, were discovered by Nantucket whalemen between the years 1818 and 1828. This information, by the way, was never officially acknowledged by either department.

* * * * *

The wide-beamed whaleships were sheathed in leather and none of them boasted chain cables, they were fouled with Pacific weeds and shellfish and sailed slowly, buffeted by hurricane and tropical storm and set a-wandering by strange ocean currents. But they were commanded by a race of sea-kings and manned by crews who shared with the owners in the success of the voyages.

Sailing ever thus into unknown seas the Nantucket whaling masters became the maritime giants of their day. The whale they chased was the sperm—the greatest creature on land or in the sea—and every time they lowered to engage him in mortal combat they took their lives in their hands.

They were forced to use the islands for provisions as they needed the fresh fruits and foods. Voyages of years made scurvy a dreaded occurrence. Water casks, marked with rings of green from stagnant water, were made fresh and clean with water from coral wells, rafted to the ship. Occupation as well as discovery, and prior claims to ownership by this use by land and sea, make firmer the country today.

They left their mark in half-forgotten parts of the great, watery globe, especially in the South Seas which they helped to explore and certainly aided in charting.

Out of the musty recesses of the journals which they wrote, and in the faded lettering of the letters which they dispatched while thousands of miles from home they have left an undimmed record.

In the yellowed files of *The Inquirer and Mirror*, Nantucket's century-old newspaper, appear many notations of these epoch-making voyages—brief but none-the-less perfect records of a glory these whalemen never knew they had won.

And now, a hundred years and more later, an over-due recognition has at last come their way, for it is from the heritage which they have left that the United States may gather tangible proof of their discovery of Pacific islands this country claims today.

1911

DIVIDEND PAID.

Nantucket, 20th July, 1842.

Joseph Balch, Esq.,
Merchants' Ins. Office, Boston.

Sir: The assignees of the estate of Samuel Mitchell have declared and paid another dividend of twenty-five per cent., and we have received four hundred twenty-four 48-100 dollars for your account, which we have placed on deposit in the Pacific Bank, the certificate of which please find prefixed.

Very respectfully,
C. Mitchell & Co.

DESERTION.

Nantucket, 30th April, 1842.

Mr. Avery P. Ellis, Sandwich.

Dear Sir: We have received your favour of 3d ist., making a demand for Ebenezer Skiff's voyage in ship Phebe.

In looking at the log-book of that ship, we find under date of 27th March, 1841, at Tahiti, that he deserted; on the 3d April the captain caught him and took him on board, and on the 11th April he deserted again, at the same place.

It is well understood by everybody concerned in shipping that desertion works a forfeiture. Now, as this ship has sunk ten thousand dollars for us, we do not feel ourselves under any obligation to pay the voyage of a deserter and there are many reasons why we should not; but it is not necessary for us to discuss this at this time. Suffice it to say that the ship did not obtain 1,400 barrels of oil in the whole voyage. We will give you an extract from the articles to show how the men are paid:

"And it is further agreed that each person serving on board said ship shall be paid in proportion as his time of service is to the whole time said ship is performing her voyage, any custom or usage to the contrary notwithstanding."

You will not feel more mortified at this decision of ours than we are in making it.

Very respectfully,
C. Mitchell & Co.

RECOVERED LANDS.

Nantucket, 1st August, 1842.

Doctor Geo. W. Connely,
Franklin, Vernango, Co., Penn.

Dear Sir: Your favour of 6th July was recd. in due course of mail, informing us of the arrangement you had made with Joseph Deets, Jr., for the recovery of our lands. Having to consult with a number of persons, we have been obliged to delay our answer longer than we could have wished. We now desire you to finish the contract with Mr. Deets and take a deed of the land in the names of Paul Mitchell, Seth Mitchell, Charles Mitchell, George Myrick, Jr., John W. Barrett and Gorham Coffin. We think that our deed, securing the title to the above-named persons, will be sufficient, and this may be recorded and transmitted to us through the mail.

In regard to the remittance we made to Doctor Espy in 1836, we never received any account from him of the application of that money, but believe the amount was sufficient to pay arrearages at that time, to pay him a suitable fee for his trouble and leave a balance to be applied to the payment of taxes for several years more, which would have prevented the last sale and consequently the present extra charges.

But under the present circumstances we do not like to give you a specific order for any amount, as he may not acknowedge any balance due; therefore we will write a conditional order to enable you to receive whatever balance he may acknowledge, and whatever that may be, we wish you to apply it to the payment of future taxes and also inform us when it will be necessary to make another remittance and what amount.

Very respectfully,
C. Mitchell & Co.

LETTER TO CAPTAIN KEEN.

Nantucket, 29th Jany., 1842.

Capt. Wm. Keen.

Dear Sir: The ship Rose, Capt. Swain, being now at Edgartown and near ready for sea, we concluded that a line would be acceptable, even if we had nothing to say of consequence, except we say that it is now something more than three months since you sailed and you have not yet been reported; we infer from this that you have not been so fortunate as Capt. Holley, of the Eliza Adams was. He took a sperm whale off the River of Plata, which made him 105 barrels. He arrived a few days ago with 2,500 barrels sperm oil and reports the Phebe 38 months out with 1,400 barrels.

We should hope that it is not for the want of a good look-out that you have not done as well as Capt. Holley did in crossing the Brazil Bank and now is the time for us to repeat to you not to be afraid to buy the people's eyesight.

We have written several letters to you since you sailed—pretty long ones, too—in which we have taken the liberty to give you some important advice in regard to conducting your voyage, particularly that of treating your officers and men in such a way as to make them feel an interest in the voyage; and let them see by your example, also, that you have not gone into the Pacific Ocean to spend two or three years without getting a voyage to remunerate yourself and them for that privation. Presuming that your family will write to you by this ship, it is not necessary for us to say anything further than that we believe they are all well. And now, wishing you health and a prosperous voyage, we are, most respectfully,

Your assured friends.
C. Mitchell & Co.

22459

1/20/1912

Nantucket Whalemen Still Living.

Thinking it may be of interest, one of our readers has kindly handed us the following list of Nantucket men, who, although most of them did not reach a captaincy, went whaling voyages in years past. It is surprising the number of men still living who have been in quest of the leviathans of the deep, and, although some of them may have gone on very brief voyages, the fact that they went out on a whaler gives them the right to a place in the list.

The following is probably only a partial list of the men who have seen such service, and we would be glad to have the names of any others who have been omitted, that the record may be made as complete as possible. If you have made a whaling voyage, or know of any other Nantucket man who has, whose name does not appear below, we will appreciate the courtesy if such information will be sent to this office. The list as made up at present includes the following:

Capt. Thaddeus C. Defriez.
Capt. William M. Eldredge.
David Eldredge.
Charles Eldredge.
George H. Fisher.
Benjamin F. Fisher.
Joseph H. Fisher.
Manuel Francis.
George Francis.
Joseph Francis.
Isaac Hamblin.
William Hamblin.
Richard Gibbs.
James H. Gibbs.
Benjamin Williams.
Arthur Lewis.
George A. Grant.
Gorham G. Andrews.
Alexander C. Swain.
Joseph G. Remsen.
Eugene Clisby.
Charles C. Taber.
James C. Lumbert.
Obed A. Morris.
George E. Coffin.
Charles W. Lawrence.
Charles Lamb.
Charles B. Cathcart.
Josiah B. Gould.
George E. Coffin, 2d.
Joseph C. Brock.
Ellenwood B. Coleman.
James H. Wood, Sr.
William Bowen.
Benjamin Cartwright.
John Murray.
Charles H. Mooers.
George F. Coffin.
Charles Paddock.
Alexander Fanning.
William D. Appleton.
James A. Holmes.
Archibald Cartwright.
Allen Smith.
Frank Turner.
John Liner.
Richmond P. Nye.
Samuel B. Randall.
Lewis P. Tracy.
Stephen Hussey.
Augustus Folger.
Charles H. Fishback.
George H. Cary.
Nelson P. Dunham.
Nelson Ewer.
Arthur Fisher.
Richard Swain.

If our readers will co-operate with us, doubtless many more names will be added to the above list in subsequent issues. Of the above men, the oldest whaler is Capt. Thaddeus C. Defriez and the youngest Archibald Cartwright.

APR. 9 - 1898
4/9 - 1898

ALLEN.—Capt. George C. Allen died Monday evening at his home on Orange street. He had suffered from a complication of diseases for about a year, but it was only about a fortnight previous to his death that he was confined to the house. Capt. Allen in early life followed the whaling industry. Later he was in charge of the first Union store established here. He removed to California and was in business some time, returning east and

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The New Lighthouse Tender.

The Anemone, one of the fleet of eight tenders recently built by the lighthouse department, which has been permanently assigned to Woods Hole, in charge of Captain George E. Eaton, in now engaged in the work of caring for the lightships, buoys and other aids to navigation in Vineyard sound and on Nantucket shoals.

The tender replaces the old Azalea, which for years was used in this district. The new lighthouse tender was built for every requirement and is fitted with every modern appliance for carrying on the work under the most severe conditions of weather.

The tender is 190 feet over all, with 20-foot beam, with a displacement of 850 tons. The hull is built of boiler steel, and the craft has two furnaces, Scotch boilers, making 190 pounds pressure, and is driven by twin screws, triple expansion engines.

The fleet of eight tenders, all alike in every respect, were built from designs made in the office of the old lighthouse board in Washington, but the details were worked out and the boats all built under the personal supervision of Edward C. Gillette, who is the present lighthouse inspector of the second district, with his office in Boston.

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Mr. Gillette has been connected with the lighthouse service for quite a few years, and his thorough knowledge of the requirements of the service enabled him to have the tenders built in such a way that when they were launched they were pronounced by the men in the service to be fitted in every way for the work they were to engage in and were additional evidence of Mr. Gillette's skill, and are the pride of the men who have charge of them and the crews who make their homes aboard the vessels.

The quarters of the officers and men of the tender are homelike, the craft is lighted by electricity and every detail was worked out for the convenience and comfort of the crews.

Powerful engines operate the big steel derrick, which is employed to handle the mammoth gas and bell buoys that have to be taken up and replaced along the coast, and there is plenty of deck room and storage below decks for chain cables and other things connected with the work of the tender.

With her high bow the tender is especially designed for giving battle with the riotous seas that race over Nantucket shoals, and when she can't leave port it will not be safe for any vessel to venture out.

The most dangerous lightship station that the tender has to visit is the far-away Nantucket shoals beacon nearly half a hundred miles from Nantucket island.

This beacon is the last one left behind by the ocean liners crossing the Atlantic going eastward, and the first one picked up by incoming steamers to New York. Taking supplies to the Nantucket shoals lightship in the winter time is always a hazardous task, and with the old tender there were times when the work could not be accomplished.

The work of Captain Eaton, the youngest captain in the lightship tender service, and his crew, calls for quick response to orders, and no matter how bad the weather may be outside, if some buoy has been dragged from its station by a passing vessel, or one of the lightships has been torn adrift by some craft that ran into her, if anyone is ill aboard any of the lightships or any work has to be done in the district, the tender must start at once.

Frequently the officers and men are kept hard at work day and night, with but a moment to get a bit to eat, making repairs, replacing some of the hundreds of aids to navigation along the coast, only to find orders waiting for them, when they get into port, to steam away to some other point at once to replace some aid to shipping.

Captain Eaton, who was first officer on the Azalea under Captain Gibbs, and later had command of the tender, has been in the service ever since he graduated from the nautical training ship Enterprise, about ten years ago, and no one along the Atlantic coast is better fitted for the work which he has charge of than the youthful commander of the new tender. His promotion to the position which he now holds was a meritorious reward, and was most gratifying to his host of friends all along the coast of Cape Cod.

Inspector Gillette has recently made a trip over the district with Captain Eaton, and while he did not state it, it was evident that he was pleased with the workings of the tender, the construction of which he was particularly interested in and personally supervised.—N. B. Mercury.

EPTEMBER 25, 1937.

The Discovery of a Whaleship's Identity in a "Scrapbook" Log.

A great deal of the basic material upon which rests the honor and glory of Nantucket's palmy days as a world-renowned whaling port is found in the humble log-books of her whalers. Between the musty covers of the log will be found the daily accounts of the voyage, entries revealing the progress of the voyage, the course of the ship, the whales chased, or captured, and cut in.

Nantucket's Whaling Museum, the most popular exhibit of the Historical Association, has a fine collection of these whaling logs, the great majority of which are those of Nantucket ships.

Occasionally, an old log is uncovered, the pages of which have been used as a scrapbook for clippings, etc. Many of these are carelessly thrown aside as being worthless, when the fact of the matter is that, by careful work, the book may not only be rescued from remaining "just a scrapbook" but may disclose valuable historic references.

A good example of this surrounds the re-claiming of a log owned by Capt. Herbert P. Smith, of Nantucket. The journal came into his possession many years ago, but he had kept it with the hope of some day uncovering its true identity. Its pages are almost entirely pasted over with clippings, most of which came from newspapers and magazines of the period from 1860 to 1885, obliterating not only the name of the ship and the year in which she sailed, but even the years in which she was at sea.

Mrs. Smith was the original discoverer of the log, having come across it in a deserted old house on Pocomo point, when she was a girl and lived on the adjoining farm an Eatfire on the adjoining farm at Eatfire Spring, then owned by her father, Edward Clinton Morey.

A few weeks ago Capt. Smith handed the log over to a person interested in island history, requesting that a search be made for the name of the ship, the years in which she sailed, or some other item which might be of interest.

There were one or two notations in the first part of the log (the part, unfortunately, most pasted over) which revealed that the ship had sailed either the first week in August or the last week in July. At the back of the book, the record showed that the unknown ship had returned home on the first day of September, for the log read:

> "First part of these 24 hours Calm. Anchored in 8 fathoms. At 7 p. m. got under way. At 4 a. m. anchored at Nantucket Bar. So ends this voyage of 49 months."

By this it is readily figured that the date of departure was in either late July or early August three years before. The question was: What year?

The first legible notation in the log is of August 30, when the writer recorded: "These 24 hours commences with brisk wind from the N E supposed to be the trades.....All hands employed in breaking out and coopering the provisions."

On Wednesday, Sept. 28, the first clue as to ship's identity creeps in. The log notes:

> "Fore part of these 24 hours thick weather. Spoke the ship *Huron*, of Sag Harbor, the capt. came on board. Middle part moderate, latter part saw humpbacks, so ends."

If the log of the *Huron* had been available the date "Sept 28" would have been checked on, but this particular craft's log was not in the Whaling Museum.

On the 22nd day of October Cape Horn was sighted amid squalls of hail and snow. "Bernabelas Island" was mentioned as lying at a distance of 40 miles.

On November 20th the ship *Lion*, of Providence, was sighted and the two ships "spoke" each other. On the 11th of December the log records, "Spoke the *Levi Starbuck*." This is a valuable clue, as the *Levi Starbuck* was a Nantucket whaleship which sailed out of this port on her first voyage in 1833. She sailed again in 1837, in 1841, and 1845. In 1850 she was sold to New Bedford. Hence this log was between the years 1833 and 1850.

On Christmas Day the ship *Persia*, of New Bedford, was spoken. The new year started auspiciously for whales were captured on three occasions during the first week in January.

During the next few weeks of the month the ships *Almira*, of Edgartown, the *Rodman*, of New Bedford, the *Roscoe* of an unnamed port, and the *George Coggeshall*, of New Bedford, and the *Hobomock*, of Falmouth.

And then, within a few pages of each other, the ships *Alexander Coffin*, *Omega* and *Lydia*, of Nantucket, and the *Augusta*, of New Bedford, were spoken. The only single year when these ships could have been in the Pacific Ocean at the same time in the latitude and longitude recorded were the years 1840-1841, and so the date of the year narrowed down considerably.

Other ships spoken by this ship were the *Charles Frederick*, *Emily* and *Hope*, of New Bedford, and the *Japan*, *Massachusetts*, *Richard Mitchell* and *Three Brothers*. Again it was seen that the only possible years in which these ships sailed in the same latitudes of the Pacific in the same period of four months was between 1840 and 1845.

For instance, the *Japan* left Nantucket under Capt. John Tobey in the year 1838 and returned in 1842; that is, this was the voyage during which she could have spoken the *Richard Mitchell*, which sailed under Captain William Gardner in 1839 and returned in 1843; or spoken the ship *Three Brothers*, which sailed in 1837 and was home in April, 1841.

The best clue of all was in this unknown ship's speaking the *Alexander Coffin*, the *Lydia* and *Omega* within a month of each other, and at one time speaking the *Lydia* and *Omega* on the same day—Sept. 1st. These three Nantucket whaleships sailed on voyages overlapping during the year 1840. That was the only year these three could have possibly sailed together the first time, for the *Lydia* was built in 1840 and made only this *one voyage* out of Nantucket, being sold to Fairhaven in 1845.

With this definite fact in mind a search was made at the Museum for a log of one of these three ships over the years 1840 to 1845. One of the *Alexander Coffin's* logs antedated this year. The *Richard Mitchell's* logs, of which there were three, came before and after the date; as did the *Three Brothers'* journal and that of the *Massachusetts*.

But the *Omega's* log was found—and it provided the solution to the problem. On this voyage the ship sailed under Capt. George Haggerty, leaving Nantucket in Sept., 1840, and returning home in October, 1844.

On Sept. 1st, 1842, the log of the *Omega* noted: "Spoke the *Lydia* and the *Foster* of Nantucket."

This was the end of the search, as the entry proved conclusively that the "scrapbook" log was that of the ship *Foster*, of Nantucket, which on this particular voyage sailed under Captain John C. Congdon, leaving the island on July 28, 1841, and returning home Sept. 1st, 1845.

* * * * *

The *Foster* was a notable whaleship. She was built in 1819, being partly sheathed in leather, and made all her voyages out of Nantucket. While on a voyage to the Indian Ocean in 1847 she was condemned at the Seychelle Islands, completing a career that embraced nearly thirty years.

On her first voyage to the Pacific Ocean in 1819, under Capt. Shubael Chase, history records that the ship's

17.71
20.04

hull was pierced by a horn-fish and the horn broken off. Upon removal of the horn, the water rushed into the ship at 1000 strokes of the pumps per hour. She was repaired and continued her voyaging.

There are several more than interesting notations in the log of the *Foster*. Her first port of call after leaving Nantucket was the roadstead at the Island of Oahu, in the Sandwich (Hawaiian) Islands, where she dropped anchor on Tuesday, April 19, 1842. The men were employed in getting of rafts of water, and fresh provisions.

During the night of the 27th six men took one of the ship's boats and deserted. Apparently Captain Congdon was not alarmed, for he only shipped three natives and did not go ashore in search of the deserters. But on the 5th day of May, after considerable work about the ship, he ordered the anchor taken up and sailed out of the roadstead. But he kept the ship "off and on....expecting to heer from the deserters." Two days later he went ashore.

At Woahoo (Ohau) the town of Honolulu was then a sailors' town, but the authorities, were at this time, just beginning to maintain a semblance of discipline. The log of the *Foster* records:

"Lying off and on at Woahoo. The Captain on shore. Found our boat and the Deserters in Prison. Took four of them on board left 2 in Prison."

* * * * *

The whaleships *Phenix*, *Nantucket*, and *Navigator*, were spoken while the *Foster* was cruising on the Japan Grounds—another proof of her identity and the years of her voyage.

On Thursday, February 9th, 1843, an event of more than ordinary incident took place. The *Foster's* log records:

"Whilst washing down the deck the cooper, J. Easton, disobeying the orders of the second mate he took hold of him, when three others, G. Rusfel, John Gardner, Jacob Hardy came up beehindthe second mate and struck him over the head with a beaver and knockt him down which has caused him to bee senseless. One of the three we put in irons."

Nothing further was said of the fracas, probably because the very next day a school of whales was sighted and two large ones were captured, so that the crew had plenty to do and the minds of all were on the work of cutting in and trying out the whale blubber.

On March 29, 1843, the *Foster's* boats lowered for a school of whale at 7 a. m. The pursuit lasted 12 hours, the boats finally coming alongside the ship again at 7 1-2 p. m. There was a day's work that would kill the average "sailor" of today.

On the 7th of May the ship was back at Mowee, where she anchored. Here Thomas Patterson was discharged due to ill health, and Charles Smith, the steward, desterted the ship. This record was underlined.

Out to sea again, cruising in latitude 30 degrees north, the *Foster* had a red-letter day on July 20, 1843. On this day (Thursday) she spoke the barque *Canton* of New Bedford, the barque *Fawn* of London, and the ships *Edward Cary* and *Alexander Coffin*, of Nantucket. During the same week the *Foster* spoke the *Hercules*, of New Bedford, and the *Ganges*, *Howard* and *Mechanic* of Nantucket.

* * * * *

Space forbids further description of the voyage of the *Foster*. That her voyage was an interesting one may be gleaned from these portions of her log, and her "scrapbook" journal remains all the more valuable in that it has been rescued from obscurity.

"A Journal on Board Light Boat South Shoals"—a Rare Gift.

9/5/28

As an example of the wealth of historic material which remains more or less hidden in private collections on Nantucket, the log-book of the first light ship placed on South Shoals is soon to be presented to the Nantucket Historical Association by the Hon. Breckinridge Long, who recognizes in it a bit of American marine history which deserves to be housed with the valuable collection at the Whaling Museum.

The log, in excellent condition, was kept by Captain Samuel Bunker, of Nantucket, a whaling master who had made two very successful voyages as master of the *Alexander*, out of this port. The first lightship, or "lightboat," as it was then called, was a whaleship which the government had purchased from Fairhaven. The dangerous shoals southeast of this island had become more and more a menace to both trans-Atlantic and coast-wise shipping, and the officials in Washington decided that they would attempt establishing a lightship station in the exposed location, some sixteen miles south-southeast of the island, in a position now known as "Old South Shoal."

Captain Bunker's journal opens with the notation:

"June 10th, 1854. Commences with light airs from the westward. Got under way from at noon; calm, came to anchor off fair haven. So ends."

The ship was taken through Quick's Hole, up Vineyard Sound and into Nantucket Sound, and was off Great Point the latter part of Sunday, June 11. The next day she anchored off Sankaty Head, the lighthouse bearing west by south, one mile distant.

In heading out for her station on South Shoal, the ship ran into a calm and the schooner *George Steers*, one of the government's tenders, took her in tow. On the 14th of June the lightship anchored in 10 fathoms of water, becoming the first guardian of the dangerous shoals—assuming the most exposed position of any lightship on the coast.

It may be rightfully assumed that Captain Bunker had been selected for the difficult task of master because of his reputation as a seaman. He notes in his journal: "Gave her 35 fathoms of chane:" and, the next day, "Took up our anchor and steered after the Pilot Boat. At 9 p. m. came to anchor in 15 fathoms. Gave her 45 fathoms chane. Latter part thick fog."

It was not until two days later that the position for putting down the big anchor was chosen. The middle part of the shoal they were to guard was then 2 1-2 miles north by east. The pilot boat *George Seers* then hoisted sail and left, and the lightship bent on her large chain.

On Friday, June 16th, the notation states: "At 7:38 p. m., lit the lanterns and hoisted them up. Gentle breezes and a thick fog. Herd a bell a number of times. Latter part foggy. Stored the small chane in the lour hole and cleared the deck."

Several ships were sighted during the next two days, but the first vessel heaving to long enough to speak with the lightship was described as "an English brig from Providence bound to Ireland." This was on Sunday, the 18th of June.

Subsequent entries in the journal reveal interesting bits of the lonely life aboard the ship. For instance, on June 19 Captain Bunker wrote, "Saw ship's buoy for the first time." And on the next day, "Saw two Brigs bound to the W. ward one a Duchman loaded with pasingers. Fne weather."

The ship's buoy, which was fastened to the anchor chain, was evidently an interesting object for the lightship's crew, because it is mentioned many times. Its behavior during a heavy swell was duly noted, and the fact that it was most of the time under water evidently worried the skipper. An attempt was made to shift the buoy, but they were unable to get it into the boat.

Sunday, June 25th, was the first clear day since the lightboat anchored. Seven ships, ten brigs and six schooners were sighted. That this first lightship was in direct contrast to the modern craft which now anchors 28 miles further out to sea, is evidenced by the notation "hoisted the sails and aired them." This first lightship had three masts, complete with sails, and the two lanterns were hoisted to the heads of the main and mizzenmasts.

The first ship spoken which is named in the journal was noted on the 26th of June. The entry read:

"Spoke ship *Rising Sun*, from Hamburg to New York with Emmagrants. Saw four schooner. Saw the Ships buoy. At 7:40 p. m. hoisted the Lanturns at 9 p. m. saw Sankaty Light bearing north. Middle part at 12 m. trimed the lights. Latter part fine weather. Varnished the quarter deck and four castle. 3 sail in sight. Calm and very warm. So ends."

Nantucket was sighted, bearing north by west, some fourteen miles distant. The 2nd mate and two men arrived from the island on July 2nd, and the next day Captain Bunker and two men left on shore leave.

The ship was making good weather of the storms and behaved so well that it was duly noted in the journal. A succession of squalls and fogs, intermingled with good weather and the sighting of passing ships comprised the entries for several days.

A surveying steamer paid a visit during August, and the crews exchanged inspections. A Philadelphia schooner bound for Halifax hove to for a short gam, also.

The first out-of-the ordinary incident occurred on August 10th, when 2nd Officer Bunker fell from the lantern house, and, according to the log, "hurt him badly." Nothing further was noted on his condition, but on August 20, a boat from the fishing smack *Perry*, Captain Patterson, came alongside and the injured 2nd officer was sent aboard the smack—evidently for a passage to this port for medical attention.

A significant notation was made on August 25th: "We spoke a bark we called English which came very near getting aboard of us. Latter part thick with heavy swell."

Eighty years later, the Nantucket lightship which succeeded to the position as guardian of South Shoals was rammed and sunk by an English liner, the *Olympic*, during a heavy fog.

Sankaty Light must have been a welcome beacon for the lightship's lonely mariners, for on every occasion when it was sighted it was carefully and, no doubt, gladly entered in the log.

As the days became weeks, entries were pretty much the same, although one or two illuminating sentences did creep into the journal. For instance: "Thick fog...I never saw it thicker." "Saw plenty of Mackeril and one swordfish." "Dirty, rainy weather.. two men sick."

On September 1st, 1854, the following important entry was made:

"First part blowing strong from SW with a bad sea running. At 6 p m saw a large ship standing in very handy to the South Shoal. Rung the bell and when (she) discovered us she tacked ship off. I believe she would have struck if we did not have bin here. Middle part strong breezes. At 3 a m wind shifted to N E blowing strong. Latter part strong breezes and a bad sea on; took in larboard boat. So ends."

"From 11 a m to p m it blew a huracane but boat behaved like a lady—a perfect sea boat."

Various incidents helped break the monotony. For three days the crew had a great time picking up lumber—mute evidence that some lumber-laden craft had met her doom near-by. The journal records, "Got over 1-2 thousand boards."

A southeast gale on October 4th brought the "worst swell since we came here," but fortunately not for long, the wind shifting to northwest.

The bad gales of October and November were succeeded by the snow-squalls of early December. A revealing entry was made on December 6th, as follows:

"First part strong gale from the W. with a bad sea. Snow and ice. Saw a schooner standing to the S'ward under short sail. Strong gales. Both Lantons went out the oil was as hard as tallow. Set two Signal Lantons. Smart squalls of snow and very cold. Wind west."

And the next day: "Leaking hard in a bad sea. Our Lamps froze up, had to set the Signal Lantons. Decks ful of snow."

Two days later: "Commenced with cold weather. Could not make our Lamps burn in the Lanterns. Sat Signal Lanterns. Latter part saw a schooner standing W'ward.....At 10 a m the *George Sears* came alongside with our Meat and Provisions. Could not stay alongside, dropped her astern and Boated our Provisions on Board. At 2 p. m. boat left, two rugged to get our water on Board. So ends."

Storm and gales were the order of the weather during December, and the crew had a difficult time with the oil freezing and the lamps refusing to burn.

The first day of January brought a bit of ill-luck that might have been a portent, fortelling the coming misfortune. The log reported:

"January 1st. First part strong gales from the north with a bad sea on. At 7 p. m. saw Sankaty Light. Have to trim our Lights every two hours. Middle part clear. Wind northwest. At sunrize in louring the forward Lantorn broke the cog wheel and one of the braks."

Battered by the almost continuous gales, the lanterns broken and provisions running short, the lightship was making heavy weather of it when February of the New Year rolled around. No better account of their plight can be given than that contained in the entry of February 5th, 1855, as follows:

" First part strong gales from the West with a Snowstorm. A bad sea on. Middle Part the same. Latter Part, at 8 a m found our chane parted. Sounded and got 22 fathoms of water. Tryed all we could to get in the chane but being short-handed we could not, had to unShackle and let go. It did not appear as if there was much chance (of it) hanging to the bows. Saw a Bark, made sail for him, he bucked for a while then made sail and went off. Hawled to the W'ward. On Jan. 13, being short of water, (we had) thought it advizable to send the mate and four men on shore to know why they had not supplyed us with water, coal, Oil, & Wicks.. We have not heard from them since. Got our Cedge anchor on the bow and bent on the chane, and rove our chanes from our forward Lantern and stored them below. Wind NNW, laid west, reefed sail. Latter part a thick snowstorm. Wind North, laid West."

The storm-bound lightship was now at the mercy of the gale, not having hands enough to man the ropes. A brig was sighted and the distress signal was set, and cannon fired, but the ship paid no regard.

The entry for Wednesday, February 7th, tells how the first lightship met her doom:

"First part thick snowstorm .Blowing strong. At 5 p m sounded got 35 fathoms. At 1-2 1 sounded with 20 fathoms of line, got no bottom. At 5 a m brought up on Montauk, 1 1-2 miles from the Light house on a reef of rocks. Came near drounding, stove our boat all to pieces, froze our fingers. The Boat is near high and dry."

All of the men reached shore safely and during the next few days were able to get all the provisions out of the ship but four barrels of meat. The ship was stripped of her spars and rigging, and then abandoned.

Thus ended the career of the first ship to serve as a sentinel on Nantucket Shoals—"the graveyard of the North Atlantic." That other ships arrived to take her place, and that the location of the lightship's station to "New South Shoal," is all a matter was afterwards shifted further to sea, of history.

7/22 Captain Ashley's Luck. 1910

Captain Wallace S. Ashley of New Bedford, in command of bark Pescadora, has made another good cut, and is bound to Valparaiso with a good catch of oil, according to a letter received in New Bedford early this week. Captain Ashley states that while cruising in Panama bay he took 700 barrels of humpback oil, and had on board in addition 440 barrels of sperm oil. At the time the letter was written the ship had a big sperm whale alongside, and Captain Ashley on his cruise to the home port would be on sperm whaling grounds all the way in. As the Pescadora sailed late last summer, the cruise has been a lucky one for the former New Bedford whaleman, who, since sailing for the Valparaiso Whaling company, has certainly had phenomenal luck.—N. B. Standard.

NANTUCKET IN THE FAR EAST.

The Life Story of Captain Arthur Fisher, now Pilot in Japan Waters, Who Began His Seafaring Life at the Age of Five on a Whaleship Commanded by His Father.

3/16/1912

One day in 1860, a happy-faced, sturdy little boy of five years trudged beside his mother down the wharf in Nantucket to board the "Island Home" for Hyannis. They were starting on a long voyage, part of which was to be on the old steamer "Northern Light," then a stanch and fast boat plying between New York and the Isthmus of Panama. On their arrival at Aspinwall (now Colon) they met Lieut. John G. Mitchell, who assisted them across the Isthmus to the city of Panama, where the "Bogota" took them onward to Paita, Peru, by way of Guayaquil.

Paita—or Peyta—was a rendezvous of the New England whaleships and at the time of which we are reading there was among others a stanch New Bedford ship anchored off the town. Soon the "Bogota" gave up her willing passengers and Capt. Timothy H. Fisher, of the "Clara Belle," at last saw his wife, Nancy (Clisby) and little son Arthur safe on board his own good ship. It was from this port and on his father's ship that this boy, who in after years was desined to command his own ships in many seas and to be one of a half dozen men known and respected in the Treaty Ports of the Far East, as a "Licensed Inland Sea and Coast Pilot," received his baptism of life at sea on the whaling grounds of the Pacific.

Five years went by before this growing lad again saw his native town, and during this time the lure of the sea, and the love of it, held him for the life that he has followed, and as Boy, Ordinary, A. B., Mate and Master, he undoubtedly received in those early years the lessons in ship's discipline and its positive value at sea, that a crew under such a successful ship-master as Capt. Timothy H. Fisher, was bound to receive.

Those pleasant years passed quickly for an active boy, being diversified by changes from one whaling-ground to another as the seasons demanded, and by visits to Cocos Island, Charles Island, Hoods Island, the Galapagos, Juan Fernandez and to Valparaiso.

It was on Cocos Island that a beautiful water-fall was found, on the rocky sides of which were chiseled high the names of ships, captains, members of crews and dates that went well back into the seventeen-hundreds. In the waters about these islands excellent fish were found and chowders, in the unequalled Nantucket style, were quite in order when a catch was made.

At Charles Island there was a place called Post-Office Bay, where ships stopped to take on wood and water and maybe shoot a "critter," as there were goats, pigs and cattle there, having been left to increase by ships masters years before. In Post-Office Bay, on shore, was a weather-proof box used by the whalemen to forward mail among the ships, and, though its use was eventually discontinued, it was a convenience to the members of the whaling fleet and was found by means of certain ranges of trees and rocks known to those having a right to its use.

When in Valparaiso at one time for repairs, Capt. Timothy Fisher, after vainly trying to arrive at a satisfactory agreement for the calking and coppering of the "Clara Belle," finally took on board the necessary nails, copper, felt, oakum and tools, and going to Hoods Island hove his ship down, one side and then the other, and, with all hands living in camp ashore, calked and coppered his ship, taking about a month to complete repairs.

The time now came to go home to Nantucket and for the next few years young Fisher was schooled and drilled by that most efficient and well-loved teacher, Hepsibeth Hussey. The High school lent its share of help and at last the most natural thing happened; in fact, the only thing that could happen—the real, serious life at sea of Arthur Fisher began.

CAPT. ARTHUR FISHER.
From a Negative Taken in Japan Two Months Ago.

In the summer of 1872 he shipped as "boy" at New York on the bark "Yokohama," 800 tons, Capt. Calvin Hamblin of Nantucket, bound to Hongkong. The "Yokohama" was not destined to reach her port, for when about ten days out from New York and to the eastward of Barbadoes, she was run down by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.'s steamship "Nile" and was so damaged that, when surveyed by a Commander of the Royal Navy and a Lloyd's surveyor who happened to be passengers on board the "Nile," Capt. Hamblin was advised to scuttle and set fire to his ship, as it was impossible to save her. This was done and the crew and officers were taken to Barbadoes by the "Nile" and from there to St. Thomas, at that time the chief consular station in the Leeward Islands, where the U. S. Consul secured passage for them to New York. The craft which they took passage on was the same old "Northern Light" on which the small boy and his mother left New York for the Isthmus twelve years before.

The next venture was as "boy" on the "Edith," 1,200 tons, belonging to George Howes & Bros., Capt. Dwight Goff, for San Francisco; wages to be $1.00 per month, payable at the end of the voyage with a bonus as large as the captain considered proper. On arriving at San Francisco the "boy" was discharged as "ordinary" seaman and paid at the rate of $15.00 per month.

On shipping for the return voyage of the "Edith" from San Francisco to Europe, via Cape Horn, our "ordinary" was accepted as an "A. B." and it was on the last part of the voyage from Liverpool returning to San Francisco that an accident befell young Fisher in which he narrowly escaped a grave in the icy waters of the Straits of Magellan.

One day when aloft, he fell from the foretopsail yard-arm, on the weather side, striking in the ratlines in his descent and finally falling into the sea. With his fast ebbing strength he managed to slip the bight of a bowline, heaved to him by Mate Hamilton, under his arms, and was hauled to the deck, insensible. Mr. Hamilton was a kindly man and was so far successful in his care of the injured one that in a short time young Fisher had been "braced up" and had increased his efficiency in seamanship to the extent of being appointed third mate when the "Edith," this time under Capt. Trowbridge, sailed for New York.

In due time the "Edith" arrived safely at her destination, when a short visit to Nantucket for our wanderer seemed to be the "first thing on the page," soon rejoining his ship for San Francisco under Capt. Goff again. With an eye to bettering his position at sea the chance to sign as second mate on board the "Valparaiso," owned by the same company, was accepted, and this voyage was at once commenced to Liverpool and New York, under Capt. Goff.

Once more Nantucket claimed the wanderer and for an all too brief few weeks he enjoyed the delights offered in those days. At last the friends on the wharf grew indistinct, as the "Island Home" increased her distance and the group of girls was no longer a unit; life at sea, cheered by the pleasant memories of "the old town," lay ahead.

The Mallorys of New York were large ship owners, now long since gone into steam, but at this time their ships were on every sea. It was on one of these, the "Haze," hailing from Mystic, Conn., Capt. Wilkinson, for Yokohama, that our young Nantucketer signed as second mate. From Yokohama the voyage included a call at Ceibu for hemp and sugar.

While on the passage to New York Capt. Wilkinson died and was buried at sea. In this event the mate, Joseph Merritt, took charge and second mate Fisher acted as mate and on the safe arrival of ship and cargo at New York he was discharged as such.

Another sojourn in Nantucket was now the program for our rising young officer. How good the familiar scenes appeared and what pleasant times were tasted and enjoyed in the realizing of those rides over the commons so beautiful in color and fragrance; delights that had come as waking dreams, in the long watches at sea! Too soon the call came that must be heeded and the ship "Carrie Clark," 1,500 tons, Capt. Ira A. Storer, for Shanghai, had on her articles Arthur Fisher as second mate. When Woosung was reached the "Clark" was given over to the charge of a pilot who had the misfortune to run her on a mud-bank, where, after two days, a favoring wind and tide released her, permitting her to proceed up the river to Shanghai.

Severing his connection with the "Carrie Clark," Arthur Fisher's sea service in sailing ships ceased for a term of years by his joining the Japanese steamship "Akitsushima Maru," belonging to the Mitsu Bishi Co., Capt. Garlick, as third officer, at Yokohama. The next vessel was the "Suminoye Maru," Capt. Nye, of Cape Cod, on which he remained about one year.

The Japanese government about this time had established a board of examiners, composed of Europeans, that conducted the compulsory examinations of all masters, mates and engineers sailing in Japanese steamers. The books used in preparation for these examinations were the same as those required in England by the English Board of Trade.

On having passed his test and receiving his certificate as first mate, Arthur Fisher was appointed Chief Officer of the "Genkai Maru," the renamed Pacific Mail steamship "Costa Rica," under Capt. G. W. Connor. After a voyage to Shanghai and return the "Shinagawa Maru" next saw him as chief officer and for about eighteen months, cruising in Japanese waters, this ship was the scene of his duties, under Capt. R. N. Walker.

During the lapse of the following few years of sea service, Fisher's duties were carried out on various ships owned by the company under which he had of late been sailing, and of the Nippon Yusen Kwaisha, which was an amalgamation of companies. These ships were the reserve ship "Saikio Maru," (formerly the Pacific Mail Steamship Co.'s "Nevada") and the "Wakanoura Maru," Capt. Christensen, for about three years. On the last voyage, in this ship from Yokohama, when about one hundred and twenty miles on the way to Kobe, the shaft broke and the steamer was put under sail on the course back. She had made all but about twenty miles to port when she was picked up by another Japanese steamer and towed the remaining distance to Yokohama. Fisher then went on the "Genkai Maru" for a second short term and then on the N. Y. K. steamship "Satsuma Maru," during which time Mr. Fisher won his Master's certificate.

One day a trim sealing and otter hunting schooner, left Yokohama

> "At twilight, when the landward breeze
>   Brings up the harbour noise,
> And ebb of Yokohama Bay
>   Swigs chattering through the buoys."
>   (Kipling—"Rhyme of the Three Sealers.")

and on her articles was spread the name of A. Fisher, Mate and Navigator. The "Penelope" also carried another Nantucketer, Albert Folger, ("Butt" Folger, now in Vancouver) on the articles as "hunter." The voyage was to take these hardy young chaps into the north among the Kuriles, that rocky chain of almost uninhabitable islands which stretches in a north-easterly direction from Yezo toward Kamchatka and on the northern islands of which there still exist a few families of aboriginal cave-dwellers. From Kuriles Islands across Behring Sea and down to Victoria, B. C., completed the voyage, and from there, after a short stay on shore, Capt. Fisher sailed in the sealing schooner "Teresa", bound for the Pacific and Behring Sea.

When off the Columbia River, in a violent gale during which the ship "Harvey Mills" foundered, losing all hands but the "boy" and a man who floated off on the top of the forward house, the "Teresa" lost four hunting boats and was so damaged that necessity demanding proper repairs and new boats, San Francisco was made as being the best port for such needs. The "Teresa," fitted out anew, sailed for Behring Sea, where a fair catch was made, and when Victoria was again reached, Capt. Fisher severed his connection with the company and going to San Francisco, sailed to the Far East as passenger.

The best berth offering, at the time, was accepted by the Captain and a few days after his arrival in Japan saw him aboard the British steamship "George Long," Capt. Houghton. Two voyages were made in this vessel, in eastern waters, when for a length of about eighteen months the work of piloting ships for all parts of the Japan coast and Inland Sea was engaged in.

Under the British flag we again find our friend in the steamship "McBeth," as Master, making voyages between the China and Japan ports. Continuing in the "McBeth" for about a year, which brings us to 1892, Capt. Fisher decided to henceforth engage in piloting vessels, and in that same year began the responsible duties which to this day he is carrying out with a clean record of success.

The life of a pilot of great vessels is one that has broken many a strong man. The strain on one's brain is terrific at times and on one's physical strength no less, for fogs and storms and rocks and changing currents demand many sleepless hours, with eyes, ears and mind alert and nerves keyed to a high tension.

It has fallen to Capt. Fisher to have his courses mainly lie through the waters of the beautiful Inland Sea of Japan, that great highway for ocean traffic, which is scarcely known in the world's great cities in its true value. Its beauties captivate all who go its length, but it is not until one tries to picture its charms that one realizes the paucity of our language.

With all the natural and other grandeurs of the vistas among the islands of the Inland Sea which stretches from Kobe in a southwesterly direction to the straits of Shimonoseki, a distance of about 250 miles, there are dangers from rocks and currents that have helped to pile up many a good ship, to the utter loss of lives and capital. It is through this lovely dream-sea, full of dangers as a pomegranate is of seeds, that the erstwhile "boy" of the "Yokohama" under Capt. Calvin Hamblin, has taken to safety hundreds of ships, ranging in tonnage from 200 to 27,000, including in the list ships of war of the Russian, French, Italian and United States navies.

The Captain's house in Kobe contains, among its pleasant rooms with their rare curios, a cosy apartment wherein a visitor may well fell favored to be invited. This is the Captain's favorite room and one sees among the barometers and other nautical instruments on the walls, a view of Nantucket (by H. S. W.), a picture of Capt. Timothy Fisher and another of the sweet face of Nancy, his wife. Hepsibeth Hussey, on one side, in her quaint gown and spectacles, looks down mildly, while there is a face of one, whom if he misjudges not, shared many a ride over the fragrant commons and many a dance at Handy's Huddles with the young chap when on his short visits from sea years ago.

* * * * * *

As we step into the street among the 'ricksha lanterns and the hurrying thousands of all-peoples, into another world with its sights and sounds of the old East, we hear the genial Captain's, "good night to you, anata wa mo kimasho dozo." We are glad for our glimpse and "gam" of old Nantucket and agree that there is a man, a son that "the old town" may well be proud to own.

George D. Richmond.

32 Water street, Yokohama, Japan,
January, 1912.

5/16 Obituary. 1916

Gorham G. Andrews, a veteran of the civil war, died in Nantucket on Friday week, at the age of nearly eighty-two years. In his early life Mr. Andrews followed the sea and made a number of voyages whaling. In 1856, while third mate of the Iowa of Fairhaven, Charles Mooers of Nantucket master, he participated in the thrilling rescue of one of the boat's crews which had given chase to a whale. The whale had sounded and capsized the boat, parting the line. The crew were in the middle of the Indian ocean and soon became exhausted with their attempts to right the boat, finally being compelled to cling to the bottom and await a doubtful rescue by their fellows aboard the ship, which was then four miles distant. The rescue party, in charge of Mr. Andrews, rowed the four miles in one of the ship's boats and succeeded in reaching the men in time to save all their lives, taking the capsized boat in tow and getting back to the ship safely at three o'clock the next morning.

Mr. Andrews had other interesting experiences on the deep sea, at one time being a member of the crew of a whale-ship bound out on a Pacific Ocean cruise. After the ship had "rounded the Horn" it was discovered that one member of the crew who had shipped as "greenhand," was a woman—a woman of mystery, too.

Mr. Andrews served in Company H of the 58th Regiment of Massachusetts Infantry, during the closing year of the war, enlisting in April, 1864, and being honorably discharged June 1, 1865. He was wounded in the right fore-arm at Spottsylvania, Va.

He is survived by one son and two daughters, his wife and another son having died within a few months.

Arctic Whalers.—The twenty or more whale ships which came down from the Arctic last autumn have mostly started again for the same destination. These vessels will not arrive in the Arctic before some time in May. They fish by the way, making long stretches out of a direct course, sometimes getting well over toward Japan, and sometimes nosing Ochotsk sea, for a chance to strike a few whales.

Besides the fleet of sailing ships, there will be three steamers in the Arctic this season, viz., the Belvedere and North Star of New Bedford, and the new steamer now on the stocks at this port, which will be completed inside of the next two months. The sailing vessels are all old-fashioned, short, oak-built ships, which have done good service in other business before they were sent around to the Arctic. Some of them were packets fifty years ago. They are still strong, weatherly ships, and seem to be independent of all decay. The cold weather of the Arctic and the saturation of oil have a tendency to preserve ships. Unless these old vessels get nipped in the ice, they may be good for at least a quarter of a century more.

By that time there will probably be no use for anything but the screw steamships in whaling. Even now, another use of steam in whaling has been introduced—the steam tender or small boat with steam, strong enough to tow a dead whale a long distance and to tow the whaleboats to the fishing grounds. Steam cannot be used in following whales, on account of the noise. But it can be used as an auxiliary in the ways suggested, and, it is said, with substantial advantage. A great many whales are struck and lost. But a steam tender to hitch on and tow thirty or forty miles is the latest improvement in whaling. The old sailing vessels will wear out in the business. They do not represent a great deal of capital.

Now and then an old ship worth $5,000 or $6,000, and twice that sum in the matter of outfit, will come into port with 1,000 barrels of oil, and as much bone as can be stored away. The interest on capital is small. The profits are large. That is why these old bluff-bowed ships soaked with whale oil are so dear to the hearts of their owners. The steam whaler with outfit costs anywhere from $70,000 to $120,000, according to size. These must come into port with large fares, or the venture would be a losing business.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

5/6 -- 1882

Returns Home After Twenty-Four Years.

8/15 1908

The old whaling bark Andrew Hicks has returned to her home port, New Bedford, after an absence of twenty-four years. She sailed in 1884 for a trip around Cape Horn into the Pacific ocean, but did not start homeward again until December, 1906. She has been coming along easily since that time, making one season on the New Zealand grounds, when 5000 pounds of whale bone were captured.

Captain Church was accompanied on the voyage from San Francisco by his wife. While she was not compelled to ship on the articles in the California port, she is really the captain's first mate. Mrs. Church has one interesting souvenir of the voyage in the shape of an old harpoon taken from one of the whales captured off New Zealand. Just how many years he had been swimming the seas it is impossible to tell, but the old iron tells one thing, that he is over 50 years old, for the old iron taken from his body was undoubtedly planted there some 60 years ago from the whaling bark Alice of Cold Spring, N. Y.

Joseph Thurston, the second mate of the Hicks, has been away from New Bedford longer than the old vessel. He sailed away from that port in the bark Abram Barker in 1875 and this is his first visit there since, although he has followed the whaling business all the intervening years.

9/29 The Arctic Catch. 1906

Private dispatches received in this city yesterday from Nome give the amount of whalebone which the steamer Harold Dollar brought down from the Arctic whaling fleet as 50,000 pounds, and if the ruling price for this commodity is $4 per pound, its value will not exceed $200,000. The same dispatch, which by the way, was received by Edgar R. Lewis, gives no additional whales to the spring catch first printed in the Standard—Alexander, two; Beluga, two, and the Narwhal, William Baylies and Charles Hanson, one each.

As the Harold Dollar brought down but 50,000 pounds of whalebone, doubt is removed as to the loss of the bone from the six whales taken by Captain J. A. Tilton of the Alexander last fall. It is almost certain that the Dollar had taken on board from all the ships the fall catch before the wreck of the Alexander, consequently when that vessel went down she had on board only the bone from the two whales taken this spring.

The New York Herald prints the following:

"Seattle, Wash., Saturday.—The steamship Harold Dollar, which arrived yesterday from the north, reports that 12 whalers are still in the north. The whalers say that the catch of the entire fleet amounts to 52 whales.

"The men who returned on the Dollar tell stories of terrible suffering on the different ships, one of the principal causes being the lack of food. They also say that charges have been preferred against a number of the whaling captains.

"Two of the captains are now under arrest.

"The crew of the wrecked whaler Alexander are living ashore in the whaling station. The fifteen men have also been put ashore. Some of the men are scarcely able to walk."

The two whaling captains arrested, as stated above, are Captain Bodfish of the steamer William Baylies, and Captain Newth of the steamer Jeannette. Captain Newth was arrested at the same time as Captain Bodfish, both masters being taken from their vessels by Captain Hamlet of the revenue cutter Thetis.

In Captain Newth's case the charge was an old one, that of kidnapping a young native woman from the coast near Nome. He would have been arrested last year, but the steamer did not come down. Captain Newth secured bail, as well as Captain Bodfish, and both are now at Nome.—N. B. Standard, 24th.

11/17 The Arctic Whalers. 1906

The latest arrival from the Arctic ocean is steamer Belvedere of this port, commanded by Captain Cottle, bringing down one whale which was taken previous to Sept. 4th. Earlier in the season Captain Cottle captured two bowheads, the bone of which was sent across the continent. He brings no later news from the Arctic fleet, and it is assumed that the fall catch will not exceed 20,000 pounds of bone, which is the yield of the nine whales taken, divided as follows: Bowhead 3, Beluga 2, and the Belvedere, William Baylies, Charles Hanson and Thrasher, each one. All of the northern fleet have arrived at San Francisco excepting the Beluga, Bowhead, California, Charles Hanson, Herman, Karluk, Narwhal and Alga.

There is little likelihood of additional whalers being reported, and the season has not proven to be such a successful one as the ship owners hoped for. The demand for whale bone has exhausted a good part of the so-called winter supply, and with the increase of but 20,000 pounds, the fall catch, high prices for this commodity will prevail.

Captain Newth of the Jeanette is still detained at Nome, pending trial on the charge of abducting Esquimaux girls from the tribes to which they belong. For a long time it had been rumored that girls of tender age had been enticed aboard whaling vessels and carried into the Arctic, often remaining a year before again being landed at Port Clarence or other points from which they were taken. In some instances it is claimed that this has been done with the consent of the chief of tribes, but in Captain Newth's case, it is alleged that the complaint comes from the head of a tribe to which the girl in question is said to belong.

This outrageous business was only recently brought to the attention of the Washington authorities, and the matter was placed in the hands of Captain Hamlett of the revenue cutter Thetis for investigation. He found that Captain Newth of the whaler Jeanette was the most flagrant violator of the law, in this respect, and a special effort was made to effect his capture. He was finally taken by surprise, to the eastward of Point Barrow, and at last accounts the captain was at Nome awaiting trial. He is charged with abducting young girls from Cape Prince of Wales and the Diomedes islands.—N. B. Standard.

Two Whalers Lost in Hudson's Bay.—The schooner Abbie Bradford, arrived at New Bedford from Hudson's Bay, brings a sad story of shipwreck and a portion of the survivors. It appears that the whaling barks Ansel Gibbs and Orray Taft were both wrecked in Hudson's Bay last fall, and the crews had been until the 2d day of last month, quartered in the hulk of the Orray Taft. The winter succeeding the shipwreck was a very severe one; and the intense cold, want of fresh provisions, and generally miserable condition of the wrecked crews brought on the scurvy, of which fourteen men had died, ten belonging to the Ansel Gibbs, and four to the Orray Taft. The story of their sufferings, if told in detail, would be a fearful one.

9/13-1873

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City of Hudson Was Built By Nantucket Whalemen

1938

History tells us that the enterprising Nantucket whalemen started the city of Hudson, up near the Catskills, and that as a result of the energy of island merchants and sea-faring men Hudson became an important whaling port. There has ever since been a close link between Nantucket and Hudson—sort of a fellow feeling between the residents of the two places. The July issue of the Telephone Review, the publication of the New York Telephone Company, contains a very interesting article on the subject, with many fine illustrations. It is written in a popular vein and Mr. Johannesen, editor of the Telephone Review, has given us permission to re-print the story, which we are pleased to do at this time:

"There she blo-o-ws!" Over yonder a whale spouts and the lookout, from his lofty perch, sends the old familiar cry ringing out across the whaler's deck; sends the eager crew into action. "There she blows!"—echoing down through the years, brings memories of the hardy whalemen and their globe-encircling quest for oil—oil for the lights of a growing nation. Memories of the whale trade—grim, greasy, hard-fighting whale trade, that brought fortune to some, death to others and adventure to all. Memories of busy seaports, where the rumble of casks mingled with the rhythm of the shipbuilders' hammers and the cry of the gulls, and the reek of oil blended with the tang of the ocean—New Bedford, Nantucket, Sag Harbor, New London. Blended with the salty breath of the sea, but not in Hudson, There it mingled with the fresh breeze down from the Catskills, the rich scent of the blossoms along the river at the Clover Reach.

For Hudson was once a whaling port—strange as it may seem. One hundred and twenty miles as the river flows, down to the ocean, yet the ships of this little port left their sheltered berths in the blue shadow of the mountains, sailed forth into the seven seas, battled with the monsters of the deep and brought back cargoes of sperm oil and whalebone as rich and as numerous as did their brothers who lived by the salt water. Strange that this inland city should have turned to the sea for a livelihood. Not so strange, after all, when one recalls that Hudson was founded by Nantucketers. Men of Nantucket, with other stalwart sons of Providence, Newport, and Marthas Vineyard.

Times were hard in Nantucket after the Revolutionary War. They were hard in Providence and all along the New England coast for the men who went down to the sea in ships. Men of means and substance had seen their wordly goods vanish with the ravages of the British fleet. Despairing of ever rebuilding their shattered fortunes amid the old surroundings, a little group of thirty of these substantial folk, mostly Quakers living in Nantucket and several other seacoast places, decided to seek pastures new. So they formed an association and in 1783 sent a committee of four sailing west to find a more secluded haven to which they might transplant themselves and their families. Under the leadership of Thomas and Seth Jenkins, natives of Nantucket and now prominent merchants of Providence, men of fine attainments and dignity of manner, this little group visited various places along the Sound, stopped at New York, Yonkers and Poughkeepsie and finally arrived at the site which appealed to them most.

A lovely scene met the eyes of the little band of home-seekers as their sloop rounded the bend in the river that fateful day and drew up at the crude landing that was the beginning of the present city. Straight ahead, dividing into two channels, at either side of a grassy island, the bright waters of the Hudson reflected the summer sky. Back from either shore stretched rolling lands, rich with fertile promise. To the west was the magnificent sweep of the distant Catskills, rugged in outline, yet softly blue in the July haze. Over all the fragrance of the carpet of blossoming clover that had long before caused the Dutch to name this place the Klaver Rack, or the Clover Reach.

At the water's edge on the east bank, where two small natural harbors indented the shore line at the north and south of a bold bluff, nestled two warehouses and two small piers. This was Claverack Landing, shipping point for the farmers of the prosperous Dutch village of Claverack some three miles inland. Fascinated by this scene of peace and plenty, and impressed with its possibilities, the committee entered into negotiations with the owners of the land and on the 19th and 22nd of July, 1783, took title to three tracts of land, including a storehouse and wharf.

Plans completed and land purchased the committee lost no time in starting their settlement. They returned home and in the fall of the year the brig "Comet", of Providence, arrived at Claverack Landing with three families. The other settlers arrived in the following spring. They came in ships owned by the association, and a number of them brought houses already framed in Nantucket or Providence and ready to be set up immediately. Other settlers who were too hard pressed to afford new houses took their old ones apart and transported them to their new location on the decks of the ships.

The organization in which the settlers banded together to form their new "commercial settlement founded on principles of equity" consisted of some thirty members known as "Proprietors". At the first business meeting of the Proprietors a committee was selected to lay out the city streets and mark the bounds of the building lots. As at Nantucket, the land was divided into house lots and water, or fishing lots, the water lots being laid out in the harbor. Additional land on the south and east was bought a few months later.

To the town that arose on the Hudson's bank, the founders brought many of the names and customs of the island that to so many of them was home. To them, as they set about their work of transforming a meadow into a city, even the lush beauty of the countryside, the mountains slumbering in the distance, could not have erased the longing for the sea's level horizon, the crooked lanes and huddled roof tops of the little gray town that they had left far behind them. So the founders of the new town kept these memories green in every possible way. As Academy Hill dominated Nantucket Town, so did another Academy Hill command the new city. There was Main street, of course, as at home, and Union street and Federal street. The first houses built followed the Nantucket model, even to having the railed lookout platforms or "widow's walks" on the roof. The Quakers early built themselves a meeting house which, it is said, was almost a replica of the one at Nantucket. When the question of naming the city came up a considerable body wanted to call it New Nantucket, while Governor Clinton of New York wanted it named after himself. The name Hudson was finally adopted on November 14, 1784.

Being a seafaring people, it was only logical that Hudson's founders should look to the water for their livelihood. Twenty-five vessels were brought from Nantucket by 1786 and shipbuilding commenced at once. The first ship, the "Hudson", 300 tons, was launched in that year, and after it came a long line of Hudson-built vessels. From beginning to end of its sea prosperity, over 100 ships were owned in Hudson. The river abounded in shad and sturgeon, and herring was so plentiful that a hundred-ton ship was filled on one tide, near the city. Many Hudson ships traded along the coast and in West Indian and South American waters, while others brought lumber, fish and pork down the river to New York. Sealing engaged other vessels and whaling soon became a leading activity. It is said that at the height of her prosperity as a whaling port, Hudson actually outranked the mother community. Whether or not this is so, it was a Hudson ship, the "American Hero", captained by a Nantucket skipper, Solomon Bunker, that had the honor of bringing back, in 1797, the largest cargo of sperm oil ever brought to this country up to that time. Another Hudson ship, the "Ajax" Captain Zephaniah Coffin, broke the record in sealing.

Hudson's growth in its first twenty years was astounding. The natural shipping point for the fertile agricultural land to the east, and for the livestock of Berkshire County, Massachusetts, the center of a profitable river fishing trade, to say nothing of its seafaring prosperity, gave Hudson the rapid growth of a boom town.

This picture of the town as it appeared less than three years after its founding, appeared in the New York Journal in 1786:

"The increase in population and business importance of the city has been unparalleled. It contains several fine wharves, four large warehouses, a covered rope walk, spermaceti works, one hundred and fifty dwelling houses, shops, barns, one of the best distilleries in America, and fifteen hundred souls; and upwards of twelve hundred sleighs loaded with grain of various kinds, boards, shingles, staves, hoops, iron-ware stone for building, firewood, and sundry articles of provisions for the market, entered the city daily for several days together, in the month of January of this year."

The city's prosperity continued and it is recorded that on a single day in 1802, 2,800 sleighs loaded with freight and produce entered the city. Fifteen vessels a day, on the average, cleared from the South Bay and so crowded was the bay at times with vessels waiting to come up to the wharves, that one could walk across it on the decks of the vessels. Along with the shipping and commerce came a variety of industries. Tanneries, oil and candle works, rope walks, and factories for making sail canvas, and later woolen mills, iron works, and foundries for making stoves and agricultural implements. Lumber, fish, beef, and all kinds of farm produce were brought to Hudson's wharves for shipment. A single firm is said to have shipped a thousand barrels of pickled herring in one day.

Between 1807 and 1819 the thriving young city's prosperity was swept away, first by the blockades against neutral shipping by the British and French, then at war, and by the Embargo Act, then by the decline of the whaling industry and by the advent of the steamboat which severely affected the river-packet trade. Millions of dollars were lost in the failure of Hudson banks and many people emigrated to the west.

The whaling industry was revived in 1829, when the little city's golden period of whaling may be said to have begun. The Hudson Whaling Company was formed to "revive and prosecute the whale fishery" and most of the well-to-do men of the city embarked in the business.

The spirit of Hudson's early business men was demonstrated by this ambitious undertaking which was launched at a time of great financial depression. Their efforts were rewarded. Hudson vessels cruised the Atlantic and the Pacific and returned with large and profitable cargoes of oil and whalebone. In 1830 the ship "America", Capt. Shubael Cottle, returned to Hudson from a 31 months' voyage to the Pacific bringing 3,180 barrels of sperm oil, valued at $80,000, a fortune in those days. At least fourteen square-rigged vessels employed in the whaling industry were owned in Hudson at this time. Other river towns, notably Poughkeepsie and NewBurgh, also entered the whale fishery, but on a smaller scale.

The call of the sea rang as loudly in the ears of the red-blooded Hudson boy as it did in his brother's, down east. One Hudson historian, on his first visit to the place, strolled out on the Parade—the promenade overlooking the river. Spied as a newcomer by some boys who were playing there, he was asked if he had ever been around the Horn. He had not, but every other boy in the group had been and not one was over fifteen.

Hudson, in the palmy days of her seafaring prosperity, produced many great men, statesmen, soldiers, merchants, captains, ship-builders. Most famous was Major General William Jenkins Worth, hero of the War of 1812 and the Mexican War, and in whose honor the city of Fort Worth, Texas, was named. The house in which he was born still stands today, on Union street.

In 1845, the whaling industry, which for so many years had brought prosperity to Hudson, was abandoned and the place was thought to be a dead, a finished city. How mistaken, this gloomy prophecy! For the city stands and flourishes today, larger than it ever was in the days of its maritime importance. With a population of over 12,000, Hudson is a modern mercantile and industrial community. It is the county seat of Columbia County and the trading center for a wide area. Among the city's manufactures are cement, machinery, tools, presses, ginger ale, matches, and woolen knit goods.

Serving the city's communication needs are some 3,150 telephones operated and maintained by a force of 38 telephone men and women. Hudson was one of the first cities in the state to have telephone service, the first central office being established in 1880 over Little's paint store on Warren street. Later it was moved to the law office of Charles Gifford at 317 Warren street, and here it remained until its removal to its present location at 405 Warren street. The business office is located at 410 Warren street, and is in charge of Mr. C. L. Beers, Manager.

To the casual observer, there is little about Hudson now to recall the whaling days. Few, probably, who live there today give thought to the past, although the city seal bears, appropriately, the image of a whale. Few relics of the whaling days have survived. Paintings of ships or their masters, log books and whaling irons, still so plentiful in New England seaports, may yet exist in Hudson but they are hard to find. One of the few prominent trophies of the seafaring days is the jawbone of a whale which hangs over a doorway in the D. A. R. house. But if the visitor will bother to step away from the busy center of trade, to those old streets down near the river, he will find much to reward his search.

Walk along the rows of compactly built houses on the quiet streets that clamber up the hillside. How many splendid homes, houses that were once really mansions, are to be seen here and there among the lesser dwellings. Mostly of the Greek revival or Federal period of architecture, these old houses, so many of them now in disrepair, show in their design the craftsmanship of the ablest architects of the day. Here and there is a fanlight or portico that would do credit to Portsmouth or Salem. The stately Robert Jenkins house on Warren street, now the Chapter house of the D. A. R. is probably the finest of the old homes that have escaped the destructive hand of time. It now houses a reading room and a historical museum. The Seth Jenkins house, next door, is another architectural gem. Many of the first houses erected in Hudson were destroyed in the great fire that swept that city in 1838, yet here and there are still found wooden dwellings whose great central chimneys show unmistakably their New England inspiration.

But the whaling days are long since over, and the river town that the whalers built has grown back and away from the stream that once nourished it. Busy now with the concerns of the twentieth century, Hudson gives little thought to days when tall ships came and went, bearing her name the world around. Quiet now are the old streets where over all was bustle and activity—streets thronged with swaggering seamen and sea-struck urchins; with rattling drays and cask filled wharves—gone the days when rope walks and sail lofts hummed with industry, when the talk on the street was of right whales and sperm whales and the richness of the haul.

The whale ships are gone now, and the wharves and the echo of sea chanties in the streets. But the city that the whalers built lives on.

Nantucket Whalemen.

The response to our request for the names of other Nantucket men who have been on whaling voyages is most gratifying, and this week we are enabled to present about a hundred more names to be added to the list of whalers which appeared last week. While some of the men named probably went on "plum pudding vogages," they went in quest of whales, and are deserving a place on the list.

We thank all who have aided us in bringing the list to such proportions, and from time to time, will be pleased to receive the names of any other men who may be recalled as whalers. The names added this week are the following:

1/27/1912

Benjamin A. Coffin.
James O. Francis.
John R. Raymond.
Albert S. Clark.
Edward C. Bennett.
Joseph R. Lewis.
Charles R. Sylvaro.
Isaac Hamblin.
Eugene Perry.
Robert W. Coleman.
Charles W. Sylvia.
Philip Joseph.
Charles W. Crocker.
Henry Crocker.
Frederick F. Crocker.
Edward Crocker.
Charles M. Crocker.
George E. Gorham.
Joseph M. Chase.
George W. Chase.
Robert B. Chase.
Charles G. Coffin.
George H. Coffin.
Frank B. Coffin.
William Johnson.
George F. S. Thomas.
Stillman C. Cash.
George Spencer.
Edwin R. Smith.
William Thomas.
George Harlow.
Sylvester Whelden.
Nelson Creasy.
Charles Wyer.
Frederick Raymond.
John A. Pratt.
Nelson Swain.
George B. Coleman.
Thomas G. Fisher.
Benjamin E. Pease.
James Kiernan.
John O'Connell.
Charles Taylor.
Manuel Mendence.
Howard Ray.
Charles E. Fuller.
William Hathaway.
Joseph Starbuck.
John Rosa.
Fred V. Fuller.
Oliver G. Fosdick.
John S. Cross.
Antone Medina.
Thomas G. Nickerson.
Edward R. Cary.
James Flood.
Arthur Hamblin.
William Pitts.
Calvin Hamblin.
Sylvester Raymond.
John M. Winslow.
John Barnard.
Andrew B. Coon.
Grafton Gardner.

59.8

Thomas Hamblin.
William C. Gardner.
Henry Macy.
Frederick M. Pitman.
Roland Coffin.
Capt. Charles H. Foley.
Capt. Albert Folger.
Barzillai Folger.
George A. Folger.
George A. Folger, 2d.
Edgar F. Wyer.
Charles W. Worth.
Charles B. Worth.
George Worth.
Frederick W. Marvin.
John Perkins.
Henry C. Holmes.
Simeon L. Lewis.
Joseph S. Hussey.
John Fisher.
John Killen.
William Francis.
George Fisher.
William A. Barrett.
John M. Sylvia.
Albert B. Holmes.
John R. West.
George W. Allen.
Murray Cash.
Stephen Easton.
Thomas Easton.
Timothy M. Dunbam.
Henry I. Macy.
Frederick Raymond.
Wallace Tilton.
Henry Herbert Gardner.
Henry Macy Upham.
Edward C. Gibbs.
David Joy Starbuck.

Being of the opinion that there are a large number of Nantucket women who have made whaling voyages, in company with either husband or father, we would also be glad to receive contributions for list of a "Nantucket women who have been whaling." Those which we recall at this writing are:

Mrs. Phebe Gibbs.
Mrs. Sarah B. Briggs.
Mrs. Mary B. Fuller.
Miss Sarah B. Winslow.
Mrs. Clara Allen (Hills) O'Neill.
Mrs. Ella (Grant) Pierce.

Notes.

It is interesting to note that John S. Appleton is the only man now living on Nantucket who set try-pots on a whaleship.

John Murray, of Nantucket, is the only surviving member of the crew of the whaleship Abbie Bradford, which brought the last barrel of oil into the port of Nantucket. This was on October 24, 1870—forty-one years ago.

Of the Nantucket whalemen living, the one who went to sea at the earliest age is George A. Grant, who first boarded a whaleship when he was twenty days old. Grant was born at the Kanaka Islands on one of the whaling voyages of his father, the late Capt. Charles Grant, his mother usually accompanying her husband at that period.

3/30/12

Another Master Mariner Gone.

Captain William M. Eldredge, commonly known as "Uncle William," died Monday afternoon after an illness of less than a week. He was one of the last two master mariners of the olden days and his passing leaves but one of the old school of Nantucket sea captains still with us—Capt. Thaddeus C. Defriez.

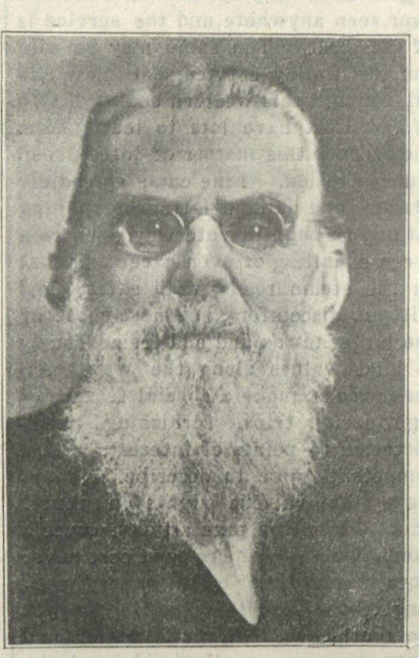
Captain Eldredge was one of the genial, good-natured old salts—a warm friend of everybody and a man who wanted everybody to be his friend. Although failing eye-sight for several years prevented him recognizing persons whom he passed on the street, he always responded with a cheery word to a salutation and would stop for a chat with young or old. He was always "Uncle William" to the resident, but to the summer visitor it was "Captain" Eldredge, and to the visitor he had for years been a picturesque figure—a relic of Nantucket's prosperous days of long ago.

The last of his family, with no immediate relatives left to care for him, Captain Eldredge passed the last few years of his life at "Our Island Home," where he lived in comfort and contentment, making frequent trips up town and enjoying the walk of a mile each way, even up to Wednesday of last week, in spite of his eighty-six years. A few years ago he spent a short time at "Sailors' Snug Harbor," but he was not contented there, so returned to his island home, where his familiarity with the streets enabled him to wander about town and make "visits" to his friends, although partially blind, and during the summer months he spent several hours each day mingling with the visitors and offering for sale souvenir books and cards.

William M. Eldredge was born in the little house on Farmer street now owned by Oscar Norcross, and first saw the light of day on the 9th of May, 1826. He went to school until ten years old, and then entered the employ of Hadwen & Barney, working for them two years in their candle-house which stood just west of Pleasant street. A third year he spent in the employ of C. G. & H. Coffin in their candle-house near the south beach, and then lived two years with his father on his farm at Pocomo.

When he was sixteen years of age, Eldredge decided upon a seafaring life, and shipped as "boy" on the Joseph Starbuck, which sailed from Nantucket on the 27th of November, 1842, bound for Edgartown, where she was to load supplies for a whaling voyage to the Pacific. The good ship never reached Edgartown, for she enountered bad weather outside Nantucket bar and was wrecked, becoming a total loss. Of the band of men who manned that staunch vessel when she left Nantucket Captain Eldredge has for many years been the sole survivor, and his story of the disaster, as he related it in detail, always teemed with interest.

Meeting with ship-wreck on his first voyage did not dampen the ardor of Eldredge for a seaman's life, and on the 18th of July, 1843, he sailed on ship Empire, with Capt. Charles A. Veeder, and was gone over four years, the voyage ending on November 27, 1847, when the ship returned to Nantucket with 2,076 barrels of sperm oil and 35 barrels of whale oil. On April 7, 1849, Eldredge sailed as second mate with Capt. Reuben F. Starbuck on the brig Tyleston of Nantucket, for an Atlantic ocean voyage. The cruise was an unlucky one and the ship returned in July of the following year, having taken but 30 barrels of sperm oil and 80 barrels of whale oil.



The late Capt. William M. Eldredge.

In 1851, he sailed as second mate on ship Midas of New Bedford, Captain Woodbridge, the vessel going up into the Arctic and making a very good voyage of about two years. Eldredge's next venture was as mate of the bark Lewis of New Bedford, which sailed in the winter of 1853. This proved to be a "drunken voyage," and Eldredge left the ship at the Sandwich Islands, returning home in the Emerald, of Sag Harbor.

He made his next voyage as mate in 1856, on the ship Isabella of New Bedford, but was taken sick when the vessel was nearing the Sandwich Islands and was obliged to leave her at Honolulu. Being in poor health, he went to California, and there sent home for his wife (whom he married in 1853) and in 1858 they returned to their home in Nantucket, Eldredge desiring to sign for another voyage. Only a few days after his arrival in Nantucket he shipped as mate on the merchantman Samuel Robinson of Fairhaven, on a voyage to Honolulu with a cargo of "knick-knacks." From this time forth Eldredge continued in the merchant service, following the Honolulu trade for about ten years, and "rounding the Horn" seventeen times.

In 1861 he went out on the West Wind for $17 per month, leaving the vessel at Honolulu to take his first command, coming home as master of ship Nassau of New Bedford with a salary of $100 per month. He made two more voyages as master, both to Honolulu, and both on New Bedford ships, the first in command of the Hawaii and the second in command of the Asia. In 1868 he decided to make one more voyage and shipped as mate of the brig Heman Smith of Boston, on an Atlantic whaling cruise lasting twenty months.

This was his last voyage and upon his return home in 1870 Captain Eldredge gave up the sea and engaged in farming, which he followed up to twelve years ago, when he retired from active life and during the summer months drove a public carriage, in which occupation he made many friends among the summer vistiors. For a man eighty-odd years of age, Captain Eldredge has been remarkably well preserved and was able to walk several miles each day without fatigue. His last illness came upon him suddenly and last Saturday he lapsed into a stupor from which he never aroused.

Funeral services were held in the First Baptist church, Wednesday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, the Rev. P. B. Covell officiating.

1/14/1911

ASKS PROTECTION OF NANTUCKET SHIPS.

Nantucket, 15th February, 1839.
Alexander Claxton, Esqr.,
Commanndant U. S. Squadron in the Pacific Ocean.

Sir: The interest which we have, in common with all the citizens of this place, and many others in this part of our country, in the whale fishing, must be our excuse for troubling you on this occasion. The approaching departure of Lieutenant Reuben R. Pinkham, to join the ships under your command, offering a favorable opportunity, we take the liberty to forward you a printed list of all the ships employed in the sperm whale fishery to the end of the year 1836—this being the latest published here. We have also made out a manuscript list of all the ships which have sailed from this port since the publication of that list. Not having the means at hand to include the other ports will be sufficient excuse for not furishing the whole to this date.

A large part of these ships are of the first class, fitted in the most expensive manner. None of them are less than thirty thousand dollars cost and many of them exceed fifty thousand dollars. The supervision and protection of such an interest as this, in itself, w[illegible] be sufficient warranty for the exp[illegible]se which the United States is ann[illegible]lly incurring.

Many of the voyages are extended to near four years' duration; few of them less than three years. It often happens that ships are out of our knowledge more than one year, particularly those which go to the Sandwich islands and thence to the Japan seas, without causing an uneasiness to the owners or underwriters. You will readily conceive, sir, that information is at all times eagerly sought by the thousands of individuals who are deeply interested in this business. Any which may be communicated by you through the Navy Department, or otherwise, in an unofficial manner, will always be very acceptable and thankfully acknowledged.

The ships which we are immediately interested in are the Peruvian, (not heard from since November, 1837.) the Walter Scott, the Maria, the Christopher Mitchell and the Phebe. Should it fall in your way to give us any information of these ships, or to render the masters of them any assistance, it will be always thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged by your most obedient and humble servants,

C. Mitchell & Co.

BIG FIRE IN NANTUCKET.

Nantucket, 20th March, 1839.
Joseph Balch Esq.,
Merchants' Ins. Office, Boston.

Sir: During a high northeast wind at one o'clock this morning, a fire broke out in the back premises of Capt. Benjamin Worth on Orange street, two doors south of Rev. Mr. Edes' church, which destroyed Capt. Worth's barn and wood house and three other barns on the south; also Cromwell Barnard's barn on the west, and here we put a stop to the destruction without a single dwelling house being on fire, although the building in which the [illegible] originated stood about twenty feet from the dwelling house of Capt. Worth and the adjoining buildings on the south. The origin of the fire is not known, but it is supposed to have been from a barrel of cold ashes on Captain Worth's premises. The total loss of property cannot exceed three thousand dollars. Since the June fire of last year, the town has kept a plentiful supply of powder on hand for the destruction of buildings when necessary, but we had no use for it this morning.

Very respectfully,
C. Mitchell & Co.

THE PHEBE'S VOYAGE.

Nantucket, 12th May, 1840.
Captain George Allen, 2d.
Ship Phebe.

Dear Sir: Your letter dated 3d November last in latitude 5 degrees 30 minutes south and longitude 115 degrees 30 minutes west, was handed us on the 25th April, by your son, per the Omega. We were much pleased to learn that you were doing so well and that you were so well pleased with your officers and crew, and we have no doubt that by perseverance you will get a voyage. We approve of your going in with the coast to get your recruits, particularly as you will not have to go far from the whale grounds and you can return to the longitude of 105 degrees much eaiser and quicker than you could from the Marquisas Islands. Should you be so fortunate as to receive this, you may consider that we are pleased at your determination to cruise in that part of the ocean where your letter left you. We consider your prospect better there than it would be to leave and go to the coast of Japan.

We were very sorry to learn that your crew has been so much reduced that you could man but two boats. We hope on your arrival in port you will be able to make up your crew to 28 in number, to enable you to man all your boats. If you do not man four boats, we do not see the necessity of having more than 22 men on board. This would make considerable difference in the consumption of provisions; but seeing that your officers are so good we had much rather that you would keep all four boats well appointed.

We have been expecting to receive letters from you of a later date, written after your arrival in port, but we have accounts from Callao, Tumbez and Paita, up to February, without your being mentioned.

It would be well to look over your instructions often, as it may be of service to you in the government of your ship's company—and particularly the closing part of our confidential letter.

In drawing towards the latter part of the voyage, the men will not be able to go so long without fresh vegetables as they can in the fore part of the voyage, without great danger of scurvy. This may be prevented by touching frequently at any of the neighboring islands and taking on board large quantities of cocoanuts. They can be obtained when potatoes and yams cannot. Trusting in your attention to the interests of the voyage, we are

Your assured friends,
C. Mitchell & Co.

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The Whalemen of Nantucket and Their South Sea Island Discoveries.

12/15/45

By EDOUARD A. STACKPOLE.

With the great war but recently ended, and the events of the Pacific struggle so fresh in the minds of all Americans, it is fitting that something of the background of Nantucket history in the South Seas be recalled. It is apparent that our nation intends to retain possession of the Pacific island bases which were won by the courageous action of American fighting men. Yet, one of the great ironies of our times is that much of the area in the South Seas which our armed forces re-took from Japan could have easily been under American control, because the voyages of the American whalemen of a century ago gave the United States ample rights in claiming it.

When the early history of America in the Pacific is recorded, the part played by the Nantucket whalemen will occupy many pages. The whalemen from New England gave their country a heritage of exploration and discovery in the South Seas which this nation literally tossed away. Led by the sea-nimrods from Nantucket, these Yankee whalers made the Central and Southwest Pacific so well known that Johnson, the famous British cartographer, called a large portion of the Central Pacific "American Polynesia." After years of petitioning, the merchants of Nantucket and New Bedford finally prodded Congress into action and an exploring expedition, under Lieut. Charles Wilkes, from 1838 and 1841, cruised among the Fijis, Ellice, Phoenix, Gilbert, Marshall and Hawaiian groups—substantiating claims of whaling captains and charting much of the area. But this nation never followed up this excellent voyage. Instead, we let drop our advantage and let other nations gain control of "American Polynesia," salvaging only the Hawaiian group. The British and French and later the Germans took over regions which, for years, had been the scene of American whaling. To climax, the Japanese were given rights to the Carolines and Marianas following the First World War.

The public interest in our western lands, the Mexican War, the discovery of gold in California, and the development of the Oregon territory, "took the play" away from our maritime investments in Pacific whaling, and Civil War troubles completely submerged the issue of South Sea island mandates. During the agitation over the accession of the Hawaiian islands, and the Spanish War excitement, there was a brief revival of interest in the Pacfic claims, but it was short-lived and died away with the Congressional rumblings over "imperialism."

During the controversy with Great Britain in 1938 over certain islands which made ideal bases for the trans-Pacific air route, world attention became focused on these little dots in Central Pacific. It was realized by Navy men that these isolated islands also comprised the outer fringe of our frontier of defense. Then came the Japanese attacks and the subsequent glorious record of American fighting men in the South Seas. With the peace came the welcome pronouncement that we intend to keep what has been won in the Pacific.

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The saga of America in the Pacific began on the Atlantic seaboard, when the trading ships of New York, Boston and Salem and the whalemen from Nantucket rounded the "Horn." But it was the whaleman who was the real explorer. Since 1720 the Nantucket whalemen had been the pioneers in deep-sea whaling, leading the vessels from other ports and discovering new whaling grounds. It was only natural to find them rounding grim Cape Horn in 1791 and discovering new regions in the great South Seas where the great sperm whale led the way. True, Captain Shields, of the *Amelia* from London, had first sailed into the Pacific, but it was Archealus Hammond, his mate, who had "fastened" to the first sperm taken there—and he was a Nantucketer. And so was Captain David Starbuck, in the *Harmony*, out of Dunkirk, who rounded Cape Horn shortly after Capt. Paul Worth in the ship *Beaver*, of Nantucket, became the first American whaling master to take his ship into the Pacific.

The story of the whalemen in the South Seas which followed reads with the fascination of fictionized adventure. Capt. Bunker in the *Washington*, Capt. Paul West in the *Cyrus*, Capt. Elisha Folger in the *Equator*, and Capt. Joseph Allen in the *Maro*, brought back full cargoes and valued knowledge. Soon the Nantucket ships were poking their bluff bows into unknown regions of the tremendous ocean, discovering new islands, re-locating as many more, and charting little known regions. Such adventures were not experienced without tragedy. The sinking of the *Essex* by a whale, the mutiny on the *Globe*, the massacre of the crew of the *Oeno*, wrecked on the Fijis, the disappearance of the *Reaper* and the *Lady Adams*—all form bits of the grotesque pattern in the picture; all make a story in themselves.

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Captain Joshua Coffin in the *Ganges* made a number of remarkable cruises from 1821 to 1825, discovering several islands in the Phoenix Group—Gardners Island (named by him for the owner of the ship, Paul Gardner), in 4° 30' South Latitude and 174° 40' West Longitude, being the principal discovery. He also discovered Coffin's Island in the Kermadec Group, north of New Zealand. In Latitude 10° 25' South and Longitude 160° 45 West, Captain Coffin came upon two islands, which he named Great and Little Ganges Islands. Today they are known as Rierson's and Humphrey's islands. The Nantucket shipmaster found the islands "well-wooded but inhabited by war-like savages." Capt. Coffin reported his discoveries in August, 1825, upon returning home. In 1827, Capt. Alexander Macy, while cruising in the ship *Peruvian* south of "the Line," came upon Captain Coffin's Great Ganges Island, "the land bearing west-southwest, 12 miles distant. On following day saw two islands....with valleys intervening. The islands well-wooded. A canoe with five natives of large stature and ferocious countenance, well armed with spears and clubs, came under our stern. Many other canoes were seen to leeward, paddling to intercept the ship....Capt. Macy made all sail off-shore."

During the year 1822, Capt. George Barrett, in the ship *Independence*, discovered an island in the Ellice Group (Lat. 9° 18' S., Long. 179 45' E.), which he named Mitchell's Island in honor of Aaron Mitchell, owner of the ship. Capt. Barrett later discovered Rocky Island, in Latitude 10° 45' South and Longitude 179° 28' East.

Capt. Elihu Coffin, in the ship *Mary Mitchell*, in the year 1835, reported the discovery of an island in 11° 30' South Latitude and 165° 35' West Longitude, which he named Mitchell's island—the second island bearing that name in the South Seas.

Capt. William Worth was one of Nantucket's finest shipmasters. As a boy he served with Porter on the *Essex*. Between the years 1821 and 1841 he made six voyages whaling—three in the ship *Rambler* and three in the *Howard*. In 1823, while in the *Rambler*, he discovered Worth's Islands in Lat. 8° 43' North and Long. 151° 30' East; Tuck's Island, in Lat. 17° North, Long. 155° 9' East; also dangerous reefs in the northern Solomons, which he named Rambler Reefs and Sail Rocks. Capt. Shubael Chase, in the ship *Japan* in 1827-28, discovered islands he named Bird's Dundas, Chase and Lincoln—the latter after his mate, John Lincoln. These islands are in the Gilberts and are now called Apemana, Aranuka, Tamana and Onvatoa islands. In 1828, Capt. William Plaskett, in the *Independence*, discovered Parker's island, now called Nononti, in the Gilberts. Oeno island in the South Pacific, just north of Pitcairn, was discovered by Capt. George Worth in the ship *Oeno* in 1823. This was reported in the Nov. 25, 1826, issue of *The Inquirer*. The *Oeno* was lost on her next voyage, being wrecked on Turtle Island in the Fijis, and her crew massacred. There was one survivor reported—William S. Cary—who was rescued from native slavery by a fellow Nantucketer named David Whippey, then a resident of Ambow who had settled in the Fijis after having married the daughter of a native chief. Whippey never came back home, but became an American consul at the main island. Cary returned nine years later. There is some evidence that a boy named Coffin also escaped the massacre and made his way to the Tonga Islands, but he was never located by Nantucket whaling masters in these islands.

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Nantucket men, in command of vessels from other ports, had their share in discoveries, also. In 1808, Captain Mayhew Folger, of the *Topaz* out of Boston, discovered the sons and daughters of the mutineers of the *Bounty* on Pitcairn Island, and the lone surviving mutineer, Alexander Smith, was induced to change his name to John Adams by Capt. Folger. Captain Frederick Coffin in the British ship *Syren*, and Captain Joseph Allen in the Nantucket whaler *Maro*, led the whalemen into the great sperm grounds known as the "Japan Grounds," and both Nantucket captains cruised among the Marianas and Carolines, as well. In 1824, Capt. James J. Coffin, of Nantucket, while in command of the British whaler *Transit*, discovered a group of islands north of the Marianas which he named Fisher, Kidd, South and Pigeon islands. Today they are known as the Bonin Islands.

Capt. Ebor Bunker, of Nantucket, was one of the pioneers of the whaling industry in Australia. In command of the British ships *Albion* and *William and Ann*, he made some great voyages, discovering Bunker's Islands, in the course of one cruise, off the east coast of "New Holland," the early name for Australia. The first American whaler at Timor, was the *Minerva*, Capt. Moses Bunker, of Nantucket. Probably the first woman to accompany her husband on a whaling voyage was Mary Hayden Russell who went with Capt. Russell on the British whaler *Emily*. Both principals were members of Nantucket families who had gone to England shortly after the Revolution. The *Emily* sailed in January, 1823, and returned in 1825.

Perhaps the most famous of these ocean-going wives was Mrs. Nancy Wyer Grant, who sailed with her husband, Capt. Charles Grant—one of the greatest of Nantucket's whaling masters. Three children were born to Mrs. Grant during her more than twenty-five years of sailing on her husband's ships. Her son Charles was born at Pitcairn, her daughter at Norfolk Island, and another son, George, at Samoa. George Grant came aboard the *Mohawk* while only a few weeks old, spent over a quarter of a century on whaling and merchant ships, and retired to enter the life-saving service on Nantucket. He ended his days as the Custodian of the Whaling Museum.

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One of the sturdiest of that amazing group of Nantucket whaling masters was Captain Obed Starbuck. Born in 1797, he went to sea at an early age, rounding Cape Horn before the War of 1812 broke out. When the new ship *Hero* sailed in 1819, Obed Starbuck was her first officer—his second voyage in her. While off the island of St. Mary's, the *Hero* was captured by some Chilean pirates and Capt. Russell and the ship's boy were killed. Obed Starbuck, in the dark of midnight, retook the ship and sailed her to Valparaiso. The owners rewarded him with the command of the *Hero*. He made a number of remarkable voyages in this ship.

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On Sept. 5, 1823, the ship *Hero* approached an island not laid down on any chart. A whaleman on board wrote: "We made an attempt to land on the west side, but at this place it was inaccessible on account of rocks. As it is indented with bays there are no doubt places where boats could land. We made but one attempt, through curiosity......its situation is such that if soon made known may save the lives of thousands of seamen." The island was named "Starbuck's Island," after its discoverer. It is situated north of the Society group and west of the Marquesas. A Bishop Museum Bulletin, written by Kenneth P. Emory in 1834, claimed the island was discovered by Captain Starbuck in the British whaleship *l'Aigle* in December, 1823, and sighted by Captain Byron in 1825. However, the claim of Nantucket's Captain Obed Starbuck can be substantiated by records. Oddly enough, the first ship wrecked on Starbuck's Island was a Nantucket craft, the old *Independence*, under Capt. Isaac Brayton, in 1835, and the crew was marooned for several months before being rescued by another whaler.

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Capt. Starbuck took command of the new ship *Loper* for his next voyage. This was a record trip to the South Seas and return, the ship being absent but a year and eight months. He returned from his second voyage, having been absent but a year and six months, and on his third voyage he established a record never since equaled—the total voyage consuming but a year, 3 month, 22 days, bringing in a cargo of 2270 bbls. of sperm oil. It was during these three remarkable voyages in the *Loper* that Capt. Starbuck made a number of other South Sea island discoveries. Besides Starbuck's island in 1822, he discovered "New Nantucket," in longitude 176° 20' west and latitude 1° 19' north, (now called Baker's island), in 1825; Starbuck's Group, now called Pitts, in the Gilbert Group, in 1825; Tracy and Loper islands in the Ellice Group in 1826; and Granger island in the Marianas in 1825. He reported his discoveries on November 25, 1826.

Possessed of a remarkable energy, Capt. Starbuck continued his whaling career until 1843, when he retired after a voyage in the ship Zone. He had erected in 1830 a large mansion on Fair street (now known as the Ship's Inn) where he lived for half a century, passing in 1883 at the age of 86. As a public-spirited citizen of his native town he was admired and respected. An intimate friend wrote: "He has been a marked man among us for a long period, and lived in times that called out all the points and developed all that wonderful energy

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so much needed in trying times." Such a description of character amply fits all of those South Sea mariners out of Nantucket in the days when they were the pioneer whalemen in the distant Pacific.

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Captain Benjamin Worth had an extraordinary career. He spent forty-one years at sea, during which time he made 34 voyages —the time home between voyages totalling only 6 years. His voyages included eight to the Pacific Ocean, 1 to the Northwest Coast of North America, 4 to the Coast of Guinea, 5 to the Brazil Banks, 1 to the West Indies, 1 to the Grand Banks, 2 to Canton, China, 1 to the Grand Banks and 1 to London. He sailed 879,960 miles, passed Cape Horn sixteen times and Good Hope twice, visited all parts of the Pacific, and touched the coasts of all the continents. He brought home 19,000 bbls. of sperm oil—and never lost a man!

Perhaps the strangest career was that of Capt. Laban Coffin. At the aged of 14 he was on board the *Congress*, out of the old home port. He was put on shore at St. Mary's, Chile, when he was pronounced dying from lung fever. He recovered and eventually sailed on clipper ships, notably the *Flying Cloud*. Later, he became a ship chandler in Hong Kong, a business in which he prospered. He brought the first Chinese acrobatic troupe to America, and, while in this country again, became a U. S. Land official in Oregon. Restless, he moved to Independence, Kansas, then to Baker City, then to Dallas, Texas. In 1877 he went to Yokohama, Japan, as American Vice Consul, but soon resigned to enter the tea business, accumulating a fortune.

In the Hawaiian Islands, Capt. Joseph Allen in the *Maro*, in 1821 discovered Allen's or Maro Reef in Lat. 25° 31 North, Long. 170° 20' West. He also found Gardner's Reef in this same locality. In this same region of the South Seas is "Two Brother's Reef," a melancholy monument to the loss of the second ship commanded by the ill-fated Capt. George Pollard, who had previously lost the *Essex*.

A large and entertaining volume could be written on the whaling masters of old Nantucket, from the days of Capt. Nat Hussey and his capture of the first sperm, to Paul Worth's rounding the Horn in 1791, from Capt. Sylvester Hodges voyage in a 60-ft. schooner to the South Shetlands in 1821, to Captain William Swain who commanded Japanese liners in 1921. It would include Capt. Reuben Clasby, who brought the first missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands in 1820; Capt. Frederick Swain, who made most of his voyages in London ships; Capt. Alexander Drew who killed his second officer on board the *John Jay* while in a fit of delirium tremens; Capt. Edward Barnard, who sought in vain to get Congress to dispatch a naval vessel to the rescue of his crew, captured by Pellew Island natives after his ship, the *Mentor*, had been wrecked—and many others. What a grand volume such adventurous lives would create.

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There were men who led quiet lives both afloat and ashore—like Capt. Charles B. Ray, who was one of six brothers to go to sea. His first command was the ship *Forester*, of Dartmouth, then he took out the *Wade*, the *Forester* (second voyage in this ship), the *Russell* and the *Swan*, all of Dartmouth. While returning from his second voyage in the *Forester* in 1841, he lost his ship on Montauk Point—almost in sight of home. Retiring in 1850, he began making baskets, a trade he pursued until his death in 1884. His son, Mitchell Ray, is carrying on the trade his father launched 95 years ago—and in the same location on Starbuck's Court.

Capt. Albert Wood, of India street, Nantucket, was the only man known to have been caught in a sperm whale's jaw and survive to tell the story. While first officer of the ship *Ploughboy*, of New Bedford in 1844, he was in the bow of a boat lancing a sperm whale when the creature caught the boat in its great jaw and crushed it like an egg-shell. Capt. Wood, by some miracle, was thrown free, and, badly hurt, was picked up by another boat. He bore the scars of the whale's teeth across his abdomen and leg. The whale was soon after killed and Capt. Wood brought some of the teeth home as rather grisly mementoes of his narrow escape. After a varied experience at sea, Capt. Wood went to China, where he lived a number of years before returning to his home on India street to enjoy many years of retirement.

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Among the dangers of whaling was that of being "drawn under" by a whale while the creature towed the boat at a furious pace. One Nantucket to meet this fate was Capt. John Pinkham, while in command of the *Swift*, of New Bedford in 1833. Capt. Seth Myrick and a boat's crew from the ship *John Adams*, of Nantucket, disappeared while in tow of a bull whale—none was ever found again.

While the ships *Planter* and *Edward Cary*, of Nantucket were cruising off French Rock in April, 1856, boats lowered and fastened to six whales in a school. Before the morning was done, two boats had been stove and 7 lines, and 20 harpoons and lances were lost. Often boats would spend entire days in fruitless pursuit of whales "going fast to windward," the crews going on board at nightfall. "weary and sore."

There would be Captain George Pollard, who lost two ships; Capt. Isaac Hussey, the victim of two mutinies, the last ending with his death; Capt. George Beebe, who charted channels in the Celebes Sea; Capt. Charles Morey, who instructed his wife how to take a fatal dose of laudanum in case his ship, trapped in the Arctic ice, should eventually be crushed; and Capt. Obed Fitch, who could bring a full-rigged ship about single-handed. It would tell of Capt. Frederick Arthur, at Pitcairn Island in 1822, writing of this almost unknown hide-away of the *Bounty* mutineers: "More than thirty years have elapsed since the Bounty was burned here....but I saw her copper boilers, her iron vice, a number of books(some of which were presented to me.) I spoke with the son of Fletcher Christian."

On Sunday, Dec. 19, 1824, Capt. Thomas Gardner recorded in the log-book of the Nantucket whaleship *Maria*, the following: "At 4:40 p. m., saw low land to the Southeast, three leagues. Tacked ship to ENE, at midnight stood SSW. At 8 a. m. saw land again. It appeared a small island, 6 to 8 miles in length, 3 miles acroos. Very low. Lat. 21° 45' South, Longitude 155° 10' West. Called it Maria Island." This island is northeast of the Cook Group. On some maps it is also called "Hull Island," a name given it some years after Capt. Gardner first discovered it.

Capt. Richard Macy in the *Maro*, in August, 1824, wrote: "After spending a few weeks in this vicinity [south of the Fijis] I think I will cruise north 'on Japan,' for a few months." Thus, in a few words, disposing of a journey of thousands of miles through uncharted reaches of the greatest of all oceans. Such men brought undying fame and glory to their native island and to their country.

12/21/17

Pitcairn Islanders Send Thanks For Their Gifts.

Letters that have been wandering on many seas since last April have just reached New York from the lonely little colony of devout Christians on Pitcairn Island, in the South Pacific, survivors of the mutineers of the British sloop of war Bounty, in 1789.

Readers of the New York Herald last winter contributed to two generous cargoes of needed things, which were sent to Pitcairn aboard the Port Hardy and the Australplain, of the United States and Australiasia Steamship line. Both those cargoes have been received, according to the letters reaching here, and the colony was deeply grateful.

The colony, in response, sent three cases of souvenirs they made—baskets, polished cocoanuts, orangewood frames, beads and pieces of coral—but only one case has arrived. The souvenirs have been distributed, as requested by the makers, to those who contributed to relieve their distress, by Robert G. Moran, general manager of the steamship line.

The most interesting letter is from Captain G. A. Cockell, commander of the Australplain, to Mr. Moran, relating how he found the colony and how they received him and the gifts. That letter indicated that a terrible blow has befallen the colony. A small schooner they had spent many years in building, hoping to open communication with Tahiti, was probably lost, with ten of the more prominent residents of the island. The letter follows:—

"S. S. Australplain,
At Sea, April 21, 1917.

Dear Mr. Moran:—

You will be pleased to know that we arrived at Pitcairn yesterday morning and duly discharged all the good things for the islanders, made possible by the generosity of kind American friends. Having seen in New York papers that the Australplain was sailing for Pitcairn on 15th of March, they had begun to fear our friend, the enemy, had punctured our tyre and were delighted when they recognized us in the offing, at the prospect of renewing acquaintances and receiving anticipated gifts. On explaining that we were held up in New York until the 24th, they remarked 'then you are right up to time.'

I found quite a gloom cast over the community owing to the long delayed return of their schooner the Messenger, which was completed and sailed January 16 last, with the missionary and eight of the more prominent islanders for Tahiti, some 1200 miles distant, to leeward. I learned that in launching the schooner some of the drag ropes carried away so that she damaged herself severely on the rocks surrounding the little cove. The fates might have dealt a little more kindly with them after spending years of labor under adverse conditions owing to lack of tools and materials.

Of course, it was this very lack of material which was responsible for the accident, as they had to use what lay to their hand. However, they pluckily patched her up internally as best they could, since nothing else was possible on that precipitous coast line with such a big craft. Twenty-four hours after sailing a severe storm passed over that region and has caused the people to fear the Messenger was overwhelmed.

As the Pitcairn men are experts in handling craft and as they know her condition and poor equipment, I have no doubt they nursed her through the storm and probably took her into one of the lagoons of the islands on their way and there hove her down for repairs. This would be a lengthy job with such poor facilities as they would possess. This view cheered our friends somewhat. Nevertheless, even if the original plans were carried out, she is making a very leisurely trip.

Directly the chief magistrate boarded, I pointed out there was much work to do, and time was limited. He promptly ordered the boats cleared of barter and to be loaded from the goodly stack on No. 2 hatch; also instructed his deputies to keep things moving, otherwise it would be the island's loss. The display appealed to them, one of the wits among the islanders remarking: 'They would need to be on good behavior now or they really would get hard labor, as there were plenty of axes, picks, shovels and hoes with which to inflict it.'

Needless to say, they were curious as to the contents of the boxes, barrels and crates. Mrs. Adams, missionary's wife, had asked the Magistrate to bring us on shore if possible. He explained that the lady, like several others just then, was suffering a good deal from increasing anxiety on account of their loved ones, so long overdue. Mr. Christian and I, with two officers, set off in the first boat loaded. On reaching the landing, after a ducking in the surf, we had a warm reception from the people there assembled, the more agile ones having flocked down directly they recognized the steamer.

After cautioning the officers against the wiles of so many charming young ladies—all in their bare feet—and the necessity of being back within the hour, or sooner if Bounty bell was rung, they were promptly commandeered each with an escort of damsels. My! what a climb up those cliffs, a good path notwithstanding. On reaching the summit—some four hundred feet sheer above the water—a veritable Garden of Eden was revealed.

Here I met many of the elderly people with whom I exchanged courtesies and was given a hearty welcome to the island. Each one in turn offered hospitality and invited me to breakfast at their homes in half an hour. Obviously this was impossible. I was much touched by the profession of gratitude of these more elderly people for our share in bringing down so many things of which they were in sore need.

They showed me dresses made from shirts, bartered for on our previous visit, also those made from dress materials which we left over two years before; all of which goes to show how thrifty they are, indeed needs must be, in the way of wearing apparel.

After commending them for their capable adaptation, I told them that their kindly interested American friends had made it possible for me to bring enough to permit each woman and child having a brand new outfit of their very own. Of course, such news afforded them unbounded pleasure, as it is a rare thing for some of them at any one given time to have a complete outfit, much less all of them at the same time.

One little miss was keen to know if there were any hair ribbons for little girls. On being answered in the affirmative, she at once skipped around and impressed the news on other little bare footed and ribbonless misses. A budding juvenile artist was on the lookout for paints and brushes. Alas! we hadn't any. Still another, 'Had we any wool?' as they had had none to decorate their souvenir baskets for a long time. 'Yes, heaps!' and off went another delighted maiden. A little boy 'would like some crayons next time you come, please.' On being told there were lots of crayons and pencils he thanked me and scuttled off to cheer up the little lady of the paints. Probably they would soon concoct paints of some of the crayons in their original way.

We passed on through delightful avenues to the mission house, where a welcome and sumptuous island breakfast awaited me. I found Mrs. Adams bright, despite her anxiety and added responsibility in the absence of her husband. She was particularly anxious to obtain my opinion as to the safety of the schooner.

I repeated what I had already told the islanders on boarding. While it cheered her somewhat, I am afraid it left her unconvinced, so much so, in fact, that she did not favor my leaving the instruments which the weather bureau had intrusted to my care for establishing a meterological station on the island under Mr. Adams' supervision. As time did not permit of setting up the instruments and imparting the necessary instructions I was reluctantly compelled to retain them on board.

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I was now taken to see the sisters of Miss McCoy, who had come from Fairfield, Conn., to New York to assist me in making purchases for Pitcairn. Naturally, they were pleased to see one who had met their sister recently, and made many inquiries. I was surprised to know that this item of news had also preceded our arrival, it, too, having been gleaned from New York papers which they had obtained of an intercepted steamer. Being in the vicinity of the church I was taken in and there found the organist and several of the choir going through their hymns for the morrow, ably assisted by my officers.

Of course you will remember the Pitcairners are adherents of the Seventh Day Adventist faith. The church is a two story structure built of wood and is the only building with an iron roof. It is capable of seating the whole population, at present numbering 168 souls. Sabbath school is held on the ground floor. The choir is delighted with the prospect of having the new organ for services today, their old friend being on its last legs.

Thence I was taken to the court house, built of wood and thatched, where the little tangled skeins of the island are unravelled. Fortunately there is no crime on the island and very little vice. Here I saw the frame of the organ sent out by Queen Victoria in 1878 as 'appreciation of the domestic virtues of the islanders,' as evidenced by a silver shield duly inscribed. It now serves as a writing desk for the chief magistrate. Here, also, I saw the first official United States mail for Pitcairn opened up, anent which there was much curiosity, especially the mode of making up and securing the bags.

The islanders may count on sending but rarely receiving letters, and when it comes to receiving a whole mail you may imagine the hubbub that is created. I counted more than seventy letters, surely the reddest of red letter days in the mail line at least. As a reminder of your influence in having this mail made up I enclose the label of the letter bag, which I begged of the C. M., thinking you might like them for your scrapbook. The C. M. decided to deliver no mail until we had sailed, otherwise the steamer would likely be held up for a day or two to carry the replies along also.

From court house to school house was only a short step. It, too, is a large, airy structure of wood and thatched. Friday "being Saturday" in Pitcairn there was no school that day. However, judging by my juvenile retinue, the children are all well disciplined and educated.

They are bright and not nearly as shy of strangers as might be expected. From its staff near the school, proudly floated the flag that 'braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze.' Five minutes walk from the school brings one to the last resting place of John Adams, marked by a plain tombstone, recording that he died March 29, 1829, with the simple inscription "In Hope." Of the mutineers of H. M. S. Bounty the grave of John Adams is the only one known and marked.

Everywhere luxuriant tropical flowers and vegetation abound. The orange, lemon and lime groves, with their golden fruit, made a pretty picture, while banana and bread fruit trees, together with cocoanut palms and the huge banyan trees with their uncanny roots suspended, form shady avenues (chief of which is Pitcairn avenue), and it is among these that the homes of the Pitcairners nestle.

I was taken through several of them, and could not help remarking how cosy and comfortable they were despite the lack of suites of furniture and countless other every day things common to us, and without which we fancy we could not get along. The houses are built of native wood, on piles, and thatched. The wood is very durable, as I saw one house partly constructed of the remains of John Adams' original home, and he passed away nearly ninety years ago.

Most of them are surrounded by pretty gardens fenced in to keep out the numerous chickens and goats. The latter run wild in droves and may be seen skipping around on dizzy pinnacles and cliffs a thousand feet high. One old gentleman regretted that time would not permit of my visiting his plantation, as it was situated 'out in the country.' **Imagine anybody living in the 'country' on an** island two miles long by one mile wide!

I was shown and explained the making of tappa, produced from the bark of a young tree upon which they have to rely for clothing, failing the interception of vessels. I enclose a sample in the form of a bookmark. Personally, I should as soon wear a penitential hair shirt. The making of tappa is also a back breaking job.

In the meantime some of the damsels—and the matrons—regretted they could not board the Australplain. I inquired the reason, and learned the island law forbade them visiting ships without the captain's invitation. They promptly got that invitation. A crowded hour was nearly up, the old Bounty bell clanged out the warning and we all repaired to the landing. Ye fayre ones had quickly got into their Sabbath best and donned their pretty plaited and shaped straw hats in the making of which the girls are very clever.

It was self-evident that the majority of the garments hailed from the U. S. A., ginghams predominating. More than one buxom miss paraded stockings and shoes. Each was laden with a quota of fruit flowers, cocoanuts and watermelons. They entered into the scheme with undisguised pleasure and formed a gay procession. At the summit the elderly ones bid officers and myself farewell, heaping such blessings upon us as, I imagine, should bring us safely through the remaining perils of the war, in which their interest is unabated.

They were glad to know Uncle Sam is lending a hand, but so far haven't had time to work out from the Scriptures just what is likely to happen as a result of his interference. As you may suppose, my gallant officers had filled their fair escorts with delightful anticipation as to the many pretty and desirable things contained in the boxes. Having to wait a few minutes on the discharge of the boats, I was besieged for confirmation of the officers' reports. Seemingly they had met Jack ashore on other occasions. Had we this? Had we that? Had we the other thing? In fact, they ran the gamut of things dear to the feminine heart.

Glad was I to confirm most of their queries and to note their joy in the prospect of possessing things, which, ordinarily, they only read of or see advertised and illustrated in the magazines left by passing vessels. Only last year, for over six months a vessel had not been boarded, so that their clothing was at a low ebb when came the Port Hardy, Captain Griffiths, with a supply from New York which fitted them up nicely.

Could the generous donors in far away U. S. A. have but seen the pleasure and gratitude not only expressed but reflected in the countenances and actions of the islanders as they manoeuvred about the increasing pile of cargo at the landing, as I saw that pleasure, I am sure they would ever more save their discarded garments and goods and watch the opportunity of sending them to Pitcairn, where they would be priceless. Many whispered that 'it is a shame tomorrow being the Sabbath' as they had to curb their curiosity and wait nearly 48 hours for the sharing out.

We, on board, have been trying to imagine the thoughts and feelings of that little community tomorrow—Sunday—when they see everything spread out in the square. We duly got on board, when the visitors were treated to sweet biscuits and raisins—under the circumstances we could do no better, there being 66 people to deal with and not even that many seconds warning.

They were shown all around in less than twenty minutes, when clanged the ship's bell for all ashore. Farewells were taken and all slipped into their boats as nimbly as they scrambled out. Mr. Christian and his deputies were the last to leave and wished me to convey their heartfelt thanks, in behalf of the community, to yourself and friends in U. S. A. and to intimate that the incident would be brought before the executive when each donation would be acknowledged.

Once the boats were clear the islanders sang their farewell hymn, which sounded sweetly over the water, especially as more than half were female voices.

Thus ended a very pleasant stay of two and one-half hours—less time than it has taken me to recount it. Our visit would help to lift, for a few days at least, the gloom pervading the people on account of the schooner. You will be glad to know that my impressions of earlier visits were more than confirmed in the meeting of a greater number of the people. I feel sure that Pitcairners, being good-natured, honest and generous, are worthy of any help extended them by outsiders.

G. R. B. Christian is now serving his eighth year as chief magistrate and is greatly esteemed. While strict, he is just and is very enthusiastic anent beautiful Pitcairn. Just a little incident I witnessed at the landing as the organ was being sent up hill: One non-musical Johnnie 'would be hanged' if he carried the old organ. He thought rather loudly in proximity to the C. M. In a twinkling that Johnnie was lined up and substituted one of the many willing carriers. Two relays of six men escorted it up hill.

I inquired the effects of intermarrying. Some think the loss of the front teeth while young may be attributed to it, while other blame their soft food. Beyond one case of infant paralysis and a couple of rather dull children, everything would appear to be normal.

Mrs. Adams is eulogistic of their lovable qualities and regrets the limited outlook for so many of the bright young people on the island. All are great readers and strive diligently to improve their minds and knowledge of the world from which they are so completely shut off.

I hope you may be able to influence your directors to send your 'Canastota' into Bounty Bay for a few hours on her next trip to Australiasia, in which case kindly get after Mr. Walters and see if he can beat 'Australplain's' mail. Should I have the pleasure of calling there again, I hope to have my owners' sanction to delay long enough to give them tea and cakes and a run round the little island, as many told me they had never seen it 'from the outside.'

Yours sincerely,
G. A. Cockrell."

5/11/46

Death of Andrew M. Myrick.

Andrew M. Myrick, a native of Nantucket, died suddenly while attending a meeting of the Knights Templars in the Masonic Hall at Melrose, last Wednesday evening. He was the elder son of the late Harrison Myrick, of Nantucket, and learned the printer's trade in the office of *The Inquirer and Mirror*.

After serving his three years' apprenticeship and becoming a journeyman, he decided he preferred a mercantile life and entered the employ of Wright & Ditson of Boston, with which firm he was connected about half a century.

Following his retirement several years ago, he came to Nantucket each season and spent the summer at his cottage in 'Sconset. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Bertha Division Myrick, by two daughters, Mrs. Dorothy Thomas, of Melrose, and Mrs. Louise M. Hurling, of Westwood, N. J., and by a son, Roger D. Myrick.

The deceased was a member of Wyoming Lodge, of Masons, and of Aleppo Temple, Mystic Shrine, as well as of Hugh de Payens Commandery, Knights Templars.

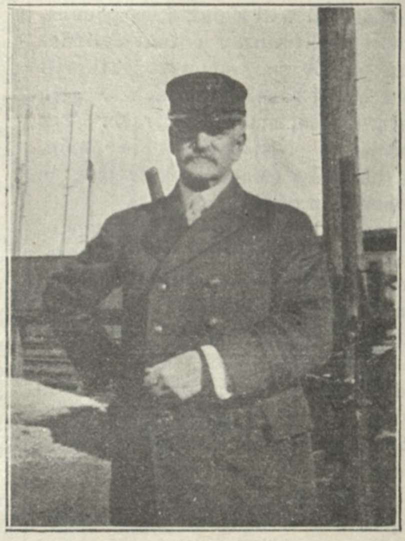
Masonic rites will be performed at the funeral services to be held on Sunday afternoon at the Universalist Church in Melrose. Interment will be in Wyoming cemetery.

Forty Years a Purser. 1912

(New Bedford Standard, March 17.)

For 40 years purser on the boats of the New Bedford, Marthas Vineyard and Nantucket Steamboat line, S. E. A. Ripley, better known to thousands as Sam Ripley, has a circle of friends which extends as far as the reputation of the Elizabeth islands has reached, and holds a world's record for the greatest number of trips across Buzzards Bay. With one exception his employment on the line is the longest of any person now running on the boats, and while it might be a stretch of the imagination to say that he knows every fish that twists and turns in Buzzards Bay, it isn't any exaggeration to say that he knows about every person of prominence that ever has travelled much over the surface of the bay, and to one who has ever visited the islands on many occasions, the genial face of Sam Ripley and the courteous treatment which he has always accorded travellers, is inseparately connected with memories of this famous summer resort.

Mr. Ripley has not been concerned with the navigation of the boats, and, accordingly, has not been confined to the narrow and exclusive quarters of the pilot house. His duties as purser have kept him down on the main deck or in the saloon, and he has been the man through this long span of years with whom the travelling public has come in contact. Save for a fleeting glimpse of some hurrying figure bedecked in gold lace who is too busy to stop and talk, Mr. Ripley has for forty years been about the only official ever seen by the passengers, and kicks and compliments intended for the company have poured into his ears by the thousands. To the ordinary traveller, Mr. Ripley is the "company." To him has been delegated the task of making the travellers comfortable and of diplomatically extracting from them the various tariffs charged. This task he has accomplished day in and day out to the satisfaction of the company which employs him and the passengers who travel with him, and this fact in itself is comforting reward for the long and loyal service he has offered.


"Sam" Ripley, Purser on the Island Steamers Forty Years.

Within the last forty years, presidents, princes and foreign potentates have travelled at one time or another on the boats, and Mr. Ripley has had under his care the highest in public life as well as the most lowly. Uniform courtesy and consideration has been extended to all, and the title of the "Genial Purser," which is so generally applied to him, is a soubriquet rightly earned, and applied in a spirit of sincerity. Mr. Ripey, no matter what may be the complication of his office or the rush of business in the summer time, is always smiling and ready with a pleasant word, and his good natured laughing manner of telling people that "it isn't rough today; this is fine going," has diplomatically bluffed many a passenger into believing he is a landlubber, and in bucking up to try to enjoy the trip. Mr. Ripley says that he never "saw but two rough days" in his life on the boats, and passengers who are bobbing up and down and reeling from one side to another and hoping for the captain to stop the boat that they can get off and walk, have to at least smile as he says it, and in the smile may come temporary relief from the seasick feeling.

And if one leaves anything on the boat when Mr. Ripley is there, it is very apt to still be in safe keeping when one returns—which leads to the suggestion that Mr. Ripley probably holds another world's record for honesty in handling umbrellas—and it is a matter of popular knowledge that umbrellas and honesty were long since divorced. One day a passenger left on the boat a very excellent silk umbrella, with a very elegant and expensive handle. About two years later the same passenger happened to be again on the boat, headed for the islands. He met the purser, shook hands with him, and in their conversation spoke of the beautiful umbrella he lost. Mr. Ripley took him by the arm, escorted him to his office, and there in the corner stood the umbrella, in its silken case and as handsome as ever. Surprised and grateful passenger: smiling and pleased and honest official. Two years and the umbrella still there. If in divers rain storms in the interim it had sheltered Mr. Ripley's head, the passenger needn't know it, and no one else need know it, for this, is told, you see, as a secret between us.

Mr. Ripley is a native of Edgartown, and was born in that town, December, 1842. He graduated from the Edgartown High school and later left for Independence, Iowa, reaching there in April, 1861. He was employed for a time as a clerk in a general country store, and in May, 1864, enlisted, together with fifteen other clerks from various other clerks in that vicinity, in D company, 43d Iowa volunteers. He served his enlistment and received an honorable discharge in September, 1864. He then went into a clothing store as clerk, working there until June, 1874, when he started east for a visit to his home town.

When he reached the wharf in New Bedford, he was prevailed upon by officials of the company to accept a position with them as clerk, and he went to work immediately. Save for vacations and short sicknesses, he has hardly missed a trip since that time and his service with the company has been practically a continuous one. Mr. Ripley has been purser on the steamers Monohansett, Marthas Vineyard, River Queen, Island Home, Nantucket, Gay Head and Uncatena, and has made many trips on the Sankaty, although he is not purser of the boat. In all this long period' Mr. Ripley has been in no wrecks save on the occasion of the sinking of the Monohansett.

6/22/46

Death of Charles E. Lamb, Oldest Resident and Veteran Whaler.

Charles E. Lamb, the oldest resident on Nantucket, and one of the last whalemen on the island, died at his home at 7 Gay street on Monday morning last. He was in his 91st year, and although in poor health for the past year had retained his mental alertness to the end.

"Charlie" Lamb, as he was familiarly known, made a whaling voyage on board the New Bedford whaleship *George & Susan* in 1874, which cruised to the Western Islands,, the Canaries, Cape Verdes and Guinea Coast of Africa. Lamb shipped on with his chum, Edward Orpin, when both Nantucket boys had barely reached their 18th birthdays. Orpin was killed in a fall from aloft during the voyage.

Upon returning home, Lamb followed many occupations on the island during his long life. During the past few years he was a familiar figure on a Main street settee, or in the No. 4's room, where he delighted to sit and "watch the pass."

The deceased is survived by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Margaret Lamb, three nephews, Everett, Franklin and Joseph Lamb, and three nieces, Mrs. Mary Talford, Mrs. Jeanette Librino, and Mrs. Amanda Swallow.

Funeral services were held at the family home on Wednesday, with the Rev. H. Osgood Bennett, Pastor of the Methodist Church, officiating. Interment was in the Newtown Cemetery.

5/11/46

National Geographic Features "Pathfinders in the Pacific."

The May issue of the National Geographic Magazine contains an interesting article by William H. Nicholas entitled "American Pathfinders in the Pacific." It is an account of the early Yankee voyagers to the South Seas, and of their adventures, and it very naturally contains many references to the Nantucket whalemen of the 18th and 19th centuries.

In tracing the voyages of intrepid Americans to the distant Pacific, the writer brought in Capt. Amasa Delano, of Duxbury, Edmund Fanning, of Stonington, in the *Betsey*, Robert Gray, in the *Columbia*, and Arent De Peyster, in the *Rebecca*.

Mr. Nicholas refers to such well-known names as the islands of Ulithi, Guam, Eniwetok, Kwajalein and Palau —all made doubly famous by the exploits of American arms in the war against Japan.

Nantucket whalemen mentioned include: Captain Paul Worth, who in the *Beaver* brought the first American whaleship around Cape Horn in 1791; Capt. Joseph Allen in the *Maro*, who with Capt. Frederick Arthur in the *Syren*, discovered the famous Japan whaling grounds; Captain William Plaskett, discoverer of several islands, and master of the *Independence* and other whaleships; and Capt. Obed Starbuck, whose voyages on the *Hero* and *Loper* made whaling history.

Due to its limitations in space, and the custom of illustrating with numerous pictures, the *Geographic* could not use all of the Nantucket material which was furnished Mr. Nicholas by Edouard Stackpole of the staff of *The Inquirer and Mirror*.

Of the local data utilized, however, enough is evident in the article to reveal how large a role those early Nantucket whalemen played in the exploration of the mid-Pacific area, its islands and its ocean currents.

Of course, an article on these South Sea waters would not be complete without reference to the massacre of the brig *Inga* by natives from Nauru Island, or the *Globe* mutiny, with the cruise of the mutineeers to the Mulgrave group in the Marshalls.

The half-forgotten industries of gathering beche-de-mere from the islands for the Chinese market, and guano for use as fertilizer, made possible for many adventures to develop for American trading craft.

Some of the adventures of the wandering Yankees are mentioned. Daivd Whippey, of Nantucket, lived for over a quarter-century at the Fijis, and his presence there was the means of savtucket, only survivor of the whaleship *Oeno*, its crew massacred by the natives.

An incident of the recent war, in which Lt. George Backus, of Nantucket, learned that descendants of David Whippey still live in the Fijis —having made inquiry during a stop at Suva while on a voyage to New Caledonia—is another bit of Nantucket lore added to the article.

* * * * *

Some forty years before E. Behm, a German geographer, designated the Central Western Pacific as "American Polynesia," the whaling vessels out of Nantucket were exploring this comparatively unknown region. Serving as the pioneers for other whaleships, Capt. William Plaskett, Capt. Joseph Allen, Capt. Frederick Coffin, Capt. Obed Starbuck and Capt. James J. Coffin sailed their ships into waters untouched by white men voyagers, discovering islands as well as killing many sperm whales.

The *Geographic's* article may to a considerable degree revive public interest in these American voyages which gave this nation a prior claim to this area.

Rugged Reminder of "Camels" Still Exists. 1937

At the rear of the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Orin K. Coffin, on North Liberty street, stand four pieces of timber which years ago were evidently placed there as part of a boundary line. They are upright with the bottoms buried in the ground some two or three feet.

The four pieces of timber are rather interesting historically, for they are all that remain of the "camels", the floating dry-dock built in 1842 by Peter F. Ewer for carrying the Nantucket whaleships over the bar. The "camels" did service a number of years and were used successfully, but with the decline of the whale fishery they were abandoned and, in 1854, were broken up on the south beach a short distance from Commercial wharf.

So far as we can ascertain the four junks of timber in the Coffin yard on North Liberty street are the only pieces of the "camels" that can be found today. These timbers have many a copper nail showing in them, but there is no way to tell what part of the equipment they came from. Alonzo D. Fisher, one of our aged citizens, recalls that, as a resident in the vicinity years ago, he always knew that the pieces of wood came from the "camels", but just how or why, he does not know.

The first attempt to use the "camels" after they were constructed in 1842 resulted in a failure. The ship "Phebe" was to be run into them and the two sections of dry-dock were being sunk to receive the vessel, when a plank burst from the side of one of the water rooms, owing to the immense pressure, and the rush of water put the fires out under the boiler.

The next afternoon another attempt was made, but a mistake in the orders to close the stern gates caused one of the "camels" to heel over so as to endanger the ship. A third attempt was made three days later, when the steamer "Telegraph" towed the Phebe out into the deep water off Brant point, where the "camels" were sunk and the ship taken in.

Heavy chains that had been ordered with which the two sections were to be drawn together, had not arrived by that time, so fifteen sets of chain cables were borrowed, belonging to ships at the wharves. When the "Phebe" was being raised the chains began to snap, one by one and the ship went down between the "camels" into the water. The mishap injured the "Phebe's" copper bottom so that she had to be taken in-shore and repairs made.

On the 23rd of September, 1842, however, the "camels" were proved a success, when the whaleship Constitution was taken out in them and it required only forty-two minutes to transport the vessel from Brant point outside the bar, where she was released into deep water and sailed away on her voyage to the South Pacific.

The first ship brought in from sea in the "camels" was the "Peru", which came in with 1340 barrels of oil from the east coast of Africa, October 13, 1842. Bells were rung, guns were fired, and the citizens turned out in force to greet her arrival.

The last ship brought in before the use of the "camels" was abandoned was the Martha, which arrived at the bar June 8, 1849, and was brought in the following day with 1667 barrels of sperm oil in her hold.

Good Whaling.

Captain Wallace S. Ashley, formerly of this city, now in command of whaling bark Pescadora, owned by the Chile Whaling company of Valparaiso, is reported with 25 barrels of sperm oil one month out from Valparaiso.

This information was received in a letter from Captain Ashley to Leander Brightman, which was dated at sea, May 25. The Pescadora sailed from Valparaiso April 26th.

Captain Ashley, since sailing for the Chile Whaling company, has made several excellent cruises in the Pacific, and the reports which come from him in the letter to Mr. Brightman looks as if his good luck was still with him.—N. B. Standard.

LOSS OF BARK ATLANTIC.—There appears to be something strange about the loss of bark Atlantic, of New Bedford, off Cliff House, San Francisco, on the morning of the 17th, it being stated in the press dispatches that the disaster occurred in a stormless sea, and that a large portion of those drowned were drunk in the cabin. Other stories of a similar sensational nature have been sent east regarding the loss of this vessel, which the New Bedford *Standard* characterizes as the "worst sort of libel," and adds: "Undoubtedly there were rotten timbers in the Atlantic. Was there ever a vessel without them, after having been at sea for a long time? Much of the talk of the unseaworthiness of the Atlantic comes from the vicinity of the life-saving station at Ocean Beach, and considering the fact that Capt. Warren had to hunt up the life-saving crew in their house, instead of finding them patrolling the beach, it would be as well that that should be explained before further investigation is made."

8/15 Whaling News. 1908

J. & W. R. Wing of New Bedford have received a letter from Captain Scullion of whaling bark Alice Knowles dated July 27, latitude 33 29 north, longitude 52 27 west, with 500 barrels of sperm oil since last report. The letter was taken by steamer Giulia (Austrian) to New Orleans. Captain Scullion reported to the steamer that he was short of provisions and was furnished all he required. He also in his letter reports on July 15, bark Wanderer, Huggins, which sailed from home April 23, with 175 barrels sperm oil; the Greyhound, Edwards, with 175 barrels of oil and the Bertha, Gonsalves, with 200 barrels of sperm oil, all taken this season.

The cargo of whaling bark Platina was discharged at New Bedford, Tuesday afternoon, and came out in excellent order. The work of breaking out the cargo of the Andrew Hicks began Wednesday in the presence of a goodly number of spectators. When the Hicks is discharged the Ellen A. Swift's cargo will be landed. The large casks of oil are stored at the head of the wharf where the Platina and Andrew Hicks are berthed.

OBITUARY.—The death of Capt. Freeman E. Adams, who passed from our midst late Saturday night, is one that is deeply felt throughout the whole community. Capt. Adams was not a native-born Nantucketer; but his long residence among us has made him appear as such. He was for years one of our most prosperous merchants, and largely interested in the whaling interests of this port. During the height of this business he was very successful; but with its decline came sudden reverses, and he was reduced to comparative poverty. With the zeal which had characterized his efforts through his life of prosperity he now set out to retrieve his fallen fortunes, establishing the Bay View House, which has attained an envied popularity under his management, and at the time of his decease had made a business that promised him rich returns for his labors. He has left a widow and three children to mourn his loss. 2/26/1876

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16 1907 November

Arctic Whaling Fleet Safe. Value of Catch $585,000.

No more anxiety need be felt for the safety of the Arctic whaling fleet this season. The vessels have all arrived at San Francisco, and their officers and crew will soon hasten homeward across the continent. The catch of bowheads this season has been sixty-five, of which thirty-six were captured as the result of the late whaling by the five vessels reported frozen in the ice last week. The entire yield of whalebone resulting from the season's cruise is not far from 117,000 pounds, which at the prevailing price for that commodity, means the snug sum of $585,000. The catch of the fleet was as follows:

Herman, Capt. J. A. Tilton	12
Bowhead, Capt. G. F. Tilton	9
Narwhal,	14
Jeanette, Capt. Hoffman	5
Karluk	1
Beluga, Capt. G. W. Porter	9
Belvedere, Capt. S. F. Cottle	6
Thrasher, Capt. C. H. Foley	5
William Baylies, Capt. H.H. Bodfish	4

A portion of the whales enumerated above were taken by the Narwhal in the fall of 1906, she having wintered in the Arctic during the season of 1906-7. As a whole, the season has been a very successful one, and every ship has made expenses, something which hasn't occurred for several years. Captain James A. Tilton of New Bedford, with steamer Herman, is high hook, and his twelve whales should net the ship at least $108,000.

And this is not the first time that Captain Tilton has made the banner cut, for in 1902 he came out of the Arctic with seventeen out of the fifty-eight whales taken by the fleet, and the following summer he was again the top notcher. Capt. George F. Tilton, master of the Bowhead, the man who made that famous foot journey across Alaska a few years ago, this season divides the honors of second place with Capt. G. W. Porter of the Beluga.

In summing up the season's work, the New Bedford Standard says as follows:

''The fact that the vessels have averaged well has been a matter of pleasing comment, and as a whole the season must be considered a successful one. Compared with past seasons, the cut is the best since 1900. During the latter part of the season, while the Herman, Beluga, Belvedere, Thrasher and William Baylies were in the Arctic, whales were seen in plenty, but unusually wild, making it difficult to strike them. That they were so plentiful no doubt is the cause for this quintet of steamers remaining north so long, and while many were anxious as to their safety when Captain Hoffman of the Jeanette made public his report, today there is rejoicing in the different homes of the officers and crews, for there isn't a man on either vessel who signed on, above the common sailor, for that cruise but is several hundred dollars better off than when he sailed out of San Francisco last spring.

And these men have earned their money, for the risk is great, much greater in fact than most people imagine. In years past hardly a season has seen its end without the loss of some whaler caught in the heavy ice, and in several instances whole fleets with precious cargoes of whalebone have been deserted in order that the crews might save their lives, notably the great disasters of 1871 and 1876, when millions of dollars were sunk in the cold waters of the northern ocean.

But the past season has been free from such disaster, and 1907 will go on record as one of the most successful of the new century. As compared with the catch of recent years the cuts are more evenly divided, and, as stated above, every ship has paid expenses. In looking over the record for the last seven years something of the work performed may be interesting to those who have not followed the record of ships and crews.

In 1900, when there were 12 ships engaged in prosecuting the industry, 70 whales were taken, while the following year but 59 whales were captured. This was the year that the late Captain David Devoll, master of the Belvedere, took 11, he being high hook. That same season three of the best steamers in the Arctic fleet were lost—the Balaena, the Grampus and the Fearless. Then comes the season of 1902 with its record of 58 whales, when Captain James A. Tilton stowed down the bone from 17 of these leviathans—nearly one third of the whole number captured. That was Captain Tilton's banner season, and he followed up this lucky streak the next season by finishing high hook again, the entire catch of the fleet being but 20.

In 1904 there was so much heavy ice that whaling was made difficult. Still at that 49 whales were taken, and then comes 1905 with its reminder of misgivings as to the fate of the crews of 12 ships which were imprisoned in the ice to the east of Point Barrow on Aug. 10th. The experience of those men who were forced to live under the shadow of the north pole during a long weary winter is now a matter of history. They passed through that terrible ordeal in safety, coming out safely to again take a chance with the treacherous ice.

That was the season that steamer William Baylies and the schooner Monterey came down to San Francisco with the news of the disaster. It was then that Captain H. H. Bodfish of the Baylies made a record cut, he having taken 17 out of 30 whales, the number captured by the fleet. Last year the catch dwindled down to but 15 whales, as only a very few vessels went north, and they gave as much attention as possible to the assistance of their comrades who had been imprisoned in the ice the season before.

Thus it will be seen that the season which has just ended compares very favorably with any season since 1900, when 70 whales were taken by a fleet of 12 vessels.''

5/ New Arctic Whaling Record. 21st

A letter from Mate James M. Gurney of the San Francisco whaler Beluga to his wife in Fairhaven states that the Beluga, with the steamers Belvidere of New Bedford and the Herman of San Francisco were at Bailie island, the letter being dated Oct. 24 of last year.

Mr. Gurney states that the Beluga had supplied the Belvidere with provisions, as the latter craft had not intended to remain in the north to winter. The Beluga had a two season's supply on hand, as she intended wintering when she left 'Frisco in the spring of 1905.

The steamer Beluga, writes Mr. Gurney, went further east than any other whaler ever went. They put in at Dolphin Union island, where the Norwegian exploring ship Gjoa was seen. A few years ago the steamer William Baylies went further east than any whaler had ever been before, but the record of the Beluga eclipses any Arctic cruising that has ever before been attempted. The straits were clear of ice when the Beluga was cruising to the eastward, and she secured four whales, which cut out 7000 pounds of whalebone.

Mate Gurney makes no mention in his letter of the steamer Narwhal or the schooner Olga, which, with the previous news from the same place, would indicate that these vessels are not at Bailie island, and it is only conjecture where they are. They are the only two of the fleet not yet reported. It is thought they might have reached Cape Bathurst in safety.

Mr. Gurney in his letter to his wife, says that he has sent some furs home, and presumed that she had received them before the letter got to them, which indicates that the men on the fleet to the eastward did not know that the other whalers were caught up north, as the furs were probably sent home on one of these vessels.—N. B. Standard.

1906

OBER 6, 1906

Arctic Whalers Allege Inhuman Treatment.

The crews of the Arctic whalers will band together to bring prosecutions against the masters of their vessels, and they allege shortage of pay, cruel and inhuman treatment and insufficient food, among the other grievances they wish investigated. A delegation from the Thrasher, Bowhead, Alexander and Beluga have interviewed United States District Attorney Sullivan at Seattle and have sought his aid. Mr. Sullivan informed the whalemen that United States Attorney Landis of the Cape Nome district had charge of their interests and is now at work on the testimony.

As an inkling of the true condition of the conduct of the whaling fleet during the long winter seasons blocked in the Arctic ice, one of the leaders of the movement among the sailors said:

''Dogs enjoy a far better existence than the seamen who once place their names upon the articles for a voyage. It is the worst form of slavery and but few times do seamen go north a second season, unless special opportunites present themselves. It would not be so terrible were the masters of some of the ships even human beings. Four of the masters of the fleet were brutes in human form and treated the men in the most diabolical manner.

''Strung up by the hands for days, kicked in the face until unconscious, skulls smashed with belaying pins and stanchions, and the resultant deatns placed on the books as the result of consumption, are but a few of the awful events which the seamen passed through in their three years' siege in the ice bound north.

''I dare to make the statement that a number of the whaling vessels went north on a two years' cruise with but eight months' provisions in the hold. This is the most criminal kind of outfitting and betrays but one form of the life to which the whaler must look forward.

''The whaling companies are in the business to make enormous profits and these abnormal balances are made at the cost of the lives of the seamen. What are we fit for now? Starved for seven months, living on seal meat and water, with scant clothing and paying tremendous prices for the little we were allowed. They cheated us in this regard and we had no recourse. That is where our profits went, according to the skippers when we asked for our wages.

''When we signed the articles, we were told that we would each receive $15 per whale and additional money on whalebone. We caught eight whales on the Beluga, making my share $120.

''We were charged ten and fifteen times the value of goods for our chests and our meagre earnings were quickly swallowed up through this cheating and swindling.

''When we left San Francisco the inspectors visited the forecastle and saw that the legal amount of air was given each occupant. The custom inspectors did not know that the moment we passed Golden Gate 22 men were put in the forecastle where ten men were supposed to bunk. Two of us were forced to sleep in quarters barely large enough for one person and this alive with insects and deadly air

''Counting the ten boats in the whaling fleet proper, I should say that we will have at least four hundred men to sign their names to charges to be brought against the owners and masters of the whalers, and they will sign a petition requesting an investigation of the terrible cruelties perpetrated during the cruise.

''I do not believe the American people have any idea of the terrible cruelty of the masters of these ships which bring down the whale oil, whalebone and blubber to the Pacific coast ports. It is awful and I for one will always look back upon the four years' cruise as a fearful nightmare.

''The profits to the whaling companies and to the captain are enormous. From a whale of grown size, the master receives approximately $1,000, the mate $500 and the crew $15 apiece. The owners receive a trifle over $5000. Two whales are counted upon to pay all costs of the cruise of three years and the return to the home port. We caught eight. This means that the firm on this ship alone will clear more than $35,000.

''And these large sums are made upon an investment involving small wages, a small ship, and meagre provisioning.

''When the ships of the fleet reach San Francisco, we shall all be awaiting the arrival of the masters and shall at once file papers for further arrests. The American public will then be in a position to listen to testimony of the most harrowing description regarding the conduct of one of the largest Pacific industries.—N. B. Standard.

12/11 Whalemen Indicted. 1906

An indictment against Hartson H. Bodfish, commander of the New Bedford steam whaler William Baylies, for manslaughter, committed on his vessel, and one against E. W. Newth for assault committed on his whaling vessel Jeanette, were returned by the grand Federal jury at Seattle, Wash., Nov. 19.

The court refused to disturb the bond of Bodfish for $7500, and the cash bail of Newth, $2000, under which they have been held for appearance.

The indictment against Captain Bodfish contains six counts. The acts attributed to him in the return made by the grand jury rival in atrocity the wildest stories of cruelty by pirates, rovers and buccaneers. He is declared on April 14, on board the Baylies, of which he was master, when she was in Bering sea, near Dutch Harbor, to have ''struck, kicked, beaten and wounded Edward Legere,'' a member of his crew. Legere died May 1, but not, according to the findings of the grand jury, until after he had suffered weeks of inhuman torture.

Count three of the indictment declares that after having wounded Legere as described, Captain Bodfish caused the sailor to be put in handcuffs and irons, bound with heavy iron chains, and imprisoned in the forehold of the ship, where the temperature was so low that it was dangerous to health. In this place says the indictment, Legere was detained two weeks, ''diseased, sick, insane and unable to attend to himself.'' On April 28 the man was taken from the forehold to a place on the ship known as the ''fidley,'' a small room next to the boilers and steam pipes, and having a high temperature.

In the fidley the indictment recites, Legere was chained to the stanchion and could not leave. He ''was diseased, sick and insane, suffering great physical pain.'' At the end of 36 hours in that small, hot room, he died ''in agony from torture and neglect.''

The indictment covers 16 pages, and each of the six counts give essentially the same conclusions, placed in such a way as to meet the various statutes that may be applied to the case. The chase and capture of Bodfish, and also of Newth, by the revenue cutter Thetis, in the far northern Arctic waters will be told in detail when the cases come to trial. Both men are held for crimes alleged to have been committed on the high seas, on vessels under the jurisdiction of the United States.

The indictment against Newth includes one count and is short. It declares him guilty of assault on an Eskimo girl.

It is possible that the trials of the men under bond will not be reached until January. An effort will be made to bring the cases against Newth and Bodfish up as soon as possible because of the fact that a number of witnesses, who live in Alaska, are being held in custody.

Whaling Captain Charged with Murder.

Captain H. H. Bodfish, master of the whaling steamer William Baylies of New Bedford, Mass., is held at Nome, Alaska, on a charge of murder, according to Captain Hamlet of the revenue cutter Thetis, now at Dutch Harbor, Unalaska, for the death of Ed. Legere, a member of his crew. While the Baylies was in Dutch Harbor coaling, Aug. 26, Bodfish, it is said, got into a dispute with Legere, and kicked him in the head, from which he became insane and finally died. 9/22-1906

9/22/1906

12/1 1906

Captain Bodfish Not Guilty.

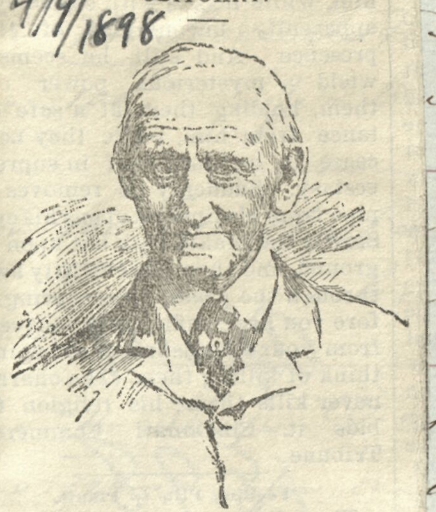
Captain H. H. Bodfish, master of steam whaler William Baylies, has been acquitted of the charge of manslaughter at Seattle. Captain Bodfish has not yet determined when he will return to his home in Vineyard Haven.

It has developed that Captain Hamlet, who made the arrest, exceeded his authority, for when Captain Bodfish was removed from his ship he was in the Arctic ocean, but to make the proceedings legal he was re-arrested just before he left Seattle for San Francisco.

Word of Captain Bodfish's acquittal was received this morning by friends in this city and also by his brother, William P. Bodfish, at Vineyard Haven. Arctic whalemen who are at home have no hesitancy in saying that it ought to be a lesson to the over zealous revenue officers who seek to make a record at some other fellow's expense.—New Bedford Standard, 11th.

OBITUARY.

4/9/1898



BAXTER.—The ranks of our nonogenarian male citizens has been decreased by one the past week in the death of Capt. William Baxter, which occurred at his home on Main street at an early hour Friday evening, April 1st, at the advanced age of 92 years, 11 months. Deceased in early life followed the sea, and rose rapidly through the grades of promotion, until he assumed command of ship Martha, of this port, in 1845. He made but one voyage as master, and located at 'Sconset, following for a time the fishing industry. When our island began to gain popularity as a place of summer resort, he established a stage line, and in this role he is best remembered. Until the establishment of railway service between Nantucket and Siasconset, he held undisputed claim to the stage business, and also established a penny-post system, which he conducted until regular mail service was secured from the government. At that time he gave up his 'Sconset business and entered the ranks of the public carriage drivers in Nantucket, and despite his great age, continued until the close of the season last fall. His annual announcements through the newspapers were characteristic of him, boiling over with humor, of which he possessed an inexhaustible fund, which increasing years did not appear to diminish. During the past winter his health has gradually failed, and he passed peacefully to rest, retaining his clear mind to the last. Capt. Baxter was a general favorite with old and young, and will be pleasantly remembered by an army of friends. Funeral services were conducted Sunday afternoon at his late home, Dr. J. C. Ayer officiating, and the remains were laid in Prospect Hill cemetery beside those of his wife who died several years ago.

12/17 1910

Sale of the Bowhead.

Captain George Fred Tilton, of West Tisbury, has purchased the steam whaling vessel Bowhead, and will fit her out at San Francisco for a cruise to the Arctic ocean next summer.

The Bowhead now lies at Oakland Creek, where she has rested since returning from the Arctic Nov. 14, 1908. The purchase was made from F. Lieber & Co., who purchased the Bowhead from Captain John A. Cook.

Captain Tilton will take a New Bedford crew, Jan. 12th, and go to San Francisco to fit his vessel for the cruise.—N. B. Standard.

4/28 1914

Good Whaling Season.

Steamers Belvedere and Polar Bear have arrived at San Francisco, the former with 8000 pounds of whalebone, the latter with 17,000 pounds. The steamer Herman was reported on her way down from the Arctic with eight whales or something like 10,000 to 12,000 pounds of whalebone.

While the catch is a good one for the three Arctic ships, the value of the cargoes is doubtful, as whalebone has been selling slow and at low prices the past year or two. Ten years ago the whalebone caught in the Arctic sold for from $3.50 to $5 a pound. Now the holder of prime Arctic whalebone is lucky to get $1 a pound. In fact, some time ago, a San Francisco firm sent word to New Bedford to sell all its holdings at $2 a pound. This bone had been held at $5 a pound when it was thought the market had been cornered.

Word comes from Seattle that the Belvedere is back from her two summer's stay in the Arctic ocean with a catch of 8000 pounds of whalebone.

With whalebone only worth approximately $1 a pound, it would be a losing venture for Captain Cottle and crew if they had to depend upon the sale of the whalebone to make the two years' venture pay, but they didn't, for a sum of money said to be more than $20,000 was paid Captain Cottle for the part he took in carrying up part of Explorer Stefansson's outfit to the Arctic.

It will be remembered that the Belvedere went up into the Arctic as one of three or four vessels that were in the Stefansson expedition. The vessels, including the ill-fated Karluk, were trying to get to the eastward as far as Cape Bathurst or at least Herschel island where it was proposed to winter.

Owing to Captain Cottle's superior knowledge of Arctic conditions, he got further east than any of the other vessels, one schooner being crushed in the ice early in the season in the open ocean, while another was crushed further inshore. The Polar Bear got about half-way from Point Barrow to Herschel island, while the Belvedere got as far as Demarkation Point, almost to Herschel island. Here she passed the winter, and came out this summer all right, as did the Polar Bear, the outfit that the Belvedere had belonging to the expedition, being left where Stefansson directed before he made his start into the open part of the Arctic.—New Bedford Mercury.

12/4 1907

Tilton to Have Bowhead.

Capt. John A. Cook has disposed of his holdings in the steam whaler Bowhead, hailing from San Francisco, to Messrs. H. Liebes & Co. of that city. The Bowhead, formerly the Hardrade, was built in 1871, in Norway, for North seas whaling. Capt. Cook, who had previously commanded several Arctic whalers, bought the Norwegian craft late in 1897 and commanded her until the fall of 1906, when he turned her over to Capt. James Tilton and left her in Arctic waters to finish her season's trip, coming down to the states with his sick wife, who had been locked up with him in the Arctic for 44 months.

It was the presence of the Bowhead off Herschel island early in September, 1905, that made for the safe harboring of five of the fleet that had been caught north with food supply exhausted at the beginning of a 10-months winter. Herschel island was the sole harboring spot along the hundreds of miles of coast line. The Bowhead was selected to ram the floe that barred the ships from the safety giving channel. She battered her way through into the clear water, after a terrific struggle, and led them 60 miles in safety to the island winter rendezvous.

The Bowhead will be commanded next year by Capt. James A. Tilton of this city, who last season commanded the steamer Herman, which will be laid up as being hardly suitable for the Arctic whaling business.—N. B. Standard.

OBITUARY.

DIED.—In this town, May 26th, Capt. David M. Bunker, aged 81 years, 6 months.

LOUISVILLE, KY., June 4, 1880.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—This morning's mail brought me the *Inquirer and Mirror*, containing the above sad announcement. To every one who knew this good man it will be an abiding source of regret and sorrow that they can no longer see his face, nor enjoy the communion of his friendship. Capt. Bunker, like Capt. Alexander Clark, who died a few years since, was one of those men who have honored their life in all its relations. Capt. Bunker commenced life as a poor boy, entering upon the career which he pursued so successfully when he was only fourteen years of age. He was one of the noble captains of the famous old packet days. Always the true, courageous sailor, equal to any emergency, he was also always the gentleman of refined tastes. I have said that he was successful; he was so to a marked degree, but it never spoiled him. Anyone and everyone who has had the good fortune to share his hospitality in the Pleasant street home, will bear witness with me to the delicacy and cordiality of that hospitality. But Capt. Bunker was well known, also, for what was especially dear to him, viz.: an earnest, zealous interest in religious matters. Here was where the high character of the man shone forth. As a shipmaster he never went to sea without taking his religion with him. His religion was a life, deep and vital, which gave the rule for his conduct. Years ago it was the custom for ship owners to allow their masters a primage upon all spirits carried. Capt. Bunker became convinced that any traffic in liquor was wrong; as a consequence, he would not take one penny of the primage which was justly his due. In him, as in so many of her sons, Nantucket has been honored. Alas that the generation of these noble men is growing less so rapidly. He will be missed, deeply missed, from his wonted place in the old North Church;—constant at prayer meeting and church, ready with counsel, and none the less ready with his money. I know full well the vacancy that his death has caused. No man had the interests of that church more at heart! Ah well! he has gone. Would that such men might live two natural terms of life. He will be bitterly missed from the loving home circle, of which he was the "band." Devoted and loyal as a husband, wise and tender as a father, he will have his deepest and most lasting praise where he was best known. He died full of years, a true servant of God. Let him rest. A kind, generous friend he was to me and mine; and now, after the mourners have gone to their homes and the flowers are withered on his grave, from this western city I ask the privilege of laying my simple tribute upon the grave of him I honor.

C. J. K. JONES.

BROWN.—Capt. William Felix Brown, who died at his residence on North Sixth street, New Bedford, Tuesday morning, was a native of Nantucket, where he was born September 19th, 1806. He was a son of Capt. William and Elizabeth (Coffin) Brown, and a grandson of Capt. Hezekiah Coffin, commander of ship Beaver, from which the obnoxious tea was thrown overboard in Boston Harbor prior to the Revolution. Capt. Brown early went to sea, making his first voyage whaling on ship Japan, of this port. His next and two subsequent voyages were on ship Reaper, also of this port, to which he was attached in the positions of boatsteerer, second and first mate, and later commanded ship Peru, at that time owned by David Joy of Nantucket, and since then in the possession of John McCullough of New Bedford. At the completion of this voyage he retired from the sea in 1839 on account of poor health, and has since remained on shore, following for some time the trade of a shipwright. He removed to New Bedford in 1845, and was at one time treasurer and a director of the Central Grocery Store. He has not been in good health for 15 years past, but has been able to be about till a comparatively recent period, when he caught cold by going out when not clothed sufficiently warm, and he died from consumption, to which he had a tendency. He leaves a widow and one daughter, who have the hearty sympathy of their friends in their sad affliction. 1886

BARNEY.—The death of David F. Barney, aged 87 years, which occurred at his home in Huntington, L. I., December 25th, 1901, removed one of the best known and most highly respected citizens of that town. Mr. Barney's death was the result of a general wearing out of the physical powers. He fell about six weeks ago, and was quite seriously injured. He then took to his bed and apparently did not care to prolong the struggle further.

David F. Barney was a native of Nantucket, which when he was born was the centre of the whaling industry. He learned the cooper's trade and made two voyages as ship's cooper. The first one, about 1833, in the ship Mary, the second in the ship United States, that sailed from Nantucket November 27, 1843, and returned October 18, 1845. On the first voyage his leg was broken. It was improperly set and he was always lame as the result. He was married in 1837 to his cousin, Eliza Ann Barney, of England, and in 1846 moved to Cold Spring Harbor. In 1849 he moved to Huntington, where he has continued to reside.

It will be remembered by Brooklyn *Times* readers that Mr. and Mrs Barney celebrated the sixty-third anniversary of their wedding in 1900. Mrs. Barney died the next spring. Three children were born to them, Lydia, who died young; Nathaniel, who died in 1870, and Sarah, wife of Jacob T. Nostrand, of Huntington, who survives him. Mr. Barney also has two brothers living, Col. James N. Barney, of Arizona, and Benjamin A. Barney, of San Francisco.

Mr. Barney was one of the charter members of Huntington Lodge, I. O. O. F., of which he was Noble Grand. In his last years Mr. Barney greatly enjoyed corresponding with his old shipmates and with his boyhood chums at Nantucket. A list he had of those associated with him embraced twelve names and their ages ranged from 86 to 95 years, which bore out Mr. Barney's contention that "whaling is a healthy business."—*Brooklyn Times, 26th ult.* 1902

OBITUARY.—Capt. Henry C. Bunker died in San Francisco, on the 10th of December, at the age of 83 years. Capt. Bunker was born in New York, of Nantucket parents, and in early life commenced a seafaring career, soon becoming a successful master in the whaling business, commanding the Paragon and Planter from this port, and the Awashonks and other ships from Falmouth. He resided in Falmouth for many years, but some four or five years ago removed to San Francisco, to reside with his son, Mr. Henry S. Bunker.

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When Ships Were Built And Launched on Brant Point.

The youths of today, who know Brant Point and Beachside only as a section dotted with costly summer homes and cottages, can scarcely realize that one hundred years ago quite a spirited business was carried on there in the way of repairing old ships, and even now and then building new ones. The marine railway was indeed seldom unoccupied for any length of time, and it was no unusual occurrence for vessels to be waiting for each other, one off the ways and another on.

Besides the buildings for purposes connected with the business, there were in the near vicinity several dwelling houses tenanted usually by families of men who worked there; and a wharf or pier extending into the harbor at the east of the settlement where the water deepened quickly, affording facilities for any good-sized coasting vessels to load or discharge cargo. At times large gangs of workmen were employed on the Point; and the place presented an appearance of active industry, bustle and thrift, which now seems strange enough to imagine.

Of course, it was necessary to import all the material, all kinds of wood and metal, for building a ship here, but even this did not deter our enterprising men, who had a strong feeling of local pride and seemed determined to build, and indeed to do almost everything else even in the face of the greatest difficulties. We cannot tell how many small vessels have been built here at various times, but the first ship built there was the Rose, which was launched in November, 1802, and sailed on her first China voyage in 1803. This ship made several voyages, but was finally captured by a British cruiser during the war and carried as a prize into Mauritius.

The ship Charles Carroll was launched here in 1832; the Lexington and Nantucket, in 1836, and the Joseph Starbuck in 1838. All these were fine, well-built ships, and did excellent service in the whaling times. It is a little remarkable that the Joseph Starbuck, after making a successful voyage, was, when starting on a second, wrecked upon our own shores, and finished her career a few miles from the spot where she was built and launched. This happened in November, 1842. The Charles Carroll was sold in California soon after the gold fever broke out; the Lexington continued in the business until 1862, when she was lost at Strong's Island in the Pacific Ocean; and the Nantucket was shipwrecked upon the island of Naushon, while coming from a voyage in 1859.

In 1840 the old ship Ganges was so completely rebuilt at Brant Point yard, that she was virtually a new ship, very little of the old wood being left. Her keel was sawed in two and lengthened several feet, making her a larger vessel than before. But the last job of any magnitude on the railway was the rebuilding of the Planter, which ship was never launched again, having been entirely destroyed by fire while she lay on the stocks, in October 1859. But the railway was still in operation on a smaller scale several years afterward.

(Read by the late Capt. Oliver G. Fosdick at a Reunion of the "Sons and Daughters" a number of years ago.)

During the year 1838 the new ship Joseph Starbuck was to be launched at 12 o'clock noon, from the ways on Brant Point. The occasion was made a gala day; the children were given a half holiday from school; and long before time of launching, it seemed as though the entire population of the island was hurrying toward the waterfront, to be on hand to witness the inspiring spectacle of a noble ship sliding into the water for the first time. Young James F. Chase was among those who were on hand bright and early.

This son of our ocean isle was the cynosure of all eyes; for it was known that he was going with Captain Sanford Wilber in the new ship, and surely that was enough to make a hero of him. Old Joseph Starbuck was the owner of the craft, and oh, how his kind and strongly-marked face lighted up with a smile as, with words of encouragement, he watched the Chase boy vie with others in bringing sail cloth and coils of rope to make comfortable seats for their mothers and sisters, who with others were standing on Old North wharf watching the proceedings!

What a happy time it was. All seemed to take a personal interest and delight in the launching. Among that large crowd almost everyone had a relative who, in all likelihood, would in time go on the ship or be connected in some manner with her future welfare. What a scene it was. There were old weather-beaten salts, who had made their last voyage with Captain Wilber, and noticeable among them was the veteran Robert Ratliff, the old boss rigger, who had secured a point of vantage on top of one of the long spiles, and who shouted to the populace, "Be all ready to give her three cheers when she strikes the water's edge!"

Some of the boys had climbed to the tops of the dismantled hulks that were tied up along the wharves, while others had perched themselves on the point of the old-fashioned wooden davits, and with the rest were eagerly awaiting the striking of the bell in the old south tower, which, at intervals, announced to the assemblage the time of day.

As the appointed hour drew near, the sound of the caulker's mallet ceased; the ring of the blacksmith's anvil was silent; the coopers' hammers were laid away on the top of the oil casks upon which the coopers themselves climbed. The long, old-fashioned trucks were hauled near the capstan of the wharves and were utilized as a sort of settee, and the post of honor—the horse's back—was gladly made available by the younger sons of the island.

The weather was perfect. A gentle southwest wind ruffled slightly the surface of the water in the harbor and caused the ensigns and shipowners' flags, which were flying from the mast-heads of the vessels around the docks, to flutter in the breeze. On board the ship had been rigged a sort of jury-mast over the vessel's taffrail, and attached to it were the national colors, while up forward on the knight-heads were two poles. On top of one of these was the Union Jack, and on the other was displayed the private signal of the owners—a blue-white-and blue, vertical striped flag, which today floats over a New York ship, and denotes a Starbuck owner. Here and there, over the deck, were placed canvas awnings, under which a favored few, in company with Captain Wilber and the owners of the ship, were seated eagerly watching and awaiting the actions of the ship's carpenters. These were busily at work on the deck attending to the numerous details of the task at hand.

Attention must be paid to the numerous guy ropes which were stretched to the projecting spiles of her wooden cradle, and like a fond mother's caress to her child, the men would bestow a parting touch to each rope as they left it. The clanking of the anchor chains as they were arranged in layers around the windlass, in readiness for the virgin plunge into the waters of the harbor, added to the general confusion.

Soon, however, all was ready, and Captain Wilber, accompanied by his youngest son, proceeded to the bow of the ship, and the captain, uncovering his head, announced to the spectators his son would christen the ship, "The Joseph Starbuck, of Nantucket".

Twelve o'clock now rang out from the belfry. The chocks and cleats were at once knocked away from the ship. At the suggestion of the mate, Mr. Henry Plaskett, a rush aft was made by her passengers, which added an impetus to her motion, and ere the clock had ceased striking, the good ship slid from the ways. As her stern shot into the water it sent a great wave across to the neighboring wharves and caused the small craft in the harbor to rock to and fro like cradles.

At the same time a mighty shout was sent up by the multitude. All around a host of marine birds encircled the vessel, as though wondering what strange creature it could be, and one, more daring than the rest, alighted on the tip of the bow-sprit, fluttered for a moment, and then flew away.

"Oh, how beautiful," exclaimed the Chase boy's sisters. "She floats like a swan."

Orders came thick and fast from Captain Wilbur. "Run out a rope through the midshop chock for a breast line, and have a line ready to throw on the wharf!" he shouted. And then the old rigger's voice could be heard, "Give her three cheers, boys!" And the salutation was given with a will.

The launching was quickly and safely over. Ropes were passed from the ship to the wharf and she was hauled under shears at Commercial wharf, preparatory to shipping the masts. Tears came into Mrs. Chase's eyes as she looked from the ship to her boy. "Don't feel bad," was his comforting assurance. "She is a splendid ship, and we are going to have a good voyage, and we will have lots of money when we come home."

Old Captain Wilber had been a lifelong friend of Mrs. Chase and her husband. One day the captain called at the Chase cottage and imparted news to Mrs. Chase which at first tore her heart. A ship had been built for him, he said. He was decided to make one more voyage, and if she would consent, he would take her son to sea with him.

The prospect thus opened before her, the long years of separation from her beloved boy, was a sorrowful one indeed, but finally she gave her consent. Any Nantucket mother would have done the same in those days.

A Harpoon in a Whale Sixty Years.

Steamer Beluga, at San Francisco, 7th inst., from Arctic ocean, reports in August last in Behring Sea, the Beluga killed a large whale, and when it was cut up, an old harpoon bearing the name of Montezuma upon it was discovered. The head of the harpoon was perfectly preserved, but the shank had been eaten away close to the skin of the whale by the action of the salt water. Every whaleship has her name stamped on the harpoon she uses, and the records show that the Montezuma quit whaling in the South seas some 60 years ago. She belonged in New London, and while lying idle at that port during the war, she was bought by the government and sent with other old hulks down to Charleston harbor, filled with stone, and sunk at the entrance of the bay, to break up blockade running. This veteran whale that carried a harpoon for more than half a century, proved a formidable fighter, and while the Beluga's men were after it, it several times came near escaping. One of the boats had to be cut away to prevent its being drawn under. Finally, after exhausting all devices, the old whale was killed. 1890

Details of Loss of Whaling Bark.

Walter J. Flagg and Thomas Williams, who were on board the bark Canton when the vessel was wrecked at the Cape de Verde islands, last November, arrived at New Bedford this week, with the first detailed information concerning the loss of the oldest whaling vessel sailing out of that port. The vessel and everything on board was a total loss, all the crew being saved.

The Canton was light of oil, but had a full cargo of stores on board. At 4 on the morning of Nov. 24 the Canton struck on the 10-mile reef that extends out from the island of Maio. The bark got into a strong current and as there was a dead calm at the time it was impossible to work the vessel clear.

After she struck the men on board left the old bark to her fate. All the men got ashore safely, and in the next few days saw the vessel pound to pieces. The total loss of the bark is one of the heaviest losses suffered in recent years by any of the whaling firms of New Bedford. The vessel was fitted out by J. & W. R. Wing at a cost of $15,000, and carried very little insurance. The bark sailed from New Bedford, Oct. 7, in command of Capt. Valentine Roza. 1910

2/4 For the Inquirer and Mirror. 1880

CORRECTION.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In your "Life of Comstock," you state that Samuel Comstock returned home from Talcahuano in the "ship George, Capt. John Fitch." When the ship George, Capt. John G. Fitch, arrived from Talcahuano, in July, 1818, Nathan, father of the ill-fated Samuel Comstock, was here on a visit to his much-esteemed friend, Eunice Mitchell. Capt. Fitch told Nathan that he saw his son in Talcahuano, and that he had taken passage in the ship Francis, Capt. Barzillai Coffin, and left Talcahuano in company with the George. Nathan prolonged his stay here some time, hoping the Francis would arrive before he left; but the George had a remarkable short passage, some seventy days, and the Francis did not arrive until some forty days after the George. After learning of the horrible Globe mutiny, Nathan wrote his friend Eunice a letter all aglow with sad and feeling eloquence, of which he was very capable, as he was one of the first-class scholars of his day. He commenced his letter thus: "O, Samuel, Samuel, Heaven-forsaken Samuel!" thus iterating his belief in the Scriptural declaration, "My spirit shall not always strive with man."

Mr. Comstock was a worthy member of the Friends' Society, and was of striking and commanding personal appearance. He came here from Rhode Island, his native state, and first taught the Friends' north school; was afterward cashier of the Pacific Bank, and taught an evening school in one of the large rooms of that large three-story banking house, which stood on the site on which the dwelling house of Mr. Joseph B. Macy now stands. His wife was an Emmett, and her mother was, I believe, a sister of the late venerable Richard Mitchell. The Friends' school, while taught by Mr. Comstock, was something of a High School;- in addition to the branches usually taught in a grammar school, he taught the French language and the higher mathematics. He was genial, and somewhat companiable with his more advanced scholars. One of them said to the writer hereof, "Nathan used to challenge us scholars to find a word in the dictionary that he could not spell. We used to search for the most difficult words to spell, and when putting them to him, he would occasionally hesitate a moment and say, 'read me the definition of that word;' we would do so; he would then spell it, and we never succeeded in the whole scope of the vocabulary, in finding a word he did not spell correctly."

How true is the trite saying, "that there is no general rule without exception." The poet has said, "Just as the twig is bent the tree inclines;" but in the case of the "Heaven-forsaken Samuel," the tree inclined directly opposite from the early bending of the twig.

Return of a Whaler. 1906

Captain Gonsalves of the whaling schooner E. B. Conwell of this port was brought to New Bedford, Sunday, in the Friend by Frank Veeder of Cuttyhunk, the pilot of which reached the schooner where she is anchored off the Hen and Chickens. Captain Gonsalves was ill when the schooner sailed from port, April 25, and as he grew worse the vessel returned as stated. Monday morning Captain Joseph Morris of Fairhaven, formerly in command of brig Rosa Baker and schooner Golden City, was taken by steam tug to the whaler, and continued the cruise as her master.

Captain Gonsalves reported that he had 150 barrels of oil on board, but that he ought to have had over 300 barrels. He has seen whales two and three times a week since he sailed from this port, a little over a month ago, but he was too sick to attempt to do much whaling.

The Conwell reports W. A. Grozier with 290 barrels of oil, the E. A. Swift having taken whales twice, the J. R. Manta with 150 barrels, and had not seen any other whalers on Hatteras.
—N. B. Standard.

Obituary.

Capt. James N. Claghorn died at his home in Vineyard Haven on Sunday last at the age of 76 years. At the age of 16 he went on his first voyage to sea with Captain Charles West of Vineyard Haven, the crew being made up of Vineyard Haven boys. He was the only surviving member of the crew when the ship was wrecked on one of the South Sea islands. He was found there by a vessel and taken to New Zealand and from there he went to California in 1848. Later, on the discovery of gold he worked in the mines for a time, and was the first man to bring gold to Vineyard Haven. He was captain of the bark Petrel of New Bedford for eight years in the merchant service and made two voyages to the Arctic ocean. He was for eleven years proprietor of the Hotel Belleview, at Eastville, Cottage City, where he made a large circle of friends. Captain Claghorn was a man of a quiet nature, and was loved and respected by all who knew him. He was a brother of Capt. William B. Claghorn, and leaves a widow and one son. 1906

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Y 25, 1914

Brandt Point—Ropewalks—Whaling Captains.

By FRED ELIJAH COFFIN.

Brandt Point in former years—say, from or before 1845 to 1865 and after—presented a totally different appearance from its present home-like and comfortably inviting aspect. Then, it was a shipyard, and wilderness of sand and chips and all sorts of construction rubbish around the two railways on the harbor side whereon usually rested some ship or coastwise schooner or sloop under construction or repairs. It was then a locality devoted entirely to business, and the ship carpenter was the dominating factor. There was no style about the locality.

The small boy wandering about there during school vacation, was fortunate if he did not get a splinter in his bare feet while wading through the deep hot sand. By crossing to the bay side of the Point he could swim in the purest and most refreshing sea-tank that the world affords. And then occasionally he was allowed the high privilege of being launched on some completed vessel. Rare, healthful, vacation days those, when the Nantucket boy untrammeled by the perplexities of ''Reading, Riting, and Rithmetic'' could wander about surrounded by safe environments, under the brightest of summer skies, the purest air from any quadrant, and facilities for bathing which would gratify a sea nymph of Greece.

As already intimated, the limnings now presented to the camera make a picture totally different from any that would have been thought of in those years, for in no locality has the evolution of Nantucket been better demonstrated.

ROPEWALKS.

In my boyhood there were three or more ropewalks; one located on the south side of the road just westward of the Quaker Burying-ground; another long ago was located westward of the Mill Hills; and one near the approaches to Brandt Point. The first mentioned continued in existence and use the latest of all, down to about 1852. The old records say that in the year 1822 there were nine. ''A traveller who visited the island in 1810 speaks of its windmills, rope-walks, and two steeples* as prominent objects in the landscape.'' (Bliss).

* The steeple of the Congregational church was afterwards removed.

These buildings were very long and narrow, and only about fifteen feet to the ridgepole. To the small boy who chanced occasionally to look in upon the few workers, the interior had a weird appearance, as the distant workman, with a coil of small rope about him, was slowly and silently walking up towards the spindles, which were worked by simple and primitive wheel power, and ''laying up'' the warp as he proceeded. The ''power'' at the wheel-work was a man or strong lad working at the crank. Among all these buildings there was only one which used steam power. To look down the long narrow aisle of the ropewalk was like looking through the object glass of a telescope.

Finally, with the decline of shipping, the ropewalks lapsed into silent decay, and their accustomed appearance for years as of a boundary line on the horizon stretching out like an emasculated Chinese wall, was missed—by their destruction.

These buildings had a charm for me when in use, on account of their fragrant and wholesome tarry odor. No one working there could suffer from tuberculosis unless the disease was already confirmed on him; and all working there for any considerable period must have been immune from the dread disease which in former years, before its character was understood, had affected so many.

But the harpoon lines which were made here, what of them? They were as strong and elastic and tough as the sinews of the whalemen who used them. They were made of good Manila fibre—for Manila, and the coast of Japan, were familiar to our Pacific Ocean whalers many years before the brief unpleasantness with Spain. Lines which could stand the strain of a whale's ''sleigh ride,'' or the brawn-proof test of towing a dead whale to the ship at the windward could best be made by those who well understood their intended use.

And the great cables were of the same material. The value of a good line is here told, although somewhat amusingly, considering it was of one known to be valiant in arms:

''Somewhere about 1824 Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin was in Philadelphia at the residence of his kinswoman Anna (Folger) Coffin, widow of Thomas Coffin. To the company gathered to meet him he told that being in command of a ship or fleet in the Pacific an American whaler was spoken. The Admiral was curious to see the taking of a whale, and accordingly went on board the American vessel. Soon a whale was sighted, the boats were lowered and the Admiral seated himself with the crew in one of them, the harpoon was thrown and then came the rush of the boat through the water which was walled on each side.

'Cut the rope'! cried the Admiral. 'No, no, yelled the boatsteerer, 'you are not in command of this craft.'

So Sir Isaac had to sum up what nerve he could and await his fate. He closed his story by saying that he would infinitely rather have been at close quarters with a French seventy-four.'' (Hinchman, ''Early Settlers of Nantucket.'')

The rope which was strong enough to make the Admiral's ''sleigh-ride'' possible was, without doubt, made in one of these rope-walks. The boatmen know that the whale will not circumnavigate the globe with them, for, big as he is, he is a red-blooded air breather, and must soon stop for breath; so they let him run, but keep on the alert for emergencies, and if it must be, the sharp knife was ready to cut the line and end all danger—but with the loss of the whale.

THE WHALING CAPTAINS.

The Nantucket whaling captains were a class of noble, large, well-built, bronzed, robust men, intelligent and having more than the average education of those times, cheerful and optimistic, resourceful for any emergency, but their labors and achievements were done for away from home—mostly in the Pacific Ocean. We have not been present when daring deeds have been done—and these are often in evidence on the high seas, even in peaceful pursuits, and when the long voyage was ended, many incidents and exploits of daring and courage were forgotten or seldom mentioned, being regarded as of little account. But we know of the risks attending the capture of the hugest animal of creation, and those reveal to us a knowledge of their heroism and achievements of a high order.

Their voices were deep, rich and musical, whether for low tones or full expression. What splendid basses for a large chorus! What genuine basso-profondos!

If musically inclined and instructed, how richly would they roll out their part in some of the numbers of Mendelssoln's ''Elijah'' such as number 20. ''Thanks be to God:''—

> "The stormy billows are high;
> Their fury is mighty, mighty their fury."

Or in Handel's ''Messiah,'' especially the Hallelujah Chorus.

Or in that virile and grand piece, Greig's ''Land Sighting.'' Any conductor would be satisfied in having one of them take the solo part—written for a baritone but often given to the strongest second base—beginning:

> "Here the land is, this the strand is,
> Templed arches front the darkness."

Or finally, how correctly could they have rendered—''Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep!''

Once the writer was aboard one of the sound steamers on the western trip. The captain—one of the same quality but in a different line—was anxious to start away, but at Newport there was considerable freight that evening. He leaned over the gang way of the second deck and in a quiet, strong voice called out to the deck hands: ''Lively there, boys, lively.'' None of them looked up to see where the voice came from; they all knew the voice and got at their work with redoubled activity. There was no faultfinding or querulousness in such a voice, it was strong and deep, and carried with it the power of command; and shortly the big steamer was headed out towards Point Judith—''P'int Judah'' as the old coasters called it.

These strong, mellow voices are not common, especially in church choirs. In our church choirs how surely is it the case that there is lacking the full and sonorous bass; and consequently how often is the fact noticed that church choirs are not properly balanced.

In much of the music of our choirs there is little of the choral character, the only effective vocal utterance being that of the high-pitched soprano. Solo singing, of music for any one part, has its fitting place in church music; but a practical monopoly of soloism—either from indifferent tolerance, or lack of strength in the other parts—is not good choral form; and of all music for church and sacred purposes choral music is best. Large choirs are usually well balanced, but not always.

The Life of Comstock.

We have at last been successful in our quest for this book, and through the kind efforts of an old friend and schoolmate, now a resident of New Brighton, N. Y., we have been favored with the loan of a copy of it. It bears date 1840, as the year of publication, and the imprint of James Fisher, Boston, and Turner & Fisher, New York. The title of the book is "The Life of Samuel Comstock, the Terrible Whaleman, containing an account of the Mutiny and Massacre of the officers of the ship Globe of Nantucket, with his subsequent adventures, and his being shot at the Mulgrave Islands; with the voyage of Lieutenant Percival in search of the survivors. By his brother William Comstock." There are several wood-cut illustrations, one being a picture of the ship Globe under sail, one representing the execution of Humphrey the steward, who was hanged at the yard-arm by Comstock's orders, and another the fate of the arch mutineer himself at the hands of his accomplices in crime. As may be supposed, the work is of the catch-penny, sensational class; it has had its day, and passed on among other ephemeral literature, and probably very few copies are to be found at the present time. The general reader might even suppose it to be mainly a work of invention, but the facts being well known to Nantucketers, we can recognize the truth of the whole story.

It is rather remarkable that the history of such a man should have been written up by his own brother, who indeed would seem to have made capital out of the relationship, giving his own name in full on the title page, and appearing to dwell upon the incidents of Samuel's strange life with a certain degree of gusto. William Comstock wields a ready and caustic pen, especially when he shows his spite against his native island and all engaged in the profession of whaling, and upon all the sect or society of Friends, in whose religious faith he had been born and reared. He was the next brother in age to Samuel, and was serving on board another ship in the Pacific Ocean, when his brothers, Samuel and George, sailed on their ill-fated voyage in the ship Globe in 1822.

Nathan Comstock, the father of the boys, came here from Rhode Island and taught a private school, some of his pupils being still among the living. He married Elizabeth Emmett, whose mother was a Mitchell, and was thus connected with some of the best of our old families. Their son, Samuel Comstock, was born in November, 1802, being only twenty-one years of age at the time of his death. When six years of age he was sent to a boarding school at Nine Partners, N. Y., and the Comstock family about that time removed to New York city. The school at Nine Partners was kept by Mark Coffin, and we are told that at a later period he attended a school in or near New York kept by Goold Brown, the author of the English Grammar, which is even now used in our schools. At thirteen years of age Samuel made his first voyage to Liverpool in the employ of Hicks, Jenkins & Co., in the ship Edward, under Capt. Josiah Macy. In 1817 he sailed on a voyage in the ship Beaver, Capt. Cleveland, but the ship was seized by the Chilian Patriots and the crew were prisoners at Talcahuano for a period of five months. The ship was finally secured by the captain, but the voyage had been broken up, and Samuel returned home in the ship George, of this port, with Capt. John Fitch.

In 1819, he sailed in the Foster under Capt. Shubael Chase, making the whole voyage in her, and returning to Nantucket. His brother says that he had always entertained a wild idea of settling upon some island in the South Seas, of acquiring power and influence over some savage tribe, and making himself their king, and this was the chief impelling motive that led to the terrible tragedy on board the Globe. During both his voyages from this port, his mind was full of such a scheme, and he had tried several times to get a peaceable discharge from the ship, at Easter Island and other places in the Pacific, but was unable to accomplish his purpose. Among the names of boys who were his shipmates in the Foster, are mentioned those of John Cotton and John Lincoln both of whom will be remembered among our active shipmasters at a little later period. The story of the mutiny and the subsequent proceedings on board the Globe does not differ, as to any of the main facts, from that given in the narrative of Lay and Hussey, though it is told with more embellishment, and throws more light upon causes and motives. The details need not be repeated to our readers at this late day.

Many would doubtless ask, Why refer to the subject at all? and would desire that the whole history of it be buried in oblivion, but there are yet many others who take a different view of it, and wish to rescue the real facts from being entirely lost, and to strip them of the romance and falsehood which always attach themselves to such stories after a couple of generations have passed away, if the written record be not well preserved, and easy of reference. The biography of Samuel Comstock is not precisely the kind of reading which we should wish to put into the hands of our boys, but it certainly has this advantage over much of the dime-novel literature, that it deals in facts, and that the hero may be held up to the young as a beacon of warning, and a lesson drawn from his miserable ending. As a fraternal tribute from one brother to the memory of another, we must say that so far as our observation has extended, it is positively unique.

2/7—1880

97842

☞ We have been favored with the perusal of an interesting story of a whaling voyage, entitled "Life and Adventures in the South Pacific, by a roving printer," which has called up many reminisences of men with whom we were acquainted in the days of their prime, and of events with which we were familiar at the time of their occurrence. The author of the book was Jackson H. Chase, a youth from Albany, N. Y., since deceased, and the story is compiled from his journals kept during a voyage made in the ship Emily Morgan, of New Bedford, commanded by Capt. Prince W. Ewer, of this town, between the years 1849 and 1854. Much of this time was spent in cruising upon the sperm whaling grounds near King-Mill's Group, and in its pages are to be found condensed accounts of several tragedies there enacted, which all our whalemen recall to mind, such as the partial massacre on board the Triton, Capt. Thomas Spencer, at Sydenham Island, and the capture and destruction of the brig Inga, Capt. Barnes, at Pleasant Island. It also relates the daring exploit of Capt. Benjamin Clough, who, when third mate of the Sharon, of Fairhaven, climbed into the stern window of the ship by night, and single handed recaptured her after a desperate fight with two savages, who had murdered the captain, and were endeavoring to run the vessel ashore; but in this account, though the story is correct, Clough's name is given by mistake as McCullock.

The whole story of the Emily Morgan's voyage is told in a plain, straightforward and readable style, free from yarns or exaggerations, and no one can fail to be impressd with the conscientious character of the writer. The book was published in 1861, and we are not aware that it passed through more than one edition, though it certainly deserves to meet with a large sale. Capt. Ewer and also his wife who accompanied him through the whole voyage, are still among us, and can attest to the fidelity of the narrative in all its details. 1878

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4/14

After Fifteen Years.

1906

After an absence from the home port for nearly 15 years whaling bark C. W. Morgan will return to New Bedford during the latter part of the coming summer. During all these years she has sailed from San Francisco. A year ago last winter she left the Pacific coast for a cruise round New Zealand and thence to the Atlantic, and on Saturday arrived at Barbados with 400 barrels of sperm oil, taken since leaving San Francisco. She is one of the old time whalers and her return to the waters of the Acushnet will be hailed with pleasure by those who are interested in the former industry of New Bedford.

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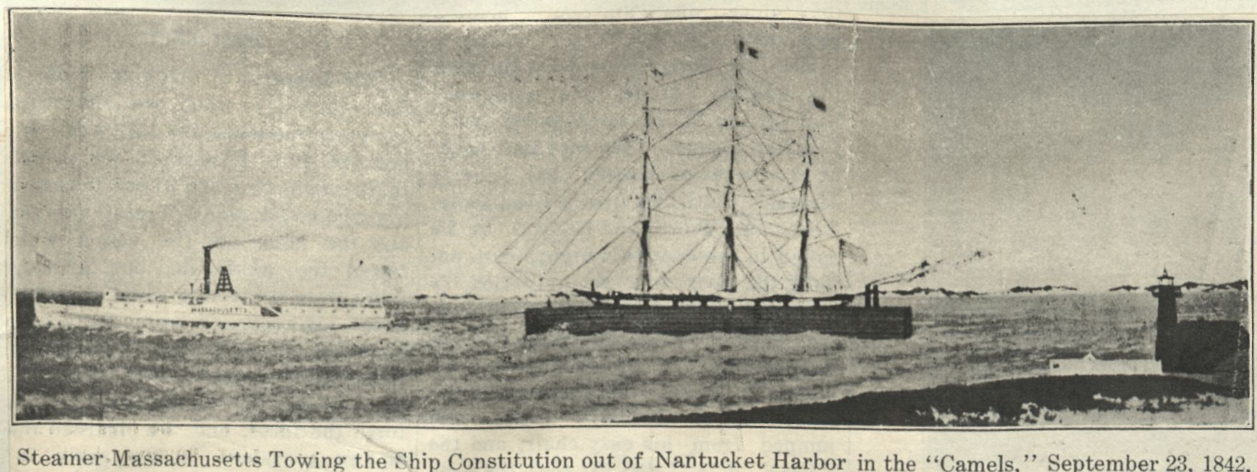

Steamer Massachusetts Towing the Ship Constitution out of Nantucket Harbor in the "Camels," September 23, 1842.

1. 1860

The Nantucket "Camels."

In view of the present "seventeen-foot-channel" leading into Nantucket harbor, and the prospect of a much larger anchorage area inside of Brant point before next summer, it is interesting to note that it was just seventy years ago that the queer marine institution known as "the camels" made its appearance in Nantucket harbor and was used for transporting whaleships over the "bar," where there was, at that time, a scant six feet of water.

Nantucket was the first (and probably only) place in this country to use camels, but they had been used over in Holland as early as 1688. The shallow water on Nantucket bar was a detriment to the prosperity of the island, and it was owing to this shoal water at the very entrance to the harbor that for several years it had been necessary for the Nantucket shipowners to fit out and unload their ships over at Edgartown.

Peter F. Ewer superintended the construction of the camels, commencing the work in the spring of 1842 and completing it the latter part of August of the same year. The "camels" was really two floating dry-docks, which could be filled with water and sunk, one on each side of the vessel, and then drawn together by means of heavy chains running under the vessel's bottom, the craft thus being made secure. When everything was in readiness, the water was pumped out of the camels and the ship thus brought up out of the water between the two sections. Being flat-bottomed, with a draft of only 2 feet 10 inches, the camels could float in water very much shoaler than loaded ships required, and it was by their use that the whalers leaving or entering port, heavily laden, could be "lightered" over the bar.

Each camel was 135 feet long, with a depth of 19 feet. and a width of 29 feet on the bottom and 20 feet on deck. When "sunk," each section contained 12,000 barrels of water, which could be forced out by double-action pumps operated by 6-horse-power engines, each camel having a separate pumping outfit, capable of throwing 30 barrels of water per minute. Each camel was also equipped with a propellor, so that when there was no ship between them, each could go from place to place under its own steam. The whole arrangement was novel, but entirely practicable, yet Mr. Ewer and the promoters of the Camel Company received all sorts of discouragements on every hand, few persons believing the project would amount to anything. The total cost of construction was $26,000—quite a large sum for an experiment.

The first trial of the camels was made on August 22, when the ship Phebe was ready for sea, and it was not surprising that the first trial was a failure. A plank burst out under pressure of the water and on that account the experiment was postponed until the following Sunday. This trial was also a failure, for the chains beneath the vessel began to snap asunder and it was necessary to abandon the attempt that day, the Phebe finally proceeding on her voyage without "cameling" over the bar.

Heavier chains were then secured and a month later the ship Constitution was run into the camels and towed over the bar in forty-two minutes, the operation being very successful in every way and proving the practicability of the camels—to the delight of Mr. Ewer and his friends.

The first ship brought in by the camels was the Peru, on October 14, 1842, and from that time on the camels were frequently used. The fact that Nantucket's whaling industry was on the decline at that period, however, proved that the camels were actually built about twenty years too late, for twelve years after their construction they were broken up (in 1854). The general appearance of the camels is preserved in a model on exhibition in the rooms of the Nantucket Historical Association.

[Note.—The complete story of the camels forms a chapter in "The Story of the Island Steamers."]

Correspondence Inquirer and Mirror.

5/20 **The Nantucket Camels.** 1882

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In reply to a query of mine concerning the camels, Mr. F. C. Sanford has courteously furnished me, in a private letter, with the names of the first four ships that were lifted over the bar. It struck me that it might be well to make the information he gives a matter of historical record by its publication in your columns. With his permission I send below an extract from his interesting letter, with the request that you will make room for it in the INQUIRER AND MIRROR.

Mr. Sanford writes as follows, viz:

"In 1842 the marine camels were completed under the superintendence of the late Peter F. Ewer. In September the ship Phebe, belonging to Messrs. C. Mitchell & Co., was made ready for sea; and she was taken out into deep water at Brant Point; the camels also; they were sunk and the ship taken in. The chain cables with which the camels were to be bound together, had not been received at the time, and fifteen chain-cables were borrowed, belonging to ships at the wharf, while she lay ready to be taken out to sea. When the ship was enclosed in the camels, and the latter were raising her, these chains began to snap asunder; as each one parted, others became weaker; and soon all of them gave way and the ship went down into the water. You could hear each chain go off with a noise like a cannon, which was heard throughout the town. The ship's copper was supposed to be damaged, rendering it necessary to take the Phebe back, and heave her out again. This of course involved time. The ship Constitution next being ready, she was the next ship taken in. This experiment was a success, and she went to sea at once from the bar. She belonged to Charles G. & Henry Coffin. The first ship taken in from sea was the ship Peru, belonging to David Joy. The second from sea was the Daniel Webster, belonging to Jared Coffin and Christopher Wyer, in October. The third, in November, was the Rambler, belonging to me. The Peru is still in existence, also the Daniel Webster, and both whaling yet. The Phebe was condemned at Pernambuco, in October, 1846; the Constitution was condemned here in 1852; the Rambler was condemned at Navigator Islands in 1856. The camels were broken up in 1854."

F. C. E.

OBITUARY.

COFFIN.—Lieut. William F. Coffin, of Engine 10, Burnside street, died at his home, 14 Burnside street, Thursday night, after an illness of more than three weeks. The deceased had the respect of the entire department. He was a descendant of the famous Coffin family that settled on Nantucket long ago. He was born there 50 years ago, and when 12 years old, like all the lads reared at Nantucket, went to sea. For many years he was a whaler, making voyages to all climes. April 1, 1890, he was appointed assistant engineman at the station of Engine 10, and in January following he was promoted to Lieutenant.

He was an excellant fireman, and by his death the department loses one of its most valued men. On Oct. 18 he was compelled to go off duty on account of illness. His trouble was that of the heart. He died at 6.45 Thursday evening. He leaves a widow and one son. He was a member of Roger Williams Lodge of Odd Fellows and also a member of the Permanent Firemen's Relief Association. Deputy Chief Hill visited the widow yesterday and placed in her hand $1000, the benefits of that organization.—*Providence Journal, Dec. 9.* 1889

OBITUARY.—Mr. Moses Coffin, who was thirty-two years a resident of Springfield, Vt., died at his residence in that place on the 13th inst. He was born in Nantucket, Mass., Nov. 15, 1799, and was a lineal descendant of Tristram Coffin. His mother, Phebe (Folger) Coffin, was a descendant of Peter Folger, whose daughter was the mother of Benjamin Franklin. Mr. Coffin was bred to the sea, and made his first voyage as cabin boy when fifteen years old. Having learned navigation, he, at the age of twenty years, became mate of the ship Improvement, of Nantucket, and made a voyage to the South seas for whales. Returning in 1823, he at once shipped again as mate of a coasting vessel, and in this position remained until he shipped in 1825 in the ship John Jay for the Pacific Ocean. The captain in a drunken fit stabbed an officer, and the vessel was taken from Valparaiso home by Mr. Coffin. During his several voyages he learned the Spanish and Kanaka languages, and was often employed as an interpreter by American and British officers. Leaving the sea in 1828, he moved to Willimantic, Conn., and then to Ashland, Mass., in 1832, where he remained, until in 1850 he moved to Springfield. While in Ashland he invented several improvements upon paper making machinery that are in use at the present time. He married in 1823 Nancy Gardner of Nantucket, who bore him seven sons and two daughters. She died in 1854, and on May 31, 1858, he married Mrs. Caroline Hatch, of Springfield, who survives him. Being brought up in the Quaker faith, he was throughout his life a peacemaker, and never spoke ill of his neighbors. He was a strong temperance man, and in 1834 became a member of the Congregational Church in Ashland. His last days were peaceful, and he died regretted by all who knew him. His funeral was held on Monday, and was largely attended.—*Boston Journal, 20th inst.* 1882

2/11 **OBITUARY.** 1882

Capt. William Cash, who died at his home on Orange street, on Tuesday night last, was one of our most highly-esteemed citizens, and had been in his younger days one of our most energetic and successful shipmasters. He was bred to the sea from a boy, and was unfortunate in his early voyages, two ships to which he belonged having been destroyed by fire, and one shipwrecked on Long Island, homeward bound, with a full cargo of oil. But persevering in spite of all obstacles, he rose steadily to the highest position, and from the time he took command of the Milton, in 1844, his successful career was unbroken to the end. He commanded successively the ships Milton and Gideon Howland, of New Bedford, Columbia, Citizen and Islander, of this port, and returning from his last voyage in 1865, just at the close of the war, the high prices of oil made this voyage an exceptionally golden one, and he retired with a comfortable fortune. Since that time he has enjoyed with his family the well-earned fruits of his labors, winning the esteem and good opinion of all to whom he was known. He for some years served the town as a member of the Board of Selectmen, and was at the time of his death one of the Board of Trustees of the Nantucket Institution for Savings. His fine physical appearance had seemed to promise long life, even while he was suffering from a secret internal malady, which has baffled all the skill of the best medical science. Capt. Cash leaves a widow, who has shared some of his perils on the sea, and two sons and two daughters, all grown to maturity. Funeral services, attended by Union Lodge of F. & A. M., of which deceased was an honored member, were held at his late residence yesterday afternoon.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

3/17 **Henry Coffin.** 1900

Henry Coffin, the patriarch of Main street and about the last of his generation, closed his long and useful life on the 6th instant, aged ninety-three. His familiar figure and kindly face, endeared to all of us from the time of our earliest recollection, will be missed. He has gone before. With but one exception he was the oldest inhabitant. He was distinctly old Nantucket. In every fibre and through and through. His ancestry on all sides is of and from the first settlers of the island. He was born a Quaker, and though in later life he took no part with the sect, his quiet demeanor, simple habits and abhorrence of war or violence of any kind, even in speech, disclosed his Quaker origin.

In recent years he has been nearly the only link connecting us of the present with those of a glorious past. He is the last to go of all that goodly company of Nantucket shipowners who by their adventurous spirit and unswerving integrity made our island known and respected in all the ports of the world. As a class they were, like him, simple as they were strong. Puritans in morals, Quakers in manners and loyal to the core. Henry Coffin therefore belonged to a generation of men which is inseparably connected with the former maritime greatness of Nantucket—the brave days of its whale-fishers. He came of a family of shipowners and, as has already been shown, of the sturdiest stock. His father, Zenas Coffin, one of the most successful men the island ever raised, left what in those simpler days was a great fortune; mainly to his two sons, Charles G. and the deceased. And for forty years the firm of Charles G. & Henry Coffin, inspired by the traditions of the family, continued their father's business of building and sending ships, giving employment to many of our citizens, and always sustaining the highest credit for rugged honesty and enterprise.

For nearly seventy years he lived in the Main street house, which he built in 1833, and where he died. No more will his white hair and saintly face be seen at the corner window. It was his favorite seat and to the towns-people a most familiar sight. Indeed to many of the younger generation, those who could not know him in the days of his activity, perhaps the most lasting recollection of him will be as dimly seen sitting well back from that window and gazing down the street with that benignant, patriarchal calm so calculated to sooth the spirit of the passer-by and resolve the thought in him of mere material things into their dross. While sitting there how very often must his thoughts have been far away, have reverted from the deserted streets or periodical crowds of tourists of these times to the busy days of his yore when Nantucket was a great seaport.

In manner Henry Coffin was retiring and with much natural dignity and courtliness. Not for a moment the dignity or courtliness which repels—a mixture of pride and pretense—but rather that which comes from entire absence of either; a dignity born of high character and courtliness so kind that the lowliest were drawn to him. Peacefulness and helpfulness were his characteristics.

All his long life he was a principal owner in the island's "common and undivided lands." His very full information upon that intricate and curious subject was conceded and often of use when disputes or any confusion arose. He was not a talker, wasted few words, most direct in speech. He had uncommon sense and retained his faculties almost to the last. His mind was a perfect storehouse of local lore, of ancient land marks, boundaries, ownerships, genealogy, and of Nantucket's doings and doers of the first half of the century just closed. He exemplified all the Quaker virtues and, to a very marked degree, he exemplified the Christian virtues. His good faith was always apparent. While he could he gave much in charity and always was utterly and innately kind. Henry Coffin! Good soul, pure soul. You made a good fight and now you are entitled to your rest.

Some who knew him well may think these lines unsatisfactory and out of tune, not because in the least exaggerative, but because they applaud, because they are printed and the subject of them was the soul of modesty. They may think a better tribute to such a character would be its silent contemplation. But his life points a useful moral which the younger generation may well ponder.

> 'Glory's voice is impotent to pierce the silence of the tomb; but virtue blooms even in the wreck of life and mounts the skies."

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Obituary.—Capt. William Calder, who closed the voyage of life on Tuesday last, was the oldest shipmaster among us, and in all probability the oldest in the country, having attained the age of ninety-one years in June last. He began his sea-faring career in his boyhood, and when only fourteen years old, had a narrow escape from shipwreck near Cape Horn. During the war of 1812 he was captured by a British cruiser and carried with others to the famous Dartmoor prison, from which he soon after effected his escape. Subsequently he commanded many different ships both in the whaling and merchant service, retiring from the sea more than forty years ago. Since then he has pursued various kinds of light employment, and for some years was sexton of the Gardner burial-ground, until the infirmities of extreme age demanded complete retirement. He had been from his youth a member of the Masonic fraternity, and was buried with Masonic honors on Thursday from the residence of his son, Mr. Timothy W. Calder. Captain Calder belonged to a race of ancient mariners noted for endurance and longevity, as well as for sterling traits of character. It is but a few weeks since our columns contained a notice of his brother, Captain Robert Calder, who also attained an age beyond four-score. 1881

An Adventurous Life Ended.

The early part of the life of Thomas E. Coffin, who died at Alpena, Mich., last week, aged 61 years, was a most interesting one, and reads like a chapter from a book of adventures. He was the son of the captain of the ship Manchester, and was born on the island of Nantucket, June 16, 1838. When in his 16th year he set sail with his father and mother on a voyage around the Cape to San Francisco. On August 28, 1854, the ship was wrecked during a terrible storm on the coast of Terra del Fuego. All on board were lost except the captain, two seamen and the captain's son. His mother went down with the ship. The survivors were forced to undergo terrible hardships, young Coffin finally being obliged to see his father murdered before his eyes by the native Fuegians. At last, after many months of suffering, he made his escape to a Chilian man-of-war in the straits of Magellan, and eventually reached Massachusetts again. Later he served as a private in the twenty-first Illinois volunteers.—*N. B. Standard, 2d.*

[The records show that Thomas E. Coffin was the son of Alexander and Eliza A. Coffin, and a brother of Thaddeus W. Coffin.] 1899

The death of Captain James M. Coffin, last Monday morning at half-past five, was not unexpected. Ten weeks ago yesterday he was attacked with a hemorrhage of the stomach, and since then he has been gradually failing. On election day he was carried to the polls, but the exertion was so severe that it was feared he would die before reaching home. He was born in Nantucket, Mass., June 15, 1810. At the age of 18 he adopted the avocation of a seaman on a whaling vessel. He made a number of voyages as a hand before the mast, and was on one occasion one of the two survivors of a boat load who were drowned by the crushing of the boat by a whale. He afterwards rose to the rank of a master of a vessel—a position which gave him the familiar title of "Captain." He has made several voyages around the world and his home contains many articles of curious make from foreign countries. In 1842 he married Emily Swain (his present widow) in Auburn, N. Y., and about fifteen years ago came to Kankakee where they have resided, and where the deceased has held for many years the office of justice of the peace. His family consisted only of his wife and daughter, Mrs. Luke Dickenson, who now survive him. He had a son by a former marriage who died of starvation in Andersonville prison during the war. Captain Coffin was a sturdy, somewhat bluff, kindly man—a perfect type of the traditional "sea dog" described by novelists. His neighbors all bear testimony to his unfailing generosity and kindness.—*Kankakee Gazette, Thursday, Dec. 23.* 1881

☞ Another good and useful citizen has passed away—Captain James Codd, Collector of the port, who died yesterday morning at the age of sixty-six years. Captain Codd was an efficient and successful shipmaster in his younger days; and was held in high esteem throughout his life, as a man of sterling integrity and probity, doing his duty well in all the positions which he has been called upon to fill. He was appointed recently to the Collectorship on the resignation of Capt. Defriez to assume the office of Judge of Probate. 1875

1880

One of our oldest citizens and business men, Capt. Frederick A. Chase, who has been for some time in failing health, passed away on Sunday last, in his eightieth year. He was bred to the sea from boyhood, and rose to the highest rank, making one voyage in command of ship Independence, of New Bedford, but retired from the sea while still a young man, and engaged in various other pursuits at different periods. He was for many years in the grocery trade, and later in the coal and grain business and spent some time in California. He has filled many public positions and offices, having been for several years a member of the board of Selectmen, also agent of the Poor Department, and has held the offices of Sheriff of the county, Trial Justice and Coroner. Capt. Chase belonged to a numerous family, somewhat distinguished for longevity, and two of his brothers, older than himself, are still moving among us, and quite vigorous for their years. He leaves a widow and three sons.

OBITUARY. 1895

Coffin.—A telegram, Thursday, announced the death at Winchester, on the 21st inst., of Capt. Alfred M. Coffin, a former resident of Nantucket, and one of the master mariners of the days of the whale fishery. He made two voyages in command—one in ship Roscoe of New Bedford, and the second in the Alabama, of this port, sailing in May, 1860. The ship was lost on Chatham island. Capt. Coffin later removed to Winchester, where he has since resided.

1883

Obituary.—Capt. Aaron Coffin, a veteran seaman and a worthy citizen, died on Wednesday morning after much suffering, at the age of nearly seventy-nine years. Early in life he took to the sea, and between 1834 and 1837 made a voyage in command of ship American, of this port. He then gave up long voyages and took to the coasting business, running the sloop Silas Parker for many years, and later in life followed fishing from Siasconset until disabled by the infirmities of advanced age. Capt. Coffin was a man of quiet, unobtrusive ways, and esteemed by all who knew him. He has been three times married, and leaves a widow but no children.

Old Whaler's Return. 1906

Whaling bark Charles W. Morgan has returned to New Bedford, her former port, after an absence of nearly 20 years, for she sailed from there on October 6, 1886, for northern whaling, and since that date has refitted at San Francisco. She left San Francisco in the fall of 1904 for a whaling cruise off New Zealand and a return home, and no doubt when again fitted for sea she will be numbered with the Atlantic fleet.

A Good Voyage. 1906

Bark Canton, Capt. Nicholas Vieira, arrived at New Bedford, Monday, after a successful sixteen months' voyage in the north and south Atlantic ocean, with 1200 barrels of sperm oil. The Canton had a very fortunate voyage and did not see a single whale which was not caught. Since leaving New Bedford on April 12, 1905, she has taken about 2800 barrels of sperm oil, 1600 barrels of which were sent home during the voyage. The whaler did not have a case of sickness on board during the entire voyage.

Obituary.—Capt. Shubael Clark, who died in Boston last week while on a temporary visit there, was widely known not only here in his native town but also in New Bedford and other whaling ports. He had served with honor and success through a long career of active service in his profession, commanding among others the ships John Adams and Edward of this port, and ships Moss, Emily Morgan, Ploughboy and Kensington, all of New Bedford. He has enjoyed more than twenty years of rest since his retirement from the sea, and at the time of his death, which occured after only a short illness, was nearly eighty years of age. 1880

to Ship Louisiana

THE ROAD UP TO "SUNSET HILL" AND THE "OLDEST HOUSE"

"AULD LANG SYNE" IN 'SCONSET. Photo by Dorothy Webster

Loss of the Daniel Webster.—The San Francisco *Examiner* has the following:

Capt. Gifford, late master of bark Daniel Webster, of New Bedford, before reported wrecked in the Arctic, and his brother, E. G. Gifford, first officer, have arrived at San Francisco in schooner R. B. Handy. It appears that when the Daniel Webster was about midway between Icy Cape and Point Barrow, an opening in the ice pack was seen toward the north. Observing this open water, and following in the wake of the Eliza and the Abram Barker, Capt. Gifford decided on attempting to reach the open water on the north side of the ice pack, off the coast of Wrangell Land, where the Corwin succeeded in reaching a short time afterward. The two leading vessels went far enough to discover that they were in a crevasse, or gap, which had closed at the northern end, and was gradually closing in all around. They turned and made a run back for open water, and must have passed the Daniel Webster in a fog, as they got past her on their return trip unobserved, and the Webster went on to destruction. About the second of July the Webster became entangled in moving ice, and both anchors were dropped, but failed to take hold. The ice was moving northwesterly, and the Webster was drifting helplessly with the pack. When about opposite Point Barrow, and about eighteen miles off shore, the ice closed in on the helpless vessel in immense blocks of sixty to seventy-five feet thick, and crushed her like an eggshell, so that she became a total wreck in a few minutes. The natives, observing the critical situation of the vessel, soon made their way to her over the ice, and as Capt. Gifford and his crew threw out a portion of the ship's stores and movable property on the ice, the natives took possession of them. The captain saved his quadrant, chronometer, a large amount of provisions and two boats. The crew took the two boats to Point Barrow, which place they reached after great labor and difficulty. The natives took possession of all the stores, but gave Capt. Gifford a small amount on arriving at Point Barrow, but the crew were obliged to live on walrus. After consultation, Capt. Gifford, with twenty-two men, finally decided to go down the coast with one of the whaleboats, and Mr. Kerrigan, one of the mates, and four men, decided that they would remain with the other whaleboat, and take their chances of life with the natives at Point Barrow. Capt. Gifford's party suffered fearfully on their trip down the coast. They kept their boat in the water when they could, and at other times pushed it over the ice. At last they were obliged to abandon the whaleboat, and endeavored to make their way by walking and wading. When they reached a shallow strip of water they were obliged to plunge into the ice-cold stream and either wade or swim across, and having neither wood nor fuel for fire, they suffered fearfully of cold in their wet clothing. At last the men became so weary and disgusted that they all deserted the captain, except his brother. The crew started back to Point Barrow, preferring to take a certainty of life on walrus and bear meat to an uncertain chance of finding the whale fleet, and prospect of death by starvation. They had made about sixty or seventy miles from Point Barrow when the crew resolved to retrace their weary steps, and the whaling fleet was anchored about fifty miles farther down the coast. Capt. Gifford and mate bravely assumed the risk of reaching the fleet, and finally came in sight of the steam whaler Belvedere. Some natives volunteered to take the wearied and half-famished men to the ship, where they were kindly received and cared for, and finally were transferred to the schooner R. B. Handy, just about to start home, on which vessel they came to San Francisco. The crew were finally picked up by the whaling fleet.

1881

☞ Ship Daniel Webster reported as having been recently crushed in the ice near Point Barrow, was one of our old Nantucket whalers, having been built for Jared Coffin and others in 1838, and was commanded on her first voyage by the late Capt. Joseph Plaskett. She went several sperm whaling voyages from this port and was sold to New Bedford about 1857, since which time she has seen hard service in icy latitudes both on the Atlantic and Pacific sides of the continent, having made some voyages to the Greenland seas. 1881

OLD REMINISCENCES.

We chanced the other evening to be sitting within hearing of two very ancient mariners who had just then met after a long interval, and were calling up old memories of queer episodes in their young lives and entertaining each other with tales of moving accidents by flood and field, their mental retrospection reaching back for more than three-score years to gather up the details.

Both these octogenarians had hunted whales in those distant days, and both had been California adventurers in their later prime. As they compared notes they grew more animated, and as their vocal organs had stood the wear of time much better than their senses of hearing, the listener had no difficulty in getting the full benefit of their experiences.

It appeared that the two had once upon a time been shipmates, though the fact had been forgotten until some casual remark had brought it to light. They run over the crew list, calling the names of many who can never respond to any earthly summons, and decided that they two were the only surviving heroes of a "mutiny on board the good brig Dianny."

The Diana, it appears, was bound on a whaling cruise, on and about the shoals, hoping to capture a humpback or two, and had a number of old salts among her crew, with a sprinkling of boys also. After she got outside, and had made an offing of a few miles, it was discovered upon overhauling the commissariat that there was no oil on board wherewith to feed the binnacle light. It was decided to run in under Great Point, and anchor as the shades of night drew on, hoping they might catch a shark to furnish a supply of oil. A shark was soon hooked, harpooned and taken on board, and the liver, having been cut out, was thrown into a tub and left standing on deck. The anchor watch was set, and a jolly night was made of it, for, although like the foolish virgins, they had no oil for their lamps, the supply of old Jamaica or Medford had not been forgotten. The younger of our two old friends related how he being a mere lad at the time, was ordered by the boatsteerer to pull the strap-tub to the side and throw the shark's liver overboard. Surprised at this order, he demurred a little, but as he dared not disobey the officer of the watch, overboard went the liver. When the old skipper came up in the morning, he was powerless to find out what had become of that oily treasure, and upon giving the order to man the windlass and get under weigh, was coolly informed by his subordinate officers that they had decided not to go to sea any further at present. The old man stormed at first, and declared that such conduct was rank mutiny, and no doubt it was, but as the half-tipsy mariners signified their intentions of taking the boat, landing on the Point, and making their way to town on foot, he yielded to their first demand as a choice of evils, and the Diana crept back ignominiously to her port of departure. With a new crew and outfit, she started out again on a more successful voyage, and this time it is to be hoped the binnacle oil was not forgotten.

The story of the mutiny had in itself nothing very wonderful or thrilling, but there was something contagious in the merriment of the two old mariners as they recalled all the circumstances, and the enjoyment of the listener was scarcely less than their own.

A new order of things has taken the place of the old, but we cannot help cherishing a kind of loving pride in each one of these sturdy old circumnavigators, connecting links with our past history, who can spin us yarns about storms, savages and coral reefs, shipwrecks and mutinies, until we are constrained to feel like Desdemona, that we must "love him for the danger he has passed." 1885

Elvira's Crew Rescued by Belvedere.

Mrs. Zadoc A. Cottle, of New Bedford, has received a letter from her brother-in-law, Stephen Cottle, of Vineyard Haven, of the steam whaler Belvedere, which is now frozen in the Arctic 10 miles off Demarkation Point, Alaska. He expresses fear that the Karluk is lost, but hopes Capt. Bartlett and his men may have reached shore. The letter is dated October 13.

"We came in here August 25," writes Capt. Cottle, "and have not been able to move since. We are about 10 miles west of Demarkation Point. The schooners Elvira and Polar Bear, of the Stefansson expedition, were with us, but were outside the Ridge and after a northwest gale were abandoned, but the Polar Bear's crew eventually brought their schooner into a place of apparent safety.

The Elvira was wrecked. We have the crew aboard. Very fortunately we have sufficient food to feed them. I see no particular reason why we cannot winter here as well as anywhere. We are well inshore, with all the ice crush several miles outside of us.

I have had a house built on the sand spit, where we have stored enough food to protect us against starvation in case of fire or accident. Dr. Anderson, with two small vessels of the Stefansson expedition, is stuck 5 miles west of us.

The Karluk was last seen about 10 miles offshore of Flaxman Island four days ahead of us. We can get no further news from them and I am very much afraid it is the last of the Karluk. We are in hopes that the crew has been able to make a place of safety to the west of us, there being so much heavy ice inshore as to make it feasible."

Capt. Cottle says two natives have brought in three saddles of deer meat cached on the hills and that one of his sleds brought in 160 trout averaging three pounds each. The natives caught 400 of them in one day and left a man and woman fishing. The natives got from three to six seals a day and there is bear, deer and seal meat in abundance and an unlimited supply of fish.

"We are very comfortable here and will probably return to Marthas Vineyard about Thanksgiving, 1914," Capt. Cottle's letter concludes. 1914

Sudden Death.—Mr. Alexander Folger was stricken down suddenly by hemorrhage last Saturday morning, and passed away the next day at an early hour, having remained unconscious since he was discovered lying in his barn early Saturday morning. Deceased in early life followed the sea, making two voyages, one being in the ship Harvest, of this port. He afterwards removed to Charlestown, Mass., where he worked at his trade, that of cooper, for the Oriental Oil Company, for a term of about twenty years, the last few years being in charge of the shop. Within a very few months he returned to Nantucket and was preparing to enjoy the fruits of his labors when stricken down. He was a genial man, and had a host of warm friends. He was a member of Bunker Hill Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Charlestown, and his funeral on Tuesday was attended by the Odd Fellows of this place, an elegant floral offering from the first-named lodge being laid upon his grave. He leaves a widow and one grown-up son. 1886

An Old Time Voyage.—Ship Emma C. Jones, Capt. Gifford, arrived at New Bedford on Friday, of last week, after an absence of 40 months in the Pacific Ocean, having taken 2500 barrels of sperm oil.

Such voyages are now getting to be very rare. A glance at the columns of the *Shipping List* shows us that of the whole whaling fleet now at sea, but twelve have taken 1000 barrels of sperm oil, and but two have taken over 1500 barrels. 1874

0 23

ounts 1880

Obituary.—Capt. Frederick A. Easton, who died on Saturday last, after long suffering, was a sailor from early boyhood (commencing to follow the sea at 14 years of age) until within a few years of his decease, and commanded the bark Peru, of this port, between the years 1855 and 1859. While first officer of ship Mary & Susan, of New Bedford, he sustained a severe fracture of the ribs in his left side, from which he never fully recovered. Since his retirement from the sea, he has served as one of the constables of this town, and has also discharged the duties of janitor of the High School building for several years.

1032

1881

That Whaler.—The whaler reported off the head of the harbor in our last, proves to have been schooner Era, of New London. She was spoken by one of the Quidnet fishermen off that village. Mr. Timothy F. Clisby, of this town, her first officer, has arrived home. Charles Lawrence, of this place, one of the crew, is detained at New London by a broken arm.

1250

1882

Going Home.—Schooner Era sailed from New London this week, for Cumberland Inlet, in command of Capt. Timothy F. Clisby, of Nantucket. The Esquimaux, "John Bull," and wife and daughter, will return to their northern home in the Era. "John Bull" was brought to New London last fall by the Era, for the purpose of testifying in the cases of C. A. Williams & Co. vs. Jonathan Bourne, recently in Boston. Mr. "Bull's" little daughter has learned to speak and read the English language and will leave for her home with considerable reluctance.

9619

A Good "Cut."—Ship Emma C. Jones of New Bedford, Capt. Gifford, is reported in our marine news columns at Talcahuano, with 2100 barrels sperm oil, having taken 1000 barrels the last cruise, all in about three months, on the "Off Shore Ground." Such a catch is very rare nowadays, and remind us of old times. 1874

A Startling Narrative

—OF A—

WHALING VOYAGE

—OF— 1877

36 Months Around Cape Horn, on Board Ship Dauphin, of Nantucket,

Containing 220 poetical stanzas, giving a correct log of the voyage, kept by Charles Murphey, 3d officer of the Dauphin, from the date of leaving Nantucket to the day of her return, embracing a full account of the incidents of the voyage,—such as capturing whales, the weather, ports visited during the cruise, the inhabitants, their manners and customs, houses, soil, etc.

Also an account of the picking up of the only two survivors of ship Essex, of Nantucket, (she having been sunk by collision by a whale,) and who had been at sea in an open boat for 90 days without proper food or nourishment, during which time a portion of the boat's crew were killed and eaten by the survivors. The book also contains numerous other exciting incidents, making it one of the most interesting works ever published. It should be in the hands of everyone, particularly those interested in the whaling business. It is published by the

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OBITUARY. 1885

Folger.—At an early hour yesterday morning life ceased with Mr. Thomas G. Folger, who has been in ill health for many months. For some time he was afflicted with a cancerous trouble, which was successfully treated. Subsequently he had a fall, from the effects of which he never recovered, and death has at last released him from suffering. In early life Mr. Folger followed the sea, his last voyage being as first officer of an eastern vessel. Retiring from the sea, he formed a copartnership about the year 1838 with his brother, Benjamin Folger, and they carried on the coal trade on the South Wharf, and subsequently at the stand at present occupied by Mr. C. C. Crosby, until about 1863, when he retired from active business. He was for a number of years president of the Nantucket Institution for Savings, which position he held during the trying time when the stay-law was on the bank. He was a marvel of precision, and was respected as a citizen of the strictest probity. His kindness has been many times felt by those in need, but the acts were always unostentatious. Mr. Folger leaves a widow and two daughters, who have the sympathy of the community in their bereavement of a faithful husband and indulgent father.

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" ✓ 17 Sundry Accounts Dr

" ✓ 122 Bills Payable pr amt p. Note to Edw. Mayfield 6

" ✓ 125 Ship Desdemona p. A. Gilmore. Pine Wood bbls. 15..

" S. Thomas & Co. bill. Casks. " " 36..

" ✓ 63 C. Heyducker for amt p. Prem. Fire Insuran

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—OF THE—

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Being an Account of

1876

THE LOSS OF SHIP ESSEX,

Which was Destroyed by a Whale in the Pacific Ocean, with the subsequent misfortunes and sufferings of the crew, by

Capt. THOS. G. NICKERSON,

ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.

Illustrated with Maps and Numerous Engravings, with an Introduction, Additions and Notes by

LEON LEWIS.

☞ By the terms of his business arrangements with Mr. Lewis, Capt. Nickerson has the sole use and benefit of all the copies of the above work he can dispose of in Nantucket. Capt. Nickerson will accordingly feel grateful to all his friends and neighbors who honor him with subscriptions. Price of the Account, handsomely bound, $2 per copy.

☞ Further particulars in further announcements.

o28—5t

Obituary. 1908

After battling with the infirmities of age for several months, David Folger was called to his fathers during the midnight hours of Sunday last and entered into the eternal rest. Another name has been stricken from the ever-lessening roll of the men who knew Nantucket in her palmy days—one who has lived an honored life, possessing the respect and reverence of his fellowmen in a marked degree. David Folger was a man who had met prosperity on the one hand with adversity on the other. He had met the former quietly and borne the latter bravely, and was a man who united sound sense with strong convictions. How much this community owes to his influence during an active life of over four score years cannot be estimated. He was a man of generous impulses, who never forgot the hospitable ways of the pioneer, and he filled the various relations of life in an honest, conscientious manner, winning the love and esteem of his townsmen by a long upright career among them.

David Folger was born in Nantucket on the 3d of September, 1820, and was of Quaker ancestry, being the son of William and Lucy Folger, and one of ten children. In his early manhood he went one voyage whaling, and shortly after his return home engaged in the cooperage business in a building which stood west of Liberty street near the junction with Pearl. In this business he was successful, but in the spring of 1861 he lost all in an incendiary fire which destroyed the building and all it contained. He subsequently engaged in coopering again in a building on Washington street, but the rapid decline of the whaling industry at that period brought no demand for this line of work, and he retired to engage in farming, which vocation he followed successfully for a number of years.

Although living a quiet life, Mr. Folger has filled several positions of trust in his native town, having served as collector of taxes and been on the board of assessors, besides being entrusted with the settlement of various estates. For a number of years he conducted an insurance business, succeeding the late Joseph B. Swain, and continuing actively engaged in the business until failing health compelled his retirement a couple of years ago.

David Folger served faithfully a long term as president of the Wannacomet Water Company, holding that position at the time of his death. He was president of the Nantucket Institution for Savings for many years, and also treasurer of the board of trustees of the Coffin School.

On the 27th of July, 1844, he was married to Lydia Maria Wilbur, and several children were born to them, all but one of whom died in infancy. His wife died several years ago, and since her death his daughter, Miss Lydia Folger, has ministered to his comfort.

Funeral services were held at his late home on Gardner street, Tuesday afternoon, the Rev. F. W. Manning, pastor of the First Congregational Church, officiating. Interment was in the family lot in Prospect Hill cemetery.

1886

THE ERA LIBEL CASE.—In the United States circuit court at Hartford, Conn., before Judge Shipman, the case of Harvey E. Burdett and John McLyster against C. A. Williams and John Spicer is on trial. The plaintiffs were members of the crew of schooner Era, Capt. Timothy F. Clisby, and shipped at New London, October 10, 1884, for a whaling voyage to the Arctic. The defendants represent the owners of the schooner. The suit now pending is a test case, the crew of the Era seeking to recover from the owners for alleged violations of the articles of agreement. These, it is claimed, guaranteed that the men, instead of the regular winter's lay, were to receive $25 per month and the cruise would be off the coast of British America to last about six months, and that the object of the trip was not to fish, but to take supplies to the company's station, and return with the oil and bone taken during the preceding six months. The cruise, however, lasted over a year, the Era returning to New London on November 26, 1885. While in the Arctic the crew suffered from scurvy, and seek to prove that the disease was caused by short rations, want of medicine and improper care. The evidence showed that they were compelled to eat raw seal meat and drink the blood against their will. Captain Spicer testified that the vessel was provisioned for seventeen months, and the seal meat and blood was given as a preventive or curative diet for the scurvy. He also said this kind of food was considered a luxury in high latitudes. The pending suit is for $1875 damages, but if it is decided in favor of the plaintiffs, twenty-five other suits will grow out of it.

The evidence in the case is of the most conflicting character. Captains Spicer's and Clisby's versions of the articles of agreement and the details of the voyage to Hudson's bay differ in every essential point with that given by the sailors, and the decision must consequently turn on a question of the veracity of the witnesses. The New Haven *Register*, after summing up the case, says:

> The fact remains, after both sides of the story are told, that the men of the Era have received for their fourteen and a-half months of work only what was paid them in advance, and their shares in a single whale. Whether Judge Shipman will find true their story that it wasn't a whaling voyage, or will believe Capt. Clisby that it was, will appear only in his decision. The case will turn on a question of veracity.

James C. Dunham died last Saturday at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. George Huxford, at Chappaquiddic, in his eighty-fourth year. Mr. Dunham was for many years a resident of Tuckernuck, and will be greatly missed by surviving relatives and friends. He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. George Huxford; a son, Arthur P. Dunham, of Tuckernuck; two brothers, Isaac P. Dunham and Robert K. Dunham of Tuckernuck, and nine grandchildren. The funeral was held Tuesday from the house of Mrs. I. P. Dunham, and interment was in Prospect Hill cemetery.

LOSS OF A NEW LONDON WHALING SCHOONER.—Capt. Henry H. Fish, of schooner James Ford of West Dennis, from Boston, bound coaling, arrived at Bass River, Sunday last, with ten of the crew of whaling schooner Delia Hodgkins, of New London, which he picked up in a boat Saturday night, five miles east of Pollock Rip Lightship. The report of Capt. L. S. Miner, of the Delia Hodgkins, says he took a squall Friday night when within hearing distance of the steam whistle of Pollock Rip Lightship, Nantucket shoals, in which the vessel capsized and sunk. The crew, 15 in number, had barely time to get into the long-boat. They pulled all night without any progress. After being in the boat 24 hours without food and proper clothing the mate and four men died from exhaustion and fright, and were thrown overboard. She had been out since last May, was from Davis Strait, bound in with 170 barrels oil and 1400 pounds whalebone. The mate was a nephew of the captain, and belonged in New London. The crew were mostly New Yorkers. 1881

Veteran Skipper Makes Last Port. 1917

From the San Francisco Chronicle, Dec. 27.

"Thar she blows!" will sound no more from the crow's nest aloft for Captain Charles H. Foley, one of the last of the old New Bedford whaler masters. Captain Foley, for nearly half a century a leader among the hardy men who laughed at danger and hardship far "north o' 53" in their quest for mammals of the icy waters, has sailed on his final voyage. He died of dysentery at Iquique, Chile, last Sunday, according to advices received by the marine department of the Chamber of Commerce.

The veteran whaling skipper left here last June in the barkentine Thrasher for Newcastle, accompanied by his wife, who sailed with him on many a voyage. Leaving Mrs. Foley at the Australian port, Captain Foley squared away for the west coast to load a cargo of nitrate for home, and it was at Iquique he was stricken. Mrs. Foley is aboard the steamer Moana, which is due Friday from New Zealand. Besides his wife, Captain Foley leaves a son, Charles E. Foley, teller in the Anglo-London-Paris National Bank, and former star tennis player.

In the palmy days of the whaling industry, when bone was worth $15 a pound and more, Captain Foley made many profitable voyages into the Arctic. He was one of the picturesque figures of that period, and his name was known from Point Barrow to Cape Horn.

Weather fair or foul found Captain Foley the same. And he never came back from an adventurous voyage but what he had a good story for "the boys on the front." That lusty fare-ye-well he was wont to bellow as he sailed away for the Arctic circle, and the cheery greeting that always boomed over the rail as he swung his command at anchor in home waters, will be missed by those who knew this true follower of the sea on deck and beach.

Rowland Folger Dead. 1908

Rowland Folger, aged 85 years and 15 days, died at his home in Milford, last week, after an illness of four days, from old age.

Mr. Folger was born in Nantucket, Nov. 23, 1823, son of Rowland and Eliza (Luce) Folger, being a lineal descendant of John Folger of Norwich, England, who settled in Marthas Vineyard in 1644, went to Nantucket in 1662, and was grandfather of Benjamin Franklin. He went whaling while young and met with many adventures.

Upon returning from his adventures at sea, Mr. Folger was married to Hepsebeth A. Chase, daughter of Francis and Bethana Chase of Harwich, and who died in Milford seven years ago, after a married life of more that 50 years. Becoming imbued with the gold fever in 1849, Mr. Folger left Nantucket, January 1 of that year, on the whaling bark Aurora, and arrived in San Francisco, July 2, 1849. For two months he remained there and was engaged as a carpenter.

Leaving San Francisco he went to the placer diggings at Morgan's Bar, Tuolumne river, in company with other men from Nantucket, who succeeded in diverting the river to get the gold from the river bed. In 1863 he established a shop in the Masonic block on Main street, Milford, and during the later years of his life was engaged as a mechanic in repair work of all kinds. His labors were continued until Friday, when he became ill.

Mr. Folger was one of the charter members of Ogbneta tribe, I.O.R.M., serving in all the offices within the lodge, and also as district deputy for the great Sachem of Massachusetts Council.

Mr. Reuben P. Folger, who died on Wednesday morning, was 72 years of age, and was widely known and esteemed, both at home and abroad. He made several sea voyages in early life, but afterwards followed the profession of a wheelwright, and since the tide of summer travel set hitherward he has for several years been the proprietor of a well-kept and popular boarding house which was generally well filled with guests during the season. He was a man of very genial and social manners, with a ready fund of humor and anecdote, winning the good will of all with whom he came in contact. He always took a lively interest in public affairs, has several times represented our town in the State Legislature, and was a member of the board of Selectmen for several years, and filled a long term of service on the School Board, as well as other places of trust and honor. He also has been twice married, and leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter. 1880

OBITUARY.

FOLGER.—Death released from painful illness last Thursday one of our venerable and most esteemed citizens, Mr. Franklin Folger, who had attained the great age of four-score years. Mr. Folger's early life was spent on the sea, and he was one of two survivors of the apprentice ship Clio, which was fitted out by Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin for the instruction of descendants of the Coffin family of Nantucket in seamanship. The sole survivor of that crew of boys is our esteemed townsman Andrew J. Morton, Esq. Mr. Folger followed the bent of most boys of his time and entered the whaling service. During the early California gold fever he went to San Francisco, and after many years' service there in mercantile pursuits, returned to his home and family and has since lived in retired life. A man of bluff exterior was Mr. Folger, but behind this beat as warm and tender a heart as ever throbbed in human breast, and his sterling character made him esteemed by his fellow men. He leaves a widow and one son, to whom our warmest, deepest sympathy is extended in their hour of affliction.

Obituary.

The death of Washington I. Fisher on Saturday of last week removed from our community one of its most sterling citizens, whose active life has always been of an exemplary character. He was the son of the late Mr. William R. Fisher, and spent the earlier years of his life at Maddequet. At the age of 14 he sailed upon a whaling voyage and passed eight years of his life in the whaling business. Retiring from the sea, he married Augustina Baker, daughter of Capt. Charles Baker of Providence, and engaged in farming and fishing at Maddequet, where he acquired considerable landed estate, and took an interest in the general welfare of his native island. He was a good neighbor, a kind-hearted citizen and a loyal friend. His widow, two daughters and three sons survive him, for whom those who knew Mr. Fisher best will extend sincere condolences. 1904

OBITUARY.—Capt. John Gardner, who died on Saturday last, was, in his youth, one of our most active and daring whalemen. When only twenty-two years of age he sailed as first officer with Captain William B. Cash in the Harvest of this port, and on his return took command of the same ship. After a successful voyage in her, he sailed in the new ship Niphon, in 1844, but this voyage was not so prosperous, and his health failing he left the ship at the Sandwich Islands and returned home. For some years after giving up the sea he did a small flour and grain business in the store corner of Main street and Cross wharf, but for the past twenty years or more he has lived in a quiet and retired way upon his income, occupying his own house all alone, and there enjoying life in his own somewhat eccentric way. His house and grounds were models of order and neatness, and his habit of life exceedingly regular and abstemious. He was never married, but leaves a brother and several nephews and nieces. 1881

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32

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5932

592

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810

210

The Globe Mutiny

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AND CYRUS M. HUSSEY,
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cents

1900

☞ In default of better employment we spent an hour or two the other day re-perusing the strange story of the mutiny on board the ship Globe, of Nantucket, in the year 1824. We must plead guilty to having become much interested in the narrative, which was written by two of the crew of the ship, William Lay of Newport and Cyrus M. Hussey of this town, and published soon after their arrival home after a captivity of nearly two years on the Mulgrave Islands. Now, we remember to have read some thirty years ago a book giving a history of this sad tragedy together with a biography of Samuel Comstock, the ringleader and master-spirit of the mutiny. The book to which we refer was written by William Comstock, a brother of Samuel. He was a man of considerable literary talent, was, up to within a few years, a writer of stories for papers and magazines, and may perhaps still be living. We are curious to know if anyone among our readers has a copy of the book mentioned, and would let us have access to it. Its title was something like "The Young Mutineer," though we do not remember exactly, and it was illustrated with a rude frontispiece, representing the death of Samuel Comstock at the hands of Payne and Oliver, his companions in guilt. If no copy of the work is now within reach, can any of our readers tell us the present address of the author, William Comstock, if he be still living? There are many of our townspeople still living who remember the Comstock family, and some who attended a school taught by Nathan Comstock, who was the father of Samuel, George and William. 1880

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

MESSRS. EDITORS :—I notice a mistake in your article on the "Bark Globe." The ship Globe (afterwards a bark) sailed from this port in December, 1815, and not 1822 as your article imports, in command of Captain George Washington Gardner, who made three voyages in her, landing rising 6000 barrels of sperm oil, and all accomplished with the same cables and anchors. This was noteworthy, from the fact that ships rarely, if ever, performed three Pacific ocean voyages without having at least one new cable. All of our ships of that day had hemp cables. The ship George on her third voyage, and sailing in November, 1821, had one chain cable, which, I think, was the first ship from this port that had one. Capt. Thomas Worth, who commanded the Globe on her fourth voyage, commenced his sea-life in her, advancing, if I remember correctly, from seaman to second mate, then mate, and finally met his sad fate, when master, on his fourth voyage. Capt. Worth came from a counting-room in Boston, when he joined the Globe, and was a young man of rare accomplishments. Well do I remember his fine personal appearance, and gentlemanly manners.

W. R. E.

1875

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

MESSRS. EDITORS :—The item in your last issue concerning the old ship Globe, needs some correction. The Globe was not a new ship at the time of the mutiny, as therein stated, but had previously made at least three voyages to the Pacific Ocean under command of Capt. George W. Gardner. She was, I think, the first whaler that cruised on what has since been known as the "Off-Shore Ground." She made another whaling voyage after the one made famous by the mutiny, and finally sailed in 1828, on a trading voyage, under command of Capt. George Macy, and was sold by him I think in Baltimore. I know not what evidence there may be to settle the question, but is it quite certain that the bark Globe now mentioned at San Francisco is the same vessel that formerly belonged to Nantucket? There have been, at least, two whalers of the same name sailing from New Bedford, one of them, a bark, which may be the vessel in question, the other a much larger ship which was lost in the Arctic in the Autumn of 1851.

QUERIST.

The "Globe." 1875

Her Voyages as a Whaler from this Port—She was Broken up at Santos—The report that the Globe on the Sacramento River, Cal., is the Old Nantucket Whaler untrue.

The reports in several of the leading San Francisco papers relative to the purchase of the bark Globe by a gentleman of that city, and the statement that she was the Globe of mutiny fame formerly of this port, led us into error last week, together with a number of our eastern exchanges. In our community are many who are well acquainted with the history of the Nantucket Globe, and from them and journals kept by former ship owners here, we have gained information which clearly shows that the bark on the Sacramento river is not the old whaler of this port. In our own comments upon the vessel we made several errors which we correct herewith. The Globe (new) sailed on her first voyage from here to the Pacific Ocean, October 24, 1815, under command of Capt. George W. Gardner. She registered 293 tons. She arrived home January 1, 1818, with 1890 barrels sperm and 125 barrels whale oil, being the first ship which brought in over 2,000 barrels of oil. She sailed again March 3, 1818, same master, and arrived May 29, 1820. Capt. Gardner took her again for his third voyage, sailing August 9th, 1820, and arriving home May 3, 1822. The next voyage was the one of the mutiny, where the captain and his officers were killed by the mutineers and the vessel taken to the Mulgrave islands. She sailed from here December 20, 1822, Thomas Worth, master. On the 26th of January, 1824, the mutiny occurred. The vessel was brought back here November 24, 1824. She was purchased on her return by Jared Coffin for $3,500, who sent her out on another voyage, under command of Capt. Reuben Swain, 2d. She sailed June 13, 1825, and arrived May —, 1828, with 2,105 barrels sperm oil. This was her last voyage as a whaler, for on her return she was sold to Capt. George Macy for $5,000, who used her in the South American trade. She was again sold, and finally broken up at Santos, S. A. A gentleman in town informs us that he remembers the Globe on the Sacramento river, well, being in California at the time, and that she was a sugar bark, formerly belonging to Damariscotta, Me., or a neighboring port. We make our report relative to the breaking up of the Globe from his statement, also, it being undoubtedly correct.

For the Inquirer and Mirror. 1873

A little more History from the veteran Capt. Edmund Gardner.

"Since I wrote a note to thee on affairs that had transpired on my native isle, some few things have been fresh in my mind and I think they are worth saving, and if not, they are easily burned, which will be a quietus. I will now mention what I had from B. F. Folger. Being near the house of Obadiah Folger, some repairs were being made. Franklin told me the house was his Great Grandfather's, Eleazer Folger; it then descended to Barzillai. While in the occupancy of Eleazer he kept, probably, the first tavern ever established on the island. Easter, a maiden daughter, was uncivilly treated by a sojourner, which so incensed the father, that he cut the sign post down, and never more kept a tavern. At the time Franklin gave me the foregoing facts, the sign was in the attic of the house occupied by Obadiah Folger. When Barzillai Folger, senior, died, the house descended to Obadiah and his sister Eliza, and they occupied it all of my boyhood, and as long as they lived. I am now told that it is occupied as a summer residence. This Folger family was a very remarka ble one. Some thirty years since, or more, a doctor from some interior town, wrote to Dr. Bartlett of this place, making the inquiry, "if sailors lived as long as others." The Dr. called on me and showed me the letter. I wrote my brother, Charles Gardner of Nantucket, desiring him to make inquiry as to the early business of Walter Folger, Sr., Barzillai Folger, Gilbert Folger, Tristram Folger and Obadiah Folger. I was personally acquainted with them all. My brother made the inquiry, and informed me that they were all mechanics, all followed the sea, and were all ship masters, and their average age was 82 years. When I showed the account to the Dr. he thought that would settle the question. I then informed him that my father was a mechanic, and followed the sea until the revolution commenced, but never went more; lived till near 94 years of age, which goes to establish the fact, that seafaring men that pursue a strictly temperate life in all things, live as long as others, or landsmen. Two men that have been sailors with me are now living, one 84, and the other more than 80." We presume the latter to be George Swain Esq., who is 82, well and hearty; was with Capt. Gardner in the ship Winslow of New Bedford, and sailed for the Pacific Ocean in 1815; may he live a thousand years. "But," says Capt. Gardner, "Jack-tar sailors are short lived; being much exposed to dissipation, and careless of themselves. My father made me a visit in 1828; he was then 92 years old, had not been off the island of Nantucket for 54 years. When last in New Bedford there were two houses, and the third building. In 1807 I sailed in ship Union; at that time there were forty-eight ships (and to that year had never lost one) and that year four were lost, being one-twelfth of the ships belonging to the island, the Commerce, Cato, Union, and the name of the other has escaped my recollection. My items may not be worth preserving, but they are easily disposed of."

From thy friend and still a Nantucketer,

EDMUND GARDNER.

We can assure the captain that all such matters, which relate to, and are indeed a part of the history of his native isle, as he has, at different times communicated, are very interesting to Nantucketers at least.

W. R. E.

In Memoriam.

Mrs Elizabeth Howland Gardner. Born October 18th, 1810. Died June 2nd, 1909.

The older residents of the island will look back in a long retrospect upon this life which has just closed its last earthly chapter. Those who made the history of Nantucket of the older time are fast departing; soon the Nantucket of Quaker days will be but a memory—a tradition to be treasured and bequeathed to future generations.

1909

In the early morning of Wednesday, June 2d, Mrs. Elizabeth Howland Gardner passed peacefully away at her home on Federal street. Mrs. Gardner lacked but little more than sixteen months of completing a lifetime of a century, and for several years it was her pride that she was the oldest resident on the island.

She was born in Nantucket, of Quaker ancestry, the daughter of the late Reuben and Lydia Swain, and was the widow of Capt. Francis M. Gardner, to whom she was married in the old Quaker meeting house on Fair street. Mrs. Gardner sailed with her husband on two whaling voyages, and had many interesting reminiscences to relate of their sea-faring experiences.

She was a most kindly and generous character, and bore with remarkable cheerfulness and fortitude the increasing infirmities imposed by the weight of years. Sight and hearing had long failed her, yet to the last her mental powers remained.

To her daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Rickerson, whose constant and devoted care sustained and comforted her mother during many years of enfeebled health, to whom the severance of a tie strengthened by long companionship brings a peculiar poignancy, the sympathy of her many friends is given in full measure.

For the mother whose memory is tenderly cherished, none can regret that she has passed beyond the vale of shadows into the brightness of the Eternal Light.

"Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light."

M. Ella Mann.

OBITUARY. 1896

GARDNER.—It is with genuine sorrow that we are called upon, this week, to chronicle the death of Capt. George W. Gardner, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Benj. F. Russell, Concord Junction, Mass.

Capt. Gardner was born in Nantucket on the thirteenth of September, 1809, and was the oldest son of George W. and Lydia C. Gardner. At the early age of thirteen, like so many of the boys of those days, he went to sea on board his father's vessel, and made with him, two whaling voyages. By successive stages he rose rapidly, until at the early age of twenty-seven years, he commanded the ship Mariner. Afterwards he took command of the Nantucket and the Narragansett, and was a remarkably successful captain, always returning with a rich cargo of oil. For twenty-six years he followed the sea. Meanwhile he had married Rebecca F. Drew, also of Nantucket. To them were born six children, four of whom died in infancy. Those who survive him are Mrs. Benj. F. Russell, and Mrs. Lydia C. Bailey, of Hutchinson, Kansas. For twenty years following his life at sea, he was the trusted agent of the Harlem Railroad at Purdys and Bedford Station, New York. The later years of his life were spent pleasantly and usefully at Concord Junction, where he was known and loved by all, both young and old.

It would be impossible to have found a man more scrupulously honorable in every relation of life. Nothing that concerned absolute fairness in any dealing was too trivial to merit his attention. In conversation he was unusually interesting, and possessed the rare faculty of always giving a reply directly to the point, and of never repeating himself. Moreover, he never said what he did not honestly believe, so that people came to value his opinions as being wholly genuine as well as keen and sound. No man ever attended more strictly to his own affairs, while still taking a large interest in the world in general. After retiring from business, his whole life seemed to be centred in his efforts to help in a thousand kindly ways, his wife and all those about him, until it is not to be wondered at that he came to be loved and respected by all. Few men have been granted a happier married life than was he.

December thirtieth, 1896, would have been the sixty-fifth anniversary of his marriage. His wife, eighty-four years of age, survives him, patient, strong and sweet in her great affliction.

By his death, Nantucket loses one of her old time sea-captains—a race of men keen, hardy, generous and noble-hearted.

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Correspondence of The Inquirer and Mirror.

BARK GAY HEAD, Honolulu, H. I.,
Nov. 17th, 1896.
1896

Mr. Editor:

After an uneventful passage of twenty-one days, arrived here on the 15th inst., from Fox Islands. We cruised in Behring Sea for right whales, but had such a succession of heavy gales that it was impracticable to lower boats, and eventually became so bad that the boats were in constant danger of being swept away, in which event we would have been compelled to return home, thereby entailing a great deal of expense and spoiling our voyage. These heavy northwest winds, acting on the shallow waters of the Behring Sea, raise a terrific, short, uneven sea that is extremely hazardous. Three years ago the bark Mars lost her boats, and was thrown on her beam-ends, but providentially righted in time to escape total loss. They had cut the lanyards of the lower rigging but luckily the masts refused to go, and so they were enabled to make sail when she righted and so escape. One season the Hunter lost boats and one-half of the men in the watch on deck; the Norwhal, steamer, lost boats and men; Orca, steamer, the same. In fine, if the fleet passes through the Sea without serious mishap, we consider ourselves fortunate.

Coming through "72 Pass" we sighted the spot where the ill-fated James Allen was cast away. Her crew were compelled to resort to cannibalism to sustain life. A "Clarke Russell" would find abundance of material in whaling annals of that part of the world for many a weird and thrilling tale.

My wife has been very ill for some time, and I am compelled to send her ashore here for medical advice. She has been more or less of an invalid for several years, and it was with the hope of benefiting her health that I was constrained to take her this voyage. For some time she steadily improved, but one night, whilst bucking ice, she was awakened by an extra heavy shock, and so frightened that it has had, I am afraid, a very serious effect on her nervous system. You can imagine that all this has not served to lighten the burden which a faithful performance of a shipmaster's, and particularly a whale-ship master's duties impose on one. My boy has made satisfactory progress in his studies, and the trip has been of great benefit to him mentally and physically. It is with regret that I must send them home, but one seldom has what one desires most in this life, and must hope for the best.

My mate, Mr. Jos. W. Gardner, of Woods Hole, leaves me here as his time expires. Having been prepared for such a contingency, I have simply to raise my officers one step, and so am not compelled to engage a new man. Mr. Gardner has done fairly well, as we have about 5500 lbs. of whalebone and about 375 bbls. of whale oil.

The steamer Australia, from 'Frisco arrived today with the news of the election of Gov. McKinley to the Presidency, but as we confidently expected it, it has excited no surprise, but considerable enthusiasm, for nineteen-twentieths of the white residents here are Americans or of American parentage, and most of the capital of the country is under their control. The feeling here is peculiar, for, although they are well aware of the protection policy of McKinley and the Republican party, they obtained the reciprocity treaty from a similar administration, and they do not despair of obtaining some substantial benefits and ultimately their great dream "Annexation!" Under the reciprocity treaty the islands prospered to an unheard of degree, and were enabled to build as fine, if not the finest sugar mills in existence, and to equip magnificent plantations. Every other interest was laid aside for sugar, and the profits were so enormous that stock in some plantations advanced in price to many times its face value. They understood their own interests, however, and most of their expensive mill machinery came from Germany and even the telephones were mostly imported from Belgium. Their understanding of reciprocity was pretty one-sided. On the passage of the famous McKinley bill, reciprocity became a dream of the past, and as they had then to enter into a competition with other countries, the great profits were no longer to be had, but by annexation the sugar bounty paid to American producers could be obtained, and so came the revolution that resulted in the overthrow of Liliuokalani's government and the great exertions made for that end, annexation. Leaving sentiment aside, and looking at the situation here from a plain, matter-of-fact standpoint, it looks to me like this: Here is a group of islands controlled by a comparatively small number of men; an alien population, the great bulk of whom, outnumbering the natives nearly two to one, consists of Chinese, Japanese, South Sea Islanders, and what not, working for wages ranging from $10 to $18 per month, without board; working under a contract system that is akin to slavery, and whom the experience of California has shown to be not assimilative but in everything highly undesirable. And even at the present rate of wages, plantation owners are continually complaining that rates are too high. With the exception of a thirty-mile road to the volcano on Hawaii, there is not a single good road anywhere. In many places nothing can be grown except by irrigation (want of water is the most serious question in some places) and the construction of dams, conduits, etc., would entail great expense. To fortify the islands in anything like a business manner would cost so much that one's head would swim looking at the figures. These are a few of the drawbacks. Now for the other side. We would possess a country with a beautiful climate and an unrivalled production, to the acre, of sugar. Whose coffee, the raising of which is only in its infancy is rivalled only by Mocha; a magnificent harbor for a coaling station; and of course we would have an addition to our home market for certain articles. But when one knows that the Chinese, Japs, etc., import their own clothing and food, why that is reduced to a minimum, especially as the whole population numbers less than one hundred thousand.

I remember the last Presidential election held in the States, that the Americans here took a ballot to find the concensus of opinion among themselves, Cleveland received nearly six to one. Last week, I understand, that McKinley would have received a large majority if this was a part of the Union. This same McKinley, being the author of the bill that destroyed "reciprocity," was at that time the most abused and maligned individual of whom I have ever heard. These people must have suffered an entire change of heart or learned that "silence is golden" and to "worship the rising sun"—a sure road to success. They have many able men amongst them, and will work every ruse under heaven to obtain their ends; and from the sentiment in the States I think it is only a question of time when they will succeed; but when that does come, I trust that we will not find that we have purchased a white elephant.

From here we proceed to Guajan, Ladrone Islands, in search of sperm whales, arriving about March, and from there to Kodiak again.

Hoping that you are well and prosperous and that this imperfect and hurried view of the "Hawaiian situation" will not fatigue you, I am,

Yours Sincerely,
CHAS. H. FOLEY.

[Correspondence of The Inqu'rer and Mirror.]

BARK GAY HEAD,
Indian Point, Oct. 10th, 1896.

Mr. Editor:

Since my last to you from Pt. Hope, we have been cruising among the ice in the Arctic, and have caught one bowhead. The season has not been a very successful one, as the ice-pack was split by northeast winds, leaving so many holes, which no one, not even the steamers, could reach, that we sailing vessels did not have many opportunities of finding "still" whales. We sighted and lowered for a large number. One or two days as many as 30 could be seen from the vessel, but the effect of the steamers upon them has been such that they will not be still in open water, but travel at great speed until they reach the pack ice. When we caught our whale, we were in heavy ice, and our prospects were very good, but that evening a severe gale set in and drove us out. It lasted four days and so dispersed the ice over the ocean in large masses that one could go nowhere without encountering it. We lost one fine large cow, after striking her calf, which, if we had saved, would have made a fair season's work for us.

The "Horatio" and "Mermaid" have one each, but the other sailing vessels are empty. Steamers Bowhead had five when we left; Norwhal, three; Thrasher one; Jeannette and Karluk, steam brigs, none; Belvedere, none.

There was considerable uneasiness concerning the Grampus and Balaena, during the early part of the season, as they wintered in Bank's Land, and had not been seen or heard of, but they turned up O. K. (Grampus with ten whales) and returned to winter at Herschel Island; Balaena with ten, and one more since, but going home. They had a hard time, and lost several men from disease and frost, and the Balaena had a tragedy, the second mate having been shot and killed by the third officer. At Herschel Island, also, there has been much trouble. It seems that the Alaska "gold fever" had reached them, and a number of men broke into the store rooms, seizing provisions, rifles, ammunition, etc., and started for the Yukon. Some froze to death, others were captured, and a few reached the goal. One man, Donovan, was killed whilst in the act of shooting at the officers, and another was badly wounded. To protect the stores, a "dead-line" had to be established.

We found ice all the way down to this point, not in cakes, but in heavy masses, and today passed through a very heavy strip. From here, where we stop to send mail, we proceed to Honolulu and thence to the Ladrones, and will write you a longer letter from one or other of these places.

It is my opinion that the whaling at Herschel Island will be stopped by the British, as their missionaries are complaining bitterly of the evil effects of liquor traded to the natives.

As far as sailing vessels are concerned, I believe that they are out of date, as they cannot venture into heavy ice in the latter part of the year, and are generally useless here, compared with the steamers. If there were no steamers to frighten whales, sailing vessels might have a chance, but as it is, if one of the steamers is in sight and steaming, no whale will stop within sound of her machinery.

The stations ashore also do much to hurt the business, as they destroy so many to get one. There is a belief here that for one saved by stations 30 are lost, as they must be killed outright by bombs or they will get under the ice and of course be lost. One season here, Kelley, at Pt. Barrow, is said to have bombed two hundred and fifty and saved none.

Every one is well on this vessel, and my family are in much better health.

Sincerely Yours,
CHAS. H. FOLEY.

on the above to 7/2

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

BARK GAY HEAD,
POINT HOPE, Aug. 19, 1896.

Mr. Editor:

We have had remarkably quick despatch from Ounalaska. Arriving on the 1st and not starting work until the 3d inst., we went to sea on the 6th, having taken in water, stores, ballast, etc., and having had to break out the entire lower hold, as she was not in good trim since leaving San Francisco. It has taken thirty tons of rock to trim ship to suit me, and now I am very well pleased with her.

All the work was done without a single mishap or a solitary case of desertion, and this in a port where sealers were offering $25 per month and fifty cents per skin per man, and none to be had. You know that such a temptation to men on whale-ships is almost irresistible, and I fancy that it speaks well for the harmony existing here to come out as we have. The people ashore were very hospitable to us, and it was with a feeling of almost regret that we left a spot whose reputation has been anything but good in regard to entertaining strangers.

I made application to Capt. Hooper, commander of the station, for a tow, as the prevailing winds were adverse and light and the weather foggy; besides our season was far advanced. Expecting a refusal, I was most agreeably surprised at the courteous manner of that gentleman and Capt. Roberts, of the "Rush," who, by the way, is an eastern man. We exchanged visits, and the "Rush" being on her way to patrol the sealing grounds, towed us twenty miles to sea.

On the very next day we caught a right whale that yielded 1400 pounds of bone and 100 barrels of oil, making our total catch this season so far 3700 pounds bone and 275 barrels whale oil—not bad when one considers how the whales have acted in late years. It requires rare judgment to find them and no mean degree of skill to kill them when found. Why, the first one we captured compelled us to pull up to him with oars, a thing unheard of. Sealers are so numerous in Behring Sea that they keep the whale constantly on the move, and he is ten times more watchful and timid than usual; for, although the largest, he is also the most timid of animals, though he fights fiercely enough when struck. In addition to this, the weather at this season is bad—rain, wind and heavy fog—so that a clear day is exceptional, and without that whaling is almost impracticable.

We passed the "Diomedes" in a heavy fog, and since entering the Arctic have had comparatively fair weather. Have stopped at no southern points as the season is going fast and we wish to reach the ice, where bow heads are caught, and have an equal chance with the other vessels, which have been here since spring.

So far the fleet have done nothing but get some bone in trade, but at Pt. Barrow they have caught 8, and at Pt. Hope whaling stations, 38 whales—large and small. The whaling brig "Hidalgo," of San Francisco, was caught by the floe ice and crushed against the ground ice. Her captain, Gifford, is now boat-header on the "Horatio." At Pt. Barrow the life-saving station has been removed and sold as a whaling station to the Pacific Steam Whaling Company.

Through the kindness of Capt. Tuttle, of the U. S. S. "Bear," I send our remaining bone to San Francisco.

My wife and family are enjoying good health, and join with me in sending regards.

Very truly,
CHAS. H. FOLEY.

[Correspondence of The Inqu'rer and Mirror

BARK GAY HEAD, Unalaska,
July 20th, 1897.

Mr. Editor:

Since my last to you from Strong's Island, we have traversed a good many thousand miles, with, I am sorry to say, no luck, for although we saw and lowered for many whales, circumstances occurred that leave us here without one, when we should have had at least five right whales. We arrived in Ascension in the early part of January, and having given shore leave and obtained pigs, yams, fruit, etc., proceeded to Kadiak, arriving the latter part of February, after a rather boisterous passage, during which we lost some sails and one boat. Since then have been cruising there. Have seen a great many whales but, as I have said, have had no luck.

The John and Winthrop, W. L. Macomber, master, was the only other vessel there this season, and intends spending the entire season there, as his owners desire to give Kadiak a full trial, as it is some years since any one has done so. When we last spoke him, June 6th, he had not even seen a right whale.

On June 1st one of our boats, with two officers, boatsteerer and five men, were towed out of sight of the vessel by a whale. They were fast to him for fifteen hours before killing him He then sank, and they not being able to find the vessel, kept off for the land. We searched for them for over forty-eight hours and then having seen no signs, started for the nearest land, Middleton Island, seventy-five miles distant. Here we met the John and Winthrop and Hattie Gage, a coasting steamer. They joined in the search. On the 5th spoke the revenue cutter Grant, Capt. Munger, and on the 6th the Rush, Capt. Roberts; whilst speaking the latter, the Grant, which had departed in search of our men, hove in sight, and signalized the good news that she had picked them up. They had suffered severely, but had made the land, and after a night on the beach, had met a party of otter hunters, who had treated them as kindly as their circumstances permitted; nevertheless, they were pretty well played out, and one officer and three of the men were on the sick-list for a month before they were able to "turn to." I cannot speak too highly of the prompt and efficient service rendered us by Capt. Munger, as without it we would never have found them, and as hands cannot be gotten in this country, we would have been in a sadly crippled condition I wrote you last year of how the Rush, Captain Roberts, towed us to sea, and the next day we caught a whale; of how the same vessel, assisted by the Grant, prevented the loss of the whaling bark Alice Knowles and a merchantman, in a gale of wind here, and of the many kindnesses and services rendered whaleships by the Bear and other cutters, and I shall always remember with pleasure the courtesy shown me by Capt. Hooper and the officers under his command on this station.

We arrived here on the 16th inst. and found the steamer Belvidere and bark Alice Knowles of the whaling fleet. The Belvidere had returned here to coal up for a voyage to the Banks' Land. The steamer Navarch had been here and sent home 9,995 pounds of bone, the product of four bow-heads caught this year, and on the day of his departure, Capt. Whitesides had succeeded in getting two right-whales. He is also bound to Bank's Land. Capt. Ogden, of Alice Knowles, has seven average sperm whales. He encountered bad weather on the Japan coast, where he was cruising, and thinks the other whalers there have not done as well as they did last season. He departs for the Arctic today.

Last year, in this month, there were fifty-six sealers here; now the whole sealing-fleet numbers about thirty. They have done fairly well in Japanese waters—the lowest catch being two hundred and fifty, and the highest twelve hundred fifty. Sealing did not pay very well last season, I believe, and that accounts for the large decrease in the number of vessels.

Ashore, here, the one topic of conversation is the new gold diggings on the Yukon River, in British territory, and fabulous stories concerning their wealth are heard on all sides. The "fever" has affected even the head men here, and Mr. Newman, agent for the Alaska Fur Co., and Mr. Baldwin, agent for the North Commercial Co., have peremptorially sent in their resignations, and leave here for the fields on the next steamer. Mr. Newman has purchased a claim for $50,000. The mines are about 2000 miles up the river, and can be reached only by steamer or through the British North West Territory, the latter a very tedious journey. The steamers leave San Francisco and Puget Sound ports, and connect at St. Michaels on the Yukon with small river steamers, five of which ply on the river. Fare from San Francisco and Sound $150; from here, $125. Most every man you meet says he is going, even the laborers on the coal wharf. One fellow possesses $126, and his confidence is so great that he will go, arriving with $1 for his worldly possessions. The mining is "placer," but I suppose nowhere else have they to contend with the same difficulties, as they must do the digging in the winter and spring, before snow melts, as the high water prevents work. In winter the climate is extremely frigid, and ice is very thick. To get out the pay dirt, after cutting through the ice, they are compelled to build large fires to thaw the ground, after that throwing it out in piles to await the coming of summer, when they can wash it. The principal district is called, I believe, El Dorado Creek and can boast of a saloon, a variety theatre, called the "Opera House," and a police force, whose principal duty seems to be to collect the tax imposed on all miners by the British. Laborers are scarce, as men like to work for themselves when possible, and wages are high, between $5 and $15 per diem. Provisions, etc., to correspond; for instance, flour, fifty dollars per barrel. The owners of the saloon seem to have the best mine, as it is said they employ five bar keepers, who are kept busy, and two clerks, whose business it is to exchange coin for the gold dust, or rather nuggets, for the gold so far mined is very coarse. One person bought an ordinary "Nickle-in-the-slot" machine for $500, hired the former owner to run it at $20 per day, and the first day had receipts of over $5,000, which would have been more but that the machine refused to work, and it took a man all night to repair. What the following day's income was, rumor sayeth not.

A year ago a newly-married couple, Barry by name, came to the diggings, then hardly known, to his two brothers. His means were so limited that the steerage of the Portland was good enough for them. He bought a claim for $30. Last week he came here in the cabin of the same vessel. He had a large valise, his wife a smaller one, and two men followed him, each with another. They threw them down in a promiscuous heap on the floor of the office in the hotel, and told the proprietor, when he asked if they contained baggage, that it was gold, the three large ones having over $80,000 he had dug himself, and the smaller $8,000 which his wife had picked out in nuggets while he ate his dinner which she brought him every day. He values his claims at $1,000,000.

A claim originally costing $40 jumped to $3,000, then two men bought it for $15,000. They could not agree well, so one sold to the other his half interest for $20,000. The purchaser, in three weeks, took out $37,500. One man dug $1500 from a hole one foot in diameter in half an hour, and a government official took three shovelfuls which yielded $540, $256 and $124; and so the stories run, each exceeding the other.

The company owning the river steamers cannot get men to work them at any price, and at St. Michaels they have armed men to guard the treasure as it comes down. Stories are told of men having used tin cans, canvas, and even gunny bags to transport their wealth in. An agent at St. Michaels recently purchased a claim for $50,000, and as he has the reputation of being a shrewd business man and refused to sell at a considerable advance, there must be more in it than one can realize at this distance. This is not a matter of hearsay entirely, as the people here have seen the gold. The Portland, on her trip down, is reported as having three tons of it on board. The company on the river pays $17.50 per ounce for it. If the fields were anywhere else, I suppose that they would soon be overrun, but the rigor of the climate, (only about three months of summer) the high cost of transportation and necessaries, deter numbers who would no doubt otherwise go. Cutting through ice and then going six feet to bed rock through frozen ground at a temperature as low as 40° below zero, is not calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of even the boldest hearted of men.

I had no news of my wife and boy since they left us at Honolulu until we came here—Nov. 21st, 1896, to July 16th, 1897,—so you can understand my anxiety concerning her, knowing how ill she was. I am greatly relieved, and rejoice to hear from her that she is in good health and spirits after undergoing an operation for the removal of an ovarian tumor. On her arrival in San Francisco, she went to a hospital, and was there over three months before they considered her strong enough to stand it. She then weighed ninety-six pounds. Since then she has improved wonderfully, and when she wrote, weighed one hundred and twenty pounds. I feel so relieved at this good news, which has lifted an immense load from my heart, as it were, that I can look the future in the face and feel renewed confidence in it and myself. My boy is also well and doing nicely at his studies.

I received some issues of your paper since we arrived, and have read them with real pleasure, though a feeling of sadness came over me as I noted familiar names and places, and I still find that the home-feeling is strong within me. If circumstances permit, I shall pay the old place a visit this fall, and I look forward to that time when I shall see my old friends and acquaintances and relate the stories of boyhood's careless, happy days, with almost boyish enthusiasm.

While writing you this, the cutter Perry came into port, and we found to our surprise that she has a band of ten pieces aboard. It is quite a treat to hear music in these waters. We leave here shortly for the Arctic, and hope for better luck; if hard trying will bring it to us we will have it, I assure you.

Wishing you and yours and all good Nantucket folks health and prosperity, I am

Yours sincerely,

CHAS. H. FOLEY.

☞ The old claim against the Chilian Government for the ship Good Return has been settled. The claim is of twenty years' standing. The following telegram from the Secretary of State to Hon. James Buffinton explains the details of the settlement:

"The claim against Chili for the Good Return has been settled, and twenty thousand dollars been paid. I have received a draft on London for the amount, deducting exchange, and will communicate the fact to the owners of the claim.

(Signed)

HAMILTON FISH, Sec'y State."

1875

The following particulars we obtain from the *Standard:*

"The ship Good Return, of New Bedford, Job Terry, master, arrived at Talcahuano, May 23, 1832, in distress, having lost her rudder on the 18th. She had 13,285 gallons of sperm oil, 88,226 gallons whale oil, and 22,000 pounds whalebone on board. The vessel was detained by the Chilian Government, as Captain Terry says, "on the miserable pretext of a few pounds of tobacco found in the chests of the sailors," of the presence of which the boarding master was informed. Captain Terry was told that if he would give the Custom officers 50 or 60 ounces of gold they would let the ship go, or else they would make all the trouble they could. The vessel was detained until October 27. An estimate of damages amounting to $36,041.65 was made by parties interested, and another estimate amounting to $37,165 was made by a committee of British naval officers appointed by Lord Townshend of the British frigate Dublin. Captain Terry who was the largest owner, called on every President from Jackson to Lincoln, in relation to his claim, and frequently stated that if the Government would grant him a letter of marque he would collect it without any further trouble to Uncle Sam. The $20,000 is probably all that will ever be recovered.

MASSACRE OF A WHALING CREW.—The New York *Herald* has a special from San Francisco, saying that by steamship at that port from Sydney, Australia, it is learned, under date of Dec. 23d, that the bark Wolverine had arrived at Hobart Town from Bird Island, having on board Mr. Rhodes, second officer of the brig James Birnie, who was transferred from the American whaler Benjamin Cummings.

Mr. Rhodes reports the brig sailed from Sydney in May last bound on a cruise. She reached and fished at Howe's Island; afterward near the Solomon group sent out boats for *beche-de-mer*, the friendly demeanor of the natives disarming all suspicion.

The crew of the brig separated, or rather were divided into three parties, the captain commanding one, Mr. Rhodes the second, and a seaman named Davis the third. Mr. Rhodes, who had supplied the leading chief with tobacco, &c., was suddenly set upon and clubbed from behind, but the rest of the party, who were in a hut, came to his assistance, attacking the natives and repulsing them.

He gained the boat and made for the brig, which had been left in charge of the officer.

On reaching the vessel he found the natives in force about her, when he at once made off, the natives in their canoes giving chase, and succeeded in reaching the Solomon group, where he was picked up by the whaler. Mr. Rhodes believes that the three parties were simultaneously attacked and the vessel seized, and he considers himself the sole white survivor. Six natives, who formed his party, remained faithful to him and escaped. Of these, five are now on board the whaler, and one died.

1882

OBITUARY.—Mr. Charles W. Grant, son of Capt. Charles Grant, died on board steamer Island Home, Tuesday, after arriving here. He recently sailed as boatsteerer on bark A. R. Tucker, of New Bedford, but took a severe cold, which resulted in consumption. He was landed at Fayal, and arrived at New Bedford last week on bark Sarah. Desirous of reaching Nantucket, he was taken on board steamer Monohansett, Tuesday morning, at which time he apparently felt well, but after being transferred to steamer Island Home at Woods Holl, death struck him, and he died after reaching here as above stated.

1874

AN OLD WHALER.—The New Bedford *Standard* says that the old bark George & Susan, of that port, is being almost entirely rebuilt, the repairs including new ceiling in the hold, deadwood fore and aft, 74 new timbers, new keelson from mainmast aft and from foremast forward, new keel, new stern, pointers and hook forward, lower deck and frame, planking outward under the wales, sheathing and copper, new cabin, &c. The bark was built for the late George Howland in 1809, and was cut in two and lengthened in 1829. She was fitted for sea before she was named, at the time of her owner's second marriage, and having left the wharf, dropped anchor in the stream as the wedding party came out of the Friends' meeting-house. It was then announced that she was to be named for the bridegroom and bride. She has always been kept in the family, and is now owned by George & Matthew Howland.

Oldest Whaling Captain Dead.

Captain Stephen B. Gibbs, said to have been the oldest whaling captain in this country, died at his home in Middleboro on Monday at the age of 95 years.

3/13/1906

Captain Gibbs was born at East Wareham July 22, 1811, and at the age of seven years his parents removed to Nantucket. As a boy he was employed at odd jobs about Nantucket, and at the age of 14 started on his life as a seafarer. On his 15th birthday he was on a trip to the Pacific whaling grounds. His share of the catch was to be one barrel out of each 180, and on the return of his ship 29 months later he received about $350, which he gave to his father. His next voyage he made on the same ship, working at the wheel, and receiving one out of each 85 barrels. This voyage netted him $1,100 for 30 months' work, and this, too, he gave to his father, who bought a little home in Nantucket, where he lived and died.

He next shipped on the Charles and Henry as third mate. His share of the proceeds was one out of each 60 barrels, and this trip of 40 months netted him a big return. The voyage following was as first mate on the ship Maria, Captain Elisha H. Fisher.

The next two voyages were as master of the Ontario, and he then shipped as captain of the Napoleon. This trip was a hard one. The mate was practically useless, and when he was taken ill at Callao he had to return to his home via Panama and leave the ship to the crew. There were some on the boat who were interested, however, and when they returned they brought a big cargo of sperm oil which brought large returns to Captain Gibbs. At the age of 40 he gave up seafaring and settled in Middleboro.

Captain Gibbs was known as a temperance captain, and it is reported that on one instance when a ship was being fitted out for a cruise it was suggested that several barrels of liquor be taken along. The captain would not allow it, and the voyage was made without liquor. He married Judith Maxim while he was engaged in whaling, and later she died. A son was born to them, and he lost his life in the Taunton river. In 1856 Captain Gibbs married Mrs. Judith J. Bradford, and three sons were born to them. Captain Stephen B. Gibbs of Seattle, Wash.; James E. Gibbs of Middletown, N. Y., and Carlton B. Gibbs of Concord, N. H.

Captain Gibbs was a brother of James H. Gibbs of Nantucket.

OBITUARY.

1898

GARDNER.—George Coleman Gardner died on Sunday last at the age of 92 years. He had been a well-known figure upon Main street, where he resided for more than half a century. In early life he engaged in mercantile and manufacturing industries, after a whaling voyage, the seafaring life not proving satisfactory to him. After the decline of the whalefishery he turned his attention more particularly to agriculture and sheep raising, in which he was reasonably successful. He was the last member of the Liberty Hall club, which secured for Garrison and Foster and others a hearing on the wrongs of slavery in the early forties, after a mob had broken up their meetings in the town hall, and the "Big Shop" became the temple of free speech. He was generally interested in public affairs, and until declining age prevented, was a regular attendant at town meetings, and it has been estimated that his conservative course in public matters saved the town from many extravagancies. His general knowledge of the ancient history of Nantucket made him an interesting conversationalist. He leaves one daughter and two sons and a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

1881

☞ Capt. Charles Grant, recently arrived in ship Horatio, of New Bedford, from Pacific Ocean, is sixty-seven years of age, and probably the oldest whaleman to be found in the active service list at the present time, or indeed at any time within our remembrance. He has been a shipmaster since 1844, the Walter Scott, of this port, being his first command. Mrs. Grant, his wife, may also claim the right to be enrolled in the guild of ancient mariners, she having sailed with her husband on several of his long voyages, in the Pacific.

12/27/47

"Flying Santa Claus" Visited Ninety Lighthouses.

Santa Claus dropped from the skies along a 1,200-mile route with 176 Christmas packages for lighthouse keepers before he landed at St. Augustine, Florida, on December 24th.

The aerial Kris Kringle was Edward Rowe Snow, noted Boston historian, who is carrying on a 20-year-old custom, initiated by the late Captain Bill Wincapaw. Snow, the Flying Santa Claus of the Lighthouses, dropped packages at 90 lighthouses along the route from Boston to St. Augustine and left other gifts on the grounds of Coast Guard stations.

Packages were protected by heavy excelsior to prevent damage when they hit the ground. They contained cigars, cigarets, candy, razor blades, comic books and other gifts. Snow was piloted on the hop by Walter Micowski of Orleans, a former Navy flyer.

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A Venerable Whaleman. 1904

Captain Stephen B. Gibbs, who resides in Middleboro, is the oldest whaling master in the United States In appearance Captain Gibbs is a fine specimen of manhood, one of those tall, finely built men, whose very appearance on a public thoroughfare attracts attention. Although of an unusually ripe age, he stands as erect as a soldier, and when enjoying a walk of a pleasant day, one would hardly believe that he was nearing the century mark. Yet he is fast approaching that record, being in his 94th year. What is more he is in the enjoyment of excellent health, and appears far more rugged than many a man 30 years younger. The only infirmity with which he is inflicted is deafness, which makes conversation with him somewhat difficult.

Captain Gibbs was in command when the Southern Pacific ocean was but little known; when a visit to the cannibal islands in those latitudes was fraught with all kinds of danger; when a landing had to be made under cover of fire-arms and when the chasing of whales was not the only danger which threatened the men who engaged in whaling.

He it was who raised the first bethel flag at Nukuheva, before the French took possession of the Marquesas Islands. Nukuheva is one of the most beautiful islands of the group, and the harbor is one of the finest in the Southern Pacific ocean, its shores being flanked by lofty cliffs and affording splendid anchorage. It was in this harbor that the venturesome Captain Porter refitted his ships during the war with England in 1812 and whence he sallied out upon the large whaling fleet then sailing under the British flag in the surrounding seas. Shortly after the hoisting of the first bethel flag by Captain Gibbs, a regular mission was established and then a few years later the French took possession of the island.

Capt. Gibbs was born at East Wareham July 22, 1811, and is a son of the late James Gibbs and Martha Swift.

At the age of eight years he removed with his parents to Nantucket and whence his father had gone to engage in work for a prominent ship owner of the sea girt isle. Laborers were few at Nantucket at this time and the father of Captain Gibbs accepted a position which furnished steady employment if not remunerative. Young Gibbs had but limited opportunity for obtaining an education. His parents had a struggle to gain a livelihood and the lad began young in life to assist his parents. He took care of the farm on the place while his father was at his daily employment, and thus it was that he had the advantage of only the winter schools. Like the rest of the youngsters with whom he became acquainted at Nantucket, it didn't take long to fill his head with tales of the seas and the wonders of the deep. At the age of 14, being then a sizeable lad for one of his years, he shipped on his first whaling voyage, sailing out of Nantucket August 1st, 1826, in the old ship Enterprise, Captain Obed Swain, for a cruise in the Pacific ocean. Boy as he was it was as foremast hand that he went to sea. The ship returned March 7, 1829, with 2,906 barrels of sperm oil, and what is more, young Gibbs was recommended to the agents of the ship, Gilbert Coffin & Sons, as a comer.

Captain Gibbs says his first voyage turned him in about $350 which he gave to his father who had negotiated for the purchase of a farm on the island. His second voyage was begun three months later in the same ship, when he went out as boatsteerer with Captain John Stetson. This cruise began June 30, 1829 and ended August 4, 1832, during which time 3,030 barrels of sperm oil were stowed down, and with its sale young Gibbs's share footed up $1,100, which sum was used to lift the mortgage on his father's farm, and he but just entered his 22d year.

The fall of that year he signed on as third mate of ship Charles and Henry, Captain George F. Joy, sailing Nov. 25, 1832, and returning July 7, 1836 The ship had been built for Captain Joy and was considered a beauty in those days. The voyage turned in 2,546 barrels of sperm oil, and again after three months on shore the captain was at sea, this time as first officer of the Maria, Captain Elisha H. Fisher. And this was an eventful voyage. The ship sailed Oct. 22, 1836, and returned to Nantucket Oct. 14, 1839, with 2,080 barrels of sperm oil.

It was a cruise in the Southern Pacific ocean, and while near the equator whales were raised and the boats lowered in pursuit. Gibbs and his crew were first to take the water in the chase, and the boat headed for a big bull. Captain Gibbs soon had an iron in the monster, when, as the captain expresses it, "the whale began to act like the very devil," and in less time than it takes to tell the story the whale turned on the boat, and coming on it with a swing of his flukes, smashed the little craft into pieces, the men jumping into the water for their lives. In the scramble overboard Captain Gibbs, who was in the bow of the boat in the act of driving home a lance, brought up near the whale, and while struggling to keep his head above water Mr. Whale made for him in a savage manner, his huge jaws coming together on the captain's right thigh and taking out a piece of the flesh 11 inches long. The flesh was scraped to the bone by the teeth of the monster and hung in shreds when he was picked up and taken aboard of the ship by one of the other crews. Meanwhile another boat had tackled the brute, only to suffer disaster, and the last seen of that whale he was making off with 1,100 fathoms of line and several irons in his body. Captain Gibbs is certainly a modern Jonah, for he can truthfully say that he has been in a whale's mouth, while with Jonah of Biblical fame the story is a little fishy. After Captain Gibbs was taken aboard the Maria, Captain Fisher dressed the wound as best he could, and gave the young Nantucketer every attention possible. For six months Gibbs was on crutches, during which time he acted as shipkeeper when the boats were in chase. It was a slow and tedious experience, but he pulled through and today suffers no inconvenience, his thigh being as well as ever, although showing marks of the wound.

In the spring of 1840, May 28, he sailed out of Nantucket, in command of his first ship—Ontario. It was a cruise to the Pacific ocean, and in 29 months she was back in port with 2,080 barrels of sperm oil. It was while on this voyage that he put into Nukuheva harbor and hoisted the first bethel flag on the Marquesas Islands, mentioned above. In June of 1843 he was again at sea in the same ship for another voyage in the Southern Pacific, and on this cruise, less than three years from port, he stowed down 2,213 barrels of sperm oil for the owners of the vessel. His last voyage was in the old Napoleon, sailing from Nantucket, Oct. 31, 1846. This was a broken voyage for the captain, who was taken ill and put in at Callao for treatment. There he remained until sufficiently recovered to proceed home. The ship was turned over to the first officer, and the old Napoleon reached Nantucket, May 15, 1851, having taken 1900 barrels of sperm oil, nearly all of which had been stowed down before the ship put in at Callao.

Captain Gibbs gave up a sea-faring life before he was 40 years of age, and many of his friends think he quit whaling too soon, but the old gentleman is not of that opinion. He maintains that the great mistake is in making one voyage too many, and as he retired with a competency 53 years ago, and has since enjoyed the comfort of an easy life in the quiet town of Middleboro, certainly he has the best of the argument in his own case.

Just after the anniversary celebration of his birth recently, he received a letter from Roland C. Hussey, who resides just outside of Boston, in which Mr. Hussey congratulated the old gentleman upon his wonderful longevity, and reminded him of an incident which occurred at Nantucket in 1836 in which Captain Gibbs and Mr. Hussey figured as the principals. Captain Gibbs had forgotten the event, but not so Mr. Hussey, who had good reason to remember the circumstances. It was just before Captain Gibbs sailed as mate in the Maria. While the ship lay at the wharf fitting for sea, Hussey, then but a boy, fell into the dock between the vessel and the wharf, and would have drowned but for Captain Gibbs, who, tying a rope around his waist with the end on board of the ship, went down between the wharf and the ship and fished Hussey out of the water. Hussey was pretty well exhausted when brought to the surface. It was through Captain Gibbs' presence of mind and pluck that he was saved, and now at the age of 80, Mr. Hussey reminds his rescuer of this incident of 68 years ago. It was with surprise that he learned that Captain Gibbs was living, and he hastened to extend his congratulations to the veteran of New England whalemen.—N. B. Standard.

Playwright Austin Strong Dies at Nantucket Home

1952

Special to The Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, Sept. 18—Playwright Austin Strong of New York and Nantucket, author of "Seventh Heaven" and "Three Wise Fools," died yesterday at Nantucket Cottage Hospital here. He was 71.

AUSTIN STRONG

Born in San Francisco, Mr. Strong spent his boyhood in the home of Robert Louis Stevenson, his step-grandfather, in Samoa. He later lived in New Zealand, where he completed his education and engaged in newspaper work, and in England, France and Italy, where he worked as a landscape architect.

Mr. Strong's first play, "The Exile," was produced at the Royal Theater in London. Another early effort, "Drums of Oude," was produced with two playlets by J. M. Barrie.

His first New York success was "Three Wise Fools." He also wrote "The Good Little Devil," in which Mary Pickford last appeared on the legitimate stage.

A Nantucket resident for more than 25 years and a former commodore of the Nantucket Yacht Club, Mr. Strong leaves his widow, the former Mary Wilson of Rumford, R. I., and his mother, Mrs. Mary Salisbury Field of Santa Barbara, Cal.

Funeral services will be held at 3:30 p. m. tomorrow in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, with the Rev. Bradford Johnson officiating. Burial will be in Rumford.

Mrs. Grace S. Selden. 1952

Mrs. Grace Savage Selden, widow of the late Charles A. Selden, died early Tuesday morning, July 1, after a long illness.

Mrs. Selden, who was in her eighty-third year, was a true gentlewoman. Of a quiet nature, she possessed a sharp sense of humor which was quite often evidenced only by a twinkle in her eyes. During the many years she and Mr. Selden, who was formerly foreign correspondent for the New York Times, lived in "Selden's Half" on Liberty street, she made many friends among Nantucketers who enjoyed her hospitality.

We knew Mrs. Selden many years ago, long before they made Nantucket their permanent home, and had an opportunity to visit them in London. Her unselfish generosity in putting herself and her home at our disposal gave us happy memories we will never forget.

She is survived by a son, John Charles Selden, of Collingsville, Conn., a daughter, Mrs. Eva Selden Banks, of Plainfield, N. J., six grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. She also leaves two sisters, Mrs. Clara Littledale, of New York, and Mrs. Marian Sabin, of San Diego, California.

Funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Paul Harris Drake at the Unitarian Church at two o'clock Friday afternoon. Interment was in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

OBITUARY.

We are called upon to record today the decease of Samuel Swain, Esq., at the advanced age of 84 years, 7 months. Mr. Swain died on Sunday evening last. For many years he had been in feeble health, but his careful mode of living undoubtedly prolonged his life to good old age. In early years deceased started on a whaling voyage, but was rendered a cripple for life by being caught in a line when the boat in which he pulled an oar was stoven by a whale. He returned home, and upon recovery engaged in the jewelry and clock-making business, which he followed many years. For a period of twenty-five successive years he held the office of Town and County Treasurer, and for a long period of years held the position of Register of Probate. Owing to failing health he relinquished the office of treasurer at the last town election, since which time he has gradually declined, until death relieved him from suffering. The words of our contemporary we quote as a just and fitting tribute to his worth: "He was a man of unblemished character—such a one as needs no extended obituary to chronicle his merits—and his memory will be long and tenderly cherished."

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Captain Grant—the Greatest of All Whaling Masters.

The greatest of all whaling masters was Capt. Charles Grant of Nantucket, who made more money for himself and the owners of the vessels he commanded, than any other captain in the history of the whaling industry. Captain Grant was a wonderful man—a skillful captain and a venturesome whaleman. He amassed several fortunes during his career, yet died in March, 1906, almost a pauper—the result of a too generous and benevolent a disposition. During the last years of his life, when he was filling the position of custodian of the "Old Mill," Captain Grant would often "reminisce", but in reviewing his adventures and the several fortunes which passed through his hands, he would never express any regrets—"for", said he, "if I had my life to live over again I should probably do the same thing".

Truly, the most famous whaling master the world has ever seen was Captain Grant. No one questions the statement—authorities admit it. And in reviewing her long list of able captains and their most successful and profitable voyages, Nantucket always points with pride to her Captain Grant as being the greatest of them all. When he died in 1906 at the age of 92 years, he was the oldest whaling captain then alive, as well as the most famous, and newspapers far and near chronicled his passing.

He had brought into port more oil than any other captain in the history of the world's whale fishery and he had made more money than any man that ever speared a whale. Yet he died a poor man, not even owning the house he lived in—simply because (as he put it) "money slipped through his fingers like grease". When he had money a-plenty he never turned down an appeal for help and many there are living today who benefited by his generosity.

Whalemen always said that Captain Grant was the most charitable man who ever trod the deck of a ship. As his life was slowly drawing to a close and he realized that his voyage was nearly over, he would sometimes look backward and recall what the world might call "his mistakes", yet he himself never passed a word of regret over his vanished fortunes. A dollar had no value in the eyes of Captain Grant compared to the esteem and gratitude of his fellow-men—he gave his all, without regard to approaching age and infirmities, and when he died he left behind him memories of a real man as well as a remarkable whaling captain.

Charles Grant was a mere lad of eleven years when he commenced whaling. He was born on Nantucket, June 14, 1814, and in 1825 he was at sea. Unable to go to school, his only chance for obtaining an education was by reading while aboard ship, and until eighteen years of age that was all the "schooling" he could boast of. At that time he remained ashore for a while and attended the public school here, in order to obtain knowledge which he lacked to better fit him as a navigator, which was his boyhood ambition.

His first voyage was in the ship John Jay of Nantucket, in the capacity of steward. The old ship sailed on December 3, 1825, but it was "a broken voyage," although lasting three years. Captain Alexander Drew, the master, in a quarrel stabbed his second mate with a carving knife while at the table, and was sent home in irons. It was anything but a bright beginning for young Grant and the ship took less than 1000 barrels of sperm on the voyage.

He next made a four years' voyage in the ship Maria, which brought home 1980 barrels, and a few days after his return from the cruise, Grant shipped as boatsteerer in the Mount Vernon, a ship just off the stocks. He was absent 34 months, the ship taking 3071 barrels of sperm—a most remarkable voyage.

After three months ashore he was again at sea in the same ship as second mate, and when she returned from the Pacific less than four years later, she brought home 2456 barrels. This was in July, 1839, and in the October following Grant sailed again in the Mount Vernon, this time as first officer. When the good ship rounded Brant Point fifty-six months later she had 2877 barrels of oil stowed away between decks. It was one of the longest voyages on record, but it was also a very profitable one, as oil was then selling at 90 cents a gallon—a high price for that period.

CAPTAIN GRANT—THE MOST FAMOUS WHALEMAN.

Young Grant was acknowledged among whalemen to be "a hustler" and he could not be prevailed upon to remain ashore hardly long enough to get acquainted with his relatives. He "itched for the sea", as he termed it, so after being at home two scant months he was offered a ship then ready for sea and when thirty years of age sailed his first voyage as master. It was the ship Walter Scott, a 340-ton craft, and Captain Grant often told of the feeling of pride which swept over him as the good ship sailed away from Nantucket, bound for the Pacific ocean under his command.

"I'll admit I was a bit stuck up, then," he would say in later years, when reviewing his career as he sat in the doorway of the Old Mill, "but I had reason to be. Hadn't I been on five voyages already and, barring the first one, wasn't every one successful? When the Walter Scott squared away that morning and I headed her for the Pacific ocean, I did feel a little bit proud. You see, she was a big ship, and there I was, just thirty years old, taking her to the Pacific ocean. I made up my mind I would make a good voyage—somehow I knew that I would. I soon realized my responsibility, however, and by the time we rounded the Horn I had the ship and crew working like clockwork. We were gone four years and a half and I came home with 1923 barrels of oil, the voyage netting over $100,000. Pretty good for a young fellow, but I didn't get swell-headed over it, as some young fellows do nowadays when they do something out of the ordinary. I vowed I would do better than that, and I did."

During his stay ashore after his first voyage as master, Grant married Nancy Wyer, who accompanied him on most of his subsequent voyages. Mrs. Grant was really the first woman from Nantucket to go whaling. All of their children were born at sea, a son, George Grant, still resident in Nantucket, having been born at Samoa, and subsequently making several voyages with his father. A daughter, Ella, wife of George Pierce of New Bedford, first saw the light of day at New Zealand.

Captain Grant's second voyage as master was in 1849, when he sailed in the spring of that year in command of the Potomac, returning in May, 1853, with 1976 barrels of sperm and 25 barrels of whale oil.

Each voyage was more profitable than its predecessor, and when Captain Grant came home in the Mohawk in 1858 with 1746 barrels of sperm oil, which sold for $1.50 a gallon, he created something of a sensation in whaling circles. His fame as a sperm whaleman was as well known in New Bedford and New London as it was in Nantucket and Captain Grant commanded the largest "lay" of any man in the business. Ship owners all along the coast had their eyes on him, but William G. Blackburn was the lucky agent to sign him for a cruise in the Japan of Fairhaven, the ship sailing in 1859.

When the Civil War broke out, Captain Grant had stowed away 2080 barrels of sperm and while off Pernambuco he learned that the Shenandoah was in that vicinity.

"That was the only time in my life when I was afraid of anything," he said, "for I had a valuable cargo on board and did not care to take any risks. Well, I came out of it whole by following the coast down in about 15 fathoms of water and keeping a sharp lookout for the pirate. When I reached home in May, 1863, with those 2080 barrels of sperm on board, having eluded the Shenandoah, I was considered a lucky man.

"My next voyage was in the ship Milton, of New Bedford, and I cleared for myself $25,000 on that cruise, taking 3,000 barrels of oil, which sold for $2.70 a gallon—within two cents of the highest price ever paid. I also brought home a big lump of ambergris and the voyage netted my owners $190,000."

Grant's next command was in the Niger and he netted $112,000 on that voyage. He then determined to quit the sea, having piled up a big fortune, and he actually remained ashore three years. But vessel owners would not let him alone—they kept making him offers continually—so he finally consented to make one more voyage. The 350-ton clipper ship Horatio was built for him at Port Jefferson, L. I., and in August, 1877, he sailed on his last voyage, which was none the less successful than the others. His share of the profits of the voyage netted him between $35,000 and $40,000. In less than thirty years it was all gone, with the many thousands he had made in his other voyages!

Altogether, Captain Grant spent fifty-six years of his life aboard whaleships, and besides helping to take some 30,000 barrels of sperm while an officer, he brought home as master about 22,000 barrels more, besides 12,000 pounds of whalebone and 18 pounds of ambergris.

Captain Grant had many exciting experiences with the leviathans of the deep, and his exploit while first officer on the Mount Vernon in 1840 was considered the most extraordinary on record. The details of the affair remained vivid in his memory throughout his life, and it was one of his favorite tales to summer visitors who called upon him when he was custodian of the Old Mill.

"I suppose I am a bit boastful," he would say, "but, then, it was a pretty slick thing for a young fellow of twenty-six to do. We were off the coast of Peru and had struck a large sperm whale just at sundown. The big fellow sounded, took all the line I had, and by the time he came to the surface it was dark. The ship came up alongside my boat and the captain wanted to know what I intended to do. 'I'm going to stay by this whale all night!' I shouted back.

The captain evidently did not like the idea, but seeing that I was persistent, he finally gave his consent, with the understanding that if he should set two lights on the ship I must cut the line and go aboard at once. Not much! I wanted that whale, and although the weather looked nasty and the ship set her lights, I paid no attention to them.

About seven o'clock the fun commenced. The whale got tired of keeping still and suddenly started off on a west-northwest course, towing us behind him. We had seventy fathoms of line out and went whizzing through the water faster than we ever went before. The whale never sounded once, but he kept up his pace all night. I set a light on my boat, so that the ship could follow us, and there we sat all night, being towed along by a whale.

I never saw a whale with so much endurance. We surely travelled 100 miles during the night and it was not until six o'clock the next morning that he showed signs of becoming tired and slackened his speed. I could see that he was fagging and an hour later succeeded in getting another iron into him, which killed him. The ship was out of sight at daybreak, but about noon she caught up with us, and found us all pretty well tuckered out. That whale made 105 barrels of the finest oil you ever saw."

It was an exploit that all other whalemen considered most daring indeed, and it is one of the most interesting tales in the records of the whale fishery. Nantucket has had many gallant skippers and many remarkable captains, but the greatest of them all was Captain Charles Grant.

Greasy Luck Again.—A letter received in town last Thursday, from Capt. Charles Grant, of ship Horatio, of New Bedford, reports him at Russell, July 30th, whither he had returned after a five weeks' cruise, with 230 barrels sperm oil. He had met with heavy weather, and lost a large head during a recent gale. Up to August 4th he had taken 1390 barrels all told. 1879

☞ Capt. Stephen Hickmott, recently of bark Mercury, of New Bedford, has had a somewhat remarkable experience in the Arctic regions, having been compelled for the *third* time within a period of eight years, to abandon his ship and all his hard-earned catchings to be overwhelmed and destroyed in the ice-fields. Such abandonment has been, in each instance, the only alternative to be adopted for the safety of the lives of all on board. Mrs. Hickmott, who is a Nantucket lady, well known to all of us, has been with her husband on two of these occasions, sharing all the perils and subsequents sufferings attending the shipwreck. Our readers will all unite in congratulating the brave captain and his faithful wife upon their repeated escapes from mortal peril, and expressing a hope that they are none the less worse for the terrible sufferings through which they have passed. 1879

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picked up at sea

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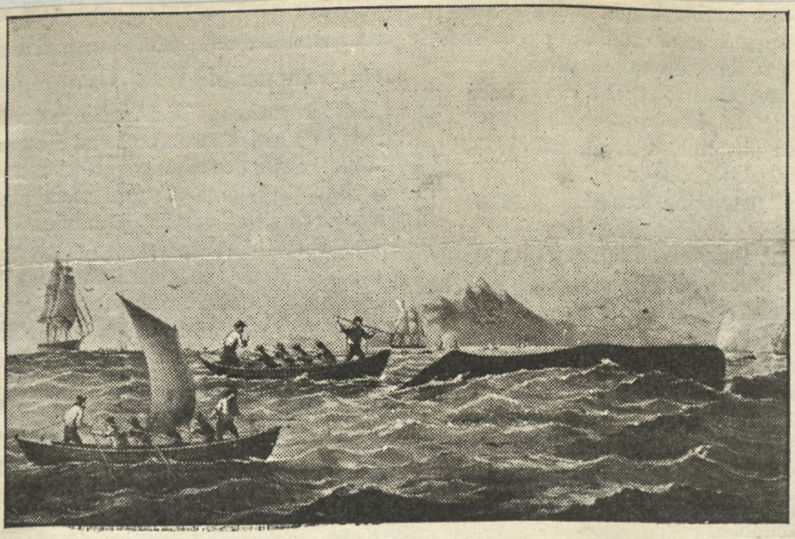
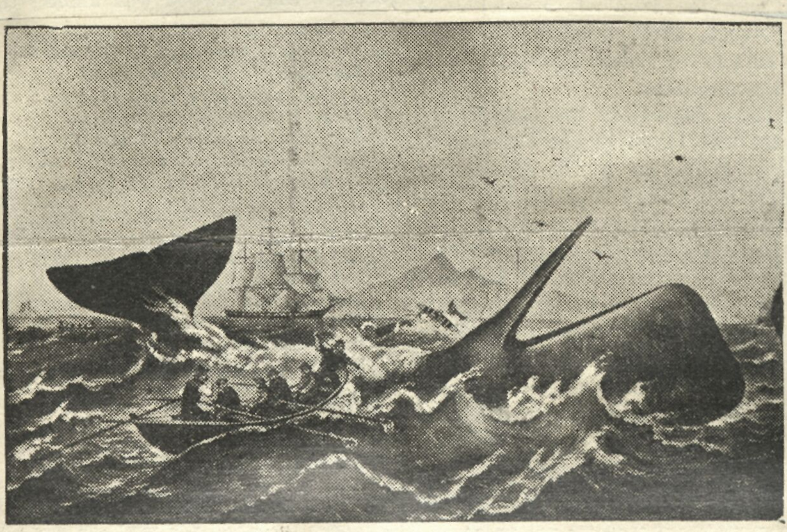
"Off the Horn"—A Real Incident. 1917

Written by the late William H. Macy in 1873.



SPERM WHALING—THE CHASE.



SPERM WHALING—THE CAPTURE.

It was in the stout little bark Sapphire outward bound, that I was initiated to the beauties of that redoubtable headland, concerning which so much has been said and written by voyagers, since the days of the pioneers, Schouten and LeMaire, who gave it the name it now bears. For twenty-five days we had struggled, and wallowed, and tumbled about, stretching up into the latitude of fifty-nine, but making little progress on our desired course; and "Begins with fresh gales from W. S. W., and rugged sea," had become a stereotyped form of entry in our journals.

The morning of a comparatively fine day had at last dawned upon us. The welcome order to "Shake out reefs!" infused new life into all hands, and though it was still a dead beat for us, the winds seeming to have the regularity of trades, as to direction, it was something to see the sun rise clear, and to be able to spread a little more canvas. We must make the most of the present moment, for fair weather was not to be depended upon for any length of time.

"Man the mast heads, Mr. Allen!" sang out the "old man." (The reader will remember that this phrase as applied to the commander of a vessel has no reference whatever to his age. A young captain would be so called by subordinates old enough to be his father.)

The look-outs were soon at their stations in the cross-trees, for though the breeze was still fresh for whole topsails, and the angry sea of the previous night had but partially gone down, it was a part of Capt. Myrick's creed, that, so long as a whale-boat could live in a sea-way, she could hook to a whale, and kill him, too, if he showed fair play.

We had hardly finished the operation of setting the topsails and jib, when the thrilling cry of, "There she breeches!" came down to us from the boatsteerer at the maintopmast head.

"Where away?"

"Lee beam. Two miles off."

"Hard up!" was the order, and the Sapphire went sliding off before the wind and sea at a pace that promised to place her "right in the suds" before many minutes. Indeed, we had hardly time to make the necessary preparations with the boats and craft, when the captain, who had mounted the rigging, with the inevitable spy-glass slung to his neck, suddenly shouted:

"Port your helm, and let her come to! Square the main-yards, and hoist and swing the boats!"

As I ran aft to the main-braces, I cast my eyes off the lee bow, and beheld the shining hump of a huge sperm whale in the act of "rounding" to go down. He was not a quarter of a mile from us, as he swept his immense flukes through the air, and vanished in a whirlpool.

"I'm afraid we've run too far," remarked the mate at my side. "But he hove his 'fan' well out; perhaps he hasn't perceived anything."

"Slow as night," said the old man, as he jumped from the shear-pole to the deck. "Ease off the head sheets, there! I don't want to fore ahead any more. We'll have a grand chance next rising."

Sure enough we did. After lying aback three-quarters of an hour, the monster broke water about the same distance from us, having gone only the drift of the ship. Down we went with the two lee boats, the captain throwing a few parting words at us, as we pushed clear of the side.

"If you get fast, you must work quick on him—and don't get stove if you can possibly help it. I'm coming down myself, as soon as I can get wore round. Little more off, Mr. Allen, don't get 'on his eye'—there's no hurry."

There was little need of either sail or oar in this case. It was only necessary to head the light boat off before the sea and wind, and giving her a slight impetus with the paddles to drive quickly down on the unconscious prey.

My station was at the after-oar of the waist, or second mate's boat, and the chance fell in our favor. I had never been fast to a whale; for we had met with no luck in the Atlantic, and though nearly four months out from home, were still a "clean ship." Sitting in my place, facing forward to ply the paddle, I had a fair view of the monster, as we advanced to the attack. I confess I would have given something to have been excused at that moment, and had I been on terra firma, I might have taken to my heels; but, jumping overboard would not have helped the matter. Mr. Barrett, the second mate, had told all of us green hands, that if we chose to jump overboard, we might stay there, for he would not stop to pick us up; and in the simplicity of our hearts, we believed him.

"Stand up, Tom!" said he, to the boatsteerer, a brawny Kanaka from Tahiti. "Don't be in a hurry, but hold your hand till you're past his hump."

The Tahitian's eye snapped with excitement, and his nostrils appeared to expand to double their natural size, as he rose to his feet and grasped his "first iron."

"Lay in your paddles and face round to your oars!" was the order to the rest of us. Already we are in the troubled water, and as we shoot down the declivity of a wave, I perceive the shining black skin of the whale's "small," close at my side. I involuntarily lean inboard, and turn my head over my shoulder, to see Tom in the act of hurling his keen harpoon. Its sudden stoppage, and the quiver of the pole in the suds, told that it has not failed of his mark.

I don't know what I did next. I seemed to be going end-over-end, and to have become mixed up with my comrades, three of whom, at least, were as green as myself. I only know that I was conscious of being about half drowned, and that I found myself standing erect, with my oar at "charge bayonets," and my hat dancing off to windward, on the crest of a wave. A dozen or more unintelligible orders were given about this time, and I suppose some of them were executed by somebody, but I couldn't swear to it. When I got straightened out again, and untangled, as it were, from my shipmates, Mr. Barrett and the Kanaka had exchanged ends, but no whale was to be seen. The line was spinning and smoking round the loggerhead, as he sounded; and coil after coil ran out of the tub, while Tom watched it keenly and anxiously as it flew through his hands.

"Hold on hard, Tom, and box her down!" shouted the officer. "Snub him all you can! We shall lose our line, I'm afraid."

"Look out, boys! foul line!" yelled Tom, throwing it off the loggerhead. "Cut, Mr. Barrett!"

It was too late; he had no time to cut. Away went the snarl between our heads, as we threw ourselves outboard to escape it. It went onward till it brought up at the chocks, and the next moment we were all adrift on the ocean, while our boat was submerged head-foremost!

I jerked my oar out of the "peak-cleat," as she went down, and clung to it, as it is said a drowning man will to a straw. But I did not think of drowning immediately, for I was a good swimmer; though of course no man could live long in a turbulent sea, where the water was chilly. I know that I looked about me, and counted heads, as I rose on a swell, to satisfy myself that all were still afloat. As I rose again, I caught sight of the larboard boat approaching, and heard the excited voice of Mr. Allen, urging his crew to "give way hard!" Then a sea overwhelmed me, and while struggling for breath, I felt myself seized by the hair, and was lifted into the boat, which was already overloaded. But the third boat was soon at hand, and a part of us were transferred to her.

Poor Tom, the boatsteerer. was nearly exhausted, having suffered more than any of the rest from his cold immersion, however amphibious he may have been in his own native tropical seas.

"Blows!"

The tortured whale rose almost within dart of us, forcing his breath from his spiracle, strong and spiteful, though slightly tinged with blood. Both irons could be distinguished in his back, and the line towing, as he started to windward, lashing the sea in his agony, and leaving a wake behind him like a paddle-wheeler.

"Let him go! he's sour grapes," said Captain Myrick. "Here's our boat, too, under the lee, but we can't stop to pick her up. We must get back to the ship as fast as we can, before that squall comes down upon us."

Until now I had not thought of looking at the weather; but a single glance satisfied me that the captain was right, and the sooner we were under the bark's lee, the better for us. And there lay our new waist boat, which had been swamped and risen again to the surface, to be abandoned to the tender mercies of Cape Horn gales and seas, for we dared not delay, even long enough to secure her. How much she was injured we could not stay to examine. The whale had undoubtedly taken the whole line by breaking the chock-pin, which of course, released the boat.

Down came the Sapphire to pick us all up, and down came the double-headed squall with her. She reached us none too soon, for, as she came to with her topsails down on the cap, and jib slatting at the boom-end, the force of the squall was at its height. A veritable Cape Horner, bringing with it that peculiar, sharp hail which seems to cut into one's flesh.

We had enough to do, of the hardest kind of duty, in securing the two boats, and bringing the bark down to her storm canvas again.

"A profitable morning's work!" growled the mate, in a sort of monologue, as I was coiling up the ropes near him, after all had been made snug aloft. "Here we've lost a boat, and a whole set of craft and line, and got nothing to show for it, and now we've got hove to again, under three-cornered scrapers. We may as well make out our log for another month, beating and banging to get around this corner. However, we've lost no lives and we must be thankful for that, I suppose. Go below, the watch!"

Collision of Two Whalers.—The case of the barks Ontario and Helen Mar of New Bedford has reached a decision in the August term of the U. S. District Court. These two ships, the former owned by William O. Brownell, and the latter by Swift & Allen, came into collision, while both were lying to, in a gale, in the Arctic Ocean, September 26th, 1866. Both were dismasted, or nearly so, by the shock, and, in consequence the Ontario was abandoned, and became a total loss, but the Helen Mar was saved, and finished her voyage in safety, arriving home last year. Witnesses have been examined from time to time as they could be found; but some points of the testimony are still a little obscure.

Judge Lowell has decided that both vessels were in fault; the Ontario for not having the proper lights set, as required by statute, and the Helen Mar for not keeping a careful and sufficient lookout. The decree is, that the damages on both sides be added together, the amounts to be settled by an assessor, and that each party bear one half of the aggregate loss. T. M. Stetson and Oliver Prescott for the Ontario; George Marston, William W. Crapo, and C. W. Clifford for the Helen Mar. 1891

OBITUARY. 1899

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

In Memory.

With the advent of the New Year, the new life beyond, the life that knows no death, dawned upon one of Nantucket's worthiest citizens, the late William Hosier. "At evening time it was light!" If before an imposing statue man instinctively straightens himself, how much more do those of us who are left, contemplate with a higher regard, the principle of action that governed the long, industrious, eminently useful life of the departed! Gone—from the little hardware shop on Federal street, where for fifty years he went in and out; the genial storekeeper, whose service was honest; who was always cheerful; the man of integrity the purest in all his business relations, whose hand was open to relieve the poor and needy one, in many an unheralded benefaction! It is such a man that our community has lost forever. Irreparable our loss, while his example shall be our gain. We behold this upright man, and we do know that his end was peace.

In early life he followed the sea, sailing in ships commanded by some of our island's most successful sea captains. Many an interesting account of his experience in foreign ports, on islands far and near, I have heard from his own lips. He was a birthright member of the Society of Friends—the last one remaining of those who frequented the meeting-house on Centre street. He was 81 years, 11 months old, on the evening of his death. His life was an illustration of the text: "Let another praise thee, and not thine own self." And so I am moved to write of him, of whom I learned so much of the heroism of private life unrecorded in story; whose unostentatious deeds only find immortal record in the book of the Recording Angel!

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Queries. 1914

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

The communication from Lincoln Mitchell, relative to the former whaleship Henry, of Nantucket, which appears in your last issue, together with the editorial data and comment thereon, was to me of special interest, because of remembered family touch. However, if my memory is correct, then the date you give—October 18, 1853—of the sailing of the ship Henry, under command of Captain David Bunker, is wrong.

My memory from early childhood has been that my brother Rowland was in the Henry with Captain Bunker. He was in the Ganges, with Captain Thomas Coffin, a Nantucket ship which sailed from Edgartown, October 19, 1853. Now it is at once apparent that there is conflict between my memory of my brother Rowland in the ship Henry with Captain Bunker, and the sailing on the date which you give of that ship under that master mariner.

To ascertain which is right is the purpose of this communication. It is difficult for me to admit the presumption, yet I do so, that the date you give of the sailing of the Henry under Captain Bunker is correct and that my memory is deficient. My impression is that Captain Bunker's voyage in the Henry was next to the last of that craft. Can some one give me, from old newspapers of that time, or from other data, the names of the officers and crews of those two ships—the Henry, sailing October 18, 1853, and the Ganges sailing the next day?

Am I asking too much of some one, if possible, to give me the names of officers and crew of the Nantucket ship Navigator, sailing about 1848 or 1849, and of the Nantucket ship Spartan, sailing about that time; also like information of this last named ship sailing about 1853—on that voyage under command of Captain Sylvester Hathaway.

My two older brothers, Charles and Rowland, early in life entered upon a sea-faring vocation, and from my memory they are associated with the ships I have named, yet I cannot definitely state the real facts.

My thanks in advance are here extended to anyone who can give me the information I seek.

J. E. C. Farnham.

Providence, July 8, 1914.

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From the "Catalogue of Nantucket Whalers," we take the following facts regarding the ships referred to by our correspondent:

The ship Henry sailed under command of Capt. David Bunker, for the Pacific ocean, October 18, 1853, sent home 400 barrels of sperm, and was condemned.

The ship Ganges sailed under command of Capt. John B. Nickerson, for the Pacific ocean, on October 19th, 1853, sent home 249 barrels of sperm, and was condemned at Sydney.

The ship Navigator sailed under command of Capt. George Palmer, for the Pacific ocean, on August 27, 1849, and arrived home June 19, 1854, with 837 barrels of sperm.

The ship Spartan sailed under command of Capt. Cromwell Morselander, October 6, 1847. The ship encountered a gale of wind, losing topmast, boats and sails. She returned, refitted, and sailed November 21. Arrived home June 21, 1851, with 868 barrels of sperm.

The Spartan again sailed October 24, 1851, under command of Capt. James Wyer. Arrived home November 14, 1853, with 630 barrels sperm and 1570 barrels whale. Bought the whale oil at Navigator Islands of ship York.

Her next voyage was in 1854, under command of Capt. Elihu F. Turner. She returned June 21, 1858, with 1600 barrels sperm.

Perhaps some of our readers can give Mr. Farnham further facts bearing on the matters he refers to.—Ed]

HENRY SWIFT HOUSE ON MAIN STREET. Photo by Davidson

Laid Down Lance for the Cutlass. 1906

Capt. Edward B. Hussey, of Nantcuket, is the only living whaling master who during the civil war laid down the lance for the cutlass, and the old gentleman feels proud of his record as an officer in the U. S. navy as he is of his career as a blubber hunter.

He was born on the island May 27, 1824, and began his career as a whaleman when but 15 years of age, sailing in the old Barclay, Capt. Reuben Barney.

Then he sailed out of New Bedford in the Ploughboy, with Capt. Shubael Clark. It was a greasy voyage, and after that Capt. Hussey's advancement was rapid.

On Dec. 6, 1852, he was given his first command, the Peruvian.

His next was the Richmond, in which he made a very successful voyage. His return from this cruise was in 1860, and in the fall of that year he was again at sea, this time in the Hero of Nantucket, which was lost seven months after sailing in Algoa bay, New Holland.

Capt. Hussey returned home to find the south engaged in war with the north. Abandoning whaling he enlisted in the navy as acting master, serving on the frigate Sabine, the gunboat Osceola—then with the Gulf squadron, and the Nyanza, altogether putting in six years in the navy.

While on duty in the gulf he had command of gunboat William G. Anderson, used in transporting ordnance from New Orleans to Pensacola.

After his service in the navy he again tried his hand at blubber hunting, making several cruises in pursuit of sperm whales.

He now lives in retirement on the island.—Boston Sunday Globe.

OBITUARY. 1900

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HUSSEY.—Capt. Oliver C. Hussey died at his residence, 48 Bartlett street, Beverly, on the 29th ult., of pneumonia. He had been sick for three weeks. He was born in Nantucket, Oct. 12, 1819, and educated in the public schools.

Early in life he shipped as a cabin boy on a whaling vessel and later became mate and subsequently commander of some of the best vessels sailing from Nantucket and New Bedford. He retired from the sea in 1882.

He was twice married. His second wife, who survives him, was Miss Charlotte Whitridge of Beverly, whom he married 41 years ago.

Capt. Hussey became a resident of Beverly in 1859, and was held in high esteem by the citizens. He possessed sterling traits, and was a prominent member of the First Unitarian church. He leaves one son, Dr. Elisha Hussey of Buffalo, N. Y.—*Boston Globe.*

The Whale-ship "Henry."

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

In the office of a banking house, on State street in this city, is a model, about three feet long, of a whale-ship, which is said to be the ship "Henry" of Nantucket, built about 1845. I have never heard of a ship of that name owned in Nantucket, and write to ask if you will not kindly answer, through the columns of your valuable paper, if any such ship was ever owned on Nantucket, and the name of the owner.

I am much interested in the "old ships" of Nantucket, and your kind attention would greatly oblige

Truly yours,

Lincoln Mitchell.

Roxbury, Mass. 1914

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[The ship Henry sailed from Nantucket on her first voyage, October 23, 1836, under command of Capt. George G. Chase, consequently the date "1845" on the model referred to is not correct. The Henry had a profitable voyage, for she returned home January 16, 1840, with 2436 barrels of sperm oil. She next sailed with Capt. William Brown as master, leaving Nantucket, June 1, 1840, and returning April 16, 1844, with 1641 barrels of sperm and 60 barrels of whale oil.

On the 1st of July the same year, the Henry again sailed with Captain Brown in command, was gone nearly four years, arriving home April 24, 1848, with 1150 barrels of sperm and 552 barrels of whale oil.

Three months later (July 15, 1848) she sailed under Capt. Benjamin A. Coleman, and was gone over five years, making a "poor voyage," for when she arrived home August 10, 1853, she had taken but 600 barrels of sperm.

Her last voyage was made under Capt. David Bunker, 2d, sailing October 18, 1853. The Henry had another poor voyage and took but 400 barrels of sperm, which was sent home and the ship condemned.—Ed.]

Capt. George W. Hamblin, a longtime resident of Centreville, died Saturday morning at about one o'clock, after an illness caused by the advancement of old age. Besides many friends, a daughter, son, three grandchildren and two sisters, mourn his death. 1909

Capt. Hamblin was born in September, on the island of Nantucket, 85 years ago. Early in life he followed the sea, going first on whaling voyages and later sailing on coasting expeditions. After retiring from his sea-faring life he worked for a while in Marston's restaurant. He worked for some time in a chair factory and finally returned to Centreville, where he resided until life ended.—Barnstable Patriot.

THE "HAWAIIAN CLUB."—King David Kalakaua was entertained by the Hawaiian Club in Boston on Wednesday, the dinner being given at the residence of William T. Brigham, Esq., St. James Avenue. Among the specially invited guests was our worthy townsman, Capt. Stephen Bailey, who was for several years a resident of the Sandwich Islands, and has been a member of the Hawaiian Club since its first organization in 1866. But as the notice did not reach him until Tuesday evening, the steamer not going again until Thursday morning, the Captain was unable to show his genial face at the gathering, whereby the dinner-party missed the presence of at least one right jolly companion. 1875

No Doubt of Her Fate. 1898

That sloop Jennie, Capt. Joseph Lawrence, of this port, was lost on Nashawena island, in Vineyard sound, during the hurricane of Nov. 27, there can be now no doubt. Letters received by Capt. W. T. Swain, her owner, from parties at Cuttyhunk, describe wreckage that has landed on Nashawena, that convinces Capt. Swain of the loss of his vessel, and as nothing has been heard from her crew, it is to be inferred that they also were victims of the awful tempest that swept the Atlantic seaboard on the date named. As has been before stated, the vessel was bound from a Cape port to New Haven with a cargo of quahaugs and it is supposed the storm overtook her as she proceeded up Vineyard sound, and that she anchored in Quick's Hole, under the lee of Pasque island, subsequently breaking away and dashing upon Nashawena. A white dory she carried has been found, but whether or not her crew of two men attempted to land in it and capsized can only be surmised. The captain was a colored man, a native of Harwich, and was 47 years of age. He was a widower with one child—a girl of about 7 years—who resides with Mrs. Charles A. Grant, of this town. Capt. Lawrence has a mother and brother living in Cataumet. His companion on the sloop was Fred Boone, of New Haven. Capt. Swain, owner of the sloop, is interesting himself in behalf of the orphaned child to secure for her an annual allowance from the fund of a seaman's charitable organization, intended for such cases.

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UP NORTH SHORE HILL TO THE CLIFF.

Monarchs of The Arctic. 1907

Captain Henderson of the revenue cutter Thetis, which is supposed to safeguard the interests of everyone "North of 53" claims that Captain James A. Tilton, master of the steam whaler Herman, has been guilty of violating the navigation laws of the United States by carrying passengers between points in the Arctic, when his ship was not certified for the purpose, and an investigation was held by the Board of Steamboat Inspectors at their office, Nov. 14, to determine the truth of the charges and, if necessary, punish the derelict master.

Incidentally, Captain Henderson intimated that Captain Tilton had been rather a gay dog in the polar seas, and otherwise exhibited a desire to "do for" the whaling captain.

As the local board has no jurisdiction to investigate the private lives of the men it licenses, that portion of the complaint was given no attention.

Captain Tilton denied that he had at any time carried any "passengers" within the interpretation of the department, from one cold spot to another. Captain Henderson, being in Seattle, had nothing to say. His complaint reached the local board by means of a letter from the department, inclosing a copy of his charges—which were not under oath.

Captain Tilton admitted having carried Capt. William Mogg, his Esquimau wife and their son, on the Herman, on two occasions, but stated that they were "articled" and that he did not receive any remuneration for the trips, either in the way of passage money, or any other means. Further, that on one occasion he had a letter of permission to do so from Captain O. C. Hamlet, then master of the Thetis, although he knew it was not necessary.

He called the attention of the board to a ruling of the department, which permitted persons other than the crews to be carried without the ship being certified for passengers, providing that no passage money was received for the transportation. He was at a loss, he said, to account for Henderson's apparent animus, and said that the captains of the revenue cutters were practically monarchs of the Arctic, and instead of being welcomed by the whalers as a protection afforded by the government as of yore, they are now shunned on account of their arbitrary methods.

The board will take no action in the matter other than to forward a transcript of the testimony in denial to the department.

Captain Henderson also had a similar complaint to make against Captain Mogg, but as the master is in command of the gasoline whaling schooner Olga, and will probably live in the Arctic for some years to come, the question of summoning him to appear for a hearing was considered doubtful.—San Francisco Chronicle.

OBER 10 1908

Happened Sixty-Six Years Ago.

An event which occurred on the 20th of November, 1842, and which few of our readers will be able to recall, was the loss of the ship Joseph Starbuck on Nantucket bar, the details of which were related to the writer a few days ago by Capt. William M. Eldredge of this town, who is probably the only survivor of the band of persons who were on the vessel at the time of the disaster. Captain Eldredge was a lad of tender years and was leaving Nantucket on his first voyage, which, as it proved, was a short but eventful one. Since that time, however, he has made seventeen voyages "around the Horn," and today is a gray-haired man nearing the end of life's voyage, but still retaining a clear memory and possessed of remarkable vigor for one of his years, although laboring under the affliction of failing eyesight. He is an interesting conversationalist and the details of the loss of the ship Joseph Starbuck are still fresh in his mind, although six decades have passed since the event occurred.

This ship was built on Brant point and was considered one of the finest craft afloat. On Sunday, November 20, 1842, the ship left Nantucket with a favorable breeze, in tow of steamer Telegraph, bound for Edgartown, where she was to load supplies and proceed on a whaling voyage. In addition to the full complement of crew, of which Captain Eldredge was one of the youngest, there were on board a number of ladies, who intended to accompany their friends to Edgartown and there witness the departure of the vessel.

Soon after the ship left Nantucket the wind shiifted to dead ahead, and blew so strong that the steamer was unable to make any head-way, so the tow-lines were loosened and the ship brought to an anchor about a mile from the Tuckernuck shoal lightship, the steamer returning to the wharf, leaving the ship to ride out the gale as best she might. During the afternoon the wind increased in force until it was blowing a hurricane, and the ship being light, she rode so violently that one chain after another parted and she finally broke adrift and was swept before the storm in an easterly direction.

To prevent going to sea in her then unprepared condition, the mizzen-mast was cut away, the fore-sail set and every effort made to return to port, but so furiously was the gale blowing from the northwest that the attempt failed and the ship swept on towards the eastern extremity of the Nantucket bar, which all on board knew was an impending disaster. About midnight the ship struck on the shoal, and as she was without much ballast or cargo, almost immediately rolled over into the trough of the sea, with the waves breaking over her continually and sending volumes of spray far above the mast-head.

A fearful night was experienced by those on board, but at day-break her predicament was discovered by a person who climbed the tower at Nantucket, on the look-out for something of the sort. The ship, lying on her beam ends with her single sail still offering a mark for the hurricane, could be seen rising and falling on the bar with crushing force, and no time was lost by the islanders in going to the relief of their distressed fellows. About 9 o'clock the steamer Massachusetts, manned by a volunteer crew, was on her way to the wrecked vessel, although to many it seemed a hopeless effort, as the storm was still blowing fiercely and the conditions near the bar were most hazardous.

The Joseph Starbuck was lying on the shoal about four miles from the town and two miles from the nearest shore, while the seas were running mountains high for miles around.

Notwithstanding the danger, the steamer ploughed on to the relief of those on board the ship, and within an hour had made fast to her lea side by a warp necessarily of considerable length, her engine being kept in motion to hold the line taut. There were thirty-five persons on board the ill-fated ship, all of whom were taken off by means of a single whale-boat, which made no less than five perilous trips between the ship and the steamer.

The weather was extremely cold at the time and the decks and rigging of the ship were coated with ice, making a somewhat ghostly picture as she lay there on the bar sheathed in white, and she finally broke up with notning of any material value being saved.

She was built at the ship-yards on Brant point in 1828, with a hull of live oak, and was copper-fastened and considered a very staunch craft. Her owners had her insured for $24,000, and she had already made one very successful voyage, being about ready to start on her second when she went to her doom.

Jansen's Arctic Tale. 1896

Jan Jansen, after almost four years of adventure and hard luck, returned to the United States last night on the steamship Portia from Halifax.

Jansen, who is a native of Denmark, and is about 30 years old, sailed from New London on July 7, 1892, as the mate of a whaling expedition sent to Davis Strait by Wrightington & Clisby. Capt. Clisby, a famous Nantucket whaler, commanded the expedition. He was killed by an accident at Cumberland Gulf last August.

The party sailed on the ship Era of New London. She landed them and their two years' supply of stores at Cape Haven, Davis Strait, in good time for the fall whaling. Capt. Clisby and Mate Jansen had no white companions. They hired a crew of thirty Eskimos, with the necessary dogs and sleds.

The station was already built for them by a New London expedition that went out in 1886, which Wrightington & Clisby had bought out. They were to hunt whales in small whaleboats, and, having secured them, to tow them in to the station, where the trying-out and removal of the whalebone could be done conveniently.

During the first fall and winter the men took no whales; they had troubles in plenty. When they went to Cape Haven they found there an American named Duval. Jansen said Duval was not a trader nor an agent of any firm.

He lived up there in a country where the snow covers the ground nine months of the year, simply because he liked it. It pleased Duval to leave Capt. Clisby's camp about two months after he had been first employed there. Early in January an Eskimo came into the station with a note from Duval for Capt. Clisby, begging for help. Duval wanted to come back to the camp as cook. He was then twenty miles to the northwest of the Clisby party.

"I took a sled and some dogs and a native," said Jansen, "and started out to take him the things he needed most and to bring him back. It took us three days to get to Duval. He was very weak. When we were about a third of the way the dogs gave out. Next Duval gave out and we built a snow house and put him in it. The native and I tried to hurry along to get a relief party. I was no good. Finally I told the native to go on. A little after he had gone the ice broke up and the piece I was on floated away. It was open sky and ice, and I was out for six days and five nights with nothing at all to eat. When the ice closed up again I tried to travel inland. I met the relief party of four, two for each man, that had been sent out after Duval and myself.

"They took me to the station. On the third day Capt. Clisby decided to amputate my toes and the heel of my right foot. Almost all the flesh on my feet had to go, too. He had for instruments, a razor, a fine saw made from a piece of watch spring, a file, a butcher's 'backsaw,' and a carpenter's chisel. Every surgeon who has seen my feet since says that with the best instruments in a hospital the operation could not have been done better."

The second year and the third were equally unprofitable. Mr. Jansen recovered sufficiently to be able to tramp thousands of miles across the frozen fields after deer, bears, foxes, and other Arctic game, camping night after night in snow huts hundreds of miles from the station. The men went down to the Scotch stations at Cumberland Gulf in 1894, and ordered fresh supplies from Scotland. During the last year they made up their total to 250 barrels of oil and an even ton of whalebone, besides a lot of furs.

Capt. Clisby was in a hurry to come home, and went down to the Scotch stations in August. While out salmon spearing with Dr. Perkins, a missionary, and Mr. Hall, the head of the Scotch stations, and four natives, the main-boom of the boat got caught; all except Capt. Clisby were thrown into the water. He went forward, freed the boom, and attempted to unstep the mast. The mast fell upon him, breaking his neck instantly. The others were drowned in sight of the station.

Mr. Jansen came down to St. John's Newfoundland, with the returning Peary expedition.—*N. Y. Sun Oct. 23d.*

[Mr. Jansen has been in town this week, as telegraph despatches announced he would do, to communicate with Capt. Clisby's relatives, and thinks he will make Nantucket his place of residence. He remained but a few days, as he was desirous of getting to the hospital for treatment to his feet. He states that the above account of the loss of our townsman is correct. —Ed.]

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The Junior's Cruise. 1899

In all the comments upon the interesting cablegrams from Dr. F. A. Cook, of Brooklyn, the surgeon of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition, which was dated at Montevideo, April 4, I have never seen mentioned the cruise of the little American whaleship Junior, in 1847 8, in the Antarctic ocean, twenty-four years after Weddell made his famous south polar voyage. It is very natural that the writer, who was one of the crew of the Junior, should like to see engrossed on the page of history the record of what I believe the first and only ship flying the stars and stripes—except perhaps the vessels of Capt. Wilkes's exploring expedition—that ever penetrated these waters and reached such high latitude.

The Junior was owned by David R. Greene, of New Bedford, and was commanded by Capt. Silas Tinkham. She was of about 300 tons, manned by a crew of about thirty-two souls, and carried four boats. We had been cruising around the coasts of New South Wales and New Zealand without any success and put into Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land (now Hobart, Tasmania) for needed supplies and to give the crew a run on shore.

Capt. Tinkham, evidently inspired by the fabulous stories of an abundance of right whales in the Antartic, brought to Hobart Town by Ross, who in 1843 was in that sea, fitted out the Junior for an Antarctic whaling cruise, and late in December—just before Christmas—we sailed for these almost unknown regions. The charts we had were of course of the most unreliable character, and as for sailing directions, there were absolutely none. Yet we sailed away south poleward with that confidence and spirit of daring that always marked the early character of American whaling skippers.

We had perhaps sailed some 10 or 15 degrees of southern latitude before we began to encounter real antarctic weather, and to fall in with snow, sleet, fogs and small field ice. Still we pushed on, meeting with countless flocks of birds, albatross and penguins predominating, but no whales were seen save the worthless "sulphur bottom," which was in abundance. Not a sign of a right whale was to be seen. We were getting short of oil for our lamps, when it was decided to try and capture a "sulphur-bottom," so the captain lowered his boat and pulled up to a whale, which, had it been a right whale, would have stowed down 150 barrels. No sooner had the boatswain darted the harpoons into her than up went her flukes, and "whir-whir-whir," and the two tubs of line were empty. We never saw that whale again, and never again was an attempt made to catch a "sulphur-bottom." We did, however, strike and capture a calf "sulphur-bottom" that made us four or five barrels of oil, the carcass furnishing us with "fresh beef" for some weeks. That ended our antarctic whaling.

By this time we had gone as far south as we cared to, but the storms drove us still farther, and we worked to the eastward and then to the westward, in hope of finding more moderate weather. Instead of bettering our condition. it rapidly grew worse, and we began to have grave doubts as to our ability to return to a lower and more congenial latitude again. Bergs of great size were now encountered. The currents were contrary, and of course uncharted, and as the weather was thick most of the time the sun was obscured, and no observations could be taken; so we drifted for days and days at the mercy of the winds and currents. Our condition was extremely perilous. The ship was for the most of the time under double or close-reefed topsails, and making little or no headway, while the wind continued to blow from the northward, so that we could never shape a course to take us out of our misery and peril. There were no signs of land. We caught birds and examined their crops for signs of terra firma, but there was nothing to give us any hope of finding an antarctic continent.

This antarctic cruising was the most weird, awful and wearisome I ever experienced, but while all hands were sometimes appalled by the perils that daily and nightly beset our course, yet no one lost courage, and hope was high in every breast. At last the wind favored us a trifle and we gradually clawed off the barren, icy confines of the southern polar circle, and, after tedious beating up to the northward, we emerged into fine weather, and put into Mangonii, New Zealand, to recruit ship. Here we learned of the discovery of a new species of whale in the Arctic Ocean known as the "bowhead," and the Junior's prow was pointed for the northern polar regions. After some brief stops at islands in the Pacific, she entered the Okotsk Sea in April of the following year, and encountered a succession of gales and fogs which was a faint reminder of our antarctic cruisings.

I believe the Junior, of New Bedford, can claim to be the only American ship—save the vessels of the Wilkes expedition—that has penetrated so far south in antarctic waters. She can certainly lay claim to have cruised in the high latitudes of both Arctic and Antartic oceans within eighteen months, and during one cruise.

I regret that my journal of the very interesting and, at the time, celebrated cruise of the Junior was some years ago destroyed by fire, as it would have contributed at this time some valuable data in regard to antarctic explorations and cruises.—*B. S. Osbon, in N. Y. Mail and Express, April 29th.*

Obituary. 1915

Another of the venerable residents of Nantucket answered the final summons on Monday, when Mrs. Ann Matilda Joy, widow of Capt. Samuel C. Joy, died after a lingering illness, at the age of 84 years. Mrs. Joy has for many years been one of the well-known residents of the west end of the town, by her cheerful, kindly disposition proving herself a good neighbor and a true friend. None ever entered her home without a warm welcome nor left without feeling the warmth of a genuine hospitality. Possessed of a retentive memory she delighted in "reminiscing" and it was always a pleasure to listen to her recollections of earlier days of Nantucket and of her experiences during her young married life, in which she accompanied her husband on one of his longest voyages.

She sailed with him on the clipper ship Fanny, which took the first passengers from Baltimore to San Francisco at the time of the California gold fever in 1849, and on that voyage (which proved to be three voyages in one) she visited many foreign lands and saw much of the world, memories of the voyage being with her up to the closing days of her life.

Mrs. Joy was the mother of six children, one of whom died in infancy while she and her husband were at sea. The others all lived to maturity, a daughter, Mrs. Lewis P. Tracy, dying nine years ago. Her two sons both took to a sea-faring life and both became commanders of clipper ships like their father. The elder son, William Joy, died in China some years ago, at the height of a very active career in the clipper ship service. The other son, Capt. B. W. Joy, survives, and after many years of service at the helm of clipper ships, coastwise steamers and pleasure yachts, was privileged to minister to his mother during the final illness. Besides Captain Joy, the deceased is survived by two daughters—Mrs. Joseph G. Remsen of Nantucket, and Mrs. Wallace A. Eldridge, of Pocasset. She is also survived by eight grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren.

A Record Catch. 1904

Whaling bark Josephine, Captain Smith, of New Bedford, certainly struck it rich. She is reported as having arrived at Mahe, Seychelles Island, having taken 850 barrels of sperm oil since leaving Mauritius, June 1, 1904. She sailed from New Bedford, September 19, 1903, and in less than a year from home has stowed down 1,200 barrels of sperm oil and 500 barrels of whale oil.

The Josephine when commanded by Captain George Long, was considered a lucky vessel, but Captain Horace Smith, at present in command, has made a voyage which has not been equaled in a long time. Besides the 1,200 barrels of sperm and 500 barrels of whale oil taken within a year from leaving the home port, he has taken between 4,000 and 5,000 pounds of whalebone.

Jun 11. 1861

1876

Death of Another Shipmaster.—One of the noblest and most esteemed of our old school ship-masters, Capt. George F. Joy, passed to his rest on Saturday morning last, having reached the age of nearly eighty years. Capt. Joy was a true son of the sea, having chosen the life of a mariner when a mere lad, and his career of active service in his profession covered a period of more than forty years. At the age of twenty-five he commanded the little ship Boston, sailing in 1822, and sailed again in the Golden Farmer, in 1825. In 1828 he took command of the new ship Zenas Coffin, and between 1832 and 1840 made two successful voyages in the Charles and Henry, also a new ship. The third new ship, the Columbia, was then built for him in 1841, and he returned from this, his last whaling voyage, in 1845. In 1849, he went to California in command of the Henry Astor, with a company of adventurers, but soon after returned home, and for the last twenty-five years has been moving among us, enjoying a moderate competency and the highest respect and esteem of all who knew him.

Most of his sea-voyages were made in the employ of the late Zenas Coffin, and of his sons, Messrs. Charles G. & Henry Coffin, who ever appreciated those sterling qualities which made him one of the most valuable and reliable of men to conduct a successful voyage. His fine, commanding appearance, at once attracted attention and inspired respect; while those who knew his indomitable courage and perseverance, his kindly heart and his sturdy integrity, acknowledged the jewel to be worthy of the casket. His brother-mariners, especially, remember and speak of him as one who has done his duty faithfully in every station throughout the long voyage of life.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

A MARTHA'S VINEYARD SEA-KING.

THE VOYAGES OF CAPTAIN RICHARD LUCE OF VINEYARD HAVEN.

Some weeks have elapsed since I wrote about two very worthy men who won the Star of Honor among our daring whale fishermen in the days of long ago. On looking more closely over my records I found I had overlooked one of my personal friends, who had more recently been engaged in these adventurous pursuits upon the sea. I propose recounting the life of this bold and enthusiastic sailor, whose narrative has often stirred my blood as it has been by reading of the exploits of the great Henry of Navarre, who, with a glorious inspiration, gave this command on entering battle: "Don't lose sight of my white plume!"

This brave, chivalrous whaleman, in his eventful life, brought the same qualities into his whaling expeditions that the great French king displayed upon the battlefield. Captain Richard G. Luce of Vineyard Haven, was born upon the island of Martha's Vineyard in 1803. In due time he grew into a noble speciman of manhood. At the age of eighteen he took passage for New Bedford to seek his fortune. This was in the year 1821. The old house of Isaac Howland, Jr., & Co. had just completed a new ship and called her the "Mercury," and were fitting her for a voyage to the South sea—Pacific ocean,—to be commanded by William Austin, a native of Nantucket. Young Luce applied at the office of that house for a berth upon the new ship. Old Gideon Howland, at a glance, said that the young applicant was just the person to engage in this business, and told him that he could have the berth sought for, and shipped him to the Mercury. There were then few ships fitting at the place, business at that time being much depressed, owing to the low price of oil. Young Luce, after leaving Howland & Co., went up to the north part of the town, and there discovered another ship fitting for right whaling on the Brazil coast just for one season, the voyage to occupy from eight to twelve months' time. This was the ship Midas, Captain Joseph Spooner, belonging to John Coggeswell & Co. (Both ships are afloat to-day.) This, thought Luce, was the voyage for him, and took entire possession of his ardent mind, on account of the quick promotion to follow short voyages. Young Luce then inquired if he could have a voyage on the lucky Midas, providing he should conclude to go in her. They answered that he could. Quickly retracing his steps to the counting-room of Isaac Howland & Co., he said that since shipping to that ship he had seen another ship fitting that was going upon a shorter voyage, and one more to his mind, where he thought quicker promotion would follow than in the one of three or four years, as contemplated by theirs in the Sond seas. They answered him very kindly, iat

said he was so frank about the matter ed,
he was at liberty to do just as he des on
and they could but congratulate himted
his decision, however much they w his
him, and wished him every success e and
new enterprise. He then, feeling fr lucky
elastic, retraced his steps to thegolden
Midas, whose name suggests theed for
sands of Pactolus, and there shipnd fol-
the voyage. They sailed in 1822, nded-up
lowed each year, making six ro months,
voyages, occupying seventy-one 1320 bar-
and landing 13,550 barrels whales of bone.
rels sperm oil and 136,000 pound the usual
In 1829 he had passed througofficer, and
gradations from sailor to chief ommander.
had richly earned the title of 29 and made
He sailed in this capacity in 1ges of ten
two highly successful voys old employ-
months each. He now left hship Condor,
ers and took charge of the chant, Charles
belonging to the opulent me Bedford. He
W. Morgan, Esq., of New nd made three
sailed in this ship in 1831, rels each trip,
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upon the same coast, or rty-one months.
thousand barrels oil in tlas disposed of at
One of these voyages d in coffee, thus
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each equalling any one voyage, his owner
1834, for his twelfth ship Frances Henri-
transferred him to theacket, purchased in
etta, late a French pe he doubled Cap
New York. This tine, and touched up
the first ti
the coast of Chili, and took whales, where
Nantucket had sent ships as early as 1790!
and obtaining gloriously paying voyages.

The result was as predicted, a full ship again, occupying fourteen months, securing 2600 barrels of sperm and whale oil and a full complement of bone. On the passage to New Bedford, when near the Brazil coast, she captured a sperm whale that yielded 150 barrels of sperm oil! Very few sperm whales of this size were ever taken by our whale fishermen in an experience of nearly two hundred years.

His senior brother, Matthew, was now doing business in connection with William Hathaway, under the firm of "Hathaway & Luce," which became famous in due time. They proffered him a new ship. She was put up in the yard at Mattapoisett upon the same blocks where the Nantucket ship Walter Scott came off in the previous month of August. The new ship for Captain Luce was named Virginia, after his good wife. In her he sailed, in November, 1836, on his thirteenth voyage, on an extended scale, upon the coast of New

1882

Obituary.—Capt. Thomas S. James, who died Thursday, at the age of seventy-four years, was a citizen of exemplary habits, and was highly respected in the community. His early life was passed in the whaling service. Later he commanded various packets, plying between this port and the larger seaport cities as far south as Baltimore. He subsequently was appointed first officer of the South Shoal lightship, and upon the retirement of Capt. George C. Gardner, 2d, in 1872, was promoted to the position of captain, which he held for a period of about ten years, when failing health compelled him to relinquish the position, and he retired from active life. He leaves a widow and one son.

1879

Ship John Jay.—Among the presents which the people of San Francisco are preparing for Gen. Grant, is a cane turned from a portion of the rudder-post of the old ship John Jay, which was dismantled and the hulk burned in San Antonio Creek last June. This vessel is famous as having conveyed Benjamin Franklin to France in 1776 as an ambassador from the United States, and in 1824 she brought the Marquis de Lafayette to America. The vessel also brought the first locomotive engine from England to the United States, and was for some time employed as a packet, plying between Liverpool and Boston and New York. She was subsequently sold at Sag Harbor for a whaler, and about 1835 was purchased by the late Thomas S. Hathaway of this city, who owned her for many years.—*Evening Standard.*

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Zealand, in the Pacific Ocean. After an absence of sixteen months he obtained hi 2700 barrels oil. Sailing again in the ship for the same coast, in twenty-two months he obtained 2800 barrels of oil and the usual quantity of bone,—1000 pounds to 100 barrels of oil.

The Walter Scott was still upon her first voyage when the Virginia was upon her second, and both arrived simultaneously, one having been absent forty-eight months and obtained 2227 barrels of sperm oil, and the other having made two voyages and obtained 4800 barrels of whale oil, 700 barrels of sperm oil, and 48,000 pounds of whalebone,—thus doubling the quantity of oil and value, making two passages to and from the Pacific Ocean, and doing all inside of three years.

This I mention as only one of the many coincidents of the varied experiences of whaling life,—a life full of anxieties and thrilling incidents.

The captain of the Walter Scott was one of our best ship-masters, not lacking in energy nor pluck, for later in life, while in charge of another new ship, he was stricken down with paralysis upon the threshold of his voyage, but even in that condition he shew no white feather; he would be lowered down in his boats to lead the attack on the whales. In this feeble physical condition he would kill his whale, and thus finally rounded up his voyage to success.

The third voyage of the Virginia, and the fifteenth of the gallant captain's, was to be a voyage for sperm oil. The wise men of the day were heard to say, "Now let us see what Captain Luce would do upon a new field!" They sailed in 1840 to the Pacific Ocean; in thirty-six months he again greeted his lucky owners with 2900 barrels sperm oil, and we are cognizant, that it made everything in business run smoothly on!

The sixteenth voyage was commenced in 1845 upon the old China ship Valparaiso, purchased of William Platt & Son of Philadelphia. After an absence of thirty-one months he again met her genial owners with 3650 barrels oil, 700 of it sperm, and 29,000 pounds of whalebone! surpassing any of her China voyages in success and profit, I fancy.

Then his wealthy owners built him the new ship "Atlantic," named from the ocean that had witnessed his many exploits. Sailing in the Atlantic in 1851, he was absent thirty-two months and landed 1800 barrels sperm oil.

He then had our old Nantucket ship Statira, which was built in 1826, and which had been purchased by the firm. They lengthened and fitted her up in splendid style for his last and crowning sea voyage. He sailed in 1857, and, after an absence in the Atlantic ocean of 35 months, again greeted his owners with 2700 barrels of sperm and whale oil and 25,000 pounds of whalebone; thus rounding and finishing up superbly his eighteenth voyage. In closing so eventful a life,—the most remarkable, taken in all its vicissitudes, of any man's who comes within the range of my knowledge, by tradition or otherwise, for nearly 200 years; a career the most dashing and spirited, but having been performed without accident to his ships; having run clear of the coral-beds of the Pacific, the rocky coast and waves of all the seas he has cruised in; never losing his ship's spars nor his officers nor his men, and usually bringing all home again—every man filling his place as shipped for, performing his duty entirely to the mind of the good captain; in a word, we have to say, he never broke a man nor had him step down a peg. His voyages embrace a long period in man's life. He was at sea 310 months, or near 26 years, and has landed in New Bedford and elsewhere thirty-eight thousand and five hundred barrels whale oil, eight thousand and five hundred barrels sperm oil, and three hundred and eighty-three thousand pounds of whalebone, making a total of FORTY-SEVEN THOUSAND BARRELS OF OIL.

Once Captain Luce was taken out of the boat by a tangled line about his leg and body, while in the act of killing a whale. When very deep in the sea he managed to draw his knife from his pocket and cut the line about his ankle. When freed from that he found still more line around his body, and he again cut himself clear. When he came to the surface he was nearly gone. He was terribly lacerated about his ankle, but in due time he fully recovered. This, let me remark, is no exceptional case. We have had here at Nantucket, among our whale fishermen, many cases precisely like this of the gallant captain. Most generally, as in his case, the flesh was all torn off about the ankle, leaving nothing but the bone and muscle, and taking a long time to recover.

I will close this account of my friend with a challenge to the world, as I have before in the lives of Clement Norton and Nathaniel C. Cary, to produce an equally splendid record. I add this of Captain Luce as the crowning jewel of all. And I can only liken him to the good Henry of Navarre, for the gallant captain exhibited in all his moves the same indomitable spirit. He never said "go," but said instead, "follow where you see the white plume."

I take pleasure in making these daring exploits familiar to your readers, and trust there are many of the young who see this account that will strive to emulate the good captain. In conclusion, we wish the captain a long life, and that he, with his good wife, may long enjoy the fruits of well-earned accumulations in their quiet and joyful home, with its lookout upon the broad waters that for so long a time were his home,—

"'The blue, the fresh, the ever free!"

Recapitulation.

Richard G. Luce has taken 47,000 barrels oil; Clement Norton of Edgartown, 43,000 barrels; Nathaniel C. Cary of Nantucket, 40,000 barrels.

Nantucket, March 22, 1878. F. C. S.

Obituary.—The decease of another of our veteran seamen, Capt. Benjamin Lawrence, at the age of eighty years, again revives the recollection of that melancholy tragedy, growing out of the destruction of the ship Essex of this port by a sperm whale, in the year 1820. Capt. Lawrence was one of the few survivors of the crew of the doomed ship, and his decease now reduces the number to a single one. The story has been told in full, and having been often referred to in our columns, is quite familiar to most of our readers. The Essex, under the command of the late Capt. George Pollard, sailed for the Pacific Ocean in August, 1819, and was sunk November 20, 1820, leaving her crew of twenty-one men adrift on the ocean in three whale-boats, with very little besides what they stood in, many hundreds of miles from the nearest land and with no other sail in sight. The whale which destroyed the ship by using his head as a battering-ram, appears to have done so deliberately and with malice prepense, and so quickly did she fill and sink, that there was no time to save anything but a very small stock of water and provisions. The tale of long-protracted suffering need not be told again here. Capt. Lawrence was a boatsteerer at that time, and was one of the three still left alive in the mate's boat when she was picked up on the 17th of February, 1821, by the English brig Indian. His two companions were the late Capt. Owen Chase, then first officer of the Essex, and Capt. Thomas J. Nickerson of this town, who is now, so far as we know, the sole survivor of the Essex crew. Three men were left on a barren island in the Pacific, known as Ducie's Island, and were afterwards taken off by a government vessel. In the captain's boat, which was picked up February 23d, 1821, only two men were living,—Capt. Pollard himself and the late Capt. Charles Ramsdell. It is somewhat remarkable as showing the indomitable character of these young seaman that, despite their terrible experiences, they all continued to follow their chosen profession, all rose to the command of ships, and all lived to a good old age. This remark applies to the five men saved in the two boats, who were all natives of Nantucket.

Youth and a strong constitution soon triumphed over physical sufferings, and Capt. Lawrence pursued his sea-faring career with the usual ups and downs of varying success. When the little fleet of whalers was fitted out from Hudson, N. Y., he, with many others of his townsmen, found employment there, and from 1832 to 1836 he was in command of the bark Huron from that port. Soon after his return from this voyage he purchased an interest in the brig Dromo, in which he made several whaling voyages in the Atlantic ocean. Since retiring from the sea he has employed himself busily in farming, fishing and other pursuits, residing a portion of the time at Siasconset, and was also for several years keeper of the Asylum. His sturdy virtues commanded the esteem of all who knew him, and he leaves behind the best possible record—that of an honest man doing his whole duty. One of his sons was lost at sea many years since, but his widow, three daughters, and two sons both residing in California, are left to mourn his loss and to cherish the memory of the true husband and father.

1879

Rev. David Patten, D. D., who died in Boston on the 26th ult., in his 70th year, was stationed at the Methodist Episcopal church in this town in 1843.

"An Old Time Ship Launching at Nantucket," read by Capt. Oliver G. Fosdick, which is appended herewith:

1899

AN OLD TIME SHIP-LAUNCHING AT NANTUCKET.

During the year 1838 the new ship Joseph Starbuck was to be launched at 12 o'clock noon, from the ways on Brant Point. The occasion was made a gala day; the children were given a half holiday from school; and long before time of launching, it seemed as though the entire population of the island was hurrying toward the water front, to be on hand to witness the inspiring spectacle of a noble ship sliding into the water for the first time. Young James F. Chase was among those who were on hand bright and early. This son of our ocean isle was the cynosure of all eyes; for it was known that he was going with Captain Sanford Wilber in the new ship, and surely that was enough to make a hero of him. Old Joseph Starbuck was the owner of the craft, and oh, how his kind and strongly-marked face lighted up with a smile as, with words of encouragement, he watched the Chase boy vie with others in bringing sail cloth and coils of rope to make comfortable seats for their mothers and sisters who with others were standing on Old North wharf watching the proceedings! What a happy time it was. All seemed to take a personal interest and delight in the launching. Among that large crowd almost everyone had a relative, who in all likelihood, would in time go on the ship or be connected in some manner with her future welfare. What a scene it was. There were old weather-beaten salts, who had made their last voyage with Captain Wilber, and noticeable among them was the veteran Robert Ratliff, the old boss rigger, who had secured a point of vantage on top of one of the long spiles, and who shouted to the populace, "Be all ready to give her three cheers when she strikes the water's edge!" Some of the boys had climbed to the tops of the dismantled hulks that were tied up along the wharves, while others had perched themselves on the point of the old-fashioned wooden davits, and with the rest were eagerly awaiting the striking of the bell in the old south tower, which, at intervals, announced to the assemblage the time of day.

As the appointed hour drew near, the sound of the caulker's mallet ceased; the ring of the blacksmith's anvil was silent; the coopers' hammers were laid away on the top of the oil casks upon which the coopers themselves climbed. The long, old-fashioned oil trucks were hauled near the capstan of the wharves and were utilized as a sort of settee and the post of honor—the horse's back—was gladly made available by the younger sons of the island. The weather was perfect. A gentle south-west wind ruffled slightly the surface of the water in the harbor and caused the ensigns and ship owners' flags, which were flying from the mast-heads of the vessels around the docks, to flutter in the breeze. On board the ship had been rigged a sort of jury-mast over the vessel's taffrail, and attached to it were the national colors, while up forward on the knight-heads were two poles. On one of these poles was the union jack, and on the other was displayed the private signal of the owners—a blue-white-and-blue, vertical striped flag, which today floats over a New York ship, and denotes a Starbuck owner. Here and there, over the deck, were stretched canvas awnings, under which a favored few, in company with Capt. Wilber and the owners of the ship, were seated eagerly watching and awaiting the actions of the ship's carpenters. These were busily at work on the deck attending to the numerous details of the task at hand. Attention must be paid to the numerous guy ropes which were stretched to the projecting spiles of her wooden cradle, and like a fond mother's caress to her child, the men would bestow a parting touch to each rope as they left it. The clanking of the anchor chains as they were arranged in layers around the windlass, in readiness for the virgin plunge into the waters of the harbor, added to the general confusion.

Soon, however, all was ready, and Capt. Wilber, accompanied by his youngest son, proceeded to the bow of the ship, and the captain, uncovering his head, announced to the spectators his son would christen the ship, "The Joseph Starbuck, of Nantucket."

Twelve o'clock now rang out from the belfry. The chocks and cleats were at once knocked away from the ship. At the suggestion of the mate, Mr. Henry Plaskett, a rush aft was made by her passengers which added an impetus to her motion, and ere the clock had ceased striking, the good ship slid from the ways. As her stern shot into the water, it sent a great wave across to the neighboring wharves and caused the small craft in the harbor to rock to and fro like cradles. At the same time a mighty shout was sent up by the multitude. All around a host of marine birds encircled the vessel, as though wondering what strange creature it could be, and one, more daring than the rest, alighted on the tip of the bow-sprit, fluttered for a moment, and flew away.

"Oh, how beautiful," exclaimed the Chase boy's sisters, "She floats like a swan."

Orders came thick and fast from Capt. Wilber: "Run out a rope through the mid-ship chock for a breast line, and have a line ready to throw on the wharf!" he shouted. And then the old rigger's voice could be heard, "Give her three cheers, boys!" And the salutation was given with a will.

The launching was quickly and safely over. Ropes were passed from the ship to the wharf, and she was hauled under the shears at Commercial wharf, preparatory to shipping the masts. Tears came into Mrs. Chase's eyes as she looked from the ship to her boy. "Don't feel bad," was his comforting assurance, "She is a splendid ship, and we are going to have a good voyage, and we will have lots of money when we come home."

Old Captain Wilber had been a life-long friend of Mrs. Chase and of her husband. One day the captain called at the Chase cottage and imparted news to Mrs. Chase which at first tore her heart. A ship had been built for him, he said. He had decided to make one more voyage, and if she would consent, he would take her son to sea with him. The prospect thus opened before her, the long years of separation from her beloved boy, was a sorrowful one indeed, but finally she gave her consent. Any Nantucket mother would have done the same in those days. Joyful indeed was Mrs. Chase when a boy came rushing to her, as was the custom then, to tell her the glad tidings of the ship's return after a short, and one of the most prosperous voyages ever made from Nantucket, and never was the fixed compensation of one dollar given more cheerfully.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

CORRECTIONS.

1879

Messrs. Editors:—The ship Lady Adams seems to be subject to error of record. This famous ship was built in Boston, I think, in 1801, and was purchased by Obed Mitchell, perhaps in 1802. He sent her and the ship Minerva, to the coast of Chili, prepared for whaling and skinning,—the Lady Adams in command of the giant Obed Fitch, and ——— Kidder, of Martha's Vineyard, was master of the Minerva. It was understood that Capt. Fitch should have the general direction of both ships, until the Lady Adams had obtained a load of skins—seals at that period were plenty on and around Massafuero. When the Lady Adams was full of skins, the Minerva had about 900 barrels of sperm oil. Capt. Fitch proceeded to China, sold his cargo, and purchased a cargo of teas, which he brought to this port; and although the Minerva did not add much to her oil after Capt. Fitch left for China, the owner made a very profitable voyage. So it was in 1804 that the Lady Adams came through the "Straits of Gasper" in company with the Essex, and not in 1814. Again, the Lady Adams is noted in Hussey & Robinson's "Catalogue of Nantucket Whalers," as having arrived from the Pacific Ocean in the war of 1812. The Lady Adams was here when the war was declared, and her owner, Obed Mitchell, put on board of her several hundreds of barrels of sperm oil and boxes of candles, and under command of Capt. David Brayton, sent her to the Hudson river for the safety of the ship and a market for his oil and candles. Capt. Brayton had the care of ship and cargo through the war; sold the oil and candles to good advantage, and in 1815 the ship was brought home and fitted for a Pacific Ocean voyage, in command of Capt. Peter Paddack, as stated in the "Catalogue." I have said the giant Obed Fitch (as fine a man as ever trod a ship's deck). Mr. Mitchell sent Capt. George Myrick to pilot the ship from Boston, and he was there while Capt. Fitch was taking in the provisions which Mr. Mitchell had ordered for the voyage. He said Capt. F. had two men in the hold stowing away articles, he standing at the main hatchway giving orders. He sent down a large box of sugar, and told the men to put it up into the wing, over some other articles already stowed. The men could not easily get it there, and Capt. Fitch took hold of the tackle-fall, lowered himself down, took up the box of sugar and at once placed it where he wanted it stowed. In the morning, when washing off deck, he would sling the harness-cask to draw water from alongside, and as he dashed it on to the deck, Capt. Myrick said he would jump on to the hen-coop, and the force of the water as it came from the harness-cask, would float hen-coop, him and all. While skinning off Massafuero, Captain Fitch would send all the crew, except a sick steward, ashore in the morning, and then tack that ship off and on, day after day. The crew said they would watch him when he was tacking ship, and when it was maintopsail haul, the yard would come round the same as when the crew were on board. Capt. Russell, of the ship Hero, was shot by order of the noted Benevedes, at Auroca, on the main, near the Island of St. Mary's, and not a Massafuero, as stated by your correspondentt "S." Benevedes was finally captured and quartered; his head was sent to Santiago and set upon a pole, high in air, that all could see it. His four quarters were distributed to other places which had suffered from his infamous robbery and cruelties.

W. R. E.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

JAMES LOPER.

1872

Messrs. Editors:—Your correspondent "Querist," has indeed started a question of some interest, relating to the original whaler, James Loper. I hope we shall hear from some one upon this subject, if any one has evidence to offer. If James Loper is really nothing but a myth, we have been for two centuries awarding undeserved honors to him, and wasting sentiment upon him.

I do not, however, understand "Querist to doubt the authenticity of the document quoted from the Records. There is no doubt that an agreement was made; but he seems to doubt whether it ever was carried out, or whether Loper was ever a resident there for two years, as agreed upon. This may be a very difficult point to settle, in the absence of any direct proof. I would ask, what evidence can be adduced that he did *not* reside here? and what has started "Querist" at this late hour, to astonish all the *connoisseurs* in Nantucket's history, by a question which implies, if it does not express, unbelief in Loper's whaling exploits? If no one can furnish any reply to the questions he has asked, by all means let us hear from "Querist" himself.

Sherburne.

A New Whaler for Edgartown.—The *Gazette* says that Samuel Osborn, Jr., Esq., of that town, has purchased the bark Mary Frazier, of New Bedford, 301 tons, which arrived at that port 25th ult. She is said to be a fine vessel, well found, and will be continued in the whaling business under command of Capt. Henry Dexter, of that town, late 1st officer of bark Sarah, of New Bedford. Mr. Osborn means business, and with a few men of like energy and undaunted enterprise, Edgartown would soon be restored to its old-timed prosperity.

1876

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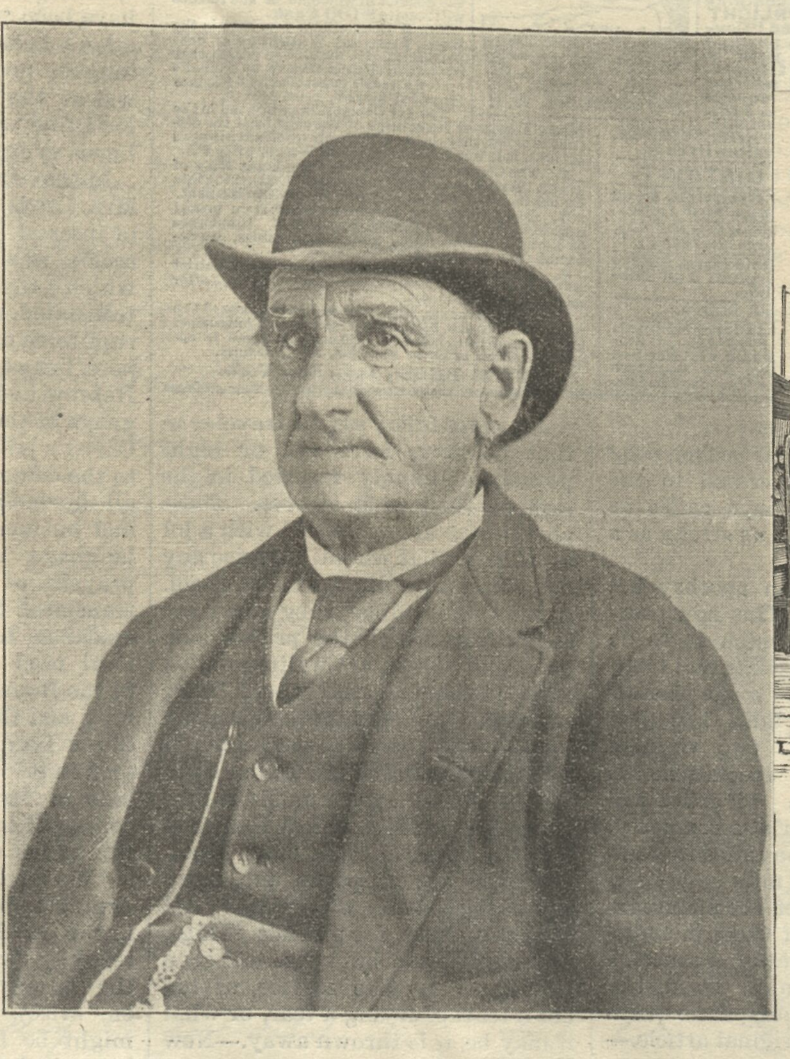
MORNING, FEBRUARY 13, 1897.

Dropped Anchor.



NATHAN H. MANTER.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

Our Veteran Captain.

NATHAN H. MANTER.

Never again, oh, never,
  Dismantled "Island Home,"
Will you bear your gallant captain,
  O'er seas he loved to roam!

Wind from East, no longer
  Your menace of wrath he hears;
No more 'neath threatening storm-cloud,
  He stands, and bravely steers.

Ever he looked to seaward,
  With calm, unflinching eye;
Never his courage faltered,
  When icy gales swept by!

Wreaths for our noble captain,
  And love for his honored name;
Who, true to the law of duty,
  Disarmed the shafts of blame!

One day to be remembered—
  Near the shoals, off Tuckernuck,
On the biting reef and sand-bar,
  The fated steamer struck!

Ah, what dismay befell him!
  Blind with the white sea-drift,
He prayed to God above him,
  The struggling boat to lift.

Her oaken timbers stiffened,
  Thus bound on reef and rack;
Of courage in her frenzied crew,
  Indeed there was no lack.

Can pen portray the horror
  Of that beleaguered boat,
So near the waiting loved ones
  At home, or ever note

The agony that pleaded
  For Mercy's gentle hand
To stay the Arctic demons,
  And bring her safe to land?

He heard the ocean's moaning,
  Hard by the dismal shore;
This tried and trusty helmsman
  Defied its rage and roar!

Its Titan strength he mastered,
  With nerves like tempered steel;
With trust in his faithful engineer,*
  He stood by his groaning wheel!

At last he reached the harbor;
  Up from the dear old town,
A psalm of joy ascended—
  For him, deathless renown!

Our captain, now safe-harbored,
  Rests by the jasper sea;
All painful voyages ended;
  Forevermore to be

Crowned with the Master's blessing,
  "Well done!" Long we shall tell
The deeds so brave and manly,
  Of one we loved so well!

ARTHUR ELWELL JENKS.

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*A. K. P. Bucknam.

Nathan H. Manter was born in Nantucket in the year 1818, and acquired such education as the average of boys at that time were permitted to obtain not blessed with wealth. When about seventeen years old he sailed in the ship Congress, of Nantucket, (before the mast), on a whaling voyage, under the command of Capt. William Upham, on the 23d of July, 1835, and returned with a fair voyage. He again sailed in the ship Sarah, as boatsteerer, with the same captain, July 14, 1839, and when the ship returned in 1843, she delivered her cargo at New York. His next voyage was as second mate with Capt. David Coffin, in the ship A rnolda, of New Bedford, and in 1848 he sailed as mate of the ship Java, of New Bedford, with Capt. John Stanton. On this voyage he was reported as having been killed by a whale, and his friends at home thought the story was true for a time, and "Starbuck's History of the Whale Fishery" still gives the story of his death. In 1854 he commanded the schooner William P. Dolliver on a whaling cruise in which he was fairly successful, and then abandoned the whaling industry to engage in steamboat service.

Capt. Manter entered the service of the Nantucket Steamboat Company as first officer of the steamer Massachusetts in 1855, with Capt. Benjamin C. Chase in command, and continued as first officer of the Massachusetts until the steamer Island Home was built, when he was transferred to the Island Home, with Capt. Thomas Brown in command. During his service in the old Massachusetts, an accident happened to her while on her passage between Nantucket and Hyannis by the breaking of her rudder chains in quite a heavy sea and cold weather. Capt. Manter said he could repair the damage if the captain would let him go over the stern of the steamer. It was a hazardous undertaking, but was successfully accomplished, although he was partially submerged in the water most of the time the repairs were being made.

When the Island Home came on the route between Nantucket and Hyannis, Capt. Manter served as first officer until the retirement of Capt. Brown, when he was given command in 1860, and continued as her commander until he was retired from active charge of the steamer in 1891, but continued in the employ of the N. B., M. V. & N. Steamboat Company, which succeeded the Nantucket company, until his death, which occurred on Saturday last.

According to his own estimate he had rounded Brant Point more than 40,000 times—and this without serious loss or mishap of any kind, although he passed through many trying experiences that tested his courage as well as his skill in seamanship, but Fortune was with him, and his record of forty-four years upon the ocean—thirty-one as master in the steamboat service—was one he justly referred to with pride.

The old Island Home was as dear to his heart almost as members of his own family, and in presenting the faithful likeness of the deceased, we cannot do it without also accompanying it with a picture of the steamer which he loved so well and which bore him safely through the calm and the storm for so many years.

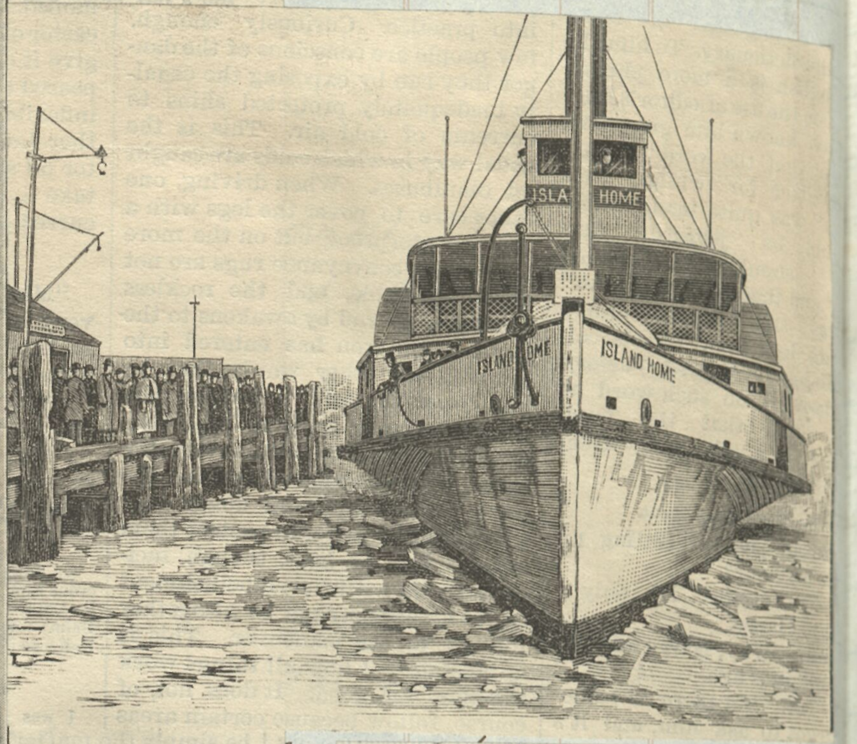
During the long period Capt. Manter commanded the steamer Island Home he was most successful, meeting with but few accidents and creating very little extra expense in her running. The old Island Home, on which he was employed from the time she was launched, seemed to bear a charmed existence under his master hand. His skill in her management was almost phenomenal, and all who knew Capt. Manter felt quite safe to make a trip in the Island Home when he was in charge. He was a most careful steamboat captain, and of an even temper and unwearied patience. He encountered many severe storms and buffeted the wind and ice of many winters, and always overcame the difficulties. He was ever equal to the situation, and won the respect and confidence of the travelling public by his unostentatious demeanor and frank courtesy on all occasions.

Throughout the town, on Wednesday, the day of his funeral, flags floated at half-mast as a mark of respect to the deceased, and during the hour of the service the bell on the steamboat was tolled.

Funeral services were held at his late home, Federal street, Wednesday afternoon, and were conducted by Rev. F. P. S. Lamb. About the casket were arranged a profusion of flowers—a floral arch and pillow, from those in the steamboat service, being prominent. The pall-bearers were the officers who sailed with the deceased for many years, viz: William Fitzgerald, 1st officer; A. K. P. Bucknam, engineer; C. C. Crosby, purser; and C. H. Allen. The remains were interred in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

He was a true man in the best sense, and will be kindly remembered by his numerous friends. Two daughters survive him, to whom the consolations and sympathy of the community are extended.

MORTON.—Captain Charles C. Morton died at Sonora, Cal., 14th inst., aged 76. Captain Morton was a native of Nantucket, and was master of bark John W. Coffin, which sailed from Boston December 8, 1848, being the first vessel to leave Boston for California after the discovery of gold.



Obituary.

1903

Charles W. Morris died at his home in Augusta, Wis., November 29th, at the age of 85 years, 9 months, 10 days. He was born on Nantucket island February 19, 1818, and his childhood and boyhood were spent among scenes well calculated to stir within him a longing to become a sailor and follow the sea. More than eleven years of his young manhood was spent on whaling vessels, at a time when such occupation was extremely dangerous. No one can realize the hardships of such a life. In 1847 he left his boyhood home and came west, settling in Madison, Dane Co., Wis., where he was married to Catharine Shaffer in 1848. From Madison they moved to Richland county, where they resided some years, and in 1859 came to Augusta, when our city was but a hamlet, there being but a few homes. Here he has resided for the past 44 years, seeing the hamlet grow into a village and from a village into a thriving and prosperous city.

His life has been identified with the growth and development of Augusta and all of its industrial enterprises. He was the first to establish a business house in our city, at a time when it was difficult to obtain the necessary household supplies. Truly he was a pioneer, enduring the hardships and privations incidental to pioneer life from the territorial days. He was the father of seven children, six of whom are living, the first born, a little girl, dying in infancy.

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4/27-1907

Sinking Whaler is Towed into Port.

Nearly going down only a mile from land, after a four years' voyage, the whaling bark Greyhound, Capt. A. T. Edwards, was picked up Sunday by a tug south of the Vineyard and brought safely into New Bedford.

The crew of the Greyhound, which brings back $69,000 worth of oil, had been at her pumps for 39 days, ever since she left St. Eustatia, and were worn out. They had been living on hardtack and tea for 10 days.

Buffeted by head winds and seas for the last two weeks, the bark could not get nearer the coast than South Shoals before Saturday, when word was sent that she was in distress.

Captain Edwards worked his vessel in the next 24 hours only as far as the back side of Martha's Vineyard, and, fearing to stand off shore again on his scanty supply of the scrapings of a last barrel, he anchored to the eastward of Squibnocket Point and went ashore in a whaleboat. He walked some 10 miles to a settlement and asked by telephone that assistance be sent him.

The tug J. T. Sherman was ordered to the bark's aid, and reached her just in time, as a gale was increasing from the westward and in an hour or two more she would have had to wear off shore. A towline was passed on board, and after a very rough trip up past Gay Head, she was brought across Vineyard Sound and Buzazrd's Bay and was safely docked at New Bedford.

Captain Edwards is the youngest whaling master in the world, and is scarcely 25 years old. He shipped in the Greyhound as mate under his uncle, Capt. J. T. Edwards, but the latter came home on account of illness and his nephew succeeded him. Young Edwards has been whaling since he was 10 years old, and that he is a successful whaler is shown by the fact that the Greyhound has made the phenomenal catch of 2400 barrels of sperm oil since it sailed from home.

"Scenes of Old Days Give Isle Its Charm."

By Betty Hunt in Albany "Times-Union" for August 27th, 1950.

If you like Yankee simplicity, and the chance to catch the full charm and salty flavor of real old-fashioned early Americanism, then you'll love Nantucket.

For here it is that the early Indians called "Beyond the Water," and to the whalers of yesteryear Nantucket was known as "The Little Gray Lady of the Sea." It is famous for its traditions and for its excellent antiques.

Immediately upon your arrival you'll get the smell of the whale oil as you step from your steamer onto the wharf. You'll find yourself enjoying talking with the townspeople. You'll hear the naves speak of "those folks over in the States," meaning, perhaps, Boston or Cape Cod. For Nantucketers do not consider the island a part of Massachusetts, nor even the United States.

Simply reeking with history, this unique vacation land has much to offer lovers of the sea and blue sky. It has gone far since the days back in 1837 when it was the mother of the whaling industry.

The natives will tell you that the first summer visitor to this charming island took his wife and five children across the waters of Massachusetts Bay and around Cape Cod in an open boat; back in 1659. Today, it's much easier. Now, you can get there by fast plane, or leisurely by big comfortable steamers, with your own car aboard, from either Woods Hole or New Bedford, which affords you four hours of delightful sailing. It's then you know you're really on vacation.

Nantucket Captain Landed First Settlers of Seattle 99 Years Ago.

The astounding development of the western section of our country has, for the most part, the aspects of an adventure story plus many fictional embellishments. One of the interesting chapters in this story is the growth and expansion of the cities of the northwestern America, and Nantucketers may well be proud of the part played by its "49'ers".

Of especial interest this week is the founding of the city of Seattle, Washington. It was exactly 99 years ago last Monday, Nov. 19, 1851, that the first settlers of that now extensive metropolis were landed on a little point of land in Puget sound. The vessel which brought these settlers here was the schooner *Exact*, of Nantucket, under command of Captain Isaiah Folger, of this island-town. The grand-daughter of Capt. Folger, Mrs. Robert Appleton, is still living here, being well along in her 92nd year.

* * * * *

Capt. Isaiah Folger had helped to navigate the *Exact* from Nantucket around the Horn to San Francisco several months before. Upon arrival in California, he took the schooner on freighting voyages up the coast. On Nov. 5, 1851, he was at Portland, Oregon Territory, where he was engaged by gold prospectors who wished to go to the Queen Charlotte Islands in Puget Sound.

At that time there were only three places north of the Columbia River that resembled settlements. These were Vancouver, Tumwater and Olympia. These were Hudson's Bay posts, consisting of trading houses, military garrisons, religious missions, combined with farms and individual settles. All were in what was known as northern Oregon Territory, now Washington State.

When four families, then in Portland and bound north, heard that the *Exact* was headed up the coast, they engaged passage on the craft. The families included a month-old baby.

Thus, the Nantucket schooner with her Nantucket master became the *Mayflower* of Seattle's history.

The *Exact* cleared from Astoria on Nov. 7, and reached a position off Alki Point on Nov. 13. One of the passengers on that historic voyage, Mrs. Alexander, who, with her husband, was bound for Olympia, wrote:

"The wind was fair and strong, so strong that they arrived at Alki at 8:00 o'clock that morning of the 13th of November, 1851—eight days out of Portland. No one on board but Mr. Low had ever been on the Sound before, and no one else had the slightest idea of where to stop; so all the way he was on the lookout to see if he could recognize the place where he had left Lee Terry and David Denny. In some way or other he did. I marvel at it when I think of the continuously wooded shore-line and of his not having approached the place from this direction before.

"Captain Folger decided it was better to anchor well out in the Sound, and put his passengers ashore by rowboat at low tide; and so he did. There they were, these founders of a great city, dumped on the beach in the rain! Men, women, children and baggage! ....The men took little time to contemplate their surroundings but set to work immediately to get their precious household goods and provisions up the bank before the tide turned. While they were hurrying to save their baggage, the women, chilled through and wet to the skin, looked for some shelter for themselves and their little ones. They found one log cabin without a roof. With heavy hearts and longing eyes they stood on that lonely shore and watched the little schooner with Capt. Folger sail away. So this was the end of their long pilgrimage. This was the Promised Land!"

Herman Melville, Peace-Maker.

"When shall the time come, how much longer will God postpone it, when the clouds, which at times gather over the horizons of nations, shall not be hailed by any class of humanity, and invoked to burst as a bomb?"

This ever-timely question was asked by Herman Melville one hundred years ago—and, with the clouds of war still gathering over the nations, it is time to read again "White Jacket." For it is doubtful if any book has more vehemently denounced war and its attendant evils than this work, first published in 1850.

Here, in his fifth book, Melville writes of his adventures as an ordinary seaman on the frigate *United States*. Sailing from Honolulu in the summer of 1843, the vessel touched at the Marquesas and at Tahiti, visited the Peruvian port of Calao, doubled the Horn, and made a considerable stay in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro.

Melville landed at Boston in October, 1844, in his twenty-fifth year. His sea-roving days at an end, he settled in New York and turned to the business of becoming a writer. He wrote "Tyee," "Omoo," "Mardi" and "Redburn" from his earlier sea-going adventures. "White Jacket" appeared in 1850 and was followed by his masterpiece "Moby-Dick."

As its subtitle indicates, "White Jacket" depicts "the world in a man-of-war." The object of the work, Melville tells us, is to give some idea of the interior life in a man-of-war. He says:

"I feel persuaded in my inmost soul, that is to the fact of my having been a main-top-man; and especially my particular post being on the loftiest yard of the frigate, the main-royal yard; that I am now enabled to give such a free, broad, off-hand, bird's-eye, and, more than all, impartial account of our man-of-war world; withholding nothing; inventing nothing; nor flattering, nor scandalizing any; but meting out to all—commodore and messenger-boy alike—their precise descriptions and deserts."

And the fact that the book still shocks many readers by its frankness and sincerity is proof enough that Melville succeeded in his purpose.

Among the many man-of-war evils that Melville condemned was the custom of flogging. This had already been denounced ten years before by Richard Henry Dana in his "Two Years Before The Mast." But "White Jacket" had more influence in abolishing corporal punishment in the Navy than anything else. This book was placed on the desk of every member of Congress and was a most eloquent appeal to the humane sentiment of the country. As evidence of the good it did, a law was passed soon after the book appeared abolishing flogging in the Navy absolutely, without substituting any other mode of punishment in its stead.

But flogging was only one of the many injustices to come under Melville's scorn. His principal enemy is the man-of-war itself—and the wars that make these warships necessary.

The following quotations from "White Jacket" help prove Melville's claim to the title "peace-maker." No doubt, these words shocked some of the readers of 1850. But, after one hundred years, are there still readers today who find these truths difficult to understand? Alas, then, we still must tolerate the same man-of-war world that Melville despised.

"The motive which prompts the introduction of chaplains into the navy cannot but be warmly responded to by every Christian. But it does not follow, that because chaplains are to be found in men-of-war, that, under the present system, they achieve much good, or that, under any other, they ever will.

"How can it be expected that the religion of peace should flourish in an oaken castle of war? How can it be expected that the clergyman, whose pulpit is a forty-two pounder, should convert sinners to a faith that enjoins them to turn the right cheek when the left is smitten?" (Chapter 38.)

"Ah! the best righteousness of our man-of-war world seems but an unrealized ideal, after all; and those maxims which, in the hope of bringing about a Millennium, we busily teach to the heathen, we Christians ourselves disregard. In view of the whole present social framework of our world, so ill adapted to the practical adoption of the meekness of Christianity, there seems also some ground for the thought that although our blessed Saviour was full of the wisdom of heaven, yet his gospel seems lacking in the practical wisdom of earth—in a due appreciation of the necessities of nations at times demanding bloody massacres and wars; in a proper estimation of the value of rank, title and money." (Chapter 76).

"But as the whole matter of war is a thing that smites common sense and Christianity in the face; so everything connected with it is utterly foolish, unchristian, barbarous, brutal, and savouring of the Feejee Islands, cannibalism, saltpetre, and the devil." (Chapter 74).

"Are there no Moravians in the moon, that not a missionary has yet visited this poor planet of ours, to civilize civilization and christianize Christendom?" (Chapter 64).

"....Who knows that this humble narrative may not hereafter prove the history of an obsolete barbarism? Who knows that, when men-of-war shall be no more, 'White Jacket' may not be quoted to show to the people in the Millennium what a man-of-war was? God hasten the time! Lo, ye years, escort it hither, and bless our eyes, ere we die." (Chapter 68).

Richard D. Purcell.

'The Old Mill,"
Nantucket, Mass.

Being Demolished.

Another of the noble vessels which formed a part of the fleet which was New Bedford's glory and pride in the pristine days of the whale fishery, is being broken up, and in a short time will have proved a victim to the changed conditions which make it less expensive to build new vessels elsewhere than to make extensive repairs at this port on old craft.

At Wilcox's wharf, just north of the bridge, ship Jireh Perry is being broken up, and what remains of this craft will be towed to Pope's Island, where the work of demolition will be completed.

Schooner Antarctic, after being dismantled, has already been towed to the island, and will share the same fate.

Each of these vessels is sound in the bottom, and if they had been in their present condition 30 years ago, would have been repaired, given a new lease of life, and made to do good service for a long term of years. In these days it is found more profitable if the services of a vessel is required to build new, on modern lines, than to re-top the old craft. Each of the vessels could be repaired, and be made serviceable for years as barges, but for the fact that they draw too much water in proportion to their carrying capacity.

These old vessels which line our wharves are links which bind the hustling, driving, manufacturing New Bedford of today to the maritime city of the past which carried the American flag to every sea, supported and enriched its population, and accumulated vast fortunes through the hardihood and industry of its citizens, in a calling peculiarly its own, and in a field where it had little or no opposition. Our older residents who were identified with the whale fishery in those halcyon days are pardonable if they invest these old hulks with a sentimentality that they do not possess for the younger portion of the population, and if they express deep felt regret at their disappearance.

There is little of the debris that lines the wharves or shores where the old hulks are torn to pieces that does not possess some value, or that is not found useful for some purpose. The sheathing boards which look about as worthless as anything can look, are in constant demand, and command almost fabulous prices for burning in open fire places, where they produce flames of many colors, blending in handsome effects that have defied art to produce. Every scrap of iron and copper is almost religiously preserved, and even the old oakum in the joints is found of enough value to collect. Such of the planking as is sound finds a ready market. Much of it is used in the repairs of the wharves, and considerable of it is used for stable floors and in other building construction. The cabin fittings usually sooner or later find their way into other vessels undergoing overhauling, and the time when every vestige of an old craft will have disappeared is always far in the future.—[New Bedford Standard. Oct 1893

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Jan. 15 - 1881

The Whale Fishery.

The New Bedford *Whalemen's Shipping List*, of this week's issue, contains the following review of the American whale fishery for the past year:

We lay before our readers to-day our Thirty-Seventh Annual Review of the Whale-Fishery of the United States.

The year 1880 will be long remembered as a remarkable period in the business enterprises of the country, and although the wave of prosperity that has swept over the United States, has not placed whaling interests in a profitable position, we cherish the hope they may yet be benefitted.

The business has been to a certain extent, changed during the past two or three years by the constant retirement of vessels, of which twenty-eight now lie at our wharves, and a few others have been sold. Of the number to arrive the present year, many will be retired, and the fleet bids fair to be much reduced. Right whaling is now the order of the day, as its prospects appear better than the catching of Sperm oil at present prices, and if the sperm whales are neglected for a time, who knows but that we shall find them after a while, as abundant as a few years since.

Large fares of Whale Oil are more easily taken than of Sperm, and the business is of a more lively and exciting nature, while the usual high price of Whalebone makes it more profitable. May success attend the efforts of the many vessels who are to follow that branch of the fishery during the present and coming years!

Our present fleet numbers 177 vessels at sea and in port, against 178 last year, 186 in 1879, and 187 in 1878.

Sperm whaling has not been a success; vessels in the North Atlantic making a fair average, and those on River Platte and Tristan doing poorly, while on the Coast of Africa catches were good, and some vessels took large fares. On New Zealand the fleet met with poor success, excepting one vessel, and on Chili sperm whales were not so abundant as formerly. Near Gallipagos Islands and vicinity, two vessels did well, and the Indian Ocean and New Holland were entirely neglected. The continued low price for Sperm oil and the scarcity of whales have discouraged many who have long followed this branch, and the success of Right whalers induces them to change to that which appears more remunerative.

Right whaling has yielded good results. In the Arctic Ocean, whalers were very abundant, and the quantities of oil taken were limited by the size of the vessels and the number of casks, the fleet averaging 1400 barrels of oil and 22,000 pounds of whalebone, being the handsomest return for many years. No traces were found of the two whalers missing the year previous. In the different Southern oceans Right whaling was prosecuted by a large number of vessels with varying success, and during the Summer large catches of Humpback were made on the Coasts of South America and Africa, the high price compared with other oils stimulating many in that direction.

Sperm Oil opened the year at $1.00 per gallon, advanced to $1.07 in March, declined to $1.02½ in May, and to 87 cents in July, advanced to 90 cents in August, to 95 cents in September, and to 98 cents in October, closing the year at the latter figure. The stock of crude oil in hands of importers, manufacturers and others, both in Europe and this country, is much less than at this time last year. The quantity afloat is 4500 barrels less.

The consumption of Sperm Oil has been fully equal to that of the past few years, and possibly somewhat increased, and in Europe it is expected the figures when received, will show that the consumption there was nearly, if not quite up to the average of previous years.

Arctic Whale Oil opened the year at 60 cents per gallon, declined to 50 cents in April and to 46 cents in May, advanced to 55 cents in August, and declined to 50 cents at the close of the year. South Sea and Humpback Oils having sold at from 2 to 3 cents less per gallon than Arctic.

Arctic Whalebone was at $2.25 per pound in January, $2.00 in May and $2.30 in June, advanced further to $2.50 in August, but declined in November to $1.30, closing the year at that figure, the heavy catch weakening the market. The price of South Sea Whalebone has ruled at about 25 cents per pound less than Arctic.

Our estimates of the Imports of Sperm and Whale Oils for the year 1880 were nearly correct, but the importation of Whalebone (as the success of the Arctic fleet cannot be foretold) was far beyond our figures.

We estimate the Imports for the coming year as follows:—Sperm Oil, 29,000 barrels; Whale Oil, 43,000; Whalebone, 250,000 to 350,000 pounds.

3/5 1904

New Bedford Towboats.

The recent arrival at that port of the new tugboat J. T Sherman and the prospective retirement from active service of the old tug Nellie, mark an epoch in towboat history of New Bedford which the Standard thinks worthy of special mention, and the issue of Saturday last contained a lengthy article on the subject, from which we clip the following paragraphs of interest to the people of Nantucket. The Standard says:

"To speak of the history of New Bedford towboats is, in some ways, to review the whole history of local steamboating, a subject which has been already treated fully in local print, and more fully than the scope of this article will permit. But, since early steamboats of all classes attended to local towing before there was sufficient need to employ regular specific tugs, any consideration of towboats must start at the beginning of things. From earliest times and down to comparatively recent days, the New Bedford whaling captain scorned such a thing as a towboat; if he couldn't hoist his sails at the wharf with the picturesque song of the bo'sn and sail proudly out of port independent of prosaic steam, he felt himself deficient. And in the days when quarantine and immigration laws were less stringent, it was the custom for a skillful master mariner to lay his ship alongside the wharf and proudly claim that he had personally brought his voyage to a successful end. Compared with the wheezy, puffing steam tug the old days certainly appeal to the romantic side of one with striking force.

In the old days the Vineyard boats, and even the Fairhaven ferry, advertised their schedules with considerable elasticity, claiming the right to do towing in conjunction with their regular trips. The man who started for the Vineyard or Nantucket was likely to arrive hours later than he had contemplated, because the steamer would divert her course and tow some whaleship out to sea past the Hen and Chickens lightship. And if it suited the pocketbook of the company, a day's trip might be omitted for the same reason. In this way every steam craft was a towboat.

It may not be generally known, but so far as the writer has been able to discover, New Bedford had a steamboat within a decade from the time when Fulton first steamed up the Hudson in his experimental Clermont. And, strange as it may seem, this pioneer came into port via Nantucket. If there were earlier steamers here, no recorded trace of them remains. On May 5, 1818, the steamboat Eagle made her first trip from this port to Nantucket with passengers, succeeding the previous system of sailing packets. She caused a tremendous sensation, and her feat of making the trip in eight hours, twice what is now occupied, was the marvel of the day. Her prospects seemed extremely bright, but their realization was far from what it should have been. In August the line was discontinued and sailing packets resumed their sway.

In 1829 Nantucket had about reached the pinnacle of its prosperity, and the demand for a steamboat was strong. Jacob Barker, who was a resident of New York, purchased the Marco Bozzaris, built in 1826, and on May 1st sent her to Nantucket to run between that port and New Bedford. Edward H. Barker was her master and recorded owner, though his brother probably furnished the money. Something of the size of this craft may be appreciated when it is stated that the Monohansett is of 489 tons, while the Marco Bozzaris was only of 129 tons. The Marco Bozzaris had been on her route only a month when her boilers gave out and she had to return to New York, where new ones were fitted. She ran until 1831, when she was sold to New Bedford, and remained in these waters many years.

In 1832 the Nantucket Steamboat company was organized to run between New Bedford and Nantucket, and the Telegraph was built and placed in command of Captain E. H. Barker. She was the first steamboat owned in Nantucket. In turn she was commanded by Captain Lot Phinney and Captain James H. Barker. Till September 26, 1854, she ran on her original line, but was then changed to Hyannis, to which point the Old Colony had extended its line of railroad, the nearest point to Nantucket. After 1842, the Telegraph was used as a spare boat, her regular place being taken by the Massachusetts. The old Telegraph, when she became so decrepit as to have bad repute, was renamed "Nebraska," and in 1858, when both had been replaced by the more familiar Island Home, they were both sold to parties in Keyport, N. J. These two old boats were unique in having upright beams instead of walking beams.

When the Nantucket boat took up her route to Hyannis instead of to this port, the Vineyard was left without a steamboat, and for a time the New Bedford & Marthas Vineyard Steamboat company chartered and ran the steamer George Law, first to Nantucket and later only to the Vineyard. In 1854, however, this charter was cancelled, for the company had built at New York a new steamer, called the Eagle's Wing. She was of 409 60-95 tons, by far the largest boat owned in these parts up to that time. In the summer of 1861, however, she was burned off Rocky point, Providence river. Some of her machinery was saved and entered into the Monohansett when that craft was built to replace her.

In 1862 the Monohanset was built at the yard of Thomas Collier, Forty-second street, New York city, and came here soon after launching. She arrived in July, 1862, but was on her line only three weeks, when she was chartered by the government and went south. It is said that her first charter, which ran five months, was $500 a day, a gilt-edge proposition for her owners."

A New Bedford Sensation.—An associated press dispatch to the daily press says that considerable excitement was occasioned in New Bedford Monday afternoon, about 5 o'clock, by W. Ferdinand Macy, a well-known artist, who threw open the window of his studio, in the second story of Masonic Building, and leaped out. He landed on the awning of Briggs & Lawrence's furniture store. This split under him, and he fell to the sidewalk. The awning broke his fall, and he was not seriously injured. A crowd gathered, and in response to questions he said he jumped to save his life. His clothes were badly torn and his face bruised and bloody. He was in his studio attending to his business, when Alexander Cumming, brother of Arthur Cumming, teacher of drawing in the public schools, came in and accused him of calling him (Alexander) and his brother liars and cowards. Mr. Macy said that what trouble he had was with Arthur, and he had made an apology for what he said to him. Alexander then struck Mr. Macy, knocked him down and then dragged him around the room by his collar and kicked and otherwise maltreated him. Mr. Macy stood no chance of defending himself from his assailant, who was a very powerful man, and as he could not escape by the door, when he broke away he jumped from the window. After reaching the sidewalk Mr. Macy went to a drug store and had his wounds dressed, and then swore out a warrant against Cumming, who was summoned to the Police Office and allowed to go upon his promise to appear in the District Court next day, which he did, pleading guilty to the charge of assaulting Mr. Macy, who went into the court room for the purpose of withdrawing the charge, as matters had been satisfactorily settled, and Cumming was fined one cent and costs. 1887

Nantucket Harbor.

The Boat's In

Around the Point a-tooting
The morning boat floats in,
Well-crowded decks in view now;
The Harbor looks so trim.

The Captain guides the wharfing;
The crowd awaits, alert
To dock and be greeted;
Vacation takes a spurt.

Horns toot, the pier is crowded;
The Town absorbs this load,
Makes room for these newcomers
On Main, on beach, on road.

The Fleet.

The anchorage is busy,
Flags, pennants, in the breeze;
Such luxury, such beauty
Alive upon the seas.

The tender is kept moving
'Twixt Harbor, ship and shore;
It's loaded, coming, going;
Fun's everywhere in store.

Run up the main and spinn'ker;
Haul up the anchor true:
The wind and sails are waiting;
The Rainbow Fleet's in view.

Sails red and blue and orange,
A-powered with gentle breeze:
Solos, couples, parties
All sail Nantucket's seas.

Such graceful lines, such rhythm,
Such skill with rudder, sheet;
Such sparkling hulls which carry
Sails full and trim and neat.

Three toots—the sailing's over,
And sun-down's in the West:
Tender comes a-skimming;
Another day, sun-blest.

The Gulls

Aloft, skilled fishers soaring,
Now dive to seize a clam;
They soar again, food gathered
And seek the shore, then wham!
The clam is dropped to crack it,
For breakfast is inside;
A gulp, it's gone; another
Will follow in its stride.

Brant Point

This Point, a favorite spot to sit,
To watch, to bathe, or loaf a bit;
The scene in our Town's early days
Of whaleships built on sturdy ways.
Through years, the Light provides the fame
Of Brant Point, cautioning ships off the main:
A welcome sight for visitors' eyes,
The Light shines true 'neath varied skies.

The Wharves.

The sights that wait off-islander's view
There's boats, of course, and this and that
For sailors' use at sea.
But here and there, you'll find a spot
Where food awaits one's pleasure,
And Straight Wharf, with its Theatre,
Presents dramatic treasure.
Seek what you will on these old planks,
Ships, dunnage, food to savor:
These wharves retain old atmosphere
Nantucket's cherished flavor.

The Church Tower.

This steeple, towering o'er the Town—
Nantucket, old, of great renown—
This Tower tops the Harbor's life
And blesses those who've left their strife;
Forgotten now their routine ways,
Their city toil and busy days
Here in this Harbor and this Town,
The Tower promotes a calmer round
Of hours and days more wisely spent
By all these folks health-pleasure bent.
Old Church-Tower stands a beacon true;
Good Harbor, we'll come back to you.

—*Reg Evans,*

The Moorings, August, 1950.

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Nantucket Architecture.

By Allan Atwood, N. H. S., '51, in "The Islander," May, 1950.

Everyone with a knowledge of the subject will concede that the detailed history and record of the evolution of the architecture of a given locality which has been populated for nearly three hundred years would fill several scholarly volumes. So it is with Nantucket. So many factors and incidents are closely related to the subject that only the more prominent may be touched upon here. Added to this disadvantage is the author's comparative ignorance of the highly technical side of the topic. Cantilever construction, Corinthian columns, correct proportions—all of these belong to the higher side of the science and require extensive study to be understood and fully appreciated. Fortunately, however, Nantucketers have always built their dwellings with an eye to simplicity and we may deal with the entire matter in a straightforward manner, omitting the more involved details.

Nantucket architecture may be divided roughly into several periods: The English style of the early settlers followed the early Colonial style and predominated until about 1740.

The architecture of the Colonial and Federal times, extending from before the Revolutionary War until about 1830. It is generally conceded that most of Nantucket's dwellings fall into this category.

Finally, the Classic period, commencing about 1830 and continuing until 1860. All buildings since that time have either been along the lines of one of the three periods or may be classed in the "modern" category.

To the visitor Nantucket at once presents a quaint, distinguished atmosphere which is rarely found in the average small town. Although part of Nantucket's atmosphere is intangible, there are definite reasons to explain the remainder.

Foremost among these reasons may be placed the consistency of design found here as nowhere else in the world. In most American communities, extremes of architecture which challenge the imagination may be found on the same block. A decorous Victorian mansion replete with gingerbread trim may well stand next to an ultra-modern structure with picture windows. Not so on Nantucket. Although there are few flagrant violations of common sense building most builders have followed the general pattern embodying simplicity of line and well-proportioned design set down by their predecessors.

Here, through a similarity of materials employed and treatment of exterior decoration, prevails a harmony that does not become monotonous but rather frees the eye from harsh discords found wherever architecture follows the whim of fashionable style.

Of second importance, although an extremely important contributing factor to Nantucket's pleasing aspect, is in the fact that most houses are wide enough to cover the breadth of the lot upon which they are constructed. This serves to conceal the rear of the house and spares the passer-by the sight of clothes-lines, garbage cans, garages, etc. It also serves as an asset to the owner of the house as it affords him complete privacy of his garden.

Lastly, Nantucket's atmosphere depends upon the construction of houses close to the street with the absence of spacious lawns or front yards. This condition gives the town its closely-knit appearance and although it may not be a wholly desirable feature it is one of the realities which make Nantucket what it is.

That the old Nantucketer built to last can hardly be doubted when one looks at the many examples of houses that have withstood the test of centuries of howling gales, driving rain, and heavy snow. . . . .There are many reasons to which the Nantucket dwelling owes its longevity: heavy, hand-hewn, mortised and pegged beams, thick, well secured siding and weather resistant wooden shingles—these have played their parts in keeping the island's older structures standing across the years. Perhaps the prime factor, however, was the skill and conscientious work which the designers and constructors built into them.

One of Nantucket's chief assets is her architecture. We would do well to remember that if a fire should ever destroy our town and cause it to be built along present-day lines, Nantucket would not be far removed from any of the hundreds of small seacoast resorts along the Eastern seaboard.

6/10/50

Correspondence of The Inquirer and Mirror.

Bark "Gay Head."

OUNALASKA, August 6th, 1896.

Mr. Editor:

Arrived here on the 1st inst., and as we leave to-day for the Arctic, write you this. We sailed from San Francisco in February, and for four months saw no whales; then we reached the Kodiak grounds, and although the weather was very unfavorable (calms, etc), we killed three right whales, saving two of them; the other sank, and although we worked hard for five days trying to raise him, the killers had been so busy eating him that there was not enough left to float. From Kodiak we went to the northward—St. Paul's Island—but from the time we entered Behring Sea, July 6th, until we came here, we have experienced nothing but fogs, so that it has not been possible to do anything.

The whaling barks "Mermaid" and "Horatio" were both here, and had no whales, the "Alice Knowles" had one good right whale; so you can see that we have done better than any of them.

This has been rather a monotonous voyage for my wife and boy (they are with me), as with the exception of a revenue cutter, who boarded us to seal up our guns, as no one is allowed to use firearms in the Behring Sea for fear of destroying seals, we spoke no vessels and saw nothing except the grand spectacle presented by Mt. St. Elias, raising his snow-crowned head far above the clouds; but they, especially my wife, have gained very much in health, and as I have a tutor on board for the boy, he has gained both mentally and physically, and enjoys himself hugely.

The cutters "Grant," "Perry," "Corwin," "Rush," and the British gun-boat "Pheasant" have been here watching sealers, forty-five of which left here a week or ten days ago, to be on the grounds on the first of August. The law compels them to spear the animals and to keep outside a certain limit from the islands upon which are the rookeries, so you can imagine how busy they (the cutters) must be to do their duty properly.

My wife has made a collection of flowers, and one would be surprised at the number of different species existing here. There are no trees, but grass makes the hills a beautiful green, very grateful to the eyes after months at sea. As grass is so luxuriant in growth, one naturally would expect meat to be reasonable in price; but fancy paying, as we are compelled to do, ten dollars a head for very small sheep. Fish, however, are very plentiful, this place being close to some of the finest fisheries the world has.

There has been some talk of the British compelling our whale-ships to leave Herschel Island, where they now winter in the Arctic, but if they intend doing so it will not be this year, as the "Pheasant" has no orders to that effect: and if she performs her duty of watching sealers, she will have work enough.

Seals do not seem as plentiful as formerly, only one vessel or two having many, but the cod-fishing schooners are doing well. By-the-way, the "Rattler," a vessel built East for a fishing schooner, is one of the sealers that have done the best. We have about finished getting in our stores, water and some ballast, and go to sea this p. m. If we make a season here (say five or six bow-heads) we return to San Francisco; if not, we go to the South Seas via this port, or failing this, through any cause, to Honolulu, H. I., and touching at Guam, Ladrone Islands, thence back to Kodiak next spring, and to the Arctic again, and from thence home to San Francisco.

When opportunity offers I will write you, but the visicissitudes of life are many, and no one knows how events may turn one about, as witness, a young sailor on the "Perry," who was to have received a medal for jumping overboard in a heavy sea and rescuing two of his shipmates, fell from aloft alongside the wharf and was killed here.

With best wishes from my wife and myself, I am

Sept. 26 — 1896

Sincerely yours,
CHARLES H. FOLEY.

REVIEW OF THE WHALE FISHERY FOR 1886.—The *Whalemen's Shipping List* of Tuesday publishes the forty-third annual review of the whale fishery of the United States for the past year, from which we take the following:—

The year just closed has been without features of special note, except the low prices of oil that have prevailed. The continued low price of Sperm oil discourages those engaged in that branch of the business, and forcing agents to change the character of their voyages, looking to the taking of more whale oil and whalebone. Of the arrivals only a very few took good cargoes of oil, the majority having done but fairly.

The total number of vessels of all classes engaged in the business is 121, of which 19 hail from San Francisco, and all engaged in right whaling. The decrease of tonnage during the year was 827 tons. The present tonnage of the entire fleet is 28,291, of which 6,500 tons are now in Eastern ports, and over one-third of this tonnage is offered for sale. About one-half the tonnage continue right whaling.

The North Pacific fleet comprised 38 vessels and steamers. The total catch yielded about 20,000 barrels of oil and 309,000 pounds of whalebone. The bark John Carver was lost early in the season, with two whales. The Arctic fleet took 153 whales against 222 in 1885. The season on the whole cannot be said to have been a profitable one.

Sperm oil opened at the commencement of the year at 85 cents, declined to 73 cents in June, advanced to 75 cents the latter part of July, at which it was steady until October, when it declined to 72 cents, and still further to 70 cents in November, at which large sales were made, principally to refiners, holders declining to make further sales to exporters at that price. A small sale was made at the close at 73 cents for export, but most holders' views were 75 cents.

The consumption of sperm oil in this country was not as large as in the preceding year by from 3000 to 3500 barrels, although the average price of the year was much less. In Europe it was less than for a number of years, being only 865 tuns, as against 1373 tuns in 1885. The Bottlenose whale oil was in large supply, and the price fell to £18 per tun, which was the same at which good whale oil sold for.

Whale oil opened at 41 cents for Northern, and declined to 29 cents in May, quite large sales being made for both export and home use. It advanced to 34 cents in August, but declined again to 29 cents in November, and closed at 30 cents, at which sales were made of 800 barrels for manufacture.

Whalebone opened at $2.50 for Arctic, which price was maintained with large sales until April, when it declined to $2.25 with sales of about 100,000 pounds. It then advanced to $2.50 in May, to $3.00 in August, to $3.25 in September, and to $3.35 in October; a small sale was made in November at $3.50. The year closed at $3.00 for new bone, the stock of old bone having been about all used up.

Refined spermaceti continued in good demand during the year, principally for export. The extreme price obtained at the close of 1885, viz., 45 cents, was not sustained. The opening price was 45 cents, declining to 42 cents in February, to 40 cents in April, to 38 cents in June, advanced to 41 cents in October, and closed at 38 cents, with sales, and offered for future delivery.

We estimate the import of sperm oil into the Atlantic ports for 1887 at 18,000 to 20,000 bbls., and of whale oil at 20,000 bbls., and that of whalebone will depend on the success of the Arctic fleet.

Imports for 1886 were: Sperm oil, 23,312 barrels; whale oil, 27,249 barrels; whalebone, 352,490 pounds. Exports were: Sperm oil, 3118 barrels; whale oil, 13,253 barrels; whalebone, 184,511 pounds.

Stock in the United States January 1, 1887: Sperm oil, 18,210 barrels; whale oil, 9270 barrels; whalebone, 322,900 pounds.

The average price of whale oil during the year was 33 cents; sperm oil, 74 1-2 cents; whalebone, $2.73.

AY MORNING, MARCH

1904

Captain Wise Passed to Rest.

Universal regret was expressed yesterday at the news of the death of Captain Francis W. Wise, which took place at his home, No. 7 Dallas road, early in the day. Captain Wise was one of the best known and most highly respected mariners on the Pacific coast and was known from California to Alaska, as well as on the Atlantic seaboard and in the South Pacific islands. He had been suffering for some time back from a dropsical complaint, complicated with heart trouble, and a short tour of California last year was taken in the hope that it would afford relief. Last December, however, the old symptoms recurred, and from that time up to the day of his death he grew steadily worse.

Captain Wise was born at Boston, Mass., on May 31st, 1840. When about twenty-one years of age he adopted the sea as a profession, making several voyages between Boston and Honolulu. Afterwards he took up his residence on the Pacific coast, coming from the Eastern States in the missionary ship Morning Star. Later he took service with Haliday's line to run north from San Francisco on the Idaho and the ill-fated Pacific. He was first officer of the Oriflamme when that vessel carried troops from Stilacoom, Wash., to establish the power of the United States at Fort Tongas, at Wrangel, Alsaka, in 1868. Returning to San Francisco, he entered the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company as an officer of the steamship China on the China coast. He soon rose to the command of the steamships New York and Golden Gate. He served in the Orient for seven years, until the Pacific Mail Company sold their steamers there to the Japanese.

Returning once more to San Francisco, he obtained command of the company's steamer Salvador, on the Panama route, and subsequently of various other steamers of the same company, until in 1886, he was appointed by Messrs. R. P. Rithet & Co. to take charge of the shipping at the ocean docks, Victoria. His ability and experience well fitted him for this responsible post, and his cordial, sailor-like manner, kind and courteous to all, from highest to humblest, won him the hearty esteem of all with whom he came in contact. By none was he thought more of than by the agents, captains and officers of the various lines of vessels which had business to transact at the outer wharf.

By Messrs. Rithet & Co. Captain Wise was held in high regard, and they frequently took occasion to mark their warm appreciation of his valued services. He was every inch a sailor, and he had a most lovable character. By his hosts of friends here and in California, Captain Wise will be sadly missed. He leaves a widow, one daughter and a son.—Victoria, B. C., Colonist, Feb. 16th.

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ORNING, AUGUST 12, 1922

The Ponds of Nantucket.

By Lucille Barrett, Class of 1922, Nantucket High School, Winner of Third Prize in Historical Association's Contest.

Few realize that we have over thirty ponds on our island of Nantucket. Some of these are Miacomet, Capaum, Hummock, Long, Washing or Wannacomet, Sesachacha, Gibbs, Weweeder, Reed, Maxcy's, Mioxes, Nobadeer, Maddequecham, Tom Nevers and Sheep Pond. We hear most about "Sachacha" and Hummock, and this during the hunting season, when the gunners come down here; though some summer people who have found out the beauties of Sachacha are building at Quidnet.

Our long, narrow ponds, Y-shaped at the tops, such as Long, Hummock, Miacomet, and Maddequecham, and valleys like Coffin's, Starbuck's, and Maddequecham, were formed by the melting of the Labrador glacier long ago. Capaum on the north, with Maxcy's and Hummock, cut Nantucket almost across, and farther to the west, Long pond almost makes an island of Maddaquet and Eel Point.

No Bottom Pond, near the North Burying Ground, is a kettle-hole; and deep down, perhaps, is the boulder, which, grinding round and round, made it. The sides are steep, and its soundings a mystery. Then we find a little shiny pond in almost every cup-shaped hollow. Some have names; others do not. These are fed by springs, and some fade away in the summer.

Wannacomet, formerly the old Washing Pond, where the sheep were scrubbed white, is fed by springs. We get our drinking water from this pond.

Capaum Pond is a beautiful and historic sheet of water, a little over two miles from town, near the standpipe and west of Wannacomet Pond. It is almost circular, save for a slender peninsular, which reaches out into the water on the eastern side. A narrow strip of sand separates Capaum from the sea. Capaum Pond was open to the ocean back in 1660, and was then called Cappamet Harbor. On a spring walk to this pond we counted about ten or eleven small ponds. Walking over the tangled, briery hummocks from Wannacomet, we came upon Capaum suddenly, lying there between the hills. Some hundreds of black duck were feeding. At our approach they rose up with a spatter and a whir, like hydroplanes. Then we went up on a hill and looked across to Maddequet. This was a very beautiful view. Maddequet Harbor was a bright silver strip of water off in the distance.

On the shores of Cappamet Harbor the first settlement began, and here, perhaps, King Philip landed, on his search for John Gibbs, the Indian who had spoken Massaoit's name. As this had been forbidden by law, King Philip came here to punish him. A granite post, a little way back, in a sheltered spot between two smaller ponds, marks the site of Tristram Coffin's "manse," so called.

Over toward Reed Pond, back in the 1680's and 90's, was the house of Thomas Macy, while all about were the log cabins of the Associates. Here grew up the old town of Sherburne. The view is splendid over across the commons, both east and west, and then across blue Capaum and its sand-bar to the far blue of the sound. On the hill near the standpipe we saw the grave of John Gardner, one of the first settlers. This settlement of farms stretched south, along past Maxcy's, almost to the north head of Hummock Pond. Here, surrounded by the old cemetery, was built the first church of Nantucket.

On our way home we walked across the old Maddequet Road to the new road, and then over toward Hummock Pond, which is a short mile south of Capaum. It is long and narrow, and winds in and out like a ribbon to the ocean,—another narrow, Y-shaped pond, closed long ago, like Capaum, by the south shore breakers, and separated from the sea by the usual sandy barrier. The north head of Hummock is almost a separate pond. We could see this plainly, and the high bluff along the side. Hummock resembles Long Pond in size and shape.

With Wannacomet and Maxcy's for links, Hummock cuts the western end of Nantucket almost in two. The pond is surrounded by the low hills of the commons. These are called hummocks, and thus the pond gets its modern name. The Indians called it Tawtemeo. Scrub-oaks, willows, bayberry, tupelo trees, and cat-tails grow along the water's edge. White or silver perch are found there, and it is a great rendezvous for wild geese.

News has just come, through the writer's father, that about two hundred wild geese have appeared in Hummock Pond. Last year, he says, was exceptional for the wild birds; for instance, the black-head, or the laughing gull, remained here the whole year instead of leaving about May. So it is thought that these wild geese, as well as the gulls, may know a good island when they see it, and breed, perhaps, in Hummock. Only a small part of this great pond is visible at a time, because the hills hide it from view. Almost every year Hummock, like Miacomet and Sachacha, is opened to the ocean. A ditch is dug through the low, sandy bar on the ocean-side to let the herring in to spawn.

A whaling stand stood on the southeast side of Hummock, near the sea, in the early days. These stands were poles with holes bored in them, through which climbing sticks were placed. When the man at the top sighted a whale, he signalled the news. Hummock Pond was very important in those days. Many sheep grazed on "Ram Pasture" which is the long tongue of land running down from the north and making the Y-shape. Back in 1820 the land northeast of the north head of Hummock was all woods. Near the north head of this pond was the "Great Woman's" house, called by Islanders "The Parliament House." This Mary Starbuck was the first Quaker on Nantucket.

Over to the east of Hummock and almost two miles south from town lies beautiful Miacomet, meaning the meeting place, another long, narrow length of water, with the same strip of sand shutting out the sea. Between the two ponds stretch the low commons, marked on the Ewer map, "Smooth Hummocks." All the land bordering Miacomet is full of history and tradition. Both Hummock and Miacomet belonged to Sachem Autopscot's country, in 1659, as did the present site of Nantucket town. North of the pond was the chief's village of wigwams, and here, probably, came Wauwinet's Wonoma to warn Autopscot of her father's attack.

Farther north, toward what is now Tashama Farm, was the Indian burying ground. Later on, an Indian meeting house was built there, for the very first house of worship on this island was an Indian church. After the whites came, and sheep raising became the main industry, the great sheep pen of five hundred acres was set off on the eastern side. All the sheep were gathered here to be counted, and here, at Miacomet, the famous "sheep shearings" were held.

One Sunday afternoon, on a tramp out to Miacomet, I walked through the Miacomet pines at the head of the pond, the tallest evergreen trees on Nantucket. These were set out some fifty years ago by the late Henry Coffin. Harvard University sent the small trees to him, as well as some larches, for an experiment. On the southeast edge of the pines is the flourishing young forest of larches. It is here, in the edge of the pines, that the rosy heather grows. The seeds of this were sent with the larches.

Standing at the northern shore, I looked down the length of a nearly straight pond and caught a glimpse of the bright blue ocean beyond the sand bar, way to the south. The light breezes, meanwhile, were making rippling streaks in the water, and then spreading out like fans, or branching like coral. That day the water was a lovely deep blue. As I walked along, I spied directly ahead a black, huddled-up mass. Presently I knew, by the white breasts and black backs, that it was a flock of brant feeding. Suddenly they rose up with a whir, and flew away over the hummocks, although they had seemed tamer than usual. No bushes, trees, or reeds grow along the edge of the pond, but green grass is found in plenty. A few gunning shacks and stands are half buried in the low bank on the eastern side. The tall pines, the rim of shiny green, and the deep blue water made it hard to walk away from such a beautiful scene.

Easterly from Nantucket, way over under the shadow of Sankaty, lies beautiful Sachacha Pond, called long ago "Sasagachah" by the Indians. It is nearly circular, and has the same slender sand barrier on the ocean side. This bar was formerly called Weecodnoy. In a northeast gale, the wind drives the water from the ocean quite over the sand bar. Sachacha is the second largest pond the island. It ranks next to Hummock, and contains three hundred and ten acres. The scenery is wonderful here, with the restless blue ocean on the southeast, beyond the barrier, and red-banded Sankaty reflected in the clear pond. Many wild birds, especially geese, find Sachacha a safe haven. These are often brought down by the shrewd island gunners.

North of Sachacha is the picturesque summer village of Quidnet, one of the prettiest spots on Nantucket. The new Polpis road swings around the pond. This is one of the most beautiful rides on the island. A fishing village of thirty houses sprang up ten or twelve years after the settlement. Near by was an Indian village of wigwams called Peedee. Both whites and Indians dwelt there in harmony, between the pond and the sea, near the southern end of the bar, Weecodnoy; and both fished on lake and sea, and hunted on the shores of each. The white village existed for one-hundred and forty years. In 1820 the last houses were moved to Siasconset. If the settlers had not chosen Capaum, they might have selected Sachacha, and have made no mistake.

West from Hummock and Maxcy's is another pond, which cuts Nantucket almost in two again. This is Long Pond, and well named, for it stretches from the south sea nearly to the north, making almost an island of the western extremity of Nantucket. Maddequet Ditch, which connects Long Pond with Maddequet Harbor, is cleared out every year to let the herring in. Many barrels of these fish are caught and taken away from here every spring. The country all about is low and marshy. Great tracts of cat-tails and low bushes, among them the evergreen ilex, surround the pond. Northeast extend Trot's Hills. To reach Maddequet Station by the old road it is necessary to cross Massasoit Bridge. A little north of this pond, the early Nantucketers found peat, and it is near Maddequet Harbor, as shown on the Ewer map, that Thomas Macy and his family spent the winter of 1569.

From writing about these ponds, we learn of their beauty, their history, and more about their location. The writer has seen almost all of them and would like not only to explore those that have become familiar, but Mioxes, Weweeder and all the rest.

Death of George H. Reynolds.

George H. Reynolds, president of Reynolds Printing, Inc., died from a heart attack at St. Luke's Hospital in New Bedford early Wednesday morning. He had been in poor health for several months. He was seventy-four years old.

Mr. Reynolds was born in New Bedford and throughout his life was identified with the newspaper and printing business. He was circulation manager of The Evening Standard until 1922 when he purchased the job printing departments of the Standard and the Morning Mercury and combined them under his name. His printing plant at the corner of William and Second streets has long been famous for its excellent quality of workmanship, a factor in which Mr. Reynolds took considerable pride.

He was always active in behalf of the welfare of New Bedford, working constantly for the improvement of anything pertaining to that city. He was in a large measure responsible for the preservation of the old whaling vessel Charles W. Morgan and, when the ship was taken to Mystic, Conn., where it is now enshrined, he was given a life membership in the Marine Historical Association of that city in recognition of his efforts.

A baseball fan, Mr. Reynolds was the inventor of the magnetic baseball player board, a device used on the outside of buildings to show the progress of games. The boards, produced by the Standard Ball Player Corporation of New Bedford, were extremely popular throughout the United States and Canada until recently when the radio broadcasts of ball games became available to baseball fans.

He was a member of the Wamsutta Club, Rotary Club, a director of the New Bedford Institution for Savings, a director of the North End Guild, Old Dartmouth Historical Society, Massachusetts Forest and Park Association, a 32nd degree Mason, and was formerly president of the New England Circulation Managers Association.

Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Lena A. Reynolds, and two daughters, Mrs. Gladys SaVoie, of North Dartmouth, who is vice-president of Reynolds Printing, and Mrs. Alma Harrison, of Bristol, Conn.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Howard Lowell, rector of Grace Church, at 2:00 Friday afternoon from Wilson's Funeral Home on County street. Interment was in Oak Grove Cemetery.

4/22/50

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

OBITUARY.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I notice in late papers the sudden death of Capt. Charles Huxford, late master of bark New Republic. Having been intimately acquainted with him for many years, I can add that in every relation of life Capt. Huxford was a true man. His death will be deeply deplored, not only by a large circle of friends and relatives in our midst, but especially so in the various ports of Brazil and the Rio de la Plata, where for many years he was a regular trader, and where his arrival was ever a source of joy and his departure a regret. So great was the confidence reposed in him by consignees and even by Custom House officials in Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, that his bare statement as to quantity and quality of his cargoes was received and acknowledged without question, and his genial manner and great attention to his business affairs, ever made him a universal favorite. In fine, as a shipmaster he had few equals, and I never saw his superior. Men like Capt. Huxford die and are not forgotten, while goodness and gratitude shall continue to be cherished among us. Probably no seaman in the merchant service of the present day could have been taken from our midst, whose loss will be so universally regretted in various parts of the world; and of him can it be truly said "better is a good name than precious ointment." Excuse these few lines; they are but a feeble tribute to the memory of a good husband and father, a devoted friend and most excellent man.

1878 J. W. C.

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The Late Ex-Gov. Frank Allen and Miss Sarah Bunker Winslow.

The late Gov. Frank G. Allen, who died last week, was a great admirer of Nantucket. During the "Waterfront Carnival and Main Street Fete," held in August, 1929, for the benefit of the Nantucket Hospital, he accepted an invitation to be guest of honor, and with Mrs. Allen spent two days here. It was during his visit to the Carnival on Old North Wharf that he had his picture taken together with Miss Winslow, who was conducting a little lecture in the little boathouse, recounting the story of her childhood during a whaling voyage with her father, Capt. Joseph Winslow. Miss Winslow passed away several years ago.

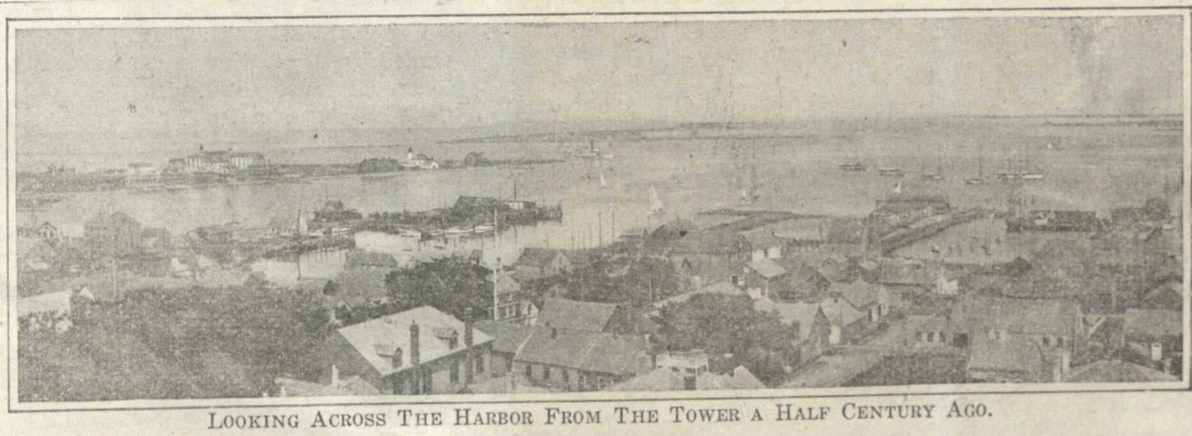
10/21/50

LUCRETIA MOTT.

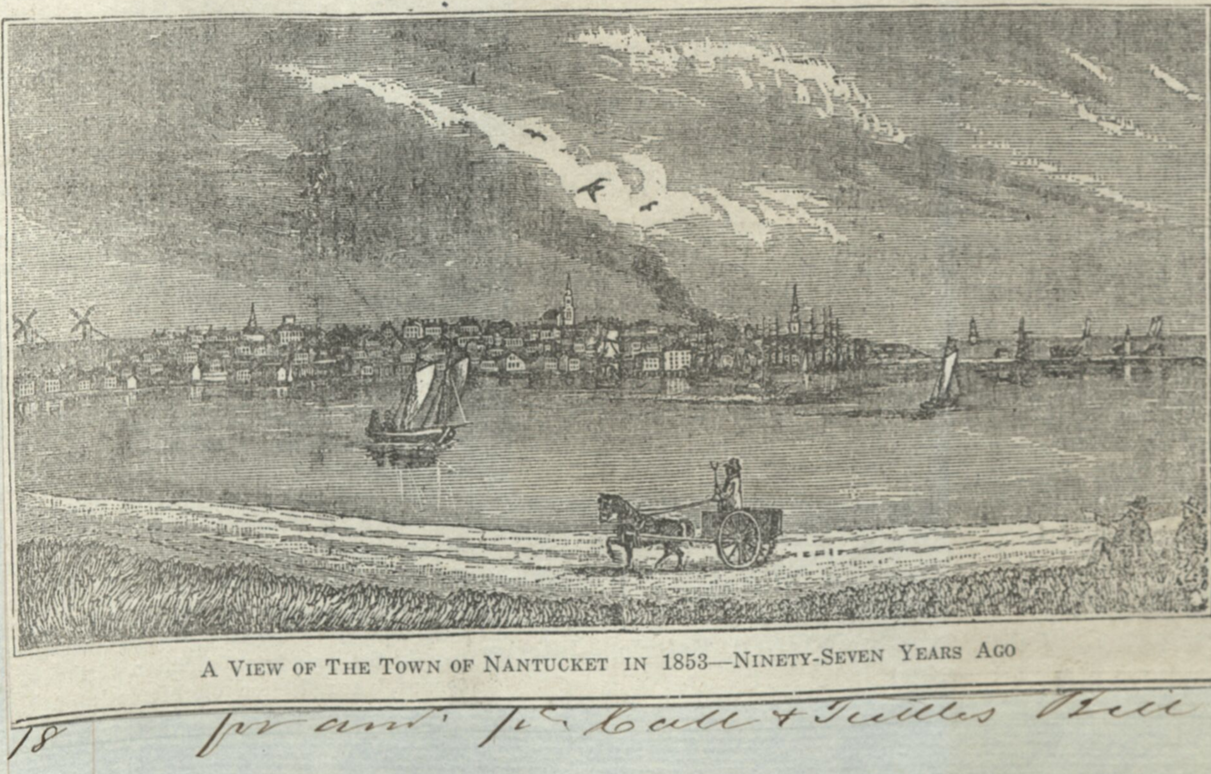
Born in Nantucket, Mass., Jan. 3, 1793.
Died in Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 11, 1880.

OBITUARY.

FULLER.—Again death has invaded the ranks of our retired master mariners and diminished their number by one. Capt. William C. Fuller, the subject of this sketch, commenced his career as a whaleman with Capt. Abram Swain, in schooner Harmony, at the age of thirteen. Thereafter he regularly followed the sea, with but slight intermissions, through the stirring vicissitudes incident to a mariner's vocation. In 1853 he sailed as master of the ship Ocean, from New Bedford, and commanded successively from that port the Petrel, Napoleon (two voyages), and the Milton. He returned from his last voyage in 1876, and since that time has peacefully lived at home with his family, content with his well-earned quiet and rest. The same fidelity and loyalty to duty, high conscientiousness ank cheerfulness which caused him to be in demand among ship owners, characterized his life as a citizen in his native town. Of modest disposition and large hospitality, it was his delight to minister to his friends and relatives who enjoyed hearing of his many adventures. His fondness for children was marked, and one of his keenest pleasures was in surrounding himself with two or three as he worked now and then in his garden. From his life may be drawn noble illustration for the young to imitate—a loving son, faithful husband and father, and upright citizen. 1892 S.



Looking Across The Harbor From The Tower a Half Century Ago.



A View of The Town of Nantucket in 1853—Ninety-Seven Years Ago

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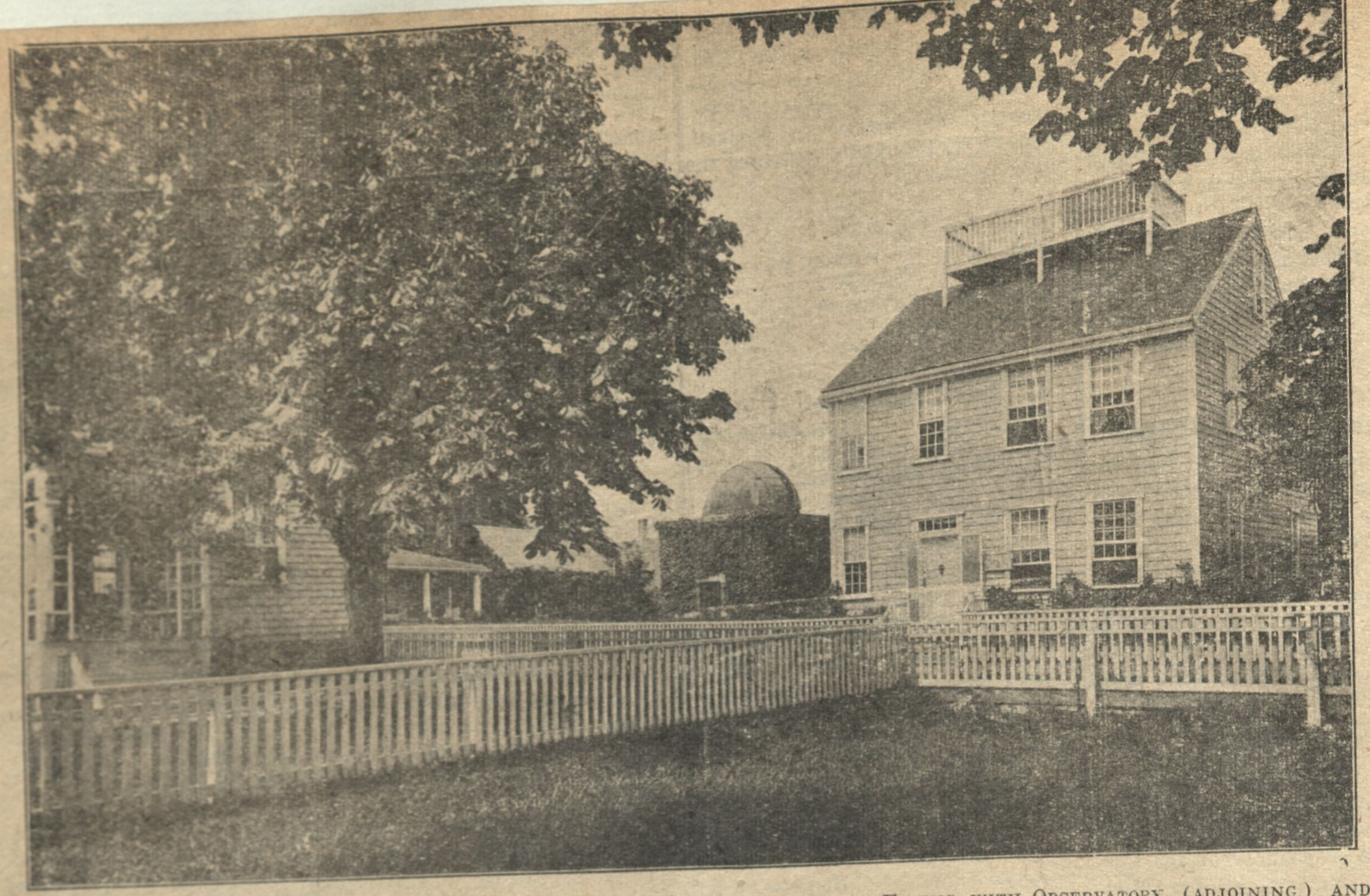

MARIA MITCHELL ASSOCIATION'S BUILDINGS ON VESTAL STREET. MISS MITCHELL'S BIRTHPLACE FACING, WITH OBSERVATORY (ADJOINING.) AND LIBRARY.

"A Well-Known Islander Passes On." 1950

From Art McGinley's "Good Afternoon Column" in Hartford Times.

A bit of sadness comes from Nantucket this past week with news of the passing of Mrs. Anna Robinson of 14 North Water street, whose daughter-in-law, Mrs. Billie Robinson, is a dietician at the Aetna Life cafeteria. For 20 years the Robinsons have acted as hosts to dozens of Connecticut folk, including Clarence T. Hubbard and George Vinton Loeser of Hartford, who appeared there as regular as the summer sun.

Starting with their capacious house on North Water street, their guest rooms overflowed to their daughter's, Mrs. Anna Lewis, in a charming cottage nearby. Three years ago they also acquired the old "White Elephant Shop" and converted it to a modern guest house, sparing no money in conforming the improvements to established Nantucket architecture. Last year the Robinsons suffered a bad fire at their original house, but it reopened by mid-summer.

* * * * *

Another change on this off-shore island, which I chronicled at the time, was the passing away of Harry Turner, famed editor of The Inquirer and Mirror.

* * * * *

On the staff which continues this largest-sized newspaper in America, still flatpressed to edition, is Edouard Stackpole. He is the author of a series of adventure books based on Nantucket legend and widely read, such as "Madagascar Jack", "You Fight For Treasure", "Privateer Ahoy", "Smuggler's Luck". He is president of the Historical Society.

Last year Clarence Hubbard did a piece for the "Insurance Field" on the Great Fire of 1846. Stackpole showed him the pumper, Cataract 6, which participated in the event, and provided valuable research. Oddly, the fire got out of control when two companies responding argued over who was going to "pump" and who was going to "pour". The entire commercial district was destroyed, which accounts for the broad Main street, and predominant brick buildings today in evidence.

MR. EDITOR:—I beg leave through your columns to draw the attention of the readers of the Inquirer to a recent transaction at a public meeting in New Bedford, which I deem so honorable to the parties and to human nature itself, that the knowledge of it should be spread abroad.

It would seem, although the precise origin of the matter is not important, that the town of New Bedford held the bond of Samuel Rodman, with condition that he would refund to the town whatever sum of money it might be required to pay to George Howland, for land taken from the latter for public use.

The damages ascertained, amounted to $2000—which of course was Rodman's liability, or rather indebtedness.

By reason of circumstances which do not fully appear in the published account of the business, Mr. Rodman considered that the claim was unjust and inequitable, but it had been ascertained in such a way that there appeared no legal mode of redress.

He therefore applied to the town, in town meeting, that he might be released from his bond. After an animated and perhaps angry discussion, the town passed its vote, and Mr. Rodman was discharged from his debt.

This result, although probably conclusive in law, produced dissatisfaction, and on the 11th inst. a town meeting was held, to "review and revise" these proceedings.

At an adjournment of this meeting, the following matters ensued, the account of which is furnished to the Mercury, by a correspondent.

"When the business was announced, E. M. Robinson, Esq., announced to his fellow-citizens that he was authorized to say, that if there was no further action upon the subject, the sum of two thousand dollars would be immediately paid into the treasury of the town. This announcement, as unexpected as it was gratifying, was like oil upon the troubled waters. An assurance coming from that gentleman was enough; and a motion for an indefinite postponement of the whole subject was carried by *an unanimous vote*. The Hon. Benjamin Rodman then presented himself to the meeting, and having obtained leave to speak, in a few words, but words which were like apples of gold in pictures of silver, laid open to his fellow citizens the source from whence had come the offering which his friend had announced as ready to be laid upon the altar of peace. His mother, a nobler than the Roman matron, bending under the weight of fourscore and ten years, could not bear to have her few remaining days embittered by the thought, that there was a single member of that community where she had long lived, honored and beloved, who would put upon a son of her's the imputation of holding in his possession the gains of injustice. He placed in the hands of the moderator, the check of that noble woman for, two thousand dollars, declaring as he did it, that his brother was entirely ignorant of what his mother had done to put an end to strife, and do away at once and forever every hard thought, every imputation of violated obligation.

This statement, so completely in accordance with the current of feeling and action which had marked every step of the afternoon's proceedings, was followed by another equally accordant, equally surprising, and equally gratifying. David R. Greene, Esq., then rose and informed the meeting that he too, had been charged with a peace offering to present to his fellow citizens. Samuel Rodman, with feelings which had shown him to be a worthy descendant of that noble sire, than whom

1847

For the Inquirer. 1857

MR. EDITOR:—The articles recently published in your paper, referring to the Rotch family, seeming to be of interest to many of your readers, I offer you an addition in the shape of the following memorial of one of that family which appears in a book published last year entitled "Noble Deeds of American Women," edited by J. Clement, and with an introduction by Mrs. L H. Sigourney.

Yours respectfully, P. A. H.

A Benevolent Quakeress,
How few, like thee, inquire the wretched out,
And count the offices of soft humanity!
[Howe.

Charity Rodman was born in Newport, Rhode Island, in the year 1765. Her father was a sea-captain, and died at Honduras while she was infancy. She married Thomas Rotch of Nantucket, Massachusetts, on the sixth of June, 1790. Soon afterwards the Rotch family removed to New Bedford, where they have since distinguished themselves by their energy and uprightness of character, and their success in the mercantile business, being extensively engaged in the whale-fishery. Of some of them, as traffickers, it may be said, as it was of the merchant of Tyre in the days of her glory: "they are among the honorable of the earth."

About the year 1801, Mrs. Rotch removed with her husband to Hartford, Conn., where she remained till 1811. She then, in a feeble state of health, and for its improvement, accompanied her husband on a journey through Ohio, and other parts of the West. The mildness of the winter was favorable to her constitution, and restored to comfortable health, she returned to Hartford in the early part of the next summer. The following November she removed to Kendol, in Stark Co., Ohio, near the sight of the present village of Massillon.

There the mind of Mrs. Rotch, co-operating with the cherished wishes of her heart, originated and matured plans for the establishment of a "school for orphans and destitute children." Having travelled much, she had made extensive observations; and with an eye always open to the condition and wants of human kind, she early and often felt the force of a remark once made to her by an English friend: "That there were a great many children *wasted* in this country." A painful truth, but no less applicable to Great Britain than to the United States.

Her husband died in 1823, and bequeathed to her during life, his large and entire estate. His personal property was left in her hands to be disposed of as her philanthropic heart might dictate. This formed the basis of the school-fund which she left, and which, four or five years after her death, which occurred on the 6th of August, 1824, amounted to twenty thousand dollars. The interest of this sum has since purchased a farm of one hundred and eighty-five acres, one and a half miles from the village of Massillon, and erected, at a cost of five thousand dollars, a large brick edifice for educational and dwelling purposes, which has been open seven years and which sustains forty pupils. The real and personal estate of the institution, is now estimated at thirty-five thousand dollars.

A class of ten pupils enter annually and remain four years The school is established on the manual labor plan; and the boys are thoroughly instructed in the art of husbandry and the girls in culinary duties and the manufacture of their own wearing apparel.—Children enter between the ages of ten and fourteen years, hence the youngest leave as advanced in life as their fifteenth year, a period when their habits of industry and their moral principles usually become well established to be easily changed.

This school, founded by the benevolence of a single individual—a devout, yet modest and quiet member of the Society of Friends—is destined to become a source of inestimable blessings. Every half-century, five hundred otherwise neglected plants in the garden of humanity, will there be pruned and nurtured and strengthened for the storms of life; and many of them will doubtless be fitted to bear fruit here to the glory of God, and be finally transplanted to bloom in eternal youth in the gardens above.

The offspring of Christian philanthropy, the school will stand as a lasting memorial of woman's worth. The highest ambition of its founder was to be a blessing to those who should come after her; and it may be said that while she did not live in vain, neither did she die in vain. Her death threw a legacy into the lap of orphanage, the benignant influence of which will long be felt.

The grave of Mrs. Rotch is overlooked by the monument of her munificence, but no marble nor enduring object marks the spot. Virtues like hers neither crave nor need *chiseled* words of praise; they are engraved on the hearts of the succored, to be remembered while those hearts continue to beat; and the feet of befriended children will keep a path open to the grave of their foster-mother for nges.

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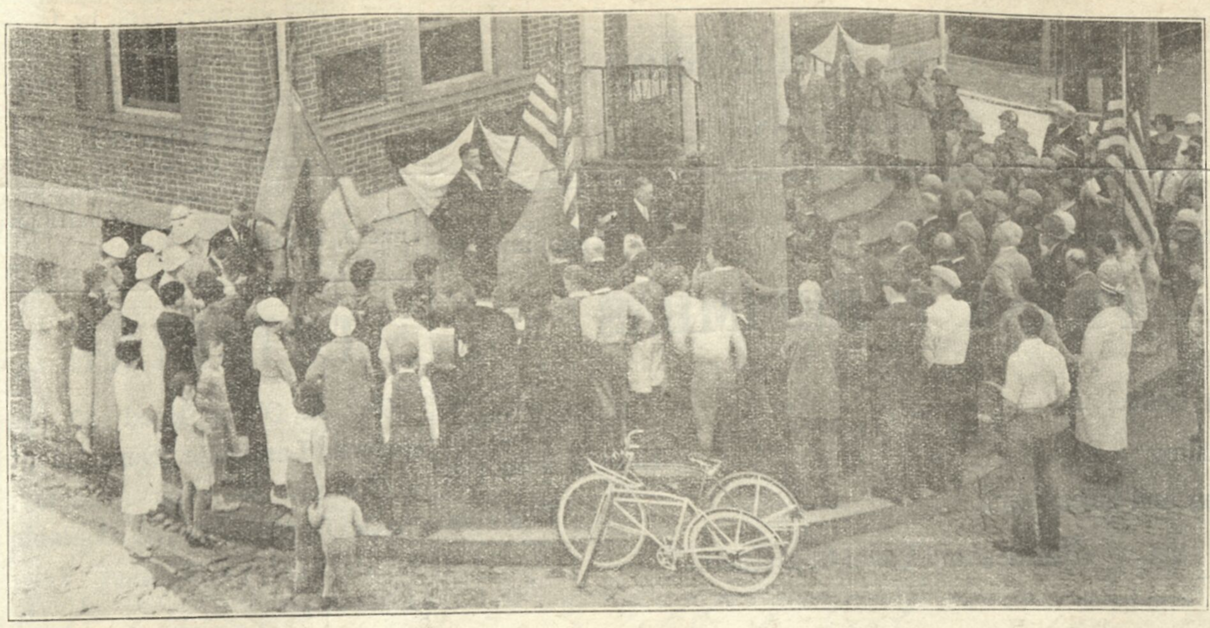

DEDICATORY CEREMONY OF THOMAS TURNER TABLET BY SONS OF THE REVOLUTION. JUNE 14, 1934.

A COLONIAL MERCHANT.

[Correspondence of The Evening Post.]

One evening, calling on my friend, I found him poring over a mouldy account-book, among whose dates as he turned the leaves I caught that of 1765. "It came from the counting-room of William Rotch," said he, "a merchant deserving of more remembrance than he is likely to receive from this generation. We had great men in those days and down to 1849-50, men whose services in creating and extending American commerce cannot be too highly commended. The Rotches, Coffins and Mitchells were giants of the former time, and the Starbucks, Macys, Folgers, and Gardners of the latter. But of all, William Rotch was easily chief. I consider him the greatest merchant of colonial days. He was of Quaker parentage, born here October 4, 1734, and entered about 1754 his father's West India business, and before 1772 founded with his brothers Joseph and Francis the house of Joseph Rotch's Sons, with branches in New Bedford and London, and an extensive trade with the other colonies, the West Indies, and the mother country.

"The commodity most largely dealt in by the firm was whale oil; it had many vessels in the whale fishery, and the product shipped to England found a ready market there. In return, the vessels brought all manner of commodities, which the firm distributed in its small, swift-sailing schooners to the Southern colonies and the West Indies. It is a curious fact that in due process of this trade the peace-loving Quakers became active agents in precipitating a frightful and bloody struggle. In this old book in my hand, under date 1773, occurs this entry:

'Invoice of 182 casks white sperm oil shipped by William Rotch on board the ship *Dartmouth*, Joseph Rotch, master, for London, on account and risk of the shipper, and goes consigned to Champion, Dickinson & Co., merchants there. This vessel was one of those from which the tea was emptied into Boston harbor a few months later. On reaching London with this cargo she, with the *Beaver*, also owned by the Rotches, and, a third ship, the *Eleanor*, was chartered by the East India Company to convey to Boston the objectionable teas which led to the famous tea-party in Boston harbor in December, 1773.

"When the war finally came, the people looked to Mr. Rotch as the leading man of the island for counsel and protection. He at once delcared for a strict neutrality as being not only good policy, but in accordance with the principles of the Friends, which the majority of the islanders professed. But this course seemed to arouse the ill-will of both parties and the little community was soon harassed with depredations from the armed vessels of the British and Tories on the one hand and of the patriots on the other. In his autobiography, which I have here, written at the age of eighty, he gives a graphic account of one of these Tory descents. On another occasion several sloops of war and a number of transports were in sight of the island three days, intending to make a descent upon it. 'Nothing short of the interposition of Divine Providence preserved us from apparent ruin,' says Mr. Rotch. 'They were in sight of us in the day time three days near Cape Poge (Martha's Vineyard). They got under way three mornings successively, and stood for the island with a fair wind, which each morning it came round against them, and the tide too came round against them, which obliged them to return to their anchorage still in view of us. Before they could make the fourth attempt, orders came for their return to New York for some other expedition. A solemn time indeed it was to us. Messengers were arriving one after another, and twice I was called up in the night with the disagreeable information that they were at hand'

"Twice he visited the British camp—once at Newport, and once at New York—to induce the British Commander to grant the island a protection from British cruisers and armed vessels. He was successful in both cases, but for the act was hailed before a committee of the General Court of Massachusetts on a charge of treason— a law having passed that body making it high treason for any person to visit a British port without its consent. Mr. Rotch was indicted before that tribunal, but not found guilty, and the charge was finally dropped.

"A mission to Congress, near the close of the war, for a permit to allow the whaling vessels of Nantucket to go out, in which he was successful after a five weeks' struggle, completed the merchant's efforts on behalf of Nantucket during the war. At the close of the struggle, he found all the conditions of trade and industry changed. The chief product and staple of trade of Nantucket had been whale oil. But now England, the chief oil markert of the world, in revenge for the loss of her colonies, laid a duty of eighteen pounds per ton on all oil brought to her market by aliens. In consequence Nantucket oil, that had sold at thirty pounds before the war, now dropped to seventeen. It cost twenty-five pounds to produce it, as the merchants and ship-owners found after a few years' trial, and Mr. Rotch decided to remove to England and prosecute the fishery from there. Not meeting with much encouragement from English Court, he crossed to France, and under the protection of Louis XVI. and a bounty from the Government, established his son Benjamin in the fishery at Dunkirk. He then returned to Nantucket, but four years later, in 1790, voyaged with his family to Dunkirk, called thither by business interests.

During this second visit to France he figured in an episode of historical importance from the light which it threw on some of the actors in the French revolution. The revolution had been two years in progress, when early in 1791 he, with his son Benjamin and John Marsillac, appeared before the French National Assembly at Paris to present a petition to that body for certain privileges and exemptions connected with their religious principles. They asked, first, that they might not be compelled to take arms and kill men under any pretence; second, that their simple registers of births, marriages, and deaths might be deemed sufficient to legalize their marriages and births, and authenticate their deaths, and third, that they might be exempted from the taking of oaths. Mirabeau was President of the Assembly, and previous notice that this 'Quaker petition, was to be presented had drawn at the appointed hour every member in town and more spectators to the galleries than could be accommodated. Brissot de Warville, the traveller, and several other members came to the petitioners' lodgings to accompany them to the chamber. 'But,' said one, as they were about setting out, 'you have no cockades; you must put them on.' 'No,' said the Quaker, 'we cannot; it is contrary to our principles to wear a distinguishing badge.' 'But,' they urged, 'it is required by law, to prevent distinctions, that people may not be abused, for their lives are in danger without them'; referring to the mob through which it was necessary to pass to gain the doors of the Assembly. Rotch and his friends replied calmly that they could not do it, that they must go as they were and

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Ruth Sutton a Busy Person.

The following article was written by Harriet Birnie Marsh, of Springfield, Mass., and appeared in the January, 1952, issue of the "Junior League Magazine." 1/19/52

Ruth Haviland Sutton of the Springfield League always wanted to be an artist, as proven by a scrap of paper kept by her father, marked "Drawn by Ruth, aged two and a half years.' Original heads and houses decorated her playroom, and heads in pastel, and architectural drawings are still the subjects of greatest interest to this painter who now lives on historic Nantucket Island.

Formal education ended with boarding school in Hollywood, but her art training has been under some of the finest masters in eastern schools and in Mexico. Her landscapes in oil and her lithographs have been exhibited widely and have received several awards. The lithographs have been bought for the permanent collections of the Carnegie Institute, the Library of Congress, the Art Institute of New Britain, and the Kenneth Taylor Gallery in Nantucket, and recognition has come from Europe as well, where her prints are in collections in France and Sweden, and a group was selected for presentation to the Newcomen Society of England.

When envelope linings were very gay Ruth's designs predominated in the spring line of the largest manufacturer in the country, and in those free-lancing days she also had covers on Antiques Magazine and Arts and Decoration, and mention in the New Yorker for her paintings in the National Academy of Design, and her panels for the Hall of Astronomy in the Museum of Natural History in Springfield. She went into the greeting card business quite unexpectedly; casually she did some drawings of Nantucket to be sold in the local shops. Now her Pencil Print Notes include other vacation spots along the New England coast as well as New York City, Williamsburg, and Florida.

Portraits, lithographs, and pencil prints are only part of Ruth Sutton's interests. She is also the pivot of a busy and constructive group of studios on Commercial Wharf, which she has developed on her own land.

For the Inquirer and Mirror. 1878

MESSRS. EDITORS:—A gentleman who lives abroad, and who does not snuff the invigorating sea breezes, asked why the whaling book recently published and sent abroad from here by the proprietors of the Nantucket *Inquirer and Mirror*, does not contain the name of Capt. Charles Rawson, and who, he supposed, had *commanded* a ship from this port. I thought so famous, enterprising, and proud a shipmaster should have his record made known. I therefore send you this for publication, as many will take an interest in so gallant a career.

Charles Rawson was the son of Stephen, who perished at sea in 1807, with all his crew, when near his home. Charles was born in 1794. When in his sixteenth year, he shipped on board the ship Hope, Reuben Weeks, master, and performed his first voyage without any serious accident. The war of 1812 found him laid up till its close, in 1815, when he took his second cruise in the ship Brothers, Benjamin Whippey, master, Alexander D. Bunker, first officer, whom young Rawson had the courage to steer and strike his whale. This he did with high satisfaction to Mr. Bunker, for they rounded up a glorious voyage of upwards of 1800 barrels in a short time. He then shipped as first officer in the ship William, from this port, sailing in 1817, and arriving hence in 1818. He next took a voyage in a ship belonging to the late Samuel Rodman, senior, the Phebe Ann, as mate again, with Peter G. Chase. When the voyage was just entered upon, Capt. Chase died. Mr. Rawson assumed all the duties thus so suddenly forced upon him, and carried them forward with vigor, and the ship filled with oil. His owners immediately sent him out on another voyage to Brazil Banks, which was again successfully performed to their entire satisfaction. Then he was transferred to the ship Bourbon, and sailed for France; and from Havre, France, he sailed for coast of Chili, whaling, where he encountered a bad whale and was stove and upset. Capt. Rawson regained the boat, which was bottom up, and held on with one of his fingers in the plug hole, and when the other boats reached him, he was entirely insensible; his finger had so swelled that in clearing him from the boat they took all the flesh from his middle finger. He was taken to his ship and restored to consciousness, and continued his voyage to success. He returned to France with a full ship, from whence he came to the United States, where he was proud to stand among his compeers.

The Hudson-Nantucket people thought of starting whaling again from that place, so bought the Henry Astor, one of Mr. John Jacob Astor's tea ships, which Capt. Rawson took charge of for a voyage to the Pacific Ocean. sperm whaling, which was a successful one. He again sailed in the same ship in 1830, and arrived home in the Autumn of 1839, and thus completed his sea wanderings.

After his retirement he moved among us in all his pride and vigor, talking over his sea adventures, taking interest in all that would make one happy, so long as he lived. He died in Nantucket in 1862.

S.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Evening Post.]

SIR:—Joseph Rotch came to Nantucket early in the last century and married Love Macy, daughter of Henry and Deborah Coffin. She was born in 1713. Their children were: William, born 1734, who became the great New England merchant; none that I ever read of surpassed him. The next son was Joseph, born 1746, who died while in England in 1767, the same year his mother died here. The next son was Francis, who was born in 1750 and died in New Bedford 1822.

Joseph Rotch (the elder), moved to New Bedford, then called Dartmouth, in 1764. Francis, his son, soon followed him. The old gentleman was burnt out by the British and came back to Nantucket. He died in 1784 in New Bedford. Francis built the Dartmouth on Hazzard's wharf, where John and James Howland's store now stands; William was interested in all of his brother's enterprises, as my books indicate—oil, candles, merchandise in general. In 1773 the Beaver was loaded here with sperm oil, and sailed on June 26 for London. In London the East India Company loaded the ships with tea. I have the invoices outward. When they came into Boston, Mr. Francis Rotch met these ships, and went through what Bancroft relates in his sixth volume, page 474. When the ships were unloaded, the Beaver, Capt. Hezekiah Coffin, came down to Nantucket and was fitted for Brazil Banks, accompanied by a sister ship, the famed Bedford, Capt. Robert Meader; both ships filled, the Beaver going to London, where Francis Rotch met her and disposed of her oil in 1776. The Bedford came here to Nantucket to William Rotch, and here she lay till 1782, when she was hauled down and filled with 487 butts of oil, and sailed for London under charge of Captain William Mooers, arriving in London on the 7th of February, 1783, giving the officials much trouble and perplexity, as she was a "rebel," and Trinity House did not know how to proceed in her case, and applied for advice of the Crown officers. Captain Coffin died in London, 1778. While they were upon the Brazil coast one Seymore, a hand on board of Captain Coffin, wanted to exchange places with a sailor on board of Captain Meader, which had the consent of the captains. On the American arriving in London, he claimed more than the papers he held called for, as each had exchanged, taking each other's place in everything. Captain Coffin dying, they could not settle this matter until they sent to Nantucket for facts in the case. I have the affidavits taken before Hon. George Gardner, who was the first Custom-house officer appointed here under the United States in 1783.

The Dartmouth came down here after the tea difficulty and loaded with sperm oil, and sailed for London, April 4, 1774, consigned to Champion & Dickerson, of that city, William Rotch, shipper. I could adduce 100 of these voyages, but I fancy this will be enough; if not, will give you some even more convincing that the brothers worked together, even if they lived apart.

Mr. Francis Rotch purchased his first wife in England, buying a man off from his engagement. She, however, did not live long. After she died he became interested in Madam Haley, a sister of the celebrated John Wilkes. She was rich. She wanted to come to America, and Mr. Rotch wanted to do the gallant thing—accompanied her to Boston. While there Charlestown bridge was completed, and Madam offered a hundred pounds ($500) for the privilege to walk across it; or, in other words, to open it. This was granted to her with great enthusiasm by those in authority. About this time Mr. Rotch had an elegant man as clerk. Madam Haley solicited the services of this gentleman to go out to England to transact some important business. Mr. Rotch readily assented. After he arrived out Madam Haley soon took hasty leave and departed for Europe. Arriving out, she soon met the young man and married him, to the great chagrin of Mr. Rotch. Mr. Rotch soon after married for his second wife his cousin, Nancy, who survived him, she dying in 1864, ninety-two years old. She was the person who gave Benjamin Rodman, a grandson of William Rotch, information that the East India Company paid all the freight money for that fragrant tea, some of which is now upon the island.

William Rotch died in New Bedford, May, 1828, near ninety-four years of age. I have his autobiography, published by the Genealogical Society in Boston, 1878.

F. C. SANFORD.

NANTUCKET, January 12. 1886

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Woman Astronomer Won Heart of All Nantucket.

By Louis Lyons in Boston Sunday Globe. 1925

It is perhaps fully as important on Nantucket that Margaret Harwood looks as though she were going clamming and talks as though she would respect any information you might have on the chances of getting clams this morning, as that she has capably directed for 12 years the astronomical observatory erected by the Maria Mitchell Memorial Association in honor of Nantucket's great woman astronomer.

In fact, one suspects that merely to have directed the observatory, even though her researches were as distinguished as Maria Mitchell's own, would never have won for this off-islander a niche in Nantucket's local temple.

Nantucket appreciates real folks. It respects real tangible endeavor. Miss Harwood has the knack of handling matters of abstract research in the same objective way that Nantucket goes fishing or "presumes likely" it'll storm. She has a way of propagating interest in astronomy as though she had found a patch of bigger blueberries.

At Maria Mitchell's Telescope

That is not to say that Nantucket folks have not always been astronomers. Generations of the islanders have lived on familiar terms with the heavenly bodies. They have sailed by the stars and watched by their light at night for ships at sea. Nantucket is a child of the elements. Astronomy is part of the religion of the islanders.

It would have been easy for the professional in astronomy to antagonize such a community of practical amateurs. That was among the perils that faced the Radcliffe girl and Harvard fellow when she sailed to Nantucket a dozen years ago to take up the telescope that the women of America had presented to Maria Mitchell half a century before. Either her instinct for adjustment was something extraordinary or some friend coached her shrewdly. She might so easily have become a recluse in that tiny dome, living in space with her stars.

You can go into her observatory and talk to her just the way you would talk to the lobsterman. She knows the language and talks it. And perhaps because so much of astronomy is a matter of shrewd but pretty practical and rule-of-thumb observations such as any native fisherman must have accustomed himself to. Nantucket folks have become at home in the toy-size observatory where Margaret Harwood works.

Very Much at Home

So much at home that on starry Summer nights when there is more than the usual assortment of wonders to be seen in the heavens, she often has to turn away the tail end of the visiting throng who would look through her telescopes.

So much at home that when the path of a total eclipse of the sun passed over Nantucket for the first time since white men occupied the island, Miss Harwood had the whole island for her staff of special eclipse observers. She manned her observatory deck wth recruits from the bank and the High School and the insurance office, and she drew her results from patrolman and fisherman and housewife.

The secret of her method was easy to see if one could listen to her casual conversations with the neighbors she met on the street in the days before the eclipse. "You're right in a fine place to see how the gulls act. Tell me about it, will you?" she greeted a shore cottager. She might have been asking him to get her some bait. Of course he would and did, and was proud to.

Josiah Barrett, 16, timed the eclipse. His brother, Arthur, 15, helped manipulate the instruments. After it was over there was a consultation on times and observations. Josiah and Arthur fitted into the laboratory conference as though eclipses were all a part of their regular routine. And Miss Harwood talked as though it was about quahogs or cranberries.

The boys looked and acted quite at ease and as though they belonged. Evidently they were no strangers to the observatory and are used to being taken seriously. They had found no "cornstarch airs" about the stocking-capped young woman who ran the place.

More Than Honorary Degree.

Two other boys who have been at home among the astronomical instruments screened the eclipse on a sheet with an inverted telescope for the crowd on Mill hill, a mile away.

An adult class of women study astronomy regularly with Miss Harwood and the High School classes are encouraged to go to the observatory as they would to the library. They must often interfere with the detail of scientific work at Maria Mitchell observatory. But one fancies science can make up the loss. Margaret Harwood's job, as she has developed it, has been bigger than scientific routine.

She has focused minds as well as lenses. Her telescopes have penetrated the only boundaries that limit island life. Her pointing has widened the neighborhood to include the immensities beyond the horizon.

Which seems to have been exactly what the Maria Mitchell Memorial Association selected her for, and what it hoped she would do.

If Nantucket were a modern university instead of an old-fashioned neighborhood it would before now have awarded Margaret Harwood an honorary degree in recognition of her services to the community. But it has done something that means more. Miss Harwood has been admitted to permanent fellowship in her island alma mater, a distinction achieved but rarely by one who starts life under the initial handicap of being born an off-islander.

Observatory is Practical Shrine To Woman Astronomer.

Last week's issue of the *Falmouth Enterprise* carried an interesting account of the Maria Mitchell Observatory, dwelling on Nantucket's own Maria Mitchell, the great woman astronomer, her life and work, and presenting a delightful picture of Miss Margaret Harwood, the Director of the Observatory.

During their recent visit to this island, Mr. and Mrs. Hough, of the *Enterprise*, spent several hours with Miss Harwood, the result being a most readable yarn, which we reprint in its entirety as follows:

In 1831 a father and daughter worked together in observation of an eclipse of the sun. Their purpose, which seems odd today, was to determine the longitude of a certain house on Vestal street, Nantucket.

The longitude of this Nantucket home was important because within its walls the chronometers of the Nantucket whaling fleet were rated and set to Greenwich time. In the palmy days of 1831 the Nantucket whalers used these chronometers to guide them to every part of the watery globe. Importance of the incident itself was that America's first woman astronomer was then beginning the study of the heavens which brought her discovery of a comet and lasting scientific fame.

In September 1935 alien eyes on the Nantucket bound steamer could not help focusing on a woman traveler who almost ran from side to side of the boat as it neared its island port. It seemed as if the island must be rising far too slowly from the sea. Then it seemed as if there was far too much that was all at once important for one pair of eyes to see.

This eager enthusiasm of the home comer is reported because the alien later discovered that of all the roofs in Nantucket-town her eyes must have been seeking particularly that of a home on Vestal street in the shadow of that house where in 1831 chronometers were adjusted.

It was passing odd that the alien voyager should be bent on a pilgrimage to Vestal street and so meet outside the threshold a mind set on the same place. That the traveler showed eager enthusiasm for her homecoming wasn't odd at all—except that she turned out not to be a native Nantucketer. She was joyously returning for a winter on the island out at sea after a season's travel in Europe. The alien likes to think that her eagerness visualizes the hold Nantucket takes on anyone who goes to live there, a hold which withstands the pulling of all other fascinating parts of the world.

MARIA MITCHELL

The informal meeting of the pilgrim and the homecomer bound to Vestal street dramatizes a fact that is typical of Nantucket. It shows how little time changes things there and how the island cleaves to and perpetuates tradition. For the study of astronomy which began on Vestal street in 1818 is carried on there today. The enthusiastic returning traveler was Miss Margaret Harwood, director of the Maria Mitchell Observatory. She had been abroad to astronomical congresses in Paris and Berne. She was returning to active scientific work at home. She will forgive this turning of a magnifying glass upon emotions which should be her private own because she is constantly turning a telescope on the secrets which belong to the Milky Way—and publishing them.

The telescope that she uses was presented by the women of America in 1859. Maria Mitchell, pioneer of her sex, was born in Nantucket, August 1, 1818. She had made a record to kindle the emotions of womanhood by 1859. Maria was the daughter of a Quaker teacher and self-taught astronomer. Besides tinkering with chronometers he made calculations for the Coast Guard. He grounded his daughter in the science she was to follow all her life. On October 1, 1847, Maria Mitchell won the attention of the astronomical world and a king's medal by discovering a telescopic comet. In 1848 she was the first woman to be elected to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. New honors followed rapidly. In 1857 she visited the observatories of Europe and amused herself by making elaborate mathematical calculations with the great Sir John Herschel—penciled pages of figures which now hang framed on the wall of her birthplace. Manuscripts reporting her long study of Jupiter and Saturn are also in the memorial house.

From 1865 to 1888 Miss Mitchell was professor of astronomy at Vassar and director of its observatory. Through these years she was recipient of many honors and leader of women scientists. In 1889 she died. A few years later her name was sculptured in the frieze of the Boston Public Library. In 1907 a tablet to her was unveiled in the Hall of Fame at New York University. It was in 1902 that loyal Nantucketers bought her Vestal street birthplace and laid the groundwork for the association which now perpetuates her memory. In 1908 the observatory was built next door to the memorial house.

Nowadays the association has manifold activities. With Maria's old telescope and new equipment the resident director carries on a study of a particular cluster in the Milky Way. Astronomical fellowships are fostered. The observatory is an almost yearly meeting place of scientific groups. Each summer it is opened regularly that the visitor to Nantucket may see with his own eyes what Venus and Jupiter look like. To foster popular interest in the skies, Miss Harwood writes each month an astronomical article for the Nantucket *Inquirer and Mirror* and the *Falmouth Enterprise*.

Maria Mitchell's birthplace is maintained as a summer museum. It is a typical old New England house, well worth seeing for itself. A natural science department of the association collects information on the flora and fauna of Nantucket. In summer there is a daily wild flower exhibit which is typical of the effort to interest the public that is promoted with classes for children and with lectures. Across Vestal street from the memorial house a scientific library is maintained.

It is an interesting experience to climb the little brick observatory and to see Miss Harwood roll back the roof which opens up a panorama of starlit sky. Then one can look through Maria Mitchell's telescope and see Saturn, for instance, transformed from a mere bright star to a ringed globe. The experience is both pilgrimage to a shrine and glimpse at the accomplishments of modern astronomy for interesting star photographs the observatory has taken and suggest to the lay visitor some of the mysteries science is prying into.

Astronomers by habit seek high places in unusually clear air for location of their observatories. This is why Miss Harwood's desk is heaped with letters from distant parts—reports from South Africa, Peru, or Mount Wilson. But one illustration will suggest that the Nantucket station's location has more than historic advantage. The island is an important place for the observation of meteors, especially the brilliant fireballs which appear from time to time but cannot be predicted. Besides adding knowledge of the structure of the upper atmosphere and the physical nature of these bodies, the study of meteors is expected to contribute toward understanding of the structure of interstellar and intergalactic space. A meteor observation at this Nantucket outpost is often an indispensable link toward defining the path and distance of a fireball which has also been observed on the mainland.

If sea fogs obscure the atmosphere on important nights, the scientist must console herself with the thought that at least she has the joy of living on old Nantucket. Whatever the handicaps of the outlying sea-post, photogaphing the stars goes steadily on. At the end of last year Maria Mitchell Observatory had a collection of 1,345 plates from which studied measurements are slowly and surely adding to man's knowledge of the heavens. There is a significance as well as sentiment to the work which womanhood in 1935 is doing to perpetuate the research of the woman pioneer of a century ago.

1935

Maria Mitchell Discovered Comet 79 Years Ago.

By Edward Alden Jewell in New York Times. 1926

October 1st was the birthday of a comet—the birthday, rather, of its discovery. It would be out of the question to try to celebrate the anniversaries of all the comets that have flashed their tails through the ages; but "Miss Mitchell's comet" is very special, for it was discovered, in 1847, by America's first woman astronomer and under conditions most romantic.

A little more than a century ago, when out on the lonely island of Nantucket men delved into the surrounding depths for whales and cod, a child was born whose destiny it was to lift her eyes upward to the heavens. The child was named Maria Mitchell. She lived to the age of 71 and is now gone this many a year, but in the Hall of Fame at New York University one may find her bust today. Maria Mitchell, born on Nantucket Island August 1, 1818, carved for herself, retiringly and with patient devotion to science, a celebrity that became worldwide.

Miss Mitchell sighted the comet which afterward bore her name from the roof of the Pacific Bank on Main street. The bank is still doing business under its fine old spreading elms and with Main street at its feet, though commercial interests are no longer linked with the stars in their courses.

A Novel Observatory.

It may be felt that the roof of a bank is a strange perch for a telescope. The explanation, however, is simple. Maria's father, William Mitchell, was at that time cashier and, in the absence of a regular observatory, this roof proved quite convenient. Outside office hours he was an astronomer, numbering among his friends some of the most brilliant scientific minds of the century. But he was a very modest astronomer and his concern with the heavenly bodies seems to have been practically restricted to work for the mariners of Nantucket. It was the custom for the captains of whaling ships to bring their chronometers to him at the end of a voyage to be "rated." For this purpose the sextant was employed—an instrument that Maria learned, at an early age, to use. She showed an aptitude for mathematics and was a great help to her father. But Maria's real interest in astronomy dates from a certain memorable eclipse of the sun.

The annular eclipse occurred in 1831, when Maria was 12½ years old. William Mitchell wanted to obtain, through observation of this phenomenon, the exact latitude and longitude of his house, which knowledge was necessary to his work on the ships' chronometers. Maria volunteered to help him. She counted the seconds and found the experience so enthralling that thereafter all her spare time was spent with the telescope and in poring over technical books.

Jupiter and Saturn were her first favorites among the stars. Possibly this choice had roots in her childhood. A piquant episode is recalled. The large attic of the family home in Vestal street (now carefully preserved as the Maria Mitchell Memorial House) was a delightful adventure field for the children. On a certain rainy Sunday afternoon Maria and her brothers and sisters were playing up there. They constructed out of odds and ends a very realistic steamboat and went on memorable voyages. Forming part of the cargo were some wooden balls of varying sizes, which William Mitchell used in illustrating phases of his astronomical work. The balls represented major planets.

In the course of one of the voyages the ship's cargo appears to have shifted. The planets rolled overboard and, unfortunately, went bounding off down the stairs—Jupiter first, closely followed by Saturn, with Vesta, Pallas, Juno and Ceres bringing up the rear. The clatter was appalling. It would not have been so bad had the planets come to rest at the foot of this attic flight. Perversely they did not, but, turning a corner, went bouncing down a second flight, which brought them at length to the very feet of Mr. Mitchell, who was taking his Sunday afternoon nap. The Sabbath peace had been shattered and the steamboat up under the shingles made no more trips that day.

Yet William Mitchell, although he was a Quaker, was by no means a stern and unbending ascentic. The Mitchells seem to have been decidedly advanced spirits and sometimes caused the eyebrows of Nantucket to lift a little. Being a Quaker, of course, made certain laws of conduct de rigueur; yet Mr. Mitchell is described as having been ever at war, if never flagrantly, with the cripping severities of a social order into which he did not very snugly fit.

One day the town was thrown into consternation by the report that into the Mitchell home had been introduced a piano. An old and valued friend questioned him about it, his tones grave with remonstrance.

"William, I hear thee has a piano in thy house."

"Yes, my daughters have," was the quiet reply.

"But it is in thy home."

"Yes; but my home is my children's home as well as mine, and I propose that they shall not be obliged to go away from home for their pleasures."

The pioneer spirit, afterward so stirringly to reveal itself in Maria Mitchell's life, found many wistful expressions in the home atmosphere with which she was surrounded. For instance, the father confessed to a love of bright colors. These his Quaker faith forbade in connection with personal adornment; but he availed himself of them in other ways. Mrs. Phebe Mitchell Kendall, Maria's sister, gives us an intimate glimpse:

"If he were buying books, and there was a variety of binding, he always chose the copies with red covers. Even the wooden framework of the reflecting telescope he used was painted a brilliant red. He liked a gay carpet on the floor, and the walls of the family sitting room in the house on Vestal street were covered with paper resplendent with bunches of pink roses. Suspended by a cord from the ceiling in the centre of this room was a glass bowl filled with water, used by Mr. Mitchell in his experiments on polarization of light. It flashed its dancing rainbows about the room. At the back of the house was a little garden full of gay flowers, so that if the garb of the young Mitchells was rather sombre, the setting was bright and cheerful, and the life of the house was healthy and wideawake."

So, with this sympathetic background, all through the years of her young womanhood—while the men of the island whaled and wives climbed anxiously to those curious "widow walks" on the tops of old Nantucket houses to watch for the returns from sea—Maria Mitchell pursued enigmas in the heavens with the diligence of an awakened soul.

Full Days in Filled Diaries.

In order to be self-supporting, for the family was not affluent, Maria worked as librarian at the Nantucket Atheneum. The post was not arduous, but regular hours had to be kept. Her days were very full, as entries in her diary of the time portray. Astronomy, though it was her sovereign interest, was never permitted to crowd out homelier duties. One of the diary jottings reads as follows:

"This morning I arose at 6, having been half asleep only for some hours, fearing that I might not be up in time to get breakfast, a task which I had volunteered to do the preceding evening. It was but half light. I made a hasty toilet; then I made a fire very quickly, prepared the coffee, baked the graham bread, toasted white bread, trimmed the solar lamp and made another fire in the dining room, before 7 o'clock."

The manner in which "Miss Mitchell's Comet" was discovered is characteristic of her unassuming and deprecating attitude toward matters she always approached with reverence.

On the eventful Autumn night in 1847, friends were being entertained in the parlor. But, at the accustomed hour for beginning her "star sweeping," the young astronomer punctually excused herself. Lighting a lantern she set off and was soon with her telescope on the roof of the bank. A short time later she descended in haste. Hurrying home, she drew her father aside and told him she had discovered what she believed to be a new comet. This William Mitchell promptly verified.

There was no doubt in his mind about the importance of the discovery; yet, by nature so cautious and shrinking, Maria would not permit publication of the fact at once. She supposed that other astronomers, greater than herself and provided with more powerful instruments, had already picked out this celestial newcomer. Nevertheless (and fortunately, as it developed), Mr. Mitchell wrote about it immediately in a letter to his friend, William C. Bond, director of the observatory at Cambridge.

Communication between Nantucket and the outside world was slow in those days. Gradually news of other telescope contacts began to drift in. The comet had been seen by Father de Vico on October 3 at Rome; by an observer in England on October 7, and by Mme. Rumber, wife of the director of the observatory at Hamburg, on October 11. The dates are significant, as will be seen in a moment. Maria Mitchell had discovered the comet on October 1.

Far off across the Atlantic, in Denmark, King Frederick VI had some time before announced that he would give a gold medal to the first astronomer who should discover a telescopic comet—a comet, that is, invisible to the naked eye. Scientist friends of the Mitchells, feeling certain that Maria was entitled to this medal, took the matter up. There followed a prolonged correspondence on the subject between Denmark and America.

Certain technical details had not been strictly complied with—owing to Nantucket's remote position and the fact that formal announcement had not been made at once. But eventually it was decided that William Mitchell's letter to the Cambridge observatory was sufficient, and red tape was clipped. Maria Mitchell received her medal. America's first woman astronomer, whose only instruction had been Nantucket schools, her father's teaching and her own reading, took her place among the great contemporary scientists of the world.

She traveled twice to Europe in later years, where she was received most cordially by astronomers. In 1865 she was made Professor of Astronomy and director of the observatory at Vassar. There she taught until within a year of her death. "To Maria Mitchell's broad mind," one of her friends has said, "search for truth was a gospel."

The old whaling days on Nantucket Island are gone forever, though there are still old inhabitants in the quaint town who like to relate stories of sea struggles and can explain to you very convincingly the difference between "right" and "sperm" whales. But the stars persist; the work begun by Maria Mitchell and her father is being carried on there faithfully and, indeed, fruitfully.

No longer is it necessary to climb to the roof of a bank, and Maria's queer little old-fashioned Dolland has become a museum piece. A modern, well-fitted brick observatory now adjoins the house in Vestal street—a house charmingly preserving the domestic aspect of old Nantucket. In this observatory, with its revolving dome, are two telescopes that would have delighted Miss Mitchell immensely. One of them is a photographic telescope with which some valuable star pictures have been taken.

The work here is in charge of Miss Margaret Harwood, A. M., a graduate of Radcliffe, who has been appointed Fellow for an indefinite term. It is not every night, of course, that one can hope to discover a new comet; but the heavens are as yet incompletely pigeonholed.

The scope of the Maria Mitchell Association has broadened of late years to embrace botanical research. In the department Miss Alice Owen Albertson is devotedly active. She has made Nantucket's enchanting moors her own, and her book on the flora of the island is richly packed with information. Her mother was Maria Mitchell's cousin.

Ancestors For Maria Mitchell.

3/4/ 1950

By Robert J. Leach.

The publication of Helen Wright's "Sweeper in the Sky" has brought Nantucket's famous woman astronomer into national focus again. As a small consequence of this interest, I have taken it upon myself to write the following account of some of Maria Mitchell's ancestors in the early years of the 18th century.

In the latter years of the 19th century, Professor Maria Mitchell of the Dept. of Science at Vassar College is said to have observed that she claimed at least three thousand cousins on her native island of Nantucket. In truth the three thousand compassed the whole island population. As a matter of subsidiary interest to her sweeping statement, I have made a careful check of her ancestors in that place, and have listed those who stand five generations removed from the famous astronomer: in short, her great-great-great-grandparents. Altogether there are thirty-two possible progenitors in that generation, but not all were Nantucketers and some must therefore be rigorously excluded, as lesser beings, in brief, off-islanders. The rugged independence, integrity, and humor of the straight-forward scientist had much reason to be, considering the impressive array of personalities whom I seek to introduce.

Unfortunately there were no Nantucket Mitchells five generations before the astronomer. The Mitchells were then residents of Newport, R. I. We thus ignore summarily four of our possible 32 ancestors. Such cavalier treatment allows for presentation of the paternal line of the family into which the first Nantucket Mitchell did eventually marry. And appropriately enough, the family was the most distinguished Nantucket household both in the eyes of the world and of the Society of Friends on the Island.

* * * * *

Maria Mitchell's first great-great-great-grandfather on Nantucket was Nathaniel Starbuck, Sr., (1636-1719), richest landowner in the pioneer days, and founder of the whaling industry. His wife, Mary (Coffin) Starbuck, (1645-1717) was daughter of the magistrate Tristram Coffin, founder of the Friends Meeting, a powerful Quaker preacher and arbiter of the destiny of the island. The maternal branch of the Starbuck house was hardly less distinguished.

Maria Mitchell's second great-great-great-grandfather on Nantucket was William Gayer (*1640-1710), non-Quaker military captain during King William's War, and classical scholar. And his wife was Dorcas (Starbuck) Gayer (*1645-1696), sister of the whale trade founder. After her premature death, William returned to England where he also departed this life, willing a large inheritance to his Nantucket heirs.

The second Mitchell on Nantucket had married into the Cartwright family. The paternal line of tha house presents us with one of the first whalemen, Sampson Cartwright (1677-1741), and his wife Bethiah (Pratt) Cartwright (1680-1741). Neither were Friends, though his mother had been a member. Her grandfather was the Peter Folger who was the first preacher (Baptist) on the island. And Bethiah was thereby naturally first cousin to Benjamin Franklin. The maternal side of this connection was less respectable. Triple-great-grandfather Dr. Joseph Brown (*1675-*1715) skipped town to become a pirate. His deserted wife Tabotha (Trott) Brown (1679-1749) was disowned from Quaker Meeting for bigamy when she ran off to Newport, R. I., with a second husband from that place. Through her aunt (her father's sister) she was a first cousin of Sampson Cartwright.

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The Cartwright grandson of the above four representatives of the Cartwright house married into the great Nantucket family of Macy. The paternal line of the Macys brings us to observe Maria Mitchell's triple great-grandfather by the name of Thomas Macy (1687-1759), grandson of the patriarch-founder of Nantucket, who went by that name. The grandson was good with figures: treasurer of meeting, town, county, and the Starbuck-Macy whaling enterprises. His wife Deborah (Coffin) Macy (*1685-1760) was the first Nantucket Friend to rate a public memorial at Yearly Meeting in Newport, R. I., as an outstanding spiritual personality. Through her father, Deborah was niece to the great Mary Starbuck, and through her mother she was grand-niece of the whaling founder, Nathaniel Starbuck, and as well to his sister, Dorcas Gayer. When we turn to the maternal side of the Macy connection, we meet more of the prolific Coffin family. The astronomer's great-great- great grandfather in this case was Richard Coffin (1694-1768), whaling captain and consistent Friend. He was a great-nephew of Mary Starbuck, and first-cousin once-removed of Deborah Macy, the respected elder. Through their mothers, who were sisters, Richard Coffin was also a first cousin of Thmas Macy, the younger. Their common grandmother, Sarah (Shattuck) Gardner, was the first friend to reside on Nantucket, and her father, their great-grandfather, Samuel Shattuck, represented the King's Missive to the Governor of Massachusetts Bay, thereby stopping the hanging of Quakers on Boston Common in 1659. Richard Coffin's wife was Ruth (Bunker) Coffin (*1700 - 1779), great-granddaughter of the original owner of Beacon Hill in Boston, first cousin of Treasurer Thomas Macy, grand-niece of the ubiquitous Mary Starbuck, first cousin once-removed from the sweet-spirited Deborah Macy, and naturally

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…rest on $47.19 from … 21. 1860 to Jan 18. 1861 38 first cousin to her husband. It's no wonder that the Vineyarders despaired of having a really competent jury empaneled on Nantucket, so ingrown were the family relationships.

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With the completion of the four Macy ancestors (and incidentally their kinship ramifications), we have taken account of twelve persons; totalling all the Nantucket ancestors of William Mitchell in this generation. For the sake of clarity the names are here recapitulated: Nathaniel and Mary Starbuck; William and Dorcas Gayer; Sampson and Bethiah Pratt; Joseph and Tabotha Brown; Thomas and Deborah Macy; and Richard and Ruth Coffin. Seven were Friends. Five were not. Through her father's people, Maria Mitchell was descended four ways from magistrate Tristram Coffin, three ways from the original Starbuck stock, two ways from the founder of Nantucket, Thomas Macy, and as well two ways from Samuel Shattuck, first "publisher of Truth" in New England. Peter Folger was her one other distinguished Nantucket ancestor, through her father.

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Maria Mitchell's mother had been a Coleman, the founder of which family explored Nantucket before it was settled by white men. As we turn to the sixteen maternal ancestors five generations back, we begin naturally with the paternal line of the Coleman name. The figure we meet is John Coleman, Sr., (1644-1715), son of the original founder, a farmer in the pioneer days chiefly active in establishing the sheep raising industry which his father introduced from Chilmark in old England. His wife, Joanna (Folger) Coleman (*1650-1719), was a daughter of the great Peter Folger, and as such she and John Coleman supported the Democratic party in the bloodless revolution. The maternal Colemans lead us to another Folger line. In this case Joseph Pratt (*1650-*1710) had wed Dorcas (Folger) Pratt (*1655-*1710), another of Peter's daughters. Apparently they removed from the island after the difficulties of King Philip's War had subsided, returning to an original north shore homestead. Parenthetically, Joseph and Dorcas were parents of Bethiah (Pratt) Cartwright, who in her own right was a triple great-grandmother of Maria Mitchel —but on the paternal side of the house.

John Coleman's grandson by that surname had married into the Myrick family, which name however extended back only to the girl's father. Consequently we discover no Myrick ancestors five generations back, but only the parents of the woman whom that original Myrick married. They were Pinkhams. Jonathan Pinkham (1684-1735) was a weaver, son of the first Pinkham on the island and through his mother a great-nephew of Mary Starbuck. His wife, Hannah (Brown) Pinkham (1689-1730), was apparently no kin of the physician turned pirate. Rather she was descended of a respectable north shore family of Browns, who had married into the fire-eating lesser Gardner line, represented by Capt. John Gardner in the bloodless revolution. Hannah was, through her Gardner blood, second cousin to Richard Coffin and to Thomas Macy, the younger, both themselves triple-great-grandfathers on the paternal side of the family.

John Coleman's great-grandson (Maria Mitchell's grandfather) had married one of the numerous Folger family. Consequently we are next presented by triple-great-grandfather John Folger (1659-1732), a miller, inheritor of Peter Folger's estate and flair for learning, as well as the first Quaker we encounter on the distaff side of the house. His wife, Mary (Barnard) Folger (1667-1737), did not join the meeting. She was a daughter of the first Barnard on the island. John and Mary Folger's son married into the Gardner family. Her parents were Capt. Nathaniel Gardner (1665-1713), grandson of Samuel Shattuck, first minister to be recommended by Nantucket Monthly Meeting of Friends, and as well mercantile correspondent for Benjamin Franklin's father. He died in England while on a religious journey. His wife, Abigail (Coffin) Gardner (1666-1709) like Mary (Barnard) Folger never accepted the faith of her husband. Abigail Gardner's grave was the first in the old North Cemetery in Nantucket town. We are not surprised to learn she was niece to Mary Starbuck, and therefore aunt to Jonathan Pinkham.

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John and Mary Folger's grandson (again Maria Mitchell's grandfather) had married a Barnard. The triple-great-grandfather in this case was Nathaniel Barnard, Sr. (1642-1718), father of Mary Folger herself, a wealthy farmer who lived down on the Hummock pond. His wife, Mary (Barnard) Barnard (*1645-1718), was his first cousin. Nathaniel's son married a Hussey which brings us to the final great-great-great-grandparents to be considered. Pleasantly enough they are about the most colorful personalities of the period. Stephen Hussey (1630-1718) one of the first-born of the puritan experiment in Massachusetts, was a Barbados trader, lawyer of incurable contentiousness, and consequently disowned from Quaker Meeting a year before he died. Once he had been a respected elder. His wife Martha (Bunker) Hussey (1656-1744), aunt of Ruth (Bunker) Coffin, another triple great-grandmother was a strict Calvinist.

Having completetd the circle of distaff ancestors, we recapitulate them as we did William Mitchell's forebears, as follows: John Sr. and Joanna Coleman; Joseph and Dorcas Pratt; Jonathan and Hannah Pinkham; John and Mary Folger; Nathaniel and Abigail Gardner; Nathaniel Sr. and Mary Barnard; and Stephen and Martha Hussey. They were a total of fourteen personalities, only three who were members of Friends Meeting. Through her mother's people Maria Mitchell was descended two ways from magistrate Tristram Coffin, two ways from the original Gardner stock, two ways from the original Barnard strain, once from the first Coleman, once from the original Hussey, once from Samuel Shattuck, and three times from Peter Folger.

* * * * *

By way of summary we find that Maria Mitchell was a complex biological compound: six parts aristocratic Coffin, four parts democratic Folger, three parts executive Starbuck, three parts martyr Shattuck, two parts financial Macy, two parts calculating Gardner, two parts gentlewoman Barnard, one part plain Coleman, and one part scheming Hussey. Lest she be considered completely flawless, we must reluctantly recall the lesser strains—Cartwright, Brown, Pratt, Gayer (with apologies), and even off-island Myricks and Mitchells. That Maria Mitchell was disowned from Meeting is not too surprising considering that only twelve of her twenty-six triple-grandparents in a self-consciously historically minded community were actually members of the Society of Friends, and two of them were the only two Friends disowned in the first century of the Meeting's history.

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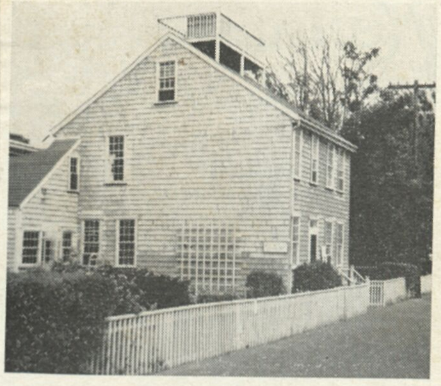
* Approximate date.

NANTUCKET'S MOST BRILLIANT FAMILY LIVED HERE

TEN CHILDREN BORN IN THIS HOUSE



(On Vestal Street near the Monument)

The first woman astronomer in America was one of the ten: PROFESSOR MARIA MITCHELL, Vassar College, 1865-1888.

She and her father, William Mitchell, made their first studies of the heavens from the "walk" on the roof.

In 1837 William became the cashier of the Pacific Bank and the Mitchell observatory was moved to the roof of the Pacific Bank building at the upper end of Main Street Square. Here in 1847 Maria discovered a comet named "Miss Mitchell's Comet," and received a gold medal from the King of Denmark.

Father, mother and the children were noted for their active minds and scientific interests.

This house, a domed observatory, a library, and the Natural Science Department in the Hinchman House, stand as a memorial to Maria Mitchell.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT: This is one of a series of articles written expressly for "THIS WEEK IN NANTUCKET" by Will Gardner, author of *Three Bricks and Three Brothers* and *The Coffin Saga*.

The picture was taken by Louis S. Davidson, a distinguished member of the summer colony.

Zaccheus Macy was Nantucket's First Great Physician.

Nantucket, November 27th, 1894.

I will attempt a true story, mostly from what was told me when I was a mere girl, and I have not forgotten it. It is a sort of history of who might be called the "Dr. Sweet" of our island, during the times when most of the native Indians inhabited Nantucket.

This account is of Zaccheus Macy, who was among some of the noble men and women of our island of that day. I think their deeds of philanthropy and bravery would compare well, and deserving of more credit in their day, because of their cramped surroundings, when so little progress had been made in arts and sciences and even conveniences were small. To accomplish what they did they had a heart and will to practice for the good of their fellow beings.

Zaccheus Macy the first has but few descendants now living in our midst. Our very worthy townsman Moses Joy, Jr., is among the few who now are left. I think he is a great-grandson on his mother's side. He is now near his 88th birthday and, to my certain knowledge, without the least ostentation, and has ever been ready and willing to assist the poor and needy on all occasions and in a very quiet way.

His great-grandfather, Zaccheus Macy, was the only person of that time who understood the Indian dialect. He conversed freely with them, consequently could influence them in many ways for their good. And, when the terrible disease came among the Indians, that swept away nearly all of them and not a white person had the least touch of it.

From his large flock of sheep, he had one killed daily, dressed and made into broth, and in other ways by his wife and household to carry himself within reach of those who had not yet been attacked. He kept the Indians to the leeward of himself, and continued the same care and kindness until the trouble was over.

He was considered wealthy in his time, because it took but a few thousand dollars in his day, as compared to this, to make the fortunate one quite independent.

He was remarkably skilled in surgical matters and assisted any one in distress, no matter if from away or our own people. William C. Folger thought the record told of near, or perhaps quite two thousand unfortunate people had been not only relieved of broken bones and similar disasters, but he was careful also to supply all needed, to render them always comfortable until they were able to help themselves.

I am told of one remarkable case that is quite worthy of mention. At one time during the month of December a terrible storm drove a coast-wise vessel ashore at Quidnet a few miles from 'Sconset. In landing during great peril, the captain dislocated his hip and was much exhausted.

It was evening and all around looked very dark and disheartening. But some brave men volunteered to procure a vehicle to reach town, as no help could be had there. After a time a common calash or cart, such as was used in those days, was brought to one of the little fishing huts and two men started.

After hours of weary travel they landed at Zaccheus Macy's door. It was about 12 o'clock; they were all in their beds. His daughter hastened to the door, fearing her father would awake as he was then suffering with a spell of rheumatism. But the good man caught the sound.

"Father can not go," said the daughter. "He is suffering with rheumatism."

Zaccheus Macy said: "Daughter, come this way and tell me all thee knows."

Then, after she had told him, he said: "Get the men something to eat, and tell them to rest while preparation is being made for the journey."

MURRAY.—Capt. John Murray died at his home on Orange street, Thursday morning, after an illness of several months. Capt. Murray was a native of the Cape de Verde islands, but adopted Nantucket for his home, and was engaged in the whale-fishery. In May, 1869, he sailed in command of schooner Abby Bradford, from this port, on what was known to whalemen as a "plum pudding voyage," and arrived the following October after a successful cruise. The vessel was soon after sold to New Bedford parties, and Capt. Murray engaged in the grocery trade, which he conducted to the time of his decease, with the assistance of his son, who for the last few years has managed the business. Capt. Murray was an esteemed citizen, and the community will regret his loss. 1899

OBITUARY. 1902

SANDSBURY.—Capt. Andrew J. Sandsbury died at his home on Dover street yesterday morning, after a protracted illness. He was a man of sterling qualities, and of the old school type. His life was almost wholly on the sea, many years of it spent in the whaling service. For 21 years he was on South Shoals lightship, nine of them as mate under Capt. Thomas James, and twelve years as master. On leaving the ship he was appointed keeper of Brant Point light, where he remained a few years, until failing health compelled his retirement. Deceased was a member of the local Odd Fellows and Masonic organizations. He leaves a widow and daughter.

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due £17.61. Exchg for his accommodation

8/31/1935

Death of William F. Macy, Nantucket Historian.

William F. Macy, president of the Nantucket Historical Association, died early Tuesday morning at the Nantucket Hospital, following a two weeks' illness with heart trouble. He was sixty-eight years of age and a native of Nantucket, son of the late William Hussey Macy.

Mr. Macy was one of Nantucket's historians and since his retirement from active business his one object in life was the growth and advancement of the Nantucket Historical Association. Through his tireless efforts and ceaseless energy, the Whaling Museum became a reality and in that institution alone he created a memorial to his life's work.

Realizing that one by one the links in the chain which binds the Nantucket of the present with the Nantucket of the past were being severed, that with the passing generations many of the historic features and interesting traditions were being lost to posterity, Mr. Macy conceived the idea of establishing a whaling museum.

His constant efforts to enlist the interest and support of many prominent citizens of the country who bear Nantucket names or claim Nantucket ancestry, resulted in able assistance, financial and otherwise, and the Whaling Museum was created. Within five short years it became the most popular and lucrative of any of the Historical Association's possessions. —one of the most valuable historic collections existing in America today.

THE LATE WILLIAM F. MACY

His interests in the work of the Historical Association were always uppermost and so devoted was he to the organization that it was always given precedence as a community movement. Following the death of the late Arthur H. Gardner in 1924, he was chosen president of the Association and for twelve years he has presided over its destinies, working early and late, summer and winter, for its welfare.

The deceased learned the printer's trade in Nantucket, with Hussey & Robinson on The Inquirer and Mirror, and later worked at the trade for some time in several places on the mainland. He was the first instructor in printing at the Lyman School for Boys, in Westboro, and, although in later years following other pursuits for a livelihood, he always "remembered the case" and in recent years has taken the "stick" in hand and set an occasional line of type to suit his own inclinations.

For a number of years Mr. Macy conducted an insurance office in Boston, occupying quarters in the Old South Building, then on Water street, and then at 4 Liberty Square, where he has retained his desk, although some years ago transferring the active business over to his nephew, Max Wagner.

Death of William F. Macy, Nantucket Historian.

Continued from First Page.

During his life Mr. Macy was a frequent contributor to the columns of The Inquirer and Mirror, using the pen name "Yorick". He has written many historical articles and in collaboration with the late Roland B. Hussey, he issued the first edition of the "Nantucket Scrap Basket", a second edition of which he published several years ago in revised form.

"The Story of Old Nantucket", was written by him in 1928 and published by Houghton Mifflin Co. Several other pamphlets, all dealing with historical matters relating to Nantucket, were compiled by him, the last being in connection with the recent Hospital Fete, which was a resumé of the old houses which line Main street.

The deceased was a member of the "Sons and Daughters of Nantucket" and had served as president of the organization. He also belonged to the Boston City Club and for many years had served as secretary of the Puddingstone Club of Boston.

He was a member of the Nantucket Civic League, of the Old People's Home Association and the Pacific Club. He was also connected with several literary and historical associatiions and during the winter months he was called upon to give historic lectures in various parts of the country. Possessed of a retentive memory, he was always a popular entertainer before historic gatherings and never missed an opportunity to let Nantucket's fame be known, especially in connection with the departed whaling industry.

For many years Mr. Macy resided in West Medford before returning to his native isle to become a permanent resident. He married Mary Ella Sawyer, of a prominent Boston family, who passed away eight years ago. There were no children.

Mr. Macy is survived by a sister, Mrs. Isabel Lehmaier; and by a brother-in-law, Herbert C. Gardner, both of Nantucket. He also leaves several nieces and nephews.

Funeral services were held at 3.00 o'clock Thursday afternoon in the Unitarian church, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Harold L. Pickett. There was a large attendance of relations and friends of the deceased, and many beautiful floral tributes. The services were very brief and simple, without any eulogy of any kind. The pall-bearers were Frederick V. Fuller, Dr. Charles E. Congdon, Bassett Jones, Francis E. Folger, Karl Sharp, and J. Butler Folger, Jr.

The remains were taken to the mainland yesterday (Friday) for cremation. The ashes will be brought back to the island to be placed with those of the late Mrs. Macy in the family lot in Prospect Hill cemetery.

[The following poem, which he preferred to title "Sit Closer, Friends," was considered by the late William F. Macy as one of the finest bits of verse ever written by a Nantucket man. We append it herewith as a tribute to the memory of one who was ever loyal to Nantucket.—Ed.]

* * * * *

IN REMEMBRANCE.

Sit closer, friends, around the board!
Death grants us yet a little time.
Now let the cheering cup be poured,
And welcome song and jest and rhyme.
Enjoy the gifts that fortune sends.
Sit closer, friends!

And yet we pause. With trembling lip
We strive the fitting phrase to make;
Remembering our fellowship,
Lamenting destiny's mistake.
We marvel much when Fate offends,
And claims our friends.

Companion of our nights of mirth,
Where all were merry who were wise;
Does death quite understand your worth,
And know the value of his prize?
I doubt me if he comprehends—
He knows no friends.

And in that realm is there no joy
Of comrades and the jocund sense?
Can Death so utterly destroy—
For gladness grant no recompense?
And can it be that laughter ends
With absent friends?

Oh, scholars whom we wisest call,
Who solve great questions at your ease,
We ask the simplest of them all,
And yet we cannot answer these!
And is it thus your knowledge ends,
To comfort friends?

Dear Omar! should You chance to meet
Our Brother Somewhere in the Gloom,
Pray give to Him a Message sweet,
From brothers in the Tavern Room.
He will not ask who 't is that sends,
For We were Friends.

Again a parting sail we see;
Another boat has left the shore.
A kinder soul on board has she
Than ever left the land before.
And as her outward course she bends,
Sit closer, friends!

—*Arthur Macy.*

"Sweeper in the Sky" Story of First Woman Astronomer.

By John K. Hutchens in New York Herald Tribune, February 10.

"Well, if this is dying, there is nothing very unpleasant about it," said Maria Mitchell on her deathbed, which suggests that she was both lucky and sensible. America's first woman astronomer (1818-1889) was also brilliant, sardonically humorous and, as opponents of women's rights discovered, formidable. Reading the chronicle of her life that Miss Wright has pieced together, a reader can suspect that he and Maria might never have been exactly chums, but that, like almost every one who encountered her, one would have been a strong if cautious admirer.

Maria, who was brought up in the stern and forthright tradition of Nantucket Quakerism, was nothing if not honest. At twenty-five, having spotted a comet no one else had ever recorded, she became one of the best known women in the land, received a gold medal from the King of Denmark and went abroad to meet the scientific great on easy terms of equality. At home she knew Emerson, Thoreau, Agassiz, Whittier, Melville. She didn't stand in awe of them. It is just possible, indeed, that they regarded her with some apprehension; because, in a day when woman's place was allegedly in the home, Maria's home was chiefly in the sky, at which she gazed with a questioning mind and eyes so extraordinary that some of her findings are only now being rediscovered and confirmed by great telescopes.

Since most people's astronomical learning is limited to an occasional trip to the Planetarium, and their mathematics confined to a badly kept checkbook, Miss Wright wisely avoids the more technical aspects of Maria' career. Though she spent much of that career jotting down formulae ("A mathematical formula is a hymn of the universe" she used to say,) none of them, happily, are reproduced here—which must have taken some self-control on the part of Miss Wright, who is herself an astronomer. There is, instead, a plain account, but an interesting one, of the environment in which Maria's remarkable personality developed. When you finish "Sweeper in the Sky" you may be just about where you were in the first place, sidereally speaking, but you will have learned something of nineteenth-century America.

Early Nantucket, for instance. Whalers went out from it, and a feeling of the great world came home with them when they returned. In a sense, the South Pacific Ocean was closer than New York. "The Nantucket Inquirer" treated its readers not to local items but to news of "distant places and world events, exciting astronomical advances and geographical discoveries". When the Atheneum and its 3,200 books were burned, they were replaced. Scholars came regularly to lecture. Children boxed the sextant as they learned to read, and there was room to look at the stars. Simplicity and the independent spirit flourished there, and though Maria Mitchell's non-conformist mind came to reject the stern tenets of the Quakerism of the time, she kept the Friends' simplicity and distrust of vanity throughout her life.

But her great years were at Mathew Vassar's "Female College" at Poughkeepsie—"Vassar's Folly", the early wags called it—where she arrived on opening day in 1865 as professor of astronomy and remained for twenty-three years. She went there with diffidence and lived to become a Character — and a great teacher whose inspiration on the older alumnae have not forgotten. Her own opinion, as far as she could see, was as good as anyone else's, and she took no nonsense from anyone, including the president of the college. When he asked her to attend chapel regularly she told him: "I do not pray on order". In the college dining room, feeling no need to converse, she once announced: "I cannot be polite today". Having no use for weakness, she wrote to a sick friend: "I rejoice to hear that you are only half dead. The half is often better than the whole".

Out of this iron strength came her passion for the liberation of women through education, in the martial company of Julia Ward Howe, Lucy Stone and Lucretia Mott. The Association for the Advancement of Women elected her its President, and even the newspapers which had made jokes about the "Shrieking Sisterhood" had to call her "philosophical and wise". It is doubtful, however, if any one ever thought of calling Maria a shrieking sister to her face. "When a man bores me I think what a pity he couldn't be employed in constructing artesian wells", she wrote in her diary, probably before going out to look for another comet.

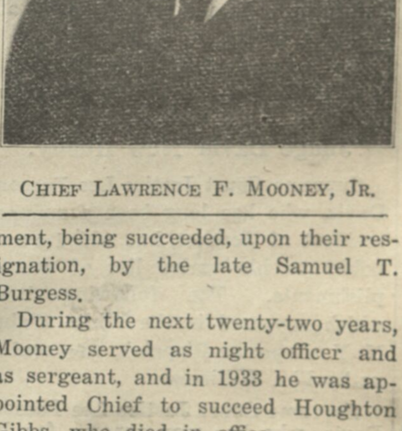
She also disliked commencement exercises and people who gave her advice that she hadn't asked for, and probably she would have been annoyed if she could have known that she would be elected to New York University's Hall of Fame in 1907. That the girl from Nantucket belonged there, Miss Wright's unpretentiously written memorial makes entirely clear.

1949

5474

Chief Mooney Has Been With Police Dept. 37 Years.

Chief Lawrence F. Mooney, Jr., on Friday observed the completion of his thirty-seventh year in the Nantucket Police Dept. It was in 1912—on the first of April—that the Chief, then a young man of twenty-five, joined the Department as a patrolman. In that year, the late Everett Bowen and Joseph A. Johnson, Jr., were successive chiefs of the department, being succeeded, upon their resignation, by the late Samuel T. Burgess.



CHIEF LAWRENCE F. MOONEY, JR.

During the next twenty-two years, Mooney served as night officer and as sergeant, and in 1933 he was appointed Chief to succeed Houghton Gibbs, who died in office.

Chief Lawrence F. Mooney has the further distinction of having served the town longer than any other official in the history of the Police Department. He also has the longest period of service of any of the present town officials.

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46

Nantucket's Tribute to Herman Melville.

8/18 1951

Nantucket paid tribute to Herman Melville on Wednesday afternoon of this week, when at exercises held at the Unitarian Church, a large gathering of members and friends of the Nantucket Historical Asso. joined in a "Melville and Nantucket" afternoon.

The program was opened by an invocation by Rev. William P. Horton, pastor of the Church, who read several appropriate excerpts from that chapter in "Moby-Dick" in which the inimitable Father Mapple preaches his sermon.

"From the Look-out" was the topic of a short introductory talk by President Edouard Stackpole, of the Historical Association. That Melville was Nantucket's first great literary protagonist, and that his great classic bears irrefutable evidence of the admiration and kin-ship which the writer and man felt for this "isle in the sea," has made the literary world conscious of Nantucket's fame.

The speaker of the afternoon was Prof. Wilson Heflin, Dept. of English and History, U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. His topic was "Melville and Nantucket" and he brought into it all the wealth of research and of scholarship which has gone into his years of tracing the voyages of Herman Melville.

So far as is known, Melville's first and only visit to Nantucket came 99 years ago—July 6, 1852. Accompanying his father-in-law, Judge Lemuel Shaw, of Boston, who was to preside at the court to be held here, Melville boarded steamer *Massachusetts* and arrival was made here just after sunset. During his stay, Melville met several prominent islanders, including William Mitchell and his celebrated daughter, Maria, and Thomas Macy, whose presentation copy of "Macy's History of Nantucket," was generously loaned for this Melville Observance by Mrs. L. A. Chambliss.

The speaker traced the source material of Nantucket which entered into "Moby-Dick". This included the well-known "Loss of The Essex," meeting and "gamming" with Nantucket ships in the Pacific, conversations with such men as the son of Owen Chase, to whom he attributed the loan of a copy of the Owen Chase Narrative, and a number of other important factors.

Soon after Melville arrived at Tahiti on the New Zealand whaler, by which method he escaped from the vale of Typee and the Marquesas, he shipped on a third whaler and made the passage to the Hawaiian Islands. The identity of this third whaler was unknown until Wilson Heflin uncovered evidence in the consular files at Lahaina which proved the mysterious craft to be the *Charles & Henry*, of Nantucket, owned by C. & H. Coffin.

By working on a previous voyage of the ship, and by utilizing material which delineated the character of Capt. John B. Coleman, master of the *Charles & Henry*, Prof. Heflin brought out much detail which indicated the influence on Melville's subsequent writings which must have come from his cruise on this Nantucket whaleship.

The speaker made warm acknowledgment of help in his research tendered by several Nantucketers, notably Dr. William E. Gardner, whose ready store of knowledge has proven of considerable aid.

He concluded his scholarly address with these words:

"If Herman Melville, from his vantage point in the skies, should look down upon the troubled world which he left almost sixty years ago I believe he would find deep satisfaction in knowing that Nantucket Island had set a day apart in his honor."

* * * * *

Greetings were extended to the meeting by Mrs. Elenor Melville Metcalf, of Cambridge, and Mrs. Frances T. Osborne, of Edgartown, granddaughters of Melville, who were unable to accept the invitations to be present. Word came also from Jay Leyda, whose book "A Melville Log," is to be published this fall, and who had also planned to be present but due to circumstances could not get to the island that afternoon.

The chairman also read letters of greeting from Tyrus Hillway, Secretary of the Melville Society, from Willard Thorpe, of Princeton University, a well-known Melville scholar, and Stuart C. Sherman, Jr., Librarian of the Providence Public Library, who is doing excellent work with a check list of whaleships.

* * * * *

Among those present in the gathering, who were called upon to "take a bow," were Mrs. Florence Bennett Anderson, whose great-grandfather, Capt. Seth Pinkham (of whom she wrote in "Through the Hawse-Hole") spoke Melville's first whaleship, the *Acushnet*, in the harbor of Nukaheva, where he made his famous escape into the valley of Typee. When the *Acushnet* was at the Gallapagos Islands, her crew gammed with the Nantucket whaler *Columbus*, under Capt. William Bunker Gardner, whose great-daughter, Miss Grace Brown Gardner, a vice president of the Historical Association, was also called upon to stand.

Miss Helen Wright, author of the biography of Maria Mitchell "Sweeper in the Sky," responded to the invitation to stand, as did William Tripp, Custodian of the Old Dartmouth Society's Whaling Museum in New Bedford, who came down just for the occasion. Mr. Tripp told of an incident during his whaling experiences in 1925 aboard the schooner *John R. Manta*, when a whale who had white flukes and a white under-body, was sighted off Hatteras, and of whom the mate of the *Manta* said, "alway appeared in this vicinity."

Gilbert Wilson, whose paintings on "Moby-Dick" have recently hung at the Kenneth Taylor Galleries, was introduced and made a few excellent remarks touching on the symbolism and import of the Melville classic. Richard Purcell, custodian of the Old Mill, told the gathering that the name Nantucket appears in "Moby-Dick" 88 times.

* * * * *

In the vestibule of the church was a show case containing a veritable treasure trove of Melville. Here reposed a photo of Melville and his autograph; a photostat of the crew-list of the *Acushnet*, with the Melville signature; first editions of "Moby-Dick," loaned by Dr. Walter Boyd and Richard Lederer; first editions of "Omoo," loaned by Mrs. L. A. Chambliss and Mr. Lederer; first editions of "Typee," "Redburn," "Pierre," "Israel Potter" and "Piazza Tales", and the copy of "Macy's History" owned by Melville, loaned by Mrs. Chambliss, and photostat copies of letter dealing with the Melville visit to Nantucket and of the consular list at Lahaina, which proved Melville was on the *Charles & Henry*.

Dr. Walter Boyd generously offered his services and was the custodian of the case during the meeting.

Another Old Resident Gone.—Another of our aged citizens, Capt. Sylvanus Swain, from a residence of thirty years among us, has been called to the other shore, whence all are destined to go and from which no returning voyager comes. Though carrying the infirmities of old age, Capt. Sylvanus remained to the last of his going about, a few weeks ago, cheerful in spirits, bright in intellect and interesting in conversation, full of pleasant anecdotes and memories of an eventful life, mostly spent in an arduous and hazardous profession. As sailor and shipmaster he was familiar with this coast years before the discovery of gold lured the "argonauts" of "'49" thither, and even before most of that swarm of adventurers, of whom those now remaining are in the autumn of life, were born.—*Martinez Gazette.*

1881

"Thar She Blows!"

The following is reprinted in its entirety from the editorial column of the Boston Globe, Monday, April 16.

4/21 ——— 1951

It was Dec. 30, 1840. The ship Acushnet lay in the river of the same name at New Bedford signing on her crew for a voyage to the Pacific whaling grounds.

With a hinterland where railroads were building, with deep water channels and no shallow bar of sand across the harbor's mouth, New Bedford was seizing the lead in that profitable business of oil and bone, which her island cousin of Nantucket had perfected. The Acushnet tugged at her moorings in the stream. A brown-haired, dark complexioned youth stood quietly in the cabin waiting his turn to be called. When the ship's officer nodded to him, the youth stepped forward and wrote his name on the "list of persons" on the ship's articles. The name was Herman Melville.

Eighteen months later the Acushnet was in the South Pacific and anchored in the Marquesas. A water party went ashore and with it went Melville and Richard Tobias Greene.

Persecuted by a tyrant skipper and lured by the tropical charm of Nukahiva, the two young seamen jumped ship. For a while they lived among friendly natives. Then they were captured by cannibals and kept prisoner for four months. The crew of an Australian vessel finally rescued them, and two years later Melville returned to New York as sailor in a man-o'-war.

Out of that voyage came Typee, Omoo, White Jacket and, greatest of all, Moby Dick. There were few, 100 years ago, who saw this greatness. The world as a whole was to wait 70 years and more before it realized that the story of the white whale was one of its literary masterpieces. Critics with sharp blubber knives are still busy "cutting into" Moby Dick and "trying out" the precious oil. Others marvel anew as they reread the tale. But few are they who read at all who do not know of Capt. Ahab with the ivory leg, Queequeg with the tomahawk pipe, the long harpoon and the embalmed head from New Zealand, and all that crew of "red, white, yellow, black and dusky men" who sailed aboard the whaler Pequod. Whaling voyage and voyage of a soul!

To create Capt. Ahab, Melville drew in part upon the captain of the Acushnet, who had driven him to desertion. Skippers of Yankee whalers were a hard lot, for the life of the whale fisheries was a hard life. Only the thrill and danger experienced in a whaleboat fast to a whale — "a Nantucket sleigh ride," they called it — kept men away from their homes for three to four years at a time, overworked, poorly fed and paid only in shares of oil.

Profits provided the ships: adventure the crews to man them. New England whalemen of the offshore fisheries sailed where nought had sailed before. Undiscovered islands in the Pacific they found and charted. They knew the sea and the coast of Japan before Perry. The bluff bows of their barks and brigs plowed north into the Bering Sea and south to Antarctica.

Many of their exploits lie in their old log books in museums and private collections, catalogued, but yet ungleaned. Memorable voyages and great disasters such as that in '71 when 30 whalers were crushed in Arctic ice, have been duly recorded. The great novel of the whale has been written, but not yet his full history.

On Nantucket island, a country newspaper printer and local historian has set out to write that history. It is to be called "The New England Whaleman: Discoverer and Explorer." Edouard A. Stackpole has never seen the Pacific, yet he knows the "far reaches of the great ocean" as well as he knows his way down North Liberty st. and Main street to the office of the Inquirer and Mirror.

"My chief qualification," he wrote the Guggenheim Foundation seeking a fellowship, "is my proven interest in the subject. My ancestors were among the early whalemen in the Pacific. Their heritage is one of my cherished possessions."

Judges of the Guggenheim Foundation have found the venture sound enough to risk the capital. In August historian Stackpole sets sail on his life's chief voyage. The year was 1851 when Herman Melville finished Moby Dick. The year 1951 promises still another great account of the whale fisheries and of America in what was perhaps her most heroic age.

UNCLE DUDLEY.

May Birthdays.

In addition to the men listed in last week's issue as having birthdays during the first week in May, the following will celebrate their natal anniversaries during this month.

May 6—Richard B. Corkish
May 7—Alberth K. Ottison
May 8—Henry Riddell Terry
May 9—William C. Brock
May 10—Joseph A. Cahoon
May 11—Harrison C. Gorman, Andrew L. Lowell, George E. Barrett
May 12—Edward A. Olderich
May 13—George W. Jones, David Roberts
May 16—Joseph E. Warner
May 17—Elias J. Lyon
May 18—Harold J. Thurston, Walter S. Barrett
May 19—George I. Rogers, Harold Williams, Harold E. Anderson
May 20—Kenneth C. Coffin
May 21—Henry W. Fee Jr.
May 23—Elwyn R. Francis Sr., Allen W. Holdgate
May 24—Richard C. Barrett, Edward F. Moynihan
May 26—Ernest R. Coffin, Everett V. Finlay
May 27—Richard G. Gibbs
May 28—Matthew L. Jaeckle, Albert H. Morris
May 30—Norman A. Barrett, Charles H. Talford Jr.
May 31—Jay H. Gibbs, Robert Mack, George A. Reith.

OBITUARY.

1899

Sayer.—Thomas S. Sayer, of this town, died in New Bedford last week, Friday, at the ripe age of nearly 89 years. By his death a sterling citizen has been removed. He was born here February 7, 1810, and received the education the schools of that period afforded. A few years of his early life were spent in the whaling service, and he then learned the trade of sailmaker in New Bedford and established himself in the business here, continuing until 1849, when he with many others left for California, he taking passage in ship Fannie. He engaged in the hardware business and was successful, returning to Nantucket late in the fifties, retiring from active business pursuits. Much of the time he has spent in New Bedford, where he has been prominent in real estate investments, but he has held citizenship always in his native town. Mr. Sayer was of a very social nature and was ever prepared from a fund of anecdotes to entertain his friends, the pleasure of which he could augment by a grim humor that entered into his nature. Deceased leaves a widow, and three children, viz.: Mrs. Joseph Austin, of New Bedford, Mrs. Stephen G. Brown, of San Francisco, and Rev. Thomas S. Sayer, jr., of Lowell.

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Humphrey Manche

B. Manchester

Jan 4. 1861

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An Old Nantucket Whaler. 1904

William H. Macy was a seaman half a century ago. He sailed in the whaling trade from Nantucket, and his journal of one voyage which lasted 41 months and 20 days, has just turned up in the collection of a Bostonian who is fond of such curiosities. This particular log was a great prize, for it is far and away ahead of the ordinary thing of its kind. Not only was it kept with a fidelity most unusual through work on a whaler in two oceans, but the sailor had a sense of humor which no amount of feeding on salt horse and hardtack could squelch. He had also a talent for humorous drawing, and his pages are none of them unillustrated. He had a pride in his ship, and mentioned many a race in which, even if the Potomac did not win, she could have done so easily.

Capt. Isaac B. Hussey of Nantucket was master, and the voyage began some time in the fall of 1841. The log, which is written in an old-fashioned, unruled, leather-backed blank-book of foolscap size, begins, after an illuminated and gaudy title page, quite informally, on Nov. 20, 1841. At the head of the page is a large-hand caption, "Bound to the Western islands."

"Strong breeze and heavy sea as usual," he begins his log, looking first, like every good sailor, to the weather record. "Saw a school of whales going to windward like fury, but 'twas so rough we couldn't lower. All hands mad as Sam Hill. Night very squally; at 10 had to reef maintopsail." And he draws a fat black fluke to indicate a whale seen, but not caught; this is part of the whalefisherman's sign manual which is followed faithfully all through the book, in the margins of the pages. When they got the whale, he was painted in with a white hole in his side to record the number of barrels of oil he yielded. Above him was recorded the boat that got him, and his number in the list.

Later in the history of whaling the sailors had wooden stamps to record whales taken, and some beautifully polished sets are still to be seen in collections. Still later, rubber stamps were used, but Bill Macy had only his brush and his native talent.

Every picturable event was pictured. Sunday, Nov. 21, they began setting masthead watches for whales, and there in the margin is the spider sailor sitting as near the truck as he could get.

They saw whales all the way to the Western islands, but got none; one day Mr. Swain, the mate, who later turned out to be a prize hoodoo, lowered for a sperm whale. But it was already sundown, and the captain recalled the boat by a signal. Another time they were too "wild." Five days after the journal begins they made the Western islands and Macy records the outline of the first two Flores and Pico in a marginal note. He had a blue wash beside his black and it make a fine sea for the islands to stand on.

Thereafter whenever they sighted an island the shape of it was set down in outline in the journal; even when from a changed view point, Fayal took on a different look, the new aspect was carefully recorded.

At the head of the second page still stands the doleful account of the health of the hold—"no oil"—but near the foot of the page "No. 1" appears. He was a 50-barrel whale and taken by the larboard boat in which from internal evidence of the journal it appears that Macy himself sat. But the record does not get unduly gay over it.

It says merely "Fine weather and calm"—after two gales within the week—"saw sperm whales; lowered and took a fine fat fellow alongside; afternoon employed reeving out our cutting gear."

The ship must have been an unpleasant place for the next day or two. Macy took it is a matter of course, for it was part of the business. His comment was "All hands called very early and began to cut in our whale; rugged weather and very slippery about decks; afternoon employed cleaning pots, etc, and getting ready for boiling." And the next day he had time only for this: "Rugged weather, employed in boiling."

The sailor's sense of proportion is interesting. They took passengers as far as Fayal, but they are of no more importance to him than the cheeses bought. It was a busy day though: "Made the island of Fayal again and stood in to land our passengers; stood off and on, but did not come to anchor. Portuguese came off in boats and we bought lots of green oranges and jackass cheeses. Captain went ashore and shipped a Portuguese boy as cabin boy; evening stood to sea again." One can see the excitement in Fayal as the captain made his proposition to the olive-cheeked Portuguese boy, and the doubtful mother, and the excited neighbors urging the boy not to lose this fine chance to go with the rugged Nantucketer on the big ship.

The ship was now bound round Cape Horn. They caught a porpoise, whose elongated portrait duly appears in the margin of the journal and met up with an East Indian, who sent a boat's crew aboard. "We gave them some potatoes and turnips," says Macy. There's neighborliness on the big seas, especially when it is remembered that his ship was bound away from potatoes and turnips for some years. They had a funny Christmas eve. "Fine weather; raised everything but whales—porpoises and dolphins, skipjacks and jumping jacks, sails, albicores and a harness cask!"

They began to meet ships after they had crossed the line on Christmas day, and "had some fine tricks upon the greenhorns."

Saturday, Jan. 22, Mr. Swain's hoodoo began its work. They lowered for a sperm whale, and "Mr. Swain got stove, crew hung to the boat about an hour, and were picked up by the waist boat. Jackson and Duke nearly gone, the water being very cold."

That was all, and the incident would not have had so much space if Jackson and Duke had not been nearly gone. It flashes up the thought of the hardiness of Macy and his mates; never a word of the difficulty of reefing in a frightful gale, in the night, in the snow, with the sails like boards, and the frail foot-ropes dancing.

The very next day Mr. Swain got stove again, "but got aboard without help, but the waist boat"—not having to go to his assistance—"took a large whale." That night there was a heavy gale, but they secured the whale with doubled fluke-ropes and did not lose him. He was an 85-barrel monster, and would have yielded more, but they had to tow him for two days, and he oozed away much oil.

During February they rounded the cape and split a maintopsail in a gale. "Lewis fell overboard and had a cold bath in lat. 54; picked him up with the boat," is all Macy says about it, but the thought makes the bones ache with cold. On St. Valentine's day they lowered for whales but could not get any. Mr. Swain got upset. There is no explanation of his luck given.

On Washington's birthday Macy says: "High winds and heavy swell; saw a man-of war under a press of sail; toward dark more squally; double reefed the topsails, and the starboard watch were "weighed in the balance and found wanting." Pride in his watch's ability to hold up their end of the work is a part of the Nantucketer's equipment.

They met the ship Russell of Dartmouth—a little town outside New Bedford, almost forgotten today but famous then—three months out and "clean," that is without any oil, and "old man went aboard to have a gam," which is whalerese for a chat.

The voyage goes on, each day with its separate interest. The folks who speak of the "boundless monotony of life at sea" ought to have been in this business. They took blackfish and hated them, but Macy drew their pictures just the same while he cursed them. All the time a steady routine of refitting of rigging, tarring, painting, scraping and washing clothes went on as weather permitted and opportunity offered. They landed on Robinson Crusoe island after peaches, caught lots of rock cod and "had a chowder of fish and salt water at sunset."

Luck was not altogether with them. They met ships no longer out, but with 500 barrels to their 130, which must have caused some envy; they struck a sperm whale and the iron drew out and they killed a humpback "and he sunk."

They dropped anchor in Payta for the first time since the beginning of the trip, and the first thing to do in a journal was of course to record the ships that were in port. They were the only whaler, but shortly the whalers began to gather. The length of time each one was out, how much oil she had, her name, hailing port and captain, all were carefully set down. One ship got an extra line: "Ship John Thatcher of New Bedford, 16 months out, 400 bbls. of sperm oil, and a man on board with his leg bitten off by a shark."

In Payta three men deserted, two of them the men who had nearly been drowned or frozen when Mr. Swain got stove—Jackson and Duke. The third was Wright. The next day "Capt went ashore, could not find the deserters and shipped two new men, an Englishman and a Spaniard," and away they went before any more men should jump the ship.

Then came a long dull spell, with nothing taken but an occasional blackfish. The margins bear an occasional ship or the outline of an island, but the pages are devoid of everything except weather reports. They sailed in company with several ships, "gamming," and on Sunday, May 22, 1842, they saw whales in big excited letters. It is no wonder the journalist was excited, for his boat took two of the whales, one of them being an 80-barrel proposition, the starboard boat and the waist boat each getting one. In that one day they more than doubled their oil, and just a week later they whooped it up again with two more whales, striking and losing a third. Macy even keeps track of what the ships in company with the Potomac did; the Mercury of New Bedford got one, and the Dartmouth none.

For a long time now the Potomac cruised on the line without much incident; the whales came scattering along, and Macy's marginal decorations consisted mainly of profiles of islands and of ships, under sail, racing in company, or with a curly-cue column of smoke rising between the masts to show that they were boiling. At Nooaheva they anchored and gathered in more of the details of the news on the highways of the sea A London packet put in leaking; she had been stabbed by a bill fish. Jack Robinson, the Englishman who had been shipped to take the place of a deserter, himself ran off. Two more of the crew suspected of being about to desert were kept close aboard.

It was August, 1842, before they got another whale; then they took four in one day, larboard and starboard boats each getting two. Macy kept tabs on the whales with the utmost scrupulousness as to which boat was entitled to credit; one whale he even labeled "doubtful." At the end of his book, on a blank page he added up the takings, and probably was not a little proud to show that the larboard boat had 41 to the starboard boat's 32 and the waist boat's 35.

All the detail which fits with Pacific island life—girls swimmig off to the ship in shoals, rafting water, cocoanuts and bananas, are in Macy's pages. They took on five Kanakas to supply the place of one Englishman when he finally swam ashore and got away and started off again.

The whales came in twos and threes, and before the end of the year the Potomac had 650 barrels of oil in her hold. But the whales came so infrequently that Macy felt moved to write. "O, dear, where's all the whales! whales!! whales!!!" on Oct. 25. In November they got seven of them in three days, but Macy was too busy to make ethnological observations on the tribes of natives that came aboard at almost every island they made. He says, "The men of Touching island are a fine-looking set, well made and stout, and have a very neat appearance." To prove it, he paints a picture of a canoe full of them.

Macy didn't like blackfish. He expressed his feelings every time they got one in language of the forecastle sometimes, and on Dec. 4, 1842, when they took two he says, "I trust in God will be the last we will ever get P. M., light airs."

They lost two more men that winter by desertion in the islands; an entry may explain. "Capt. went on shore with boat's crew. Good Riddance! Bad Rubbage!"

Whales seemed to be plenty about the islands, and the whalers were almost as thick. The Potomac was rarely out of sight of men of her own port for 24 hours at a time.

In the spring of 1843 the trouble caused by desertions came to a head at Ascension. Other vessels lying there were having their own troubles, and on the William and Eliza, which was anchored alongside the Potomac, two men were flogged in one day for running away. The next day the journal says "put a white man belonging to the shore in irons suspected of enticing our men to run away, also one in irons on board the Wm. and Eliza, and one on board the Massachusetts (another ship lying there.) There is the 'devil to pay' in 3 volumes bound in calf, spring back and gilt edges." Nevertheless there were three more desertions within three weeks following, one of them being the cook.

As soon as they were refitted and painted they started off for Japan, whither most of the fleet lying at Ascension was bound. Whales were scarce. And in May, 1843, after traveling with the redoubtable Macy for more than a year, we get the astounding note on page 68, "This day I complete my 17th year." And he has been using at least 40-year-old language half through his journal.

At Strong's island there was an incipient mutiny on the Potomac. The crew had four days' liberty, and thought they were entitled to more, therefore refused to heave up the anchor when ordered to get under way. Other ships lying there sent boats aboard and got the Potomac's anchor for them. They then made sail, and the Potomac went to sea, the crew getting off with "a long conversation with the captain." While getting under way they hove up the anchor chain of a brig, and stirred up her charred remains from the bottom, finding out after they got to sea that the chiefs of Strong's island had a little trick of murdering whalers. Two pages of the journal wind up "A lone ship is not safe from treachery," and give a map for anchoring.

Another cruise among the islands, nothing happened except on one day when they "struck a porpoise, but instead of taking him he took the iron and absquatulated." So they wound up 1843 with 1400 barrels.

It was November, 1844, before their thirst for whale oil was satiated. They then had 2200 barrels, and hauled their wind for Sydney. Here they actually saw on an excursion steamer which passed them in the harbor "a white lady the first we have seen for 32 months." They refitted and made sail for the United States Dec. 1.

They managed to get a number of whales on the way home, too, so it was not till Sunday, May 4, 1845, that they brought to at Nantucket.—Boston Globe.

LOG BOOKS WANTED.

I have succeeded in locating this log book, the existence of which was heretofore unknown to me. Aside from its special interest to me, as being the record of my father's first voyage, it is a most valuable and interesting document, containing, in addition to the complete record of the voyage and hundreds of sketches and wash drawings, complete lists of all ships spoken—most of them Nantucket whalers, drawings in color of the private signal flags of all the Nantucket ships and ship owners of that period, and much other data of great historical interest and value.

The present owner, a collector of such curios, considers it the gem of his collection and values it accordingly. No money consideration will tempt him to part with it, but appreciating its special interest to me, he has very kindly argeed to exchange it for anything approaching equal value in kind, if such can be found. I would therefore like to obtain, by purchase or otherwise, one or more good whalers' log books, especially such as are illustrated with ships, whales, etc.

With due respect to a similar interest on the part of most owners of such treasures, with no intention of encroaching on the special province of the Nantucket Historical Society as the ultimate custodian of documents of this charcter (when the fireproof building is completed), it has occurred to me that possibly some readers of the Inquirer and Mirror may have in their possession log books which have no such intimate personal value or interest to them, which might yet answer the purposes of the proposed exchange, and which they would be willing to part with for a consideration. If such there be, I should be pleased to hear from them.

William F. Macy,
82 Devonshire St., Boston.

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2 Ships Thom

OBITUARY.—Another of our veteran shipmasters has finished the voyage of life—Captain Robert McCleave, who passed peacefully away on Sunday last, at the age of 69 years. Captain McCleave was the eldest of several brothers who, in the days of Nantucket's prime, made their mark in the whaling business, and did their full share in building up our prosperity. He went to sea when a mere lad, and rose rapidly to the highest position. At the early age of twenty-six he commanded the Rambler, in which ship he made three successive and successful voyages to the Pacific between the years 1835 and 1848. He next took the Richard Mitchell, arriving home in her in 1852, and his last whaling voyage was made in command of the Oliver Crocker of New Bedford. For nearly twenty years since he retired from the sea, he has lived in the quiet enjoyment of his well-earned competence, with the respect and esteem of all his fellow-townsmen. Though suffering in bodily health for some years past, the indomitable captain was down town as usual until within a few days of his decease. He leaves a widow and one son, the latter now residing in California.

1878

From the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. 1871

Charles R. Starbuck.

The record of the death of Charles R. Starbuck, of this city, recalls only tender recollections of a loving father, and prompts to the offering of a grateful tribute to the memory of a beloved and respected citizen.

Bereavement is ever sad; to part with loved ones is always painful to human hearts. Yet, if we look up with faith in Our Father, and not down at the great deep of our affliction, there will come to our listening ears the sweet consolations of the gospel, and in our trouble we shall "bless the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, of His abundant mercy hath begotten us again to a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

Our brief memoir but too feebly reflects the virtues and Christian faith of the deceased. He was born in Nantucket, Mass., in 1799, from which place he moved to Auburn, N. Y., eighteen years ago. While on the island he was identified with the great whaling interest of that place, and his integrity in business relations won for him the confidence of all with whom he was associated. For six years Mr. Starbuck had been a resident of Rochester, and was well known here as an urbane Christian gentleman, ever winning the hearts of the young and old alike by his genial manners and the example of his pure character. His ancestors belonged to the society of Friends.

In his last illness his sufferings were of the acutest kind; but the spirit of resignation lifted him above the waves of his cruel agony, while kind hands were ever near, and all that human love can do was cheerfully done for him. He often expressed his willingness to die, and his confidence of a home in heaven. Transcendent faith! It arches the darkest cloud of bereavement with a rainbow of the ineffable glory! A most devoted wife and mother, and a large family of children and grandchildren mourn their irreparable loss.

Ah, the shadow on the sill! It lies soon or late at the door of every home. And when the summer shall wane, if the autumn gloom seem deeper, and the firelight burn not with its old-time glow; or if the first winter twilight startle by its stillness, know, then, oh, ye truly bereaved, that

"Only with silence as a benediction,
God's angels come,
When in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb."

☞ Capt. Andrew Mitchell of the schr. Elisha Ruckman, gives the following detailed account of the wreck of his vessel, in a letter dated Lewes, Del. May 20th:—

"On the 18th inst, we were beating down the Delaware Bay in pleasant weather. At dark we were abreast of the Brandywine light-boat, becalmed. Early in the evening an appearance in the N. W. indicated the approach of a thunder gust. At half past eight it struck us, and we shaped our course for Cape Henlopen. After running an hour under a piece of the foresail, the tempest increased to a hurricane, and finding she would not bear sail enough to fetch out, with the tide on the weather bow, and the sea making a clear breach over her, we headed for the breakwater. We saw the breakwater light several times, and lost it again; our best compass was unhung by the violence of motion, and the other proved nearly useless. At length we again made the light as we believed, and ran accordingly; but it proved to be the signal light of a brig at anchor on the outside of the breakwater; and on discovering our mistake had not room to luff clear of the ice-break (which is the Western section of the breakwater) and instantly struck on a pile of ugly blocks of granite, with the sea roaring furiously over us. My mate in attempting to reach the rocks upon the fore gaft was precipitated upon them by its breaking in two. All means of getting a rope to the rocks seemed now to be unavailing, and I recommended to my crew to save themselves in the best manner they could, the vessel being apparently in a sinking condition, pounding on and receding from the rocks with the motion of the waves, which were continually sweeping the deck. Two of my men caught sight of a projecting rock, and leaped upon it, the next moment she was a hundred feet from them. Finding the vessel sinking fast, and aware that she must go down in deep water, I plunged into the sea for the shore, and the next wave tumbled me upon the rocks, where I found all my crew safe. A shanty perched upon the rocks by the workmen afforded us some shelter, though this was often overwhelmed with the sea. We had been thus poorly housed but a few minutes, when we heard the rattling of a chain cable, and on looking out perceived a vessel, the schooner Thaddeus, had struck the rocks near us. Knowing the crew could not save themselves without assistance, my mate and myself took to the rocks again, and succeeded after great trouble and hazard in lashing their main boom to the roc..., on which they were enabled to reach the pier, and had scarcely done so, when this vessel rolled off and sunk in four fathoms water. The Elisha Ruckman drove round the pier and sunk near the shore, and may be saved.

1846

1943

Nantucketer Afloat on Pacific Calls "Thar She Blows!"

We've sailed the great Pacific,
But we've sailed a ship of steel.
We lack the "Main and Mizzen"
And the customary "Heel",
For our cargo's stowed amidships
In great holds with hatches sealed.
We've seen the great Pacific,
But her skies are full of planes,
And the beauty of her blue is spoiled
by subs,
And we've had our thrills and moments
When we've neither died nor lived,
With our peaceful cruising spoiled by
Quite close rubs.
My Granddad sailed this pathway
When ships were made of wood,
And iron men saved from rust by good
sperm oil;
And I've really had a thrill that will
Stick to me through life
And that all the guns and planes and
Subs can't spoil.
I was leaning on the bridge-rail
In latitude four North,
And altho' the Longitude
I can't reveal
I saw a whirl to Starboard
That brought Nantucket forth.
I'd seen a whirl and knew that
It was real.
I scrambled for the microphone
And turned on all the juice
And pealed my eye to starboard in a
dream.
"She blows," the speaker shouted
"She blows and breaches, too.
"Sperm oil." A hundred barrels
On our beam.
"There's three. A bull and two cows
To leeward two ships lengths;
She blows and breaches, too,
And hard abeam."
The Captain left his cabin
And bounced out all agog;
The Crew. Some went to quarters,
Some to guns—
The officers, not having read such
Language in the log,
Came out on deck with all hands
On the run.
Explanations were in order—
The thing could not be helped.
I'd seen a sight I'd never hoped
To see.
Sperm Whales. Perhaps some old
enough
To know Nantucket's name—
Sperm Whales that brought Nantuck-
et—back to me.

"Melville Memorial" To Be Held on Wednesday, Aug. 15th.

The Nantucket Historical Association's "Melville Memorial" observance will take place on the afternoon of Wednesday, August 15, at 3 o'clock, at the Unitarian Church. The speaker of the afternoon will be Prof. Wilson L. Heflin, of the Department of History and English at the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. Two granddaughters of Herman Melville—Mrs. Eleanor Melville Metcalf, of Cambridge, and Mrs. Abell Osborne, of Edgartown—have been invited as the guests of honor.

13, 1945. October

Dedication of "Macy Memorial" at the Whaling Museum.

On Sunday morning, October 6, at 10 o'clock, the Memorial to the late William F. Macy, President of the Nantucket Historical Association from 1923 to 1935, was dedicated with appropriate exercises at the Whaling Museum.

The Memorial, in the form of a ship's stern-board, was prepared by a famous New York wood-carver, Geoffrey Wiggins, and was presented by Bassett Jones, a Vice-President of the Association. Upon being introduced to the assembly by Edouard Stackpole, Mr. Jones gave a short account of his part in the presentation.

"My idea of an appropriate memorial to Will Macy—a teak-wood ship's board—has met with the approval of all with whom I have talked regarding it. It is fitting, both to Will Macy and to this Museum which owes its existence to his energy and planning, that we place this Memorial in this building in his honor."

The speaker for the occasion—William H. Tripp, Curator of the New Bedford Whaling Museum—was then introduced. He spoke, in part, as follows:

"Ten years ago, on August 27th, 1935, a leading light on Nantucket was extinguished in the passing of William F. Macy, President of the Nantucket Historical Association. He was a direct descendant in the 8th generation from Thomas Macy, the first white settler on the Island. Mr. Macy was 68 years old, a native of Nantucket and the son of the late William H. Macy.

"William F. Macy was one of Nantucket's historians, and after his retirement from active business his one object in life was the growth and advancement of the Nantucket Historical Association.

"During his life Mr. Macy was a frequent contributor to the columns of *The Inquirer and Mirror*, using the pen name of "Yorik." He wrote many historical articles, and in collaboration with the late Roland B. Hussey, he issued the 'Nantucket Scrap Basket.' In 1928, Mr. Macy wrote 'The Story of Old Nantucket,' which was published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

"During the winter months he was called upon to give historical lectures in various parts of the country. One of his popular informal talks about this quaint old Island Town, which has been called the best-known place of its size in America, was entitled 'The Whalers and Quakers of Old Nantucket.

"Possessed of a retentive memory, he was always a pleasing entertainer before historical gatherings, church groups, men's clubs, and similar organizations He never missed an opportunity to let Nantucket's fame be known, especially in connection with the departed whaling industry. At one of his lectures, held at Newport News, Va., in 1934, he spoke before some five hundred interested listeners.

"The first mention of the Nantucket Whaling Museum in the Annual Proceedings is at the 32nd annual meeting of the Association, held July 21st, 1926.

"President Macy told the members of the wonderful collection of whaling implements, pictures, and curios in the possession of Mr. Edward F. Sanderson, of the organization of the *Nantucket Whaling Museum*, and of the proposal of Mr. Sanderson and his associates to make our Historical Association the ultimate custodian of the collection.

"At the 1927 Annual Meeting, President Macy said:

"'I want to pay tribute to Mr. Sanderson for his patience and forbearance in waiting two years and a half for us to take up the 1-year option, and for the generous terms he has made us on the final purchase. But, we still need more money. Repairs and alterations are needed and installing exhibits will involve considerable expense. We must continue our appeal.'

"Perhaps the happiest, or certainly one of the happiest days in the life of William F. Macy was on July 24th, 1930, when the Nantucket Whaling Museum was officially dedicated. Many of you were here on that happy occasion. I well recall it.

"President Macy spoke informally and briefly on the work of the past year in bringing the Whaling Museum project to its successful culmination. As for himself, he had thoroughly enjoyed his part in it, and though in discouragements, and he had many the early stages there had been many times wondered whether or not he had undertaken too much. He found in the darkest hour a new inspiration in the sudden discovery that the initals of the 'Whaling Museum' were also the same as his own—'W. M.'—that it was *up to him* to keep trying.

"Through the tireless efforts and ceaseless energy of William F. Macy, the Nantucket Whaling Museum became a reality, and in this institution alone he created a memorial to his life's work.

"One of Mr. Macy's favorite poems was called 'In Remembrance.' The poem was written by a Nantucket man, Arthur Macy. The last verse I feel particularly fitting to William F. Macy:

'Again a parting sail we see;
Another boat has left the shore.
A kinder soul on board has she,
Than ever left the land before;
And as her outward course she
bends,
Sit closer, friends!'"

With the last words of the poem, two lines were pulled and the canvas sail-cover fell away from the teakwood placque, with the carved letters revealing "William F. Macy—1867-1935."

Several anecdotes concerning Mr. Macy's life and work were recounted by Mr. Jones and Mr. Tripp, and Charles A. Selden told one of Mr. Macy's favorite stories concerning his genealogical research in England, a number of years ago, when a British Macy of ancient appearance told Mr. Macy that he derived his name from "some Macys who had been shipwrecked on the coast of Cornwall—on a voyage from the island of Nantucket."

OBITUARY.

Samuel Swain, Esq., one of Nantucket's most respected citizens, passed away on Sunday last at the advanced age of 80 years and 7 months. In early life Mr. Swain started to follow the sea but on his first voyage met with an accident which crippled him for life and changed the current of his future. The boat in which he was was stoven by a wounded whale and Mr. Swain thrown out, entangling him in the lines. At the risk of his life the late Captain Peter Smith, then mate, sprang overboard cut him clear and rescued him from imminent death. Mr. Swain was so badly injured as to necessitate sending him home. On his recovery he engaged in the jewelry and clockmaking business which he followed many years. Some twenty-five years ago he was elected town treasurer and held the office consecutively until the last town election, when increasing infirmities impelled him to relinquish it. He also held for many years the office of Register of Probate. He was a man of unblemished character—such a one as needs no extended obituary to chronicle his merits, and his memory will be long and tenderly cherished.

1892

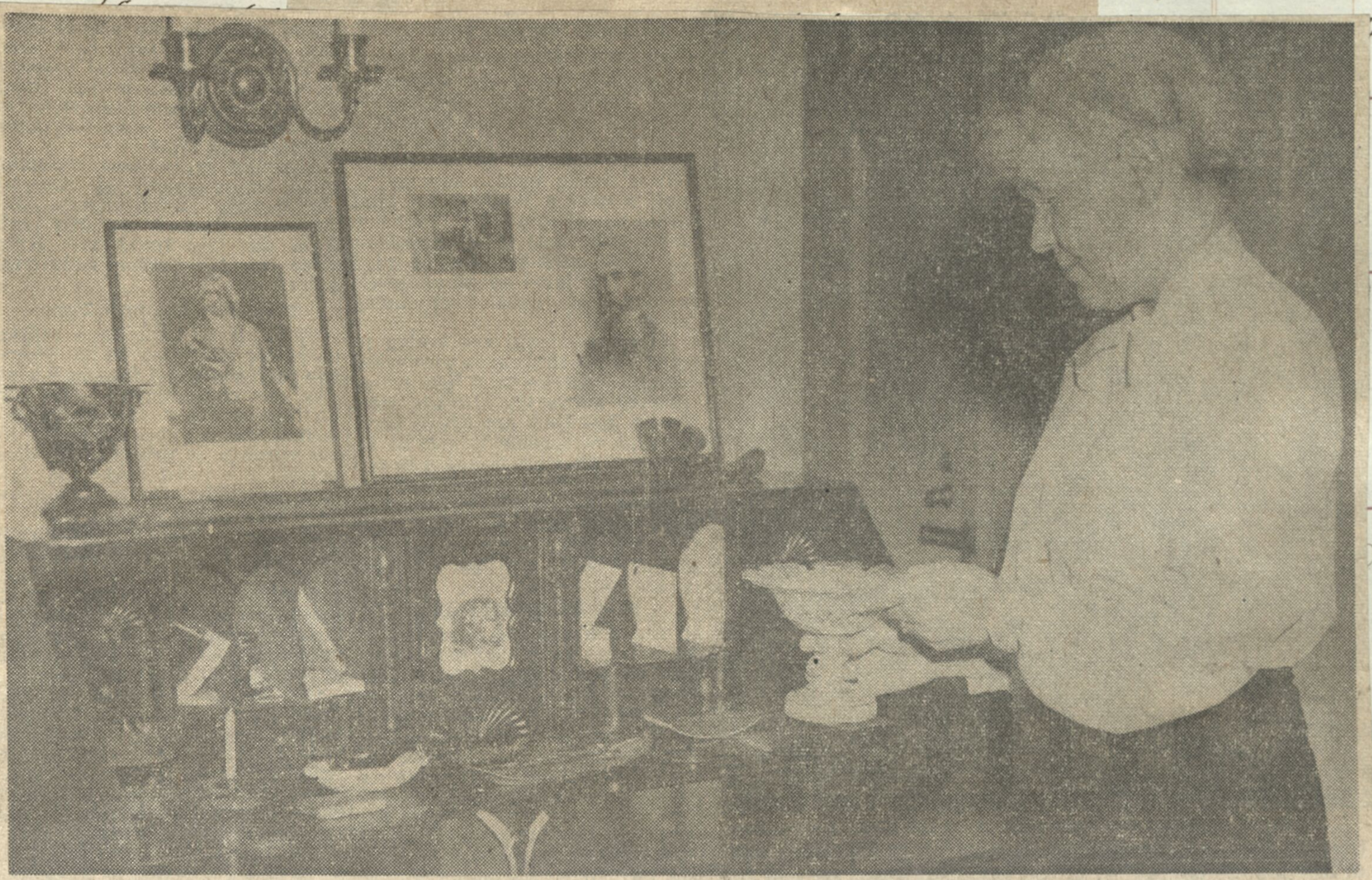
Bills Payable

130 for acceptance of Capt. Smiths dft due 5/18. 155 00

Priceless Melville

NDAY STANDARD-TIMES, NEW BEDFORD, MASS., OCTOBER 14, 1951

Papers Preserved in Bread Box



—Associated Press Wirephotos

Mrs. Metcalf stands beside the desk her illustrious grandfather used in his New York home. She holds comport used in baptizing Melville's children. Blotting pad, quill pens, pipe, pincushion and other items on desk leaf were used by Melville. His canes, a pipe bowl (right) and bronze vase he brought home from Europe are on top. Framed at right is the last picture taken of him, a photo of the mantelpiece in his Pittsfield home and a framed original poem; at left, photo of his father-in-law, Judge Lemuel Shaw.

Author's Granddaughter Now Has Given Them to Harvard

By MINNA LITTMANN
Standard-Times Staff Writer

Being a descendant of Herman Melville and his unofficial literary executor has developed into a happy and absorbing role—virtually a full-time occupation—for Mrs. Henry K. Metcalf of Cambridge. Like many another genius, Melville, author of the now world famed novel "Moby Dick," and other novels, died scantily rewarded or appreciated for work into which he poured his soul. Now, 60 years after his death, his literary greatness is being acknowledged by spoken and published praise, research, works of art inspired by his writings, and republication of his books.

The steadily accumulating evidences of modern esteem include:

Operas, plays and music.

"Funnies," movies, paintings.

Biographies, a society of literary scholars dedicated to study of the man and his work, special editions, translations into foreign languages.

Underscores Quality of Work

The extent and impressiveness of these belated acknowledgments underscore for this community the quality of the literary immortality Melville conferred on whaling-era New Bedford, the port from which he made the whaling voyage that moved him to write "Moby Dick," by describing it in that work. They give added significance to the slogan, "A dead whale or a stove boat," appearing on the city's Whaleman statue. It is a quotation from "Moby Dick."

The abundant recognition prevailing at this late date also underscores the perversity of fate, which Melville felt so keenly and used as literary material with consummate skill. Fortunately, it has not come too late to bring satisfaction to Melville's descendants. For Mrs. Metcalf, oldest of his four grandchildren, this is particularly true.

To Eleanor Melville Thomas, as she was then, Melville was a kind and delightful grandfather, though to the world at large he was a forbidding personality. She stroked his long beard with impunity when she visited at his home in New York. He often told the blue-eyed little girl, whose resemblance to him is marked today, fascinating stories she wishes she could remember more clearly. Only 10 when he died, she did not realize then they were drawn from his personal adventures.

Got to See Writings

"When I was 15 or 16," Mrs. Metcalf related, "grandmother began showing me some of Melville's writings." (Mrs. Metcalf, from much asosciation with scholars, has fallen into the habit of referring to her grandfather as Melville and Herman.) "I was always very much interested in them, more than my sisters, who were too young to remember him. The youngest, in fact, was born after his death.

"Grandmother kept his papers in a tin box. Among them was the manuscript of "Billy Budd,' his last work. The box passed to my mother's unmarried sister, Elizabeth, when grandmother died. Mother gave it to me in 1919, since I was the member of the family most interested in Melville's work. I had browsed in it from time to time through the years, but never looked through it systematically. When it came to me, I was too busy with my young sons to go through it. But I realized it was valuable.

"I had just received the box when Raymond Weaver, Melville's first biographer, discovered me. He spent more than a week with us, evaluating its contents. We allowed him to make a transcript of the 'Billy Budd' manuscript, which never had been published. It must have been a frightful job. Melville's handwriting was terrific and that manuscript was an example of it at its worst.

Revival Has Snowballed

"After Mr. Weaver's biography came out, Constable and Company of Edinburgh issued the first complete edition of Melville's works. Mr. Weaver edited it for them. From that time on, the Melville revival has snowballed."

Mrs. Metcalf's husband, a retired insurance broker who frequently has visited New Bedford on business, is as interested in Melville as she is, and is her coworker in her Melville research.

"I didn't marry her for her ancestors, though," he twinkled. "I didn't know until several years after we were married that she was Melville's granddaughter."

In their Cambridge home the Metcalfs are literally surrounded by Melville material. Bookcases at each side of their living room fireplace are filled with the numerous editions of Melville's books and books about him. A secretary-bookcase holds first editions. Melville's own desk, a massive mahogany one of Governor Winthrop type, is filled with memorabilia. The Asa Twitchell portrait of Melville looks gravely down upon the inviting room and the enthusiastic Metcalfs. Engravings collected by the art-loving Melville for his own home occupy places of honor in other rooms.

Still Has Tin Box

The tin box handed down by her grandmother, with the Melville papers, still is in Mrs. Metcalf's possession. Its manuscript contents, however, are in a Melville collection in the vaults of the Houghton Library, literary treasury of Harvard University. The box, she confided, was really a bread box, not a strong box.

"I gave the papers to Harvard because I didn't want the responsibility of taking care of them," Mrs. Metcalf explained. "As long as I had them, I felt obliged to put them in a safe deposit vault whenever I went away. Besides, I realized I don't have the scholarship to determine who should have access to them or, if several persons ask for them at the same time, who should have priority.

"I thought I had shed my responsibilities when I gave them to Harvard. A 'Committee on Degrees in the History of American Civilization' has the final say as to who may use them. But the library still consults me from time to time as to what I would like done about applications and what I know about the person applying," she added, laughing.

Copyrights on books by Melville that were published in his life-time long ago passed into the public domain. During the period when his work lapsed into obscurity no one in the family gave any thought to renewing them or had any idea the copyrights would ever again have any commercial value.

"Some of the people who have got out new editions voluntarily assign me a small royalty—courtesy payments, really," Mrs. Metcalf said. "They don't have to do it; they just feel better about it. I think it is very nice of them."

Gets Copies of Work

Most of those who edit and publish Melville's works today consult with his granddaughter and send her copies of the books. If they don't, she buys them. She subscribes to several newspapers abroad chiefly to keep track of reviews and other news of Melville scholars' activities. Even so, she is sure some items of interest get by her.

Mrs. Metcalf had not heard, for instance, that in behalf of UNESCO, 27 authorities on American literature picked "Moby Dick" as third in a lst of 20 American works which should be translated and circulated abroad as representative of the literary art of this country.

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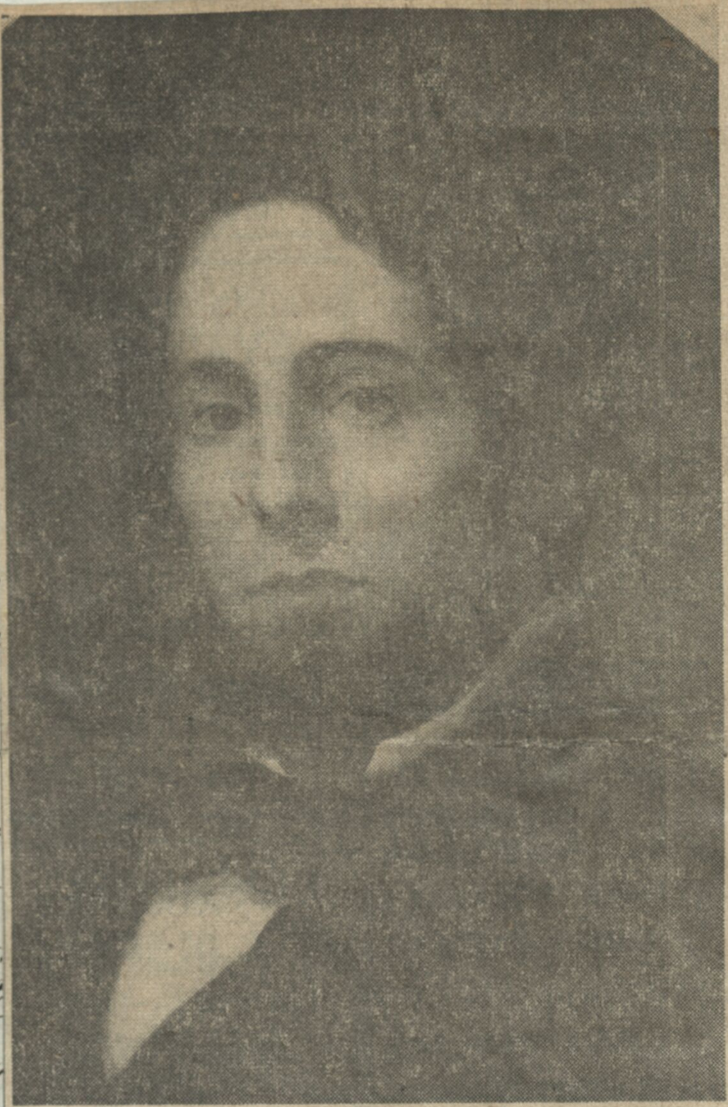
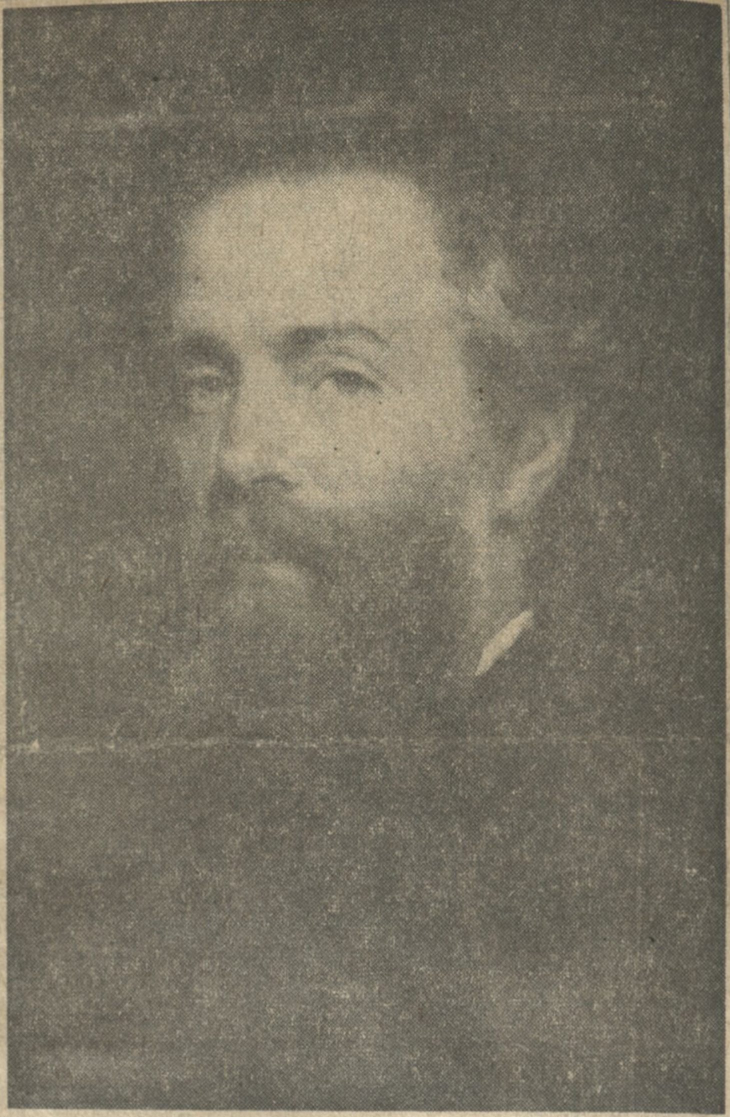
" Molasses " 9-7. "
443 24 320244

Most startling items in Mrs. Metcalf's Melville collection are a pair of paper-backed, blood-and-thunder, colorful, all-picture comic book versions of "Moby Dick" and "Typee." They were part of a "Classics Illustrated" series "featuring stories by the world's greatest authors" published a few years ago to sell at 10 cents a copy. Mrs. Metcalf knows of at least one youth who was stimulated by the lurid pictures and balloon-texts to read Melville in the original version.



This Twitchell portrait of Melville hangs in Mrs. Metcalf's living room. Melville didn't think much of it.



This Eaton portrait of Melville was his family's favorite and is considered his best existing likeness.

Leafing through de luxe editions, she pointed out the relative merits of some of Melville's illustrators — Covarubbias' exquisite color drawings for a tapa-cloth-bound Limited Editions Club volume of "Typee," the dramatic Raymond Bishop woodcuts and Boardman Robinson's black-and-white paintings in separate editions of "Moby Dick." No one, she feels, yet has captured the overwhelming, terrirfying, other-worldly quality of the "Moby Dick" text, though these two approach it most nearly, in her opinion, of all who have attempted it.

An unassuming 75-cent paper-backed edition of "Moby Dick" which is kept in stock at the Harvard University bookshop acquired special distinction for Mrs. Metcalf this year. Thornton Wilder, lecturing on Melville in a Summer course, wanted all his class to have copies of the book with them to refer to. He bought a supply of the paper-backed copies, spotted students who came without books. "Here, catch," he called, and tossed the books out to the empty-handed ones.

Gay and gracious as she is, the eldest granddaughter of Herman Melville is an exacting critic of those who attempt to mirror in picture, music, drama or letters the greatness of her grandsire's conceptions. She did not see the motion picture version of "Moby Dick" featuring the late John Barrymore, having been warned by friends Barrymore's Captain Ahab was a travesty of that obsessed character. She is lukewarm to Coale's "Moby Dick" murals in the Metropolitan Life Insurance building in New York, decorative though they are.

Water Colors Prepared

A series of 135 really powerful water colors has been painted, she said, by Gil Wilson, a New York artist, to be the basis for scenery, costumes and characters of a music drama he believes can be based on "Moby Dick." They were exhibited at the recent meeting of the Melville Society in Williamstown, where she, as an honor guest, made a brief introductory talk. They are booked now for showing at several Midwest universities. Mr. Wilson has worked out a general plan for the music and drama and is looking for a composer to put his idea into execution.

Melville already has been set to music several times, Mrs. Metcalf disclosed. Performances have been given in Venice of an opera composed by a Venetian composer, Ghedini, inspired by Melville's tragic novelette, "Billy Budd." E. M. Forster has written the libretto for an opera on the same theme, to be set to music by Benjamin Britten.

Ghedini also has written a composition, "The Albatross," suggested by Melville's notes in "Moby Dick" on the albatross. From a radio hearing, the Metcalfs consider it an impressive work.

New York critics reviewed favorably a dramatic cantata, "Moby Dick," by Bernard Herrman, which had its New York premiere in 1940.

A dramatization of "Billy Budd" by two university instructors, Robert Chapman of Harvard and Louis Coxe of the University of Minnesota. was acclaimed an artistic success in New York, though it ran but 13 weeks there. It has had a continually extended run at the Brattle Theater in Cambridge.

All Works in Print

All of Melville's works are again in print today. The first uniform American edition of his complete works, edited by various scholars, is being issued by Hendricks House, Farrar-Strauss. The initial volumes already have appeared.

Mrs. Metcalf has tried her hand at editing but once, adding notes to Melville's "Journal of a Visit to London and the Continent," which she prepared for publication.

The journal was the only item among the contents of the treasured tin box, she related, which continued to remain unedited by scholars who had access to it. Impulsively, she decided to ready it for publication herself. Modest as to her literary qualifications, she says she had no idea what a job she had undertaken in the way of checking and interpreting allusions, but she saw it through. Reviewers have pronounced her notes more valuable than the journal itself, made up as it is of disconnected jottings.

Now, she confesses, she is at work "on what I hope will be another book, combining letters and reminiscences." She and Mr. Metcalf, her enthusiastic collaborator, have worked together on research incidental to it, often arriving at dead ends, as on a visit to Chilmark seeking to track down a 200-year-old Indian legend about a white whale, but accumulating interesting experiences along the way.

Other Influences Noted

Mrs. Metcalf suggested to the Williamstown gathering it might be worth while for scholars to delve into the possible influence of American Indian mythology on Melville. Much interest in this subject prevailed in the region of Albany, N. Y., in the late 1830s and early 1840s, when Melville lived there, she explained.

"I would like to see this done," she said. "I think also someone might find it rewarding to make a study of Melville and the fine arts. He had a very real and keen interest in art, and collected lovely things."

The two best portraits of Melville extant have no connection with his interest in art. Preferred by his family and others is that painted when he was 50 by J. O. Eaton, a Hudson River school artist who also painted Herman's mother, his two brothers and a brother-in-law. It was commissioned by the brother-in-law, John Hoadley, a well-to-do engineer, as a gift to Melville's mother, and passed to his wife.

Asa Twitchell, who painted around Albany, did a portrait gratis, apparently hoping the fame of Melville as an author—he was enjoying some fame at that time—might bring him other commissions. Melville did not care for it. When he left Arrowhead, his Pittsfield home, in 1860, he left the picture hanging behind a door. Blackened discouragingly by the years, it was given to Mrs. Metcalf by Miss Agnes Morewood, Melville's grandniece. Skilled cleaning brought to light an interesting and colorful likeness.

Library to Get Mementos

The public library in Pittsfield, known as the Atheneum, is the appropriate ultimate depository, Mrs. Metcalf has decided, for the various intimate mementos of her grandfather now in her possession. When and if the present building is replaced by a fireproof structure, the town has been promised by a friend funds for a Melville room, and Mrs. Metcalf would like the articles to be preserved there.

They include Melville's canes, a light one he used indoors to point at pictures and articles, a heavier one he swung when he walked the streets. There is the metal box in which he carried matches; just an ordinary small box stamped with the trademark of a manufacturer of chewing tobacco. His bone shoe horn, some of the silk handkerchiefs relatives monogrammed for him, his quill pens, pipes he collected, the olive wood desk blotter he bought in the Holy Land help the imagination reconstruct the man who used them.

A tiny woven basket snugly encloses a bone thimble, identified in his wife's handwriting as a gift he brought home about 1844 or 1845, made from a whale's tooth. There's a lump of sealing wax fastened to one of Mrs. Melville's hairpins, a device the great man contrived to be able to use the wax almost to the last drop.

A memento that inspires heartache is the badge Melville wore as customs inspector in New York; a man must earn a living and the world was not ready to grant him one for his writings. Pleasanter to contemplate is a Chinese porcelain figurine called "Spirit of Contentment," which used to stand on the mantelshelf at Arrowhead, and a decorated milk glass bowl used at the baptism of Melville's children—the ceremonies took place in his home.

There are many other memorabilia, including daguerrotypes and photographs, which Mrs. Metcalf intends to pass on when a suitable repository is available.

The late Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Thomas, Mrs. Metcalf's parents, formerly owned and occupied as a Summer residence a fine old house on South Water Street, Edgartown. Coincidence had it the house was once the home of Captain Valentine Pease, under whom Melville made his whaling voyage on the ship Acushnet.

One of Melville's four granddaughters, Mrs. Abeel O. Osborne, is a resident of Edgartown. Another, Mrs. Walter B. Binnian, lives in Cohasset, and a third, Mrs. E. Barton Chapin, in Andover.

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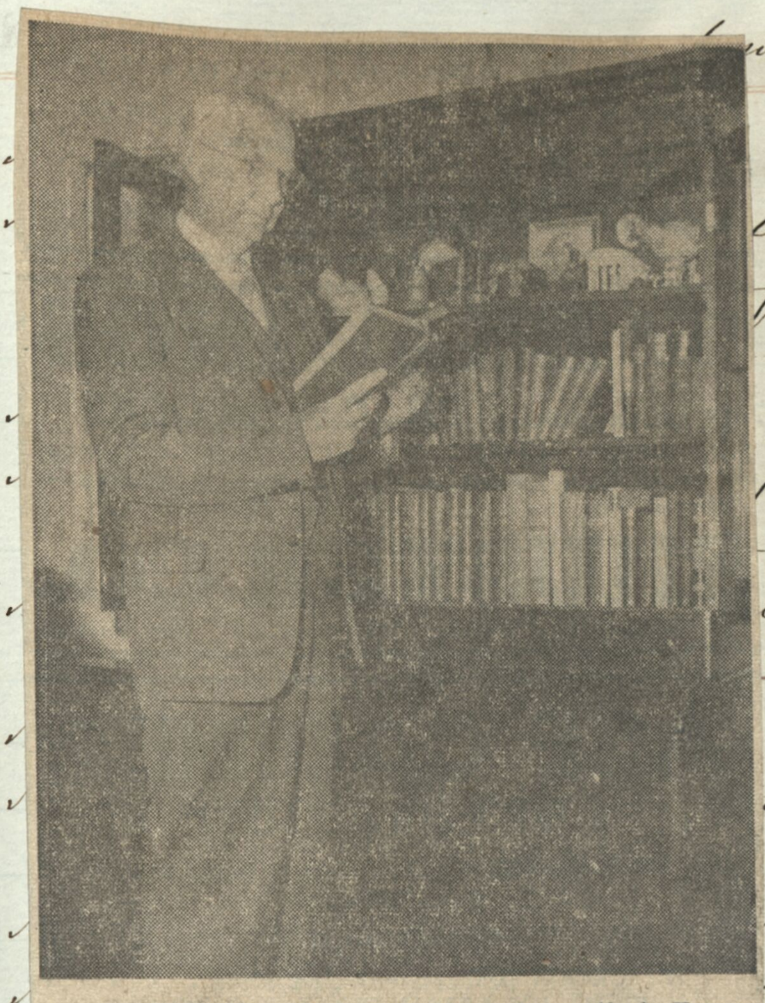

Henry K. Metcalf of Cambridge, whose wife is Herman Melville's granddaughter, scans a volume from their collection of first editions of works by and about Melville.

Mrs. Metcalf displays the bread tin in which Melville's widow stored his manuscripts and journals after his death. Twitchell portrait of Melville hangs on wall.

"Lucretia Mott, Girl of Old Nantucket." 1951

Last week, the Bobbs-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, published "Lucretia Mott, Girl of Old Nantucket", by Constance Buel Burnett. As one of a series on the childhood of famous Americans, the book occupies a fitting place and brings to its youthful readers a clear picture of young Lucretia and her girlhood days on Nantucket.

Seventy-five years ago, Lucretia Coffin Mott was seated in an audience at the Pennsylvania State Teachers' Association meeting in Philadelphia. She had been greeted with cheers upon entrance but had declined a seat on the platform, seating herself in the audience. But, later, she did respond to an invitation to speak.

As she stood there on the platform—a tall, slender woman dressed in the soft tints of Quakerdom, the traditional snowy kerchief folded across her bosom, and her remarkable face framed in her close-fitting Quaker bonnet—she was a perfect picture of the serene agelessness of her faith. During the next half hour, she thrilled her listeners with her account of the schools of over a half century before. She was at this time in her eightieth year.

Few lives are as many-sided as Lucretia Mott's. She was a teacher all her life, but she did leave the schoolroom long enough to lend her impassioned plea to the causes of emancipation of the Negro, temperance, and the rights of women.

But it was in her childhood on Nantucket that she developed those qualities of bodily and mental vigor, and that keen moral sense which were to so greatly distinguish her in the years to come.

In this little book, Mrs. Burnett has given her readers a glimpse into the girlhood of this extraordinary Nantucket girl. Her constant interest in the betterment of her sex was occasioned by the knowledge that, in Nantucket, the women of the family had to be the head of the family during the years when the husbands were at sea. This management of daily affairs included business as well as household.

The influence of Lucretia Mott's life has been manifest many times through her prophetic words. But her childhood days on Nantucket needed to be told for youthful ears. Mrs. Burnett has given us a pleasant book and one which keeps the interest of the reader always in Lucretia. There are numerous black and white drawings by Sandra James which add much to the story's pace.

—E. A. S.

Migration of Nantucket Whalers Reviewed at Rotary Meeting.

A little-known phase of the history of Nantucket was described at the regular Wednesday meeting of the Nantucket Rotary Club by Edouard A. Stackpole, President of the Nantucket Historical Association.

Mr. Stackpole, who is currently doing extensive research in the historical records of the various ports along the Atlantic seaboard, recently returned from Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, where he was successful in filling in some of the missing chapters in the island's past.

When the whaling industry declined through the loss of many of the Nantucket vessels during the Revolutionary War, and it seemed to be impossible to recoup the losses of the islanders by continuing to operate from Nantucket, a mass migration of Nantucket families occurred in the late 1700's.

A convoy of 13 whaleships, bearing entire families and all their possessions left Nantucket Harbor in September, 1785, the first of a series of migrations from Nantucket. These families landed at Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, where a prosperous whaling port was established.

During his research at Dartmouth, Mr. Stackpole noted throughout the records the names of well-known Nantucket men occurring again and again. He also found several houses in the little town which he immediately classified as "typical Nantucket architecture."

The whaling colony at Dartmouth failed, Mr. Stackpole remarked, because of the unsettled conditions after the Revolutionary War, and the impending high tariffs on whale oil for shipment to England, the primary market.

The colony migrated next to Wales, and several years later again moved to Dunkirk, France, successful whaling ports being established in each case.

Mr. Stackpole left Nantucket for New Bedford Wednesday afternoon, where he is continuing his research into this fascinating subject. His findings, when completed, will be published in book form. Mr. Stackpole was awarded a grant from the Guggenheim Foundation in June of this year, which has enabled him to carry out this extensive research into Nantucket's history.

1951

Lawrence F. Mooney.

Lawrence F. Mooney, Chief of Police in Nantucket for twenty-seven years, passed away at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital Friday morning, February 20, after a comparatively brief illness.

Mr. Mooney was born in Nantucket on February 6, 1886, the son of Lawrence F. and Margaret (Donahue) Mooney. He attended the Nantucket schools, following which he worked with his father on their farm on the Polpis Road.

In 1912 he became a Patrolman on the Nantucket Police Force, being advanced to Sergeant in 1930. In 1934 he became Chief, a position which he held until February 20, 1951, when he retired from the Force. From 1914 until 1951 he held the position of Constable for the Town of Nantucket.

On June 12, 1930, he married the former Ethel L. Foley, of Taunton, who survives him. He also leaves a son, Robert F. Mooney, a graduate of Nantucket High School and of Holy Cross College, and now an Ensign in the United States Navy. A sister, Mrs. Margaret (Mooney) Connearney, lives in Jacksonville, Florida.

Mr. Mooney was a member of St. Mary's Church, of J. B. Chace Engine Co. No. 4, the Pacific Club, and the International Association of Chiefs of Police.

Funeral services will be held at 9:00 o'clock Monday morning at St. Mary's Church.

2/21/53

OBITUARY. 1890

MACY.—The sad news of the death of Capt. Francis H. Macy, which occurred at Jaluit, Marshall Islands, Pacific Ocean, reached here Tuesday. It was but a few years since that Capt. Macy left here, full of the earnestness of young manhood, for the Pacific slope, where he remained only a brief time, for voyages in earlier life had given him a taste for the sea, and he went to the Marshall islands, where he rose to the command of a trading schooner, making trips among the islands, and subsequently was placed in charge of one of the posts. Recent letters had intimated that he should remain there only a little while longer, and then return home; but the fatal disease cut him off in the prime of his young manhood. Capt. Macy was highly esteemed at home here for excellent traits of character, and his family will have the sympathy of the community. The regard in which he was held at "the islands" is bespoken by the following letters to his father, Mr Alexander Macy, now resident at San Jose, Cal.:

JALUIT, MARSHALL ISLAND, AUG. 24th, 1890.

MR. ALEXANDER MACY, 334 So. First street,
San Jose, Cal.

Dear Sir:

Most reluctantly I assume the duty of informing you of the death of your son, Capt. Francis H. Macy, which occurred at my house in this place on the 11th inst, at 9.45 a m. He came here from Mejuro, his place of business, on June 17th, complaining of some internal disarrangement, and of taking, or having taken a severe cold on the voyage, and within a day or two his complaint resulted in dysentery, from which disease he died, after suffering for a period of 21 days. I beg to assure you that all possible aid obtainable in this place was rendered to him, but no medicine appeared to have any favorable effect, most probably for the reason that he had just previously to his departure from Mejuro been suffering from the same trouble, and taking cold on the voyage, suffered a relapse, which resulted fatally. Begging you to excuse me for the rough manner in which I impart this most painful news to you, I will add that the citizens of this place showed much sympathy, and that all foreigners joined in paying him their last respects at the burial. In life he was much thought of by all residents of these islands. With much sympathy, believe me yours most respectfully,

C. H. INGALLS.

JALUIT, MARSHALL ISLAND, AUG. 24th, 1890.

ALEXANDER MACY, ESQ., 334 South street,
San Jose, Cal.

Dear Sir:

We have the painful duty to inform you of the decease of your son, Francis H. Macy, who died at this place on the 11th inst, of dysentery. We have been in business connection with your late son for several years, as you may be aware, he having charge of one of our trading stations at the Island of Mejuro. In June Capt. F. H. Macy arrived here, in order to make some new arrangement with us about his position, which to our utmost regret never came to a conclusion. Capt. Macy was weak then from suffering at that dreaded disease. The most careful attentions could not save poor Capt. Macy. We beg to offer our most sincere condolence with the loss which you and your family have to bear.

We are authorized to inform you that a number of friends of your late son have expressed their intention to erect a tombstone to his memory at the graveyard of this island. We remain dear sir, yours most respectfully,

HAUPT—AGENHER,
JALUIT—GESDERELLSCHAFT.

☞ Capt. Manchester, of the ship Martha, of Fairhaven, at Honolulu, reports that on the 4th April, when about 100 miles to the westward of Oahu, had the wind light from eastward all day, with cloudy weather; in the evening cleared off fine, with no sign of a squall. The Captain went below at 9 P. M., leaving the deck in charge of a competent officer; had hardly got to his berth when the ship was taken aback with a severe squall from the westward, which for some time blew with great violence. The head of the mainmast was carried away, but succeeded in keeping the spars aloft by preventer-stays, etc., until getting into port on the 11th Will ship a new mast at once.

The ship Levi Starbuck, of New Bedford, at Lahaina, was struck with lightnining a litte after 6 o'clock on Tuesday morning, April 5. Mainmast so much injured that she has gone to Honolulu for a new one. No other damage was done. There were but three ships remaining in the port of Lahaina on the 8th.

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SEPTEMBER 7, 1946.

Nathan Manter Was "A Captain Courageous."

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Reading in one of Alliston Greene's recent "memories" of the debarkation of a wan and weary group of passengers from the old "Island Home" on a mid-winter Sunday morning many years ago, reminds me that a yarn, like a piece of string, has both a beginning and an end. His description cannot have been over-drawn, and his pen picture of Capt. Manter was letter perfect. The whole yarn is of interest. It seems that on the preceding Saturday the "Island Home" left Woods Hole at about 4:30 with nothing more eventful in prospect than a trip home beneath clear skies and a brisk easterly wind. The little steamer made her scheduled stop at Oak Bluffs and started for the home port about on time.

But scarcely had she left Cape Pogue on her starboard quarter than she was struck by a terrific gale from the northeast, accompanied with sleet and snow, and with the seas rolling in from the Atlantic the traditionally "mountain high". Captain Manter could have spelled fear, but I doubt if he could have defined it from knowledge, but with darkness shutting down and Tuckernuck Shoals to run, he considered wisdom the better part of valor, and, rather than take risks, dropped his two anchors, and determined to ride out the gale. The little boat was tossed around like the proverbial empty egg shell in the Niagara rapids, and a bad time was had by all.

Among the passengers was the Rev. Daniel Round of the Summer Street Baptist Church, and the good dominie early in the evening started a prayer meeting in the little cabin. Doubtless both before and since he had had larger attendances, but never, I am sure, a more earnest and sincere gathering. From time to time, Captain Manter, as if in answer to prayer, would stroll through the little cabin, with a twinkle of the eye here, a smile there, and a pleasant word elsewhere —and morale would appreciably rise, when he had climbed the stairs to take his place in the wheelhouse.

I doubt if Nathan Manter ever read "The Wreck of the Hesperus", but if he did he must have hurled the book across the room when he read Longfellow's line:

"We are lost!" the captain shouted, as he staggered down the stairs."

Nantucket skippers were taught that so long as two planks remained fastened together they were still in command of a ship, and had one of them commanded the "Hesperus" he would have fought disaster to the very end, and perhaps his little daughter might have matured to marry a Nantucket sea-dog and become the mother of a breed of men who could look danger and death right in the face without batting an eye. But Captain Manter was too busy seeing to it that he had a full head of steam in his boilers and that his anchors were not dragging, to spare time running about his boat yelping that "all is lost".

When dawn came, with a more favorable tide, he had the anchors raised and headed for home in tumultuous seas. When he got to the bar he found it boiling, but the Captain knew the Nantucket bar as intimately as though he had fashioned it with his own hands, and soon he had the "Island Home's" bow in the mathematical center of the channel, and she bumped over into relatively smooth water—the danger passed.

Early that Sunday morning Billy Clark was in the tower scanning the sound for possible wrecks when he spied the steamer headed toward the bar, and making heavy weather of it. Billy "seen his duty and he done it"; at once he dashed to Captain Manter's home in an apartment on the lower floor of the one my family occupied, and, never a master of understatement, burst open the door and yelled to Miss Emily, the Captain's daughter, who made the home for him, that "the 'Island Home' is drifting around back of the bar, bottom up."

The good woman, a spinster in her middle years, at once went off into hysterics, and I notified my dear little grandmother, who at once pattered down to the rescue. My part was to run up and down stairs for the homely restoratives as suggested themselves. It was a case of fainting spells and screams, and when shortly the "Island Home's" cheery whistle sounded as she rounded Brant Point, Miss Manter, realizing how closely integrated were the "Island Home" and her doughty captain, chose to interpret the sound as a call from Heaven to the effect that the pilot was safe-harbored.

Not until half an hour later, when Captain Manter opened the door demanding breakfast and a glass of cold water (he never touched liquor, tea or coffee), was peace restored. For some time William D. Clark was persona non grata in that household.

And that, Alliston, explains why I was not "down to the boat", which is perhaps as well, since I probably would have fallen overboad, and added to what was always described as a difficult mooring.

Arthur C. Wyer,

Delhi, N. Y.

Mrs. William L. Mather Tells Of Visit to Mystic Seaport.

Mrs. William L. Mather, the newly elected Regent of the Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, was hostess to the Chapter at her home at 15 Gardner Street on Friday, July 3.

Several guests were present from "off Island" Chapters and news of their various activities were discussed. The National Society was reported in good financial condition with the debt for renovation of the National Headquarters paid in full, and the Memorial Bell Tower at Valley Forge practically completed. The local Chapter has contributed to both of these projects.

At the close of the business meeting Mrs. Mather told of a recent visit to the Mystic Seaport at Mystic, Conn., where Mr. Edouard A. Stackpole, formerly of this town, is the Curator. She spoke of the extent of the plant, which includes the quare rigged Joseph Conrad, an old time ferry boat, and the famous New Bedford whaleship Charles W. Morgan together with their wharves and docks. Also as well as several historic houses, there is a counting house, apothecary shop, a rope walk, a chapel, a sail loft, a school house, a seaport store, a firehouse and various other buildings connected with maritime history.

Mr. Stackpole was reported extremely busy with his new duties, but happy in the work for which he is so well suited and always glad to welcome Nantucket visitors.

A social hour with refreshments served by the hostess concluded a very interesting meeting. 1953

Macy.—Capt. Thomas H. Macy died suddenly at his home in New Bedford, Sunday, at the age of 62 years. He fell insensible and lived but a short time. Deceased was in early life engaged in the whaling service, commanding ships from Mattapoisett and Westport, between 1858 and 1864. He was a member of Star in the East Lodge, F. & A. M., of New Bedford. The remains were brought here Thursday, and received by a committee from Union Lodge, F. & A. M., who acted as pall-bearers at the funeral the next forenoon. 1890

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"Coriolanus of the Sea."

Herman Melville's birthday—and, this year, along with our annual observance, Nantucketers and "sea-lovers" the world over are celebrating the bi-centennial of the birth of John Paul Jones.

In his novel, "Israel Potter," Melville writes of him as one who made no compromise with the cannonadings of danger or death—combining in one breast the vengeful indignation and bitter ambition of an outraged hero with the uncompunctious desperation of a renegade. In one view, the Coriolanus of the Sea; in another, a cross between the gentleman and the wolf.

"Israel Potter" is a fascinating adventure story of the Revolutionary War. In writing his only historical novel, Melville follows a little book called "Life and Remarkable Adventures of Israel Potter—a Soldier in the American Revolution. Providence: Printed by Henry Trumbull, 1824. (Price 28 cents)."

Leaving his farm-home in the Berkshires at the age of eighteen, Israel wanders about the New England wilderness for three years. Then he takes to the sea—sailing first from Providence on a sloop bound for the West Indies, and, later, as a harpooner on two whaling voyages from Nantucket. He returns to land long enough to take part in the battle of Bunker Hill and, then, while serving on the brigantine Washington (one of the vessels blockading the British in Boston Harbor) he is captured by the enemy and taken to England—not to return to his native land until after fifty years of the most remarkable adventures on land and sea, in and about England and France.

During his long exile, Israel Potter encounters some famous personages of his time—including George III, Benjamin Franklin, Ethan Allen and John Paul Jones. Under the latter's command, he serves on the Ranger and, later, the Bon Homme Richard.

The famous sea-battle with the British frigate "Serapis" marks the high point of the story—and it is written in some of Melville's finest prose. Prefacing his account of the moonlight struggle, Melville writes words which time has proven to be strangely prophetic.

"There would seem to be something singularly indicatory in this engagement. It may involve at once a type, a parallel and a prophecy. Sharing the same blood with England, and yet her proven foe in two wars—not wholly inclined at bottom to forget an old grudge—intrepid, unprincipled, reckless, predatory, with boundless ambition, civilized in externals but a savage at heart, America is, or may yet be, the Paul Jones of nations."

And, in summing up the final result of the bloody battle—"one-half of the total number of those engaged being either killed or wounded"—Melville asks two potent questions:

"What separates the enlightened man from the savage? Is civilization a thing distinct, or is it an advanced stage of barbarism?"

It may be of interest to note that America's great poet, Walt Whitman, (born in the same year as Melville) also wrote of the famous battle off Flamborough Head.

"Would you hear of an old-time sea fight?

Would you learn who won by the light of the moon and stars?"

Although he mentions no names of persons or ships, it has been found that Whitman's lines in "Song of Myself" are based almost word for word on Paul Jones' own account of his engagement with the Serapis.

Coincidentally, "Leaves of Grass", containing "Song of Myself", and "Israel Potter" were published in the same year—1855.

It is unfortunate for prospective readers that "Israel Potter" (along with most of Melville's work) is out of print and practically unobtainable at the moment. However, it is partly through the efforts of the Melville Society that the omission will soon be filled—a new edition of the complete works having been announced for early publication by the Packard Press.

Richard Purcell.

The Old Mill.

Obituary.—The cable announces the decease, in Paris, France, on the 29th ult., of Roland H. Macy, the well-known fancy-goods dealer of New York, who may justly be classed among the merchant princes of that city, where he has conducted, for the past twenty years, a large and steadily increasing business, with the greatest energy and success. Mr. Macy was a Nantucket boy, the youngest son of the late Capt. John Macy, and was born and bred here, and well known to us during his school days. In 1837, being then about fifteen years old, he, like many others at that period, went to seek his fortune "round Cape Horn," making a whaling voyage in the ship Emily Morgan, of New Bedford, then commanded by Captain Shubael Clark. From this voyage he returned in 1841, but we believe did not further pursue a seafaring life. He afterwards engaged in business in Boston, with various ups and downs and but indifferent success; until about twenty years ago he removed to New York and started a small store, on the site of the present immense emporium at Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth street. The first store he opened was only 17 by 40 feet in extent, and his stock was correspondingly small. A number of other dealers had been unfortunate in their ventures on that corner, and it was predicted by down-town merchants and others that Mr. Macy would meet with a similar fate. He was looked upon as an adventurer, and he could command no credit. He braved all this opposition, however, and good luck attended him. With tact and pluck he first established his credit, and it was not long before he became known as a prudent, energetic, and pains-taking merchant. He bought and sold on as extended a scale as his ready cash would allow, and he soon had the gratification of knowing, from the increase in his business, that the sentiments of those who predicted his speedy downfall had undergone some change. Wholesale merchants urged him to buy their commodities, and offered him credit without stint, but he refused to depart from the cash system which he adopted early in his career.

His career in business has been prosperous and brilliant, until now, the store, or rather stores, where his immense business is carried on, cover about an acre of ground, while some four hundred persons, mostly females, are employed, and the sales of goods average many thousands of dollars daily. Mr. Macy had been for some time in feeble health, suffering from Bright's disease of the kidneys, and was on a visit to France, hoping to be benefitted by the change. He was about fifty-five years of age, and leaves a widow, son, and daughter. His fortune, built up from small beginnings, by his own industry, energy and business tact, is estimated to be $1,500,000.

Two years ago Mr. Macy entered into an agreement with R. M. Valentine and A. T. La Forge, his partners, whereby they should take immediate control of all his affairs in the event of death suddenly overtaking him; hence, his death will cause no material change in the management of the firm. He is especially regretted by all of the attaches of the house, who extol him as a fair-minded man, who dealt out even-handed justice to all. Nothing can be said about the disposition of the remains, except that they will certainly be brought to New York for interment. 1877

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Nantucket's Quaker Boy, R. H. Macy, Is Straight Wharf Theater Hero 1948

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Department Store Founder Sailed From New Bedford 1948

Nantucket's Straight Wharf Theater is unusal among Summer groups in that its repertory consists not only of such modern comedies as "Personal Appearance" and Saroyan's "The Beautiful People," but also of regional plays concerning the colorful history of quaint Nantucket.

These regional plays are the work of the Straight Wharf Theater's co-owners, Margaret Georgia Fawcett and her husband, Robert D. Wilson.

Among the present season's offerings is a comedy by Mr. Wilson, "The Man from Salem," which deals with 17th Century Nantucket and, making its debut this Summer, is Miss Fawcett's "Macy's Bright Star," the story of R. H. Macy, the Nantucket Quaker boy who founded the great New York department store.

Astronomer Is Subject

Miss Fawcett is also the author of such previous Straight Wharf successes as "Maria Mitchell," which concerns Nantucket's famous woman astronomer, and "'Sconset Heyday," a comedy dealing with the visit of voluptuous Lillian Russell to Nantucket.

"Macy's Bright Star" is as authentic as possible. Using as her chief source Ralph M. Hower's "History of R. H. Macy's of New York," Miss Fawcett also received valuable help from Edouard Stackpole of Nantucket and E. J. Falter of the R. H. Macy Company. Mr. Falter granted Miss Fawcett access to the archieves of the famed department store.

The play begins in Nantucket in 1844. Rowland Hussey Macy (Charles Hewitt) has just returned to the Island from a four-year whaling voyage. This aspect of Macy's life sshould interest local readers, because Macy sailed from New Bedford on the Emily Morgan as a cooper's mate.

Macy's voyage has made the young man realize how big the world really is and what a market it offers to the enterprising merchant. He is filled with grandiose schemes to establish some day a store of his own that will sell a great variety of goods to "the world's people." His stern, shrewd and practical Quaker father, John (an excellent character sketch by Robert D. Wilson), thinks his son's head is too much in the clouds.

Story Related

Macy, however, goes to Boston where he becomes a clerk in a drygoods store. In "the Athens of America," he meets Louisa Thornton (Shirley Yerxa), who lives with her somewhat grasping brother, Ralph (stepping in on short notice, Walter Fairservis does well with his role), and his wife, Mattie, a whining, perpetually-aching hypochondriac, inwardly soft of heart, whom Mrs. Marsh plays to the hilt.

Macy and Louisa eventually are married, and the proposal scene, one of the best-written in the play, is a little gem of comedy. Louisa, ably illustrating Shaw's theory that in love woman is the real aggressor, snares Rowley with feminine finesse.

In subsequent episodes, however, Louisa seems to lose the verve and charm which she reveals in this proposal scene. Perhaps playwright Fawcett is attempting to show that Louisa has become cowed by her husband's bustling initiative, but she does not appear even to regard him with any affection in the last two acts. Some rewriting, perhaps, may be in order here.

The final two acts concern Macy's establishing of his New York store, his unorthodox advertising methods, which, nevertheless, won great public response, and the gradual growth of his organization until in 1872, when the play ends, the firm was capable of doing a $1,000-a-day business.

Incidentally, the play gives much credit for the rise of Macy's to Margaret Getchel (beautifully played by Mary K. Wells), also a Nantucket native and the nation's first woman manager of a department store.

Macy's troubles with his brother-in-law, Ralph Thornton, and their eventual parting of the ways, also are indicated in the latter portions of the play. Miss Fawcett has made Thornton more or less the villian of the piece—out of his grasping nature arises much of the play's conflict.

Family Life Touched

Also touched upon are Macy's difficulties with his son, Roly (Michael Sonino), an alcoholic ne'er-do-well whom young Sonino, the real-life nephew of actress Margalo Gilmore, is inclined somewhat to overact (a common fault among young players) especially in emotional scenes. On the whole, however, Mr. Sonino seems to be a young actor of great promise.

The play ends on Christmas Eve 1872 with Macy distributing $10 bills to two wonderfully-comic saleswomen, hilariously played by Penny Page and Geraldine Gardiner, and conferring a partnership on the able Margaret Getchel and her fiance, Abiel LaForge (Peter Poor).

Special mention should be made of Charles Hewitt who does a superior job with the demanding role of Macy. Hewitt has to show gradual character development; he must change, during the course of the play, from a somewhat artless youth to a forceful, often cantankerous man of middle age. This, except for some third act uncertainties, he manages to do very well indeed.

Miss Fawcett has blended skillfully comic episodes and intensely emotional scenes, authentic history and colorful imagination, so that audience reaction is exceedingly cordial. The beautiful period costumes are pleasing to the eye, and the sets, created by artist Charles Sutherland, are as good as anything we have seen this season—especially so when one considers the space limitations of the Straight Wharf stage.

As the play now stands, the third act needs polishing both in lines and business and perhaps, also, a bit of rewriting. One or two of the more emotional scenes reach their climax too abruptly; more carefully building up of these episodes is necessary if they are to achieve the desired effect.

However, during the remainder of the season (the play will be offered each Wednesday and Thursday during August) these small flaws should be eradicated through the process of trial and error.

In any event, "Macy's Bright Star" is a welcome and pleasing addition to the Straight Wharf's repertory. E.J.D.

Upper, left to right, Rachel Marsh is shown as Mattie Thornton; Mary K. Wells as Maragret Getchel; seated, Shirley Yerxa as Mrs. Macy; Michael Sonino as Macy's son, Roly; Charles Hewitt as R. H. Macy; Walter Fairservis as Ralph Thornton. Lower, left to right, are Geraldine Gardiner as the saleswoman, Kitty Foley, and Peg Thorne as Rose Eytinge.

OBITUARY. 1890

MORSELANDER.—The death last Monday evening of Capt. Cromwell Morselander, depletes again the ranks of the whaling ship-masters of the old school. Capt. Morselander took to the sea at an early age, and commanded ships Spartan, of Nantucket, and William Rotch, of Fairhaven. He retired from seafaring life and went to California early in the fifties, returning home after a few years, and has since resided among us. He has for many years been upon the constable force of the town, holding the office up to the time of his decease. He was a man of sterling character, was gifted with a fund of humor that made him a genial companion, and was very highly respected in the community. He leaves a widow and two daughters.

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Miss Macy Carved Portrait of Abram Quary.

From New Bedford Standard-Times.

Nantucket, Aug. 18—Sometimes called "scrap island", Nantucket's fame as a unique whaling center withstands all attempts to lower that tradition. Bound up with the whaling prominence goes a still continuing tradition and skill in handcrafts. Pouring from previous generations who made their own whaleships, carved the delicate scrimshaw, built their simple, well-proportioned island homes, comes a genuine creative spirit.

Miss Aletha Macy, descendant of one of the island's original settlers, is an outstanding example of the creative artist whose ability is a direct result of her inheritance. Her recently completed wood-carving of Abram Quary, last of the Nantucket Indians, is proof, because except for her early training in the use of woodworking tools under the late Lincoln Ceeley, Nantucket cabinet-maker, Miss Macy is an untrained artist.

The new portrait-study carved from a 1-inch plank of rock maple, 18 by 22 inches, is the first such work done by Miss Macy, who has been recognized previously for her skill in cabinet-making, chip-carving, reverse painting on glass, and oils and water-colors.

The study shows Abram Quary by his fireplace in the crude Shimmo hut where he lived all his adult years. At his feet rests a basket of herbs. Behind him a window opens on the distant town of Nantucket with the belltower of the Unitarian Church faintly discernible in the background. Patience and a sad recognition of his racial loneliness on his own island are emphasized in his face.

The portrait, which has already been highly praised by off-island art critics, notably John E. Bird, Boston portrait painter, will be shown at the Kenneth Taylor Galleries, where the anual exhibition of the Artists' Association opened Tuesday. According to Miss Macy, Mr. Bird's comments indicated amazement that she has completed such a remarkable portrait with no assistance from anyone. The task took about seven months to complete and Mr. Bird valued it at $1,000.

The story of Abram Quary is an interesting one, Miss Macy said. Growing increasingly fascinated by the man's personality as she brought him to life on the rock maple board, she dug into old island newspapers and went through letters contemporaneous with his death in 1854 for details.

From these sources she learned that Abram obviously came from good, peace-loving Indian stock. His home wigwam was on the west side of Sesachacha Pond, not ordinarily the site of Indian homes. Franklin Folger, writing in 1854, from 'Sconset, said that while both Sarah and Joseph, parents of Abram, were leaders among their people, they placed their son in the white home of the Steven Chases. There he lived for many years, learning the ways of his white neighbors but remaining loyal to his own people whom he visited frequently. Mr. Folger also mentioned the oil painting made while Abram was living alone in his Shimmo hut by a French artist. It was a worn old photograph of this portrait that Miss Macy used as her model for the wood-carving.

Another record, located by Miss Macy, is of the same period and was written by George Franklin Folger, formerly custodian of the Nantucket Atheneum. He tells the story of Abram's brush with the Nantucket law courts—apparently the only time he became so involved.

Off-island visitors, interested in Indian remains, and armed with shovels, began a thorough digging of the Monomoy area—one of the spots where early Indians were said to be buried. Presumably looking for arrowheads, weapons or utensils used by the red-skinned natives, they were suddenly interrupted by the sudden, angry appearance of Abram. Gun in hand he ordered them away from the place.

Arrested and brought into court, the judge queried Abram on the reason for his belligerent behavior. "They were disturbing the graves of my ancestors," was the rejoinder.

Gravely the judge pushed his probing questions. "Would you have shot them if they had continued in the face of your protests?" the judge went on. "Yes," the Indian's answer was sober and thoughtful, "I would." Fully understanding the position of the sole remaining member of his race, the judge sympathized with the man and permitted him to leave court with only a minor reprimand as punishment.

Another anecdote told by Miss Macy and taken from the Folger record concerns a group of boys who called on Abram one day. In his house was a small model ship which he had made. Coveting the lovely little thing, the boys asked the Indian what he would take for it. "Your head," was his grim response. The record ends with the comment that no attempt was made to pursue the negotiations further.

In 1911 Richard Swain wrote from Shanghai of his memories of the old man. He emphasized, Miss Macy said, the hospitality of Abram, who frequently entertained unexpected visitors.

On a day's outing to Shimmo, Nantucketers would be greeted kindly by Abram. He would spread an outdoor table with a snowy cloth (he was noted for the whiteness of his table coverings), heat water for tea and do countless other small services before he would disappear quietly into the woods, not to return until the party had packed their picnic baskets and returned to town.

Mr. Swain's letter ended with a description of Quary's last days which were spent in the almshouse. It was with reluctance that friends persuaded the old man to give up his two-room hut and move there. Unable to help him as they would have wished, they knew that the care Abram needed would be given him there. After his death a fire of unknown origin razed the small shack—and the last trace of one of the island's most interesting personalities vanished.
derstanding of old Abram, an obvious

Perhaps Miss Macy's intuitive unquality in her carved portrait, stems a little from her strong sense of loss at the passing of her old teacher, Mr. Ceeley. "Never was that loss greater than this winter," Miss Macy said, "when I had to work alone without his kindly criticism to guide me."

Standing in front of an oil painting of Mr. Ceeley which now hangs on her wall, Miss Macy admitted that one night working late she suddenly felt that the technical problems of carving the Indian's face were beyond her. "It seemed I could not go on without him. I felt so desperate I was on the point of giving up the whole thing.

"And then almost as though he were in the room with me I could hear him say 'Go back and cut deep. Cut deep."

A feeling of complete calm settled on the artist and she returned to her work with confidence and courage. That night she carved until the sun touched the walls of her work-room.

In discussing the beginnings of her creative life, Miss Macy first refers to her inheritance through the Macys and the Dunhams, both hand-minded, capable men. "As a child," she said, "I troubled my mother repeatedly because I would hammer, nail, or try to carve any wood which came my way—floors, walls, furniture." She was according to her mother's views, "a destructive child."

Whittling and building continued a spare-time occupation until at 11 she went to work for Mr. Ceeley, painting Happy Jacks, the sailor weather-vanes which were a popular item in the cabinetmaker's shop. By her 15th birthday she had progressed sufficiently in skill to make a Martha Washington mirror as a gift to her mother.

"The training Mr. Ceeley gave me couldn't have been better," she said. "For him everything had to be exactly right. Half-way measures were not good enough. I have always been grateful that he kept my standards high."

During the years since those early days, Miss Macy's talent has matured and strenghtened until now she has come to be recognized as an artist of outstanding ability. Excellent examples of her cabinet work, her oil paintings and chip-carving are in many Nantucket homes as well as in mainland cities. Mrs. S. Leo Thurston, of Nantucket, owns a lyre table, a small desk, a canthus leaf mirror, an exquisite grandmother's clock and a carved full rigged ship, all done by the Nantucket artist. Other lovely pieces are owned by Miss Gladys Wood, Walter Coffin and Henry A. L. Sand of New York and Nantucket, who bought the painting of the ship, the Nathan B. Palmer.

Beyond the creative joy of working in wod, oils and watercolors, Miss Macy has one other major interest. Since girlhood she has loved horses and delighted in riding. When the Autumn fairs were still an integral part of each season, Miss Macy used to delight in racing with others around the track of the old Fair-grounds.

In spite of a serious back injury which precludes active participation in the sport now, she finds a horse a rewarding companion. She is, therefore, caretaker of two fine riding horses recently purchased by Mrs. Mitchell Todd of Nantucket. One of these is a palomino, the other a black Tennessee walking horse.

In the paddock behind her charming four-room house furnished with her own craft work, Miss Macy will be in charge of the two well-bred animals when Mrs. Todd and members of her family are not exercising them on Nantucket's moorlands.

"I find horses satisfactory," she explains, "because they are intelligent and real personalities. They have their days, just like humans, when they feel nervous and fractious—and other days when just living is so easy and fine that nothing would ever frighten them. If horses are treated with consideration, the same kind of thoughtfullness you give your friends, they respond wonderfully and can be trusted to be loyal and willing."

If care of horses and creativeness seem, on first thought, wide apart, additional consideration will reveal beneath the surface a real kinship. Both require deep understanding of values and an honest devotion and care in mastering details and technical control. A master artist such as Miss Macy finds a satisfactory release in her sympathetic love of fine horses.

OBITUARY.—Another of our oldest sea captains passed away on Friday of last week, Capt. Joseph Pease, at the advanced age of eighty-five years. He has been for many years in infirm health, and debarred entirely from active pursuits, but he has survived all his children, leaving a grandson as his only lineal descendant. Capt. Pease, when a young man, was for many years sailing in the employ of the late Hon. David Joy, during the busy days of whaling on the Brazil Banks and other southern grounds, and performed several voyages in command of ships Eagle and Peru, with a fair share of success. He retired from the sea after his second voyage in the Eagle in 1835. 1880

Jany. 1862.

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WORSE THAN DEATH.—Poor Engineer Melville, of the ill-fated Jeannette, has come home to an experience that must be worse than death in the arctic regions. Domestic troubles have come out and been made common newspaper talk. His wife has been confined in an insane asylum, after spending all of her husband's money that she could lay her hands on. Of the troubles connected with the affair, a lady who lives within a hundred yards of the Melville cottage, says: "Poor Melville's heart was almost crushed. He had heard in New York stories which prepared him to find that Mrs. Melville had not given up her unfortunate habit. When the guests had departed, the reaction after weeks and months of over-indulgence came at last. Mrs. Melville became alarmingly delirious. She threatened to kill her husband. She drew a pistol on him and declared that she would not only end his life but would destroy her children and burn down the house. Mr. Melville then left the house in order to pacify her, but the man who had braved death in its most dread form without a tremor fled into the dark night, miserable and crushed in spirit. Fearing that his wife might do harm to herself and her children he sent a man back to watch the house while he went to procure the aid of medical advice and the counsel of friends. The result was the incarceration of Mrs. Melville in the Norristown Asylum for the insane." 1882

DEATH OF A SHIPMASTER.—Capt. William Pitman, who was prominent among his sea-faring brethren more than half a century ago, died at his residence on Centre street on Sunday morning last at the age of nearly seventy-eight years. He rose very early in life to the highest rank in his profession, and between the years of 1827 and 1831 made two very successful voyages in command of ship Spartan of this port, after which, although still a young man, he retired from the sea. Subsequently he removed Westward, and resided many years in Ohio, but in the decline of life returned again to his native island. He has left a widow, two daughters and three sons, the eldest of whom, Dr. B. F. Pitman, is one of our popular physicians. 1879

Obituary.

Henry Macy, a native of Nantucket, died at Sailors' Snug Harbor, Staten Island, on Tuesday last, aged 84 years. Mr. Macy had been an inmate of the Harbor for thirty-five years, during which time he has been a great sufferer from vertigo.

The deceased was a son of Gorham Macy, an auctioneer and commission merchant doing business in Nantucket in the first half of the last century, who died in 1857, and was a brother of the late George C. Macy. Henry was the last of his family and owing to the nature of his illness he had not left the Snug Harbor for many years.

Macy went to sea when a young boy and it was when he was seventeen years of age, on board the ship Mary, Capt. Charles Pitman, that he met with an accident which disabled him for life, a watch tackle block falling from aloft and striking him on the head. He made several voyages afterwards, but was always a great sufferer and finally sought refuge in the Sailors' Snug Harbor, where he found a good home, and was able to maintain his interest in Nantucket through the medium of The Inquirer and Mirror, of which he was a devoted reader. 1912

1935

Nantucket Captain Organized Famous R. H. Macy & Co.

Throught the current year all of the New York City papers have published various articles in commemoration of the founding of the famous R. H. Macy & Co.—a concern that is in its seventy-sixth year. The observance of this 75th anniversary of the great business organization is also of great interest to Nantucket, because it was a Nantucket sea-captain—Rowland Hussey Macy—who launched the now huge concern on its long and memorable career; and it was a Nantucket school-marm—Miss Margaret Getchell—who became one of the important members of the new concern.

Coincident with the celebration of Macy's anniversary is the fact that the department store which this far-sighed Nantucketer initiated was the first in this country—if not in the world. The importance of this single fact, alone, is worthy of making this "birthday" of R. H. Macy & Co. of world interest. It is another bit of glory accorded Nantucket as the birthplace of a son worthy of his illustrious heritage.

Some years ago, R. H. Macy & Co. sent a representative to the island to locate the birthplace of Captain Macy. After a diligent search of the available records, with no success, the representative was forced to return to New York without securing the object of his visit.

It was from this fact that The Inquirer and Mirror, in its research in conducting *its "Looking Backward"* column, was agreeably surprised to discover the very thing which previous search of the town records had failed to reveal—the site of the birthplace of Captain Macy.

The man who afterwards was to become one of the greatest merchants New York City ever knew, was born on Fair street, in a house which stood opposite the original Coffin School—south of the junction with Farmer street. He was born on August 28th, 1822, and named Roland Hussey Macy, afterwards changing the given name to "Rowland".

Miss Margaret Getchell, the Nantucket school-marm who played a leading role in Capt. Macy's new department store, lived on the Cliff in the house now owned by James H. Wood, directly across from the Sea Cliff hotel. An accident to one of her eyes forced her to abandon her teaching career, and she went to New York to become an active assistant in the sixth avenue establishment that was the first "Macy's".

The New York Sun of several months ago, printed the following in regards to the observance of the well-known department store:

"The story of the growth of R. H. Macy & Co. which is celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary parallels the history of the advancement of New York city from a population of 650,000 persons in 1858 to a world metropolis of millions. It is a tale of achievement, a saga of seventy-five years of merchandising which have converted the dreams of its founder, Rowland H. Macy, into actuality.

Years and years ago the Macy family settled on Nantucket, one of the first island families, and it was there Rowland H. Macy was born.

Being a Nantucket man it was only natural he should take to the sea, and in his younger days he made a number of voyages, particularly one whaling trip which covered several years. It was during one of these voyages, when his ship was fog-bound, the story has it, that a star shone through a sudden rift in the gray cloud curtain, providing the young Mr. Macy with a beacon by which to steer into a harbor.

The red star trademark of the R. H. Macy concern had its origin in that incident, just as the great retail establishment of today, at Thirty-fourth street and Broadway, had its origin in the little dry goods store which Mr. Macy opened at 204 Sixth avenue in 1858.

The first Macy store was housed in a four-story building with a 25-ft. front over which was hung a sign, reading: "R H. Macy—Dealer in Dry Goods, Carpets, Oilcloths, Mattings". Mr. Macy opened it with his brother-in-law, Samuel S. Houghton, and for a time the Macy family lived in rooms above the store. Eventually, Mr. Houghton returned to Boston, establishing his own firm of Houghton & Dutton.

There is little to contrast the store of seventy-five years ago with today's big retail establishment which occupies 2,037,360 square feet of floor surface. At that time oil lamps were the only means of illumination. and old-fashioned stoves were used for heating; there were no elevators nor escalators; no telephones and none of the modern methods of conducting business.

Today, R. H. Macy & Co. has its own electric light system and power plant, furnishing enough light and power to supply a city the size of Freeport, L. I. A fleet of 400 delivery trucks has replaced the horse and wagon delivery system which served the founder's little Sixth avenue store.

In 1858, Grand street was the great shopping center. But R. H. Macy did a brisk business in the fancy goods trade which made up his first stock. Soon after opening his little store it became necessary for him to rent a store on Fourteenth street. Gradually he added more space, sub-letting certain departments of the establishment to merchants with other wares to sell. Abel T. LaForge and Robert Valentine were taken into partnership. A man by the name of L. Straus had rented the basement and, under the name of L. Straus & Sons, this firm set up a crockery business there.

The Macy store, under its founder, established the odd price policy, marking articles $1.49, 94 cents, 47 cents, and so forth, and in an era when credit and barter were the bedrocks of business dealt exclusively for cash.

In 1877, while on a trip to Europe, Mr. Macy died in Paris.

Pinkham.—Capt. Henry C. Pinkham died at 9 p. m. Tuesday. He had been in feeble health many months, but his death was no doubt hastened by injuries sustained by a fall from the steps of his residence a few days previous. Deceased was born in Nantucket August 16, 1814, and in early life learned the trade of house painter, which business he followed but a short time, when he entered the coasting trade, plying between Nantucket and Boston. He was successful, and retired about fifteen years since, having acquired a competency. The Enterprise, his first command, was lost in Boston bay, and the W. O. Nettleton, which was at once purchased, is still engaged in the same service. He was a man noted for sterling qualities and a genial disposition, his bluff, good-natured manners winning him hosts of friends abroad as well as at home, who will learn with regret of his demise. He was a member of several secret organizations, being among the oldest Masons; a charter member of Isle of the Sea Royal Arch Chapter;

1889

The Romance of a Great Business. 1922

[The following clipping was sent us without stating the name of the paper from which it was taken. Consequently we are unable to give credit therefor.—Ed.]

Rowland Hussey Macy was born a hundred years ago this August, on the island of Nantucket, and so the history of the familiar New York business which he founded, "The Romance of a Great Store," by Edward Hungerford (McBride & Co.), is in the nature of a celebration of his centenary. In his teens Macy sailed away, after the old-time Nantucket custom for lads, on a whaling voyage that consumed four years. But one voyage was enough for this youth, and on his return he married and decided upon a mercantile career. His first venture, a little store in Boston, was a failure.

Then the gambler that is one of the inner selves of many successful business men, made him flip a coin to see whether he should go North or South to find the scent of his next endeavor. It was his custom all his life, Mr. Hungerford says, thus to decide matters about which he was uncertain. The turn of the coin sent him north to Haverhill, where he started again as a merchant in a small way.

This time his venture throve, at least as well as could be expected in a small city. But the adventurer and the prophet within him joined forces to make him restless and to set his eyes upon New York City. He looked toward the future and saw New York as the metropolis of the country. So, in 1858, at the age of 36, hither he came with his small savings, and in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Samuel S. Houghton, opened a very modest establishment at 204 Sixth Avenue, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth Streets, which sold fancy goods only. Mr. Hungerford makes an effective and interesting picture of the New York to which young Macy came, in those busy and prosperous days just preceding the Civil War.

The venture was successful from the start, and the firm added one after another line of goods to its stock, and reached out for other buildings to increase its space.

Then, some fifty years ago, Mr. Hungerford tells us, when a dozen or more years of successful venturing and expanding had set the Macy venture on a sure foundation, although it still had but a hundred people on its payroll, R. H. Macy was walking home at the end of the day, as was his custom, from the store at Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, to his new house in Forty-ninth Street. His daughter was with him, and at Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street he stopped in front of the old Broadway Tabernacle and said to her: "I want you to notice this corner very carefully. A half century hence the business of New York will be centred between Thirty-fourth Street and Forty-second. Here is to be the future business heart of this wonderful city."

A pretty bit of sentiment lies behind the red star which ever since the establishment of the store has been its symbol. It goes back to the days of Mr. Macy's youth and the long whaling voyage during the course of which he became so proficient in navigation that he was made first mate. Trying in that capacity to guide his ship through thick fogs and heavy cloud banks into a New England harbor, he saw shining through a rift in the clouds a brilliant star. By it he steered his course so successfully into the harbor that it became for him the symbol of success.

After the failure of his Boston venture, he was wont to insist that he had not succeeded there because he did not adopt the star as his trademark. So when he came to New York he made it the symbol and the forefront of his business. And to this day its rays gleam afar over every sign of Macy's and shine brilliantly over the main facade of the great establishment.

It was on St. Patrick's Day of 1874 that Nathan Straus walked into Macy's, for the first time in his life, with two fine porcelain plates in a package under his arm. He wanted to see if L. Straus & Sons, importers and dealers in procelains and crockery, could not do business with that smart New Englander whose store was recognized as one of the most progressive and successful in the city. Macy was greatly interested and the upshot was that space in the basement was rented to the Straus firm.

There must still be many New Yorkers who remember the Straus sign on those basement windows, where it remained for a dozen years or more. But finally, after Mr. Macy died in 1877 and one after another the partners who succeeded him also passed away, the remaining owner, in 1887, sold the great business the store had become to Isidor and Nathan Straus, and, as Mr. Hungerford phrases it, "The crockery counter absorbed the great store which it had entered so humbly but fourteen years before, as a mere tenant of one of its tiny corners." One of the chapters tells briefly but vividly the story of Straus family, of father and three sons, who came to this country after the German revolution of '48, and follows the rapid rise of their fortunes to the proprietorship of Macy's.

SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 31, 1949.

Photo by James K. Glidden

Captain Horace Norcross the island's oldest male resident, now nearing 90, being presented the *Boston Post* Cane by Selectman Irving A. Soverino.

Presented "Boston Post" Cane as Oldest Male Resident.

Capt. Horace G. Norcross, who since his retirmeent from long years in the Life Saving Service, has made his home with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Kittila, S., on West Chester street, was presented the *Boston Post* Cane last week —emblematic of being the oldest male resident of the island. The presentation was made by Irving A. Soverino, of the Board of Selectmen, who, together with Secretary James K. Glidden, of the Board, visited the Kittila home.

Capt. Norcross is in his 89th year, and despite his advanced age still continues hale and hearty. He takes his daily walk each morning, weather permitting, and maintains a keen interest in the affairs of the town.

Capt. Norcross was born on Nantucket on Aug. 8, 1860, the youngest son of James and Rebecca (Watson) Norcross. He was one of eight brothers, all of whom were famed as being among the best boatmen on the island. His birthplace was in Quidnet, the Norcross family home for many years.

In 1882, Capt. Norcross entered the Life Saving Service at Coskata Station, under the famous Capt. Walter N. Chase. He remained in the service here for a number of years, and was transferred to Madaket when his brother Capt. John Norcross became Keeper.

Subsequently, Capt. Norcross resigned to enter the Police Dept. of the Town and at one time served as Chief. He re-entered the Life Saving Service in 1899 and was at various times Keeper at Madaket, Muskeget, and Surfside Stations. He retired in 1924.

120 Ship Barnstable for [illegible] 1861 80540 27 1037

1927

Nantucket Names.

One Gosnold, called Bartholomew,
  a-sailing o'er the ocean blue,
Caught sight of old NANTUCKET
  in sixteen hundred-two.
He landed close to SANKATY and
  took a look around,
Then hustled back aboard again, bewildered by a sound.
T'was WANACKMAMACK conversing with the sachem NICKANOOSE
In the language of the island, and it
  sounded like abuse.
Poor Gosnold was so frightened that
  he sailed to MUSKEGET,
And when wintry winds are howling
  his ghost cries out there yet.
For the tongue of the Nantuckets, as
  the Indians were called,
Is both gutteral and strident, like
  some cat had caterwauled.
And if you don't believe me, try the
  names upon the map,
For if you can pronounce them right,
  it's a feather in your cap.
From TUCKERNUCK to POLPIS is
  quite a little ways,
And it's just a trifle longer if you go
  by way of QUAISE.
Don't stop to hunt the NOBADEER
  but hie away to SQUAM—
It's blowing hard at POCOMO but at
  CAPAUM it's calm.
Now SESACHACHA's delightful, if
  you look for peace and quiet.
SIASCONSET is uproarious and
  QUIDNET is a riot.
WANNACOMET's waters quench the
  thirst; there's COATUE for a lark,
But I'd hate to be in MADAKET,
  alone and after dark.
WEWEEDER sounds to me like
  Scotch, I don't recall its taste,
And WESKO has a trade mark ring,
  let's leave it all in haste,
And speed away to PEDEE which is
  near WAUWINET's shore.
(One cannot go to QUANATO—it
  isn't any more.)*
COSKATA seems a lovely place, if
  one knew where it was,
'Tis likely Eddie Coffin knows—he
  almost always does.
MIACOMET's astronomical and good
  NANTUCKET, too,
As is also METACOMET, a thing I'd
  loathe to do.
Bart Gosnold never stayed to learn
  the words that I recite;
The Indians have vanished all; they've
  gone into the night,
But natives and off-islanders who
  know their island well,
Upon these names of places loved
  with admiration dwell.
For those who love NANTUCKET,
  her moors and sandy shore,
Are wedded to her firmly for now
  and evermore,
And no matter how their tongues may
  twist, its always just the same,
They love each spot upon her map
  though they can't pronounce its
  name.

H. C. C.

*All spots in Nantucket are adjacent to each other. Quanato Hill was cut away in 1730.

Died When Homeward Bound.—The news reached here Tuesday, of the death of Mr. Obed P. Orpin, of this place, at St. Helena, April 11th. Mr. Orpin was first mate of bark Platina, of New Bedford. A letter from Capt. Slocum, dated St. Helena, April 17th, conveyed the sad intelligence to Mrs. Orpin of her husband's death. He stated that the ship arrived in on the 10th, and Mr. Orpin, who had been ill for three weeks, was taken at once on shore and a physician summoned, but he died the next morning, the physician pronouncing his malady as dropsy. Capt. Slocum saw him properly buried and ordered a headstone placed at his grave through Capt. Coffin, the American Consul. Deceased had followed the sea in the whaling service for thirty-one years, having sailed in the following named vessels: Ship Daniel Webster, Capt. Starbuck; Old Hero, Capt. Holley; bark Norman, Capt. Gibbs; schooner Cetechion, Capt. Atwood; bark Mars, Capt. Allen; Nautilus, Capt. Morse; bark James Allen, Capt. Lack; brig Francis A. Barstow, Capt. Reed; bark Platina, Capt. Slocum. Upon the latter ship, which is expected home the last of July, he was taken with the illness that caused his death.

1890

Nantucketer Afloat on Pacific Calls "Thar She Blows!"

We've sailed the great Pacific,
But we've sailed a ship of steel.
We lack the "Main and Mizzen"
And the customary "Heel",
For our cargo's stowed amidships
In great holds with hatches sealed.
We've seen the great Pacific,
But her skies are full of planes,
And the beauty of her blue is spoiled
  by subs,
And we've had our thrills and moments
When we've neither died nor lived,
With our peaceful cruising spoiled by
Quite close rubs.
My Granddad sailed this pathway
When ships were made of wood,
And iron men saved from rust by good
  sperm oil;
And I've really had a thrill that will
Stick to me through life
And that all the guns and planes and
Subs can't spoil.
I was leaning on the bridge-rail
In latitude four North,
And altho' the Longitude
I can't reveal
I saw a whirl to Starboard
That brought Nantucket forth.
I'd seen a whirl and knew that
It was real.
I scrambled for the microphone
And turned on all the juice
And pealed my eye to starboard in a
  dream.
"She blows," the speaker shouted
"She blows and breaches, too.
"Sperm oil." A hundred barrels
On our beam.
"There's three. A bull and two cows
To leeward two ships lengths;
She blows and breaches, too,
And hard abeam."
The Captain left his cabin
And bounced out all agog;
The Crew. Some went to quarters,
Some to guns—
The officers, not having read such
Language in the log,
Came out on deck with all hands
On the run.
Explanations were in order—
The thing could not be helped.
I'd seen a sight I'd never hoped
To see.
Sperm Whales. Perhaps some old
  enough
To know Nantucket's name—
Sperm Whales that brought Nantucket—back to me.

1943

☞ We copy from the Milford Journal the following respecting the welcome of our friends Capts. Eben Baker and Roland Hussey to their new home in the town of Milford. We hope the same friendly feeling will ever be extended them so long as they make it their abiding place:—

Nantucketers Welcomed.—A Surprise.—Milford is quite attractive to natives of the "Quaker Isle," and within a few years the names of Macy, Folger, Baker, Fisher, Hussey and Eldridge, have become as familiar as the persons are welcome, enterprising and esteemed. So on Fast evening, a mansion in Bellingham, occupied by Capt. E Baker and lady, with Capt. R. Hussey and dame, was besieged and taken possession of by a band of some eighty friends and neighbors, who report having "a pleasant time"—the "skippers" and their visitors exercising good taste in endeavors to render the occasion one long to be remembered by all who were present. As if by magic, the house was lighted up by some visitor, while others were rigging up extempore tables and loading them with a scorce of nice things with which to refresh the throng; and then drove up to the door omnibus, carryall and chaise, to the wonderment of the Bakers and Husseys.

The company separated at about the noon of night, and various vehicles filled with our town's folks, were seen wending their way to South Main street, and other localities. Such is a Milford welcome to all who add to her material wealth *and* intelligence.

Our Bellingham friends are congratulated upon receiving to their bosom some of the stock which originally founded the "Empire of Whalers," Nantucket, upon whose walls, alas! is now written the mournfully significant word "Ichabod"—or, glory departed; its grand fleet of whale-ships having been nearly absorbed by New Bedford and other ports on the main land.—Hence her enterprising sons are pitching their tents in other fields.

Capt. Baker has just purchased and taken possession of his place, and the "old folks" are residing with him, being quite "at home on a farm."

1860

The Nantucket Migration To North Carolina.

By Robert H. Frazier, in the Guilford College (N. C.) Bulletin.

By 1772 the migration from Nantucket to North Carolina was in progress. The historian, Stephen B. Weeks, accounts for this migration with the statement: "The isle of Nantucket, being small and its soil not very productive, a large number of people could not be supported thereon. The population of the island still increasing, many of the citizens turned their attention to other parts and removed elsewhere". This reason does not seem quite adequate in view of the prosperity from the whaling industries in 1771, the year prior to the beginning of the migration. Perhaps another reason was that they recognized the inevitability of war with England and the vulnerability of their island home. War did come. The island was indeed vulnerable. The sufferings of those who remained were great. Incidentally the Boston Tea Party took place on a Nantucket ship.

Perhaps another reason for this migration is that there were some traits of modern Quaker realtors in some early North Carolina Quaker ministers who visited Nantucket. In the few years just preceding the migration, Nantucket records show visits from the following North Carolina Quakers: Zachariah Nixon, Henry Stanton, William Hunt, Thomas Thornborough and Zachariah Dicks.

In a five-year period no less than 41 certificates of membership were received at New Garden Meeting of Friends from Nantucket meeting. Among them were the certificates of William, Libni, William Jr., Barnabas, Seth, Samuel, Peter and Joseph Coffin; Jethro, Nathaniel, Paul Matthew and Joseph Macy; David Enoch, William, Gayer, Paul and William Starbuck; Richard, William and Stephen Gardner; Tristram, Francis and Timothy Barnard; Daniel, Francis and Jonah Worth; Richard Beard; John Wickersham; Timothy Russell; William Reece; Reuben Bunker; William Stanton, and Nathaniel Swain. Conditions which they found are set forth in a letter from William and Phebe (Macy) Stanton to their parents in Nantucket, dated 10th of 4th, 1773, a portion of which follows:

"It is a difficult time in these parts on some counts. Iron & Salt scarce and dear. Salt not so dear as has been. To be had now for 15 or 16 dollars. I brought paper money which is of small account here away. As for our circumstances, we can't complain of, for we have plenty enough to subsist on at present. Many articles thou mentioned in thy letter is not so dear here as I manage to get molasses 2 dollars a gallon. Flour 2s. 6p. wood for cutting. We raised about 320 bushels corn, 59 wheat, 100 oats and meat plenty. Flax 150 or 200. There is no goods in these parts to be had. We made all the cloth we ware. Phebe is hardy & fit & able to spin & Sarah likewise & William able to plow. Phebe has had 3 children since we came to these parts. The names of 3 Phebe, Deborah and Latham, which is about 9 months old. Our children remember their love to their grandfather & grandmother & their relations & folks of Nantucket every day & them that was born here talk of Nantucket as much as them that was born there and frequently talk of going there to see grandfather and grandmother. Please to remember our love to all our brothers and sisters."

Quickly these Nantucketers became assimilated with the Quakers who had preceded them, and together they built a culture and a character much after the manner of their fathers in Nantucket, they struggled—they prospered. Crevecoeur, in his letters, commented on the increasing size of the families after arrival in the South.

The Revolutionary War came to their very doorsteps with the Battle of Guilford Courthouse. In the main these Quakers had no part in the actual fighting, maintaining their pacifist principles. However, they risked their lives upon the battlefield in aiding the wounded, regardless of the side on which they fought. The Quaker attachment to the side of the Revolutionists was well known. The descendants of William Coffin are admitted in the Sons of the Revolution and the Daughters of the Revolution.

After this century and three quarters has passed, by intermarriage new names are borne by many Nantucket descendants. Among these may be found the family names: Anderson, Bingham, Benbow, Ballenger, Bagley, Boren, Carson, Daniels, Frazier, Grey, Haworth, Hinshaw, Hobbs, Hunt, Jackson, Korner. Lindley, London, Mendenhall, McAllister, Nicholson, Osborne, Porter, Ragsdale and many others.

* * * * *

Nantucket descendants of note through the North Carolina migrants include, besides two last named members of Congress mentioned above: Former Ambassador, Robert W. Bingham; Admiral David W. Bagley; Charles A. Beard, the historian; W. C. Boren, Sr., former president of Pomona Terra Cotta Company; Hubert Jackson, Richmond banker; Commanders John H. Anderson, Jr., and Henry L. Anderson; Dean Grover Beard; Levi Coffin, known as President of the Underground Railroad; Dr. Oscar J. Coffin, of the University of North Carolina; Howard E. Coffin, former automobile and airplane executive; former United States senator, Worth Clark, and his uncle, Governor Clark of Idaho; Addie (Bagley) Daniels, wife of a former Secretary of the Navy; Jonathan Daniels, well known writer; former Judge and Congressman Sam Irwin; C. Clifford Frazier, a former nominee for Governor of North Carolina; Dean A. Wilson Hobbs and Professor R. J. M. Hobbs of the University of North Carolina; Horace Haworth, director of the Federal Home Bank; Alfred W. Jones of Sea Island, Georgia; J. Gilmer Korner, former chairman of the United States Board of Tax Appeals; A. W. McAllister, Sr., former president of the Pilot Life Insurance Company; Samuel Hill, former railroad devel-

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112 and 282 scores for the Mothers, while Eleanor Milton tallied 104 and 289 for the Lucky Strikes. Ginny Studley expects to be back in the lineup next Thursday, tossing her A-bomb down the alley.

The hapless Hardy's Paint went down to defeat again at the hands of the Island Ice Cream. Martha McLaughlin and her sore arm took high honors for the winners with 100 and 280, while Lena Remsburg rolled 103 and Ethel Davis 253 total for the losers.

* * * * *

	won	lost	ave. pinfall
Eleanor Royal's	27	13	1338
Lucky Strikes	23	17	1379
Boat Irene	24	16	1321
Island Ice Cream	23	17	1325
Hardy's Paint	14	26	1309
Young Mothers	9	31	1224

* * * * *

Leading bowlers: Studley 98.7, McLaughlin 95.8, Brownell 95.2, S. Remsburg 94.4, Conrad 94.1, Howes 93.6, Smith 93, Swain 92.5, Milton 92, Poirier 90.7.

Spare leaders: Studley 76, Brownell and Conrad 71, Remsburg and Swain 68, Howes 66, Walsh 64, McLaughlin 63, Milton 62, Smith 57.

Strike leaders: Conrad 12, S. Remsburg 11, Coffin and Brownell 10, McLaughlin, Studley, Milton and Betts 9, Richard 8, Smith, Howes, Swain and Powers 6.

* * * * *

Next Thursday: Lucky Strikes vs. Hardy's Paint; Eleanor Royals vs. Island Ice Cream, Boat Irene vs. Young Mothers.

oper; former Congressman Walter Lambeth; Nercus Mendenhall; William Sidney Porter, better known as O. Henry; David M. Petty, railroad executive; Mary M. Petty and Dr. Virginia Ragsdale, former professors at the Women's College of the University of North Carolina; Dean Elbert Russell of Duke University; former Judge H. R. Starbuck; former Governor of North Carolina, Jonathan Worth; former State Treasurers John M. Worth and William Worth; Elwood Starbuck of San Francisco; and Herschel Folger, pastor of Asheboro Street Friends Meeting in Greensboro, and many others that lack of time requires omitting.

* * * * *

The significance of these Nantucketeers in the Old North State may well be noted by historians. Movements for social and educational betterment and liberal and progressive advancement have been sponsored by them through the years. One might note the Nantucket names among the first trustees of New Garden Boarding School: John Beard, John Russell, Elisha Coffin, Henry Macy, Zacharias Coffin. In 1785 Barzellai Gardner represented Guilford County in the General Assembly and continued with the exception of four years through 1794. Obed Macy was in the General Assembly in 1812. A conflict with their neighbors of other religious denominations came over slavery. By 1774 Quakers had through conviction of wrong freed their slaves. One of the Nantucketers, David Swain, was captain of a boat chartered to remove slaves to Haiti. Underground railroad stations were in homes of descendants of Nantucket. Many descendants, ill at ease amidst slavery, migrated to the West Quakers were not in sympathy with secession. After the Civil War, however, they joined their neighbors as an integral part of the general community, many remaining Quakers while some carried their ideas into other religious groups.

OBITUARY.

Pitman.—Nantucket's oldest citizen passed away last Saturday, at the great age of 93 years. Capt. John Pitman, of 'Sconset, was the subject of our notice, who will be remembered by all who have sojourned in the village for any length of time. Capt. Pitman in early life followed the sea, and was 13 years of age when he started on his first voyage. He sailed in the Gen. Lincoln, with Capt. Shubael Chase. He subsequently entered the merchant service, but later returned to whaling, joining ship Leander, and following as first officer of ships Globe and Ontario, finishing the voyage in the latter as master, owing to the death of her master, Capt. Coffin. He sailed in 1839 as master of ship Samuel Wright, of Salem, arriving home in 1843, when he retired from a seafaring life and made his home in Siasconset, where he ever after resided—a period of nearly fifty years, engaging in farming, fishing, etc. Capt. Pitman was a man of remarkable constitution, and during his long life was ill but once (excepting his final sickness), which was at the age of 70 years, when he was attacked with pneumonia, both lungs being affected, and his recovery from the serious attack was noted by physicians as a remarkable case for one of his advanced years. He was a genial man and highly respected by our entire community. He leaves a widow (with whom he had lived 68 years), and two sons grown to manhood. His funeral occurred early in the week from the residence of his son, Mr. T. C. Pitman, on Pine street. 1892

~~1947~~

Death of Eugene M. Perry.

Eugene M. Perry passed away at the Nantucket Hospital during the noon hour Monday, after an illness of only a few weeks, which had baffled all medical skill. His death is unquestionably a great loss to the community as a whole and to hundreds of our citizens it means the removal of a friend and advisor.

The deceased had lived a full life and held the esteem of everyone. Fishermen always found him a wise counsellor and a friend whose advice could always be relied upon. In his various interests he was one whose word was ever dependable.

Mr. Perry was born at St. Michael's in the Azores, on the 18th of April, 1874, and came to this country when a lad, living in New Bedford many years before taking up his legal residence on Nantucket. He became a naturalized citizen in 1895 and in 1901 registered as a legal voter in Nantucket.

He entered the employ of the island steamboat company when a young man and rose steadily until he became chief engineer. He served many years on the side-wheeler Gay Head. He then engaged in whaling in the Arctic and went out from San Francisco as engineer on the William Baylies, making several voyages and passing through some very interesting experiences.

Upon retiring from the sea, Mr. Perry conducted a tobacco shop and pool room on the south side of Main street, in which capacity he became well-known to the male population of the town and won and held their confidence through close association and friendship. He entered upon a partnership with Herbert H. Coffin and, for a time, they conducted a wholesale quahaug business on Old North wharf, at the site where the Wharf Rat Club now holds forth.

* * * * *

On the 16th of October, 1940, Mr. Perry was appointed a member of Selective Service Board No. 172, of Nantucket, taking the oath before Governor Saltonstall. He held that position until his death and rendered faithful service, missing only one or two meetings of the local Board during the more than six years that passed. His familiarity with the problems of the fishing business and the men who manned the boats made him especially valuable to the other members of the Board and also to the State Board.

* * * * *

His interests in the fishing business increased from year to year and for a number of years he has operated the schooner Anna C. Perry. His most recent venture was the partownership with Stanley B. Butler, Sr., in the large fishing boat Catherine T., which was built during the winter and early spring of 1944.

He was also part owner of Dreamland Moving Picture Theatre, in the operation of which he took keen interest and always extended a greeting to all ages. For a number of years the deceased had served as one of the directors of the Pacific National Bank and he also served as a trustee of the Nantucket Cottage Hospital. He was a member of the John B. Chace Engine Co. No. 4, of the Pacific Club, the Wharf Rat Club, the Knights of Columbus, the Holy Name Society and of Wauwinet Tribe of Red Men.

On the 25th of June, 1900, he married Miss Annie Nevins of Nantucket, who survives him.

The deceased is also survived by a daughter, Mrs. Catherine Perry Flanagan, and two grandsons, Charles and Robert Flanagan, all of Dorchester; three sisters, Mrs. Mary Cardoza, Mrs. Laura Rogers and Mrs. Helen Higginbottom, and three brothers, Messrs. Henry, Joseph and George Perry, all of New Bedford.

* * * * *

Funeral sevices were held in St. Mary's Church, Thursday morning, Rev. Fr. William Shovelton officiating. Pall bearers were Messrs. John McDonald, James Walsh, Anthony R. Sylvia, George Hamblin, Tobias Fleming, and John Conway. The honorary pall bearers included J. B. Ashley, 3rd, George M. Lake, Emile Genesky, George H. Mackay, Stanley B. Butler, Herbert H. Coffin, John Anastos, and Patrick Robinson. Interment was in the Catholic Cemetery.

Home From an Arctic Voyage.

Eugene Perry, who has been on an Arctic voyage as assistant engineer of steam whaler William Baylies, which reached San Francisco last week, arrived home Wednesday in excellent health. The voyage of the steamer was remarkably successful, her catch for the season consisting of 15,245 pounds of bone and 450 barrels of oil.

The Baylies left San Francisco on March 5th last. Good fortune attended her until she was on her homeward trip, when three of her whaleboats were snatched from the davits by a great sea and wrecked in Bering sea. Later, owing to continued bad weather, the Baylies put into Coos bay for coal and provisions, and became barbound there The steamer was eighty miles off that port when Capt. Cottle discovered that less than one sack of flour constituted the main supply for the 42 men aboard, and that eight tons of coal was all that remained in the bunkers. So he promptly put into Coos bay. It transpired that the Oregon port was something of a rat trap, for, although it was easily entered, it was not so easy to get away from. For twelve days the Baylies lay there, waiting to resume her trip for San Francisco. But with all her misfortune, the William Baylies has fared well this season and all hands have made money. Seven whales were taken during the cruise Some of the men deserted at Unalaska, and some were left behind at Coos bay. 1904

OBITUARY. 1893

Captain Henry Plaskett passed away on Tuesday morning last at the age of nearly 87 years old. Captain Plaskett's first voyage was in ship Harvest at the age of 12 years, his second as boatsteerer in the President; his third as third officer in the Russell; his fourth as first officer of the India; his fifth as first officer of the Joseph Starbuck; his sixth as first officer of the Milo; his seventh as master of the Milo; his eighth as master of the Caroline; his ninth as master of the Rainbow, his tenth as master of the Thomas Dickason; his eleventh and last as master of the Pioneer.

Captain Plaskett was a very successful whaleman and while in the Caroline filled the ship twice on one voyage. After retiring from the whaling service he took charge of the Cross Rip Lightship, and was in that service some 11 years. He had a rare faculty of maintaining discipline without cruelty or harsh language, and was universally respected by all who knew him, both at sea and on shore.

Death of a Shipmaster.—Capt. William Pitman, who was prominent among his sea-faring brethren more than half a century ago, died at his residence on Centre street on Sunday morning last at the age of nearly seventy-eight years. He rose very early in life to the highest rank in his profession, and between the years of 1827 and 1831 made two very successful voyages in command of ship Spartan of this port, after which, although still a young man, he retired from the sea. Subsequently he removed Westward, and resided many years in Ohio, but in the decline of life returned again to his native island. He has left a widow, two daughters and three sons, the eldest of whom, Dr. B. F. Pitman, is one of our popular physicians. 1879

Death of a Shipmaster.—Capt. John P. Rice, of New London, who died last month in his 75th year, was formerly a very successful whaling captain. He was master of brig Pizarro, of New London, in 1822, and subsequently commanded ship Superior, then the Stonington, from 1837 to 1842, and in three voyages brought home 5672 barrels of whale oil and 5211 barrels sperm. From 1844 to 1851 he commanded the Isaac Hicks, and in two voyages caught 7170 barrels of whale and 270 sperm. He was in the Iris in 1854, and left her at Honolulu on account of ill health. Subsequently he took command of the Siam, a fine merchant ship of 727 tons, and continued in her till 1861. He commanded one of the stone-fleet from New London, which was sunk off Charleston. He was inspector of customs of New London at the time of his death. 1878

Capt. Charles B. Ray had his 81st birthday last Saturday. Since his 80th natal day he has made three hundred and ten baskets, varying in size from a quart to a half bushel, the most of which have been sold to strangers visiting the island. Many of them were excellent specimens of workmanship, made to order, and fitted with covers. When we consider that the labor has all been done by himself, and the stock for the handles, frames, and the ribs of the larger baskets been split from whiteoak butts, and shaved down, we can imagine that the gentleman has not eaten much idle bread since his eightieth birthday, and that his example of industry might be imitated by many others more than fifty years younger. 1879

Last Survivor of the Monticello.

Capt. Samuel Randall, formerly of Nantucket, who is now master of a steamer at Kahulin, Hawaiian Islands, is the only living survivor of the crew of the whaleship Monticello, which sailed under command of Capt. Eben Baker on November 15, 1853. The late Edward B. Coffin, 2d, who died here a few months ago, was a shipmate of Captain Randall on this voyage, and in writing to his relatives in Nantucket this week, the latter says:

"On hearing of the death of Edward B. Coffin, 2d, I thought of what he said to me the last time I was on my native island after an absence of forty-one years, when we talked of old days and commented on the fact that we were the only survivors of the old Monticello. "Eddie B." was seventeen years old when we sailed on that voyage, but I was only thirteen, and we met again (the last members of the crew) after a lapse of four decades. I am now the only one left." 1907

1886

Raymond.—Last Saturday morning Capt. Frederick S. Raymond passed away, after a long period of suffering and confinement, at the age of about 59 years. Capt. Raymond in early life followed the sea, making voyages with Capt. Charles A. Veeder, in ship Empire, of this port, and with Capt. George Folger, in the Peruvian. He subsequently learned the printer's trade, and was employed for a time on the *Islander* and other papers published in Nantucket. Later in life he went West, and continued his seafaring life on the Great Lakes, where he sailed for a term of eighteen years as master. He subsequently returned to his trade in Buffalo, remaining a few years, when he came to Nantucket and engaged in the manufacture of linen coats. He was overtaken by disease, which assumed a serious form, and for many months he was confined to his home until death released him from suffering. Deceased was a Master Mason of long standing, having been made a Mason in Hiram Lodge, No. 105, of Buffalo, in 1854. A man of blunt manner, he nevertheless was possessed of a kind heart, and had a large circle of warm friends. He was twice married. His second wife and a young daughter, and two grown-up sons by his first marriage survive him, and to them we extend our kindest sympathy.

Fatal Accident—On Friday evening, as Capt. Sheffel Reed, of ship Martha and Mary, was crossing Commercial street, Boston, his unbrella came in contact with a load of iron in such a manner that he was thrown beneath the wheels of the wagon. Four of his ribs were broken, and it was thought his thigh was dislocated. He was conveyed to his residence in Silver street, South Boston, and died in a few hours after the accident. Capt. Reed is about sixty years of age, formerly of Fairhaven, and was some time in business in New Bedford, of the firm of Read & Webb. 1857

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OCTOBER 24, 1942.

Pacific Club of Nantucket Has Large Membership.

The historic Pacific Club of Nantucket now has the largest membership in its history—a total of 227—larger than any other organization in Nantucket. Since its organization in 1854, there have always been twenty-four share-holders, the shares passing from time to time into different ownerships, but always remaining at twenty-four, as provided in the by-laws. The present share-holders comprise twenty-three men and one woman, and are as follows:

Anderson, Louis F.
Andrews, James C.
Barrett, William Wilson
Boynton, Frederick P.
Brock, Estate of Albert G.
Brock, William C.
Coleman, Estate of Horace R.
Elphinstone, Lewis W.
Folger, George A.
Gordon, George C., 3rd
Jerome, Everett
Locke, John G.
Long, Breckinridge
Mackay, George H.
Manter, Harry
Mitchell, Leeds
Mitchell, Leeds, Jr.
Ring, Anne
Soule, Estate of George F.
Stewart, Robert W.
Swain, David W.
Thebaud, Jules M. de R.
Todd, Mitchell
Wood, Henry C., Jr.

Since the Pacific Club was organized in 1854 there have been seventeen men to hold the position of president of the institution as follows:

Samuel C. Wyer	1860--61
James Codd	1862--63--64--65
George Palmer	1866
Robert McCleave	1867
Prince M. Ewer	1868
James Wyer	1869--75--81--98
Frederick A. Chase	1870
Joseph Marshall	1871
William Cash	1872--73--74
Andrew Arthur	1876
Obed Swain	1877
James H. Gibbs	1878--79--80
Joseph C. Brock	1899--1916
Alexander Milne	1917--27
Sidney Mitchell	1928--1939
Fred V. Fuller	1939--1940--1941
Everett Jerome	1942--

The membership, in addition to the shareholders, includes the following:

Ackerson, Garret G.
Adams, Karl
Adams, Walton H.
Anderson, Lee
Andrews, James M.
Appleton, William S.
Armstrong, F. W.
Armstrong, F. W. jr.
Ashley, Joshua B. 3d.
Atkins, Robert W.
Ayers, Lester C.
Backus, James A.
Barney, Charles N.
Barney, William H.
Barrett, Chester S.
Bartlett, John H.
Blair, Robert S.
Blair, Walter D.
Boyd, Walter W.
Bratney, J. F.
Brison, Rolland S.
Brown, Edward C.
Brown, James M.
Brown, James W.
Burgess, George W.
Burt, W. R.
Bush, John H.
Carlisle, G. Lister
Chadwick, Chas. C.
Chamberlain, H. P.
Chambliss, L. A.
Chandler, Alfred
Chapel, James E.
Chase, Howard U.
Chatfield, Harold G.
Cherbonnier, A. V.
Cisco, John J., jr.
Clark, Louis J.
Cochran, Joseph W.
Coffin, Albert R.
Coffin, Charles C.
Coffin, Orville
Coffin, Reuben G.
Coffin, Samuel B.
Coffin, Walter
Coffin, William W.
Coghill, James H.
Collins, Charles E.
Collis, William J.
Congdon, Charles E.
Congdon, Frank E.
Conrad, H. Murray
Conrad, Richard F.
Cosby, Spencer
Craig, A. M., Jr.
Crosby, Arthur U.
Crosby, Everett U.
Crosby, John C.
Cuddy, Edward C.
Cummings, L. S.
Davidson, Louis S.
Davis, John A.
Davis, Herbert E.
Dell, Burnham N.
Desloge, Firmin V.
Doyle, Wilfred J.
Eddy, Henry S.
Elder, Robert D.
Everett, Henry C.
Everett, Richard M.
Fee, Albert A.
Ferguson, A. Donald
Fisher, Oliver C.
Fordyce, Wesley A.
Fowlkes, J. Winston
Fraker, George W.
Freeman, B. F.
Gade, Herman
Gardiner, H. M.
Gardner, Herbert C.
Gardner, William E.
Gibbs, Jay H.
Gifford, Albert J.
Gifford, Charles C.
Gifford, Donald S.
Gordon, George C.
Gorman, Harrison
Gray, Richard V.
Greenleaf, Lewis S.
Griffin, Joseph M.
Hall, Wm. Jr.
Hardy, John L.
Hardy, Melvin
Hardy, Willard P.
Harris, Lester S.
Haupt, W. M.
Heard, Hamilton
Henry, Lewis C.
Hill, Frederick P.
Hinchman, C. R.
Hobbs, Franklin W.
Holland, William
Holmes, Roswell
Hughston, Regan
Hutton, J. M., Jr.
Jones, Bassett
Jones, Ward K.
Killen, Harold
Kilvert, Charles A.
Kimball, Charles P.
Kirby, Gustavus T.
Kitchen, John H.
Lake, George M.
Lewis, Richard V.
Lewis, Vivian M.
Lindsay, Ralph H.
Lowell, Nathaniel E.
Manter, Gilbert
Manville, C. Rollin
Mark, Clarence
Marshall, Carl B.
Mather, William L.
McGrath, Thomas H.
McCleave, Arthur
McCreery, John A.
McLaughlin, John
McLeod, William H.
Melhado, Allan L.
Menges, Ernest H.
Miller, Lawrence
Minshall, Robert
Mooney, Lawrence F.
Morris, William R.
Murray, Clinton H.
Murtagh, J. C.
Newcomb, Theodore
Nixon, Francis E.
Norcross, Horace G.
Norris, Harry W.
Oliver, Norris S.
Pearson, Whitman
Perry, Eugene M.
Poland, George M.
Post, Regis H.
Praeger, Louis J.
Price, Joseph M.
Ramsdell, Marcus L.
Reighley, Lyster C.
Reynolds, John A.
Riddell, Herman E.
Ring, John C.
Robinson, John H.
Rodgers, Frederick
Ruggles, Daniel B.
Thurston, Sidney W.
Ticknor, Benjamin
Tice, Edward P.
Tripp, William H.
Turner, Harry B.
Tuttle, H. Emerson
Wallace, William
Waggaman, Floyd
Walling, John F.
Walls, Frank X.
Walsh, Frank C.
Walsh, William S.
Warland, Henry G.
Wescott, Oliver D.
Whelden, Charles G.
Wiedershiem, W. A.
Wildrick, George A.
Willauer, Whiting
Wood, Allan D.
Wood, George C.
Wood, Herbert C.
Wood, James H.
Wood, James H. Jr.
Wyer, Irvin M.
Russell, B. F. W.
Russell, Gardner W.
Ryder, Harold B.
Sand, Henry A. L.
Sanguinetti, Roy E.
Sayles, Fred M.
Scully, Edwin F.
Selden, Charles A.
Sharp, Harold
Sharp, Randolph G.
Sharp, Theodore E.
Sholes, Justin G.
Silva, Albert L.
Shurrocks, Alfred E.
Sjolund, Rolph K.
Smith, Frederick L.
Smith, Herbert P.
Smith, Lawrence B.
Soverino, Irving A.
Stark, Robert W.
Stearns, Scott M.
Stiefel, Walther A.
Strong, Austin
Sylvia, Frank F.
Thebaud, R.deSt. M.

EPTEMBER 29, 1945.

A Personal Chat With Nantucket Basket Maker.

By Art McGinley in Hartford Times.

At the turn of the lane in a pleasant corner of Nantucket there is a one-man business that has no concern about this thing of reconversion.

Wars may come and go, prosperity or depression may be the status in the land—this business at the turn of the lane goes on unnoticing just as it has for better than 100 years.

In a little shop that sags slightly from long service and that has the weathermarks of the storms of many decades, Mitchell Ray is now the proprietor and sole employe of this business.

His output is the Nantucket Lightship basket and Mr. Ray, deep in his seventies, is there early and late every day fashioning these baskets just as his father and grandfather did when they lived and had their beings on the Island of Nantucket......

The day I called on Mitchell he was barely visible in the dim light of the dusty old shop with the materials for his baskets piled all about him....

His is one of those workshops rarely to be found in this day of streamlining and assembly line production and I feel sure that, if one of our modern day production engineers should drop in there, he would all but die of grief....How Brother Ray ever finds anything in the disorder of his shop is more than I can understand but he does and he seems, in fact, to work easily and happily and with the deftness that comes from long years at one's trade.

"This, I suppose," he told me, "might be called quite an old established business.

"My father worked at it and my grandfather so this isn't what you would call a new thing.

"These baskets," he went on, "are known all over the world. I have made baskets to go to every state in the Union and outside the country too ....That's what comes from making things right, no cuttin' corners."....

"And I got to be pretty well known," he went on with a twinkle in his eye. "The movie people took me a few times and I have been written up in some of the national magazines....So you see I didn't have to leave Nantucket to have folks get to know me."

Leaving Nantucket is something that has no place on Mitchell Ray's agenda....He loves Nantucket and has no wish to go to the mainland, or the "continent" as they call it here, even for a day.

He didn't say when he was last off the Island but it was many years ago, say his fellow Islanders....

"You're from Connecticut, eh?" the old basketmaker said when I told him I hailed from Hartford. "Well, sir," he went on, "that's interesting. I get my rattan from New Haven, and the wood for the bottoms and handles from Thompsonville." So it can be seen that while the artistry is furnished by a native son of Nantucket, the Nutmeg State has its part in keeping this one-man business functioning....

Connecticut being the subject before the house, Mr. Ray emerged from the semi-dusk of the shop, pointed to a nearby house and said, "Miss Flagg of Hartford used to live there. She was an artist, fine woman, everybody loved her."

The old basketmaker keeps busily at his trade but he never lets anything or anybody hurry him. Each basket, he says, must be 100 per cent perfect, and so while orders pile up he keeps to the pace he has set for himself for lo these many years....

While I was there, a woman ordered "a nest" of baskets—that is a grouping of several baskets of varying sizes...."I might be able to have them for you by Christmas," he told her, "but I can't promise. Got an awful lot of orders ahead."

I left the little old shop at the turn of the lane envying the old basketmaker. He loves his work, is entirely satisfied with the narrow boundaries of his daily life, hasn't an enemy in the world or a worry and the sweet satisfaction of having spent his life in honest toil.

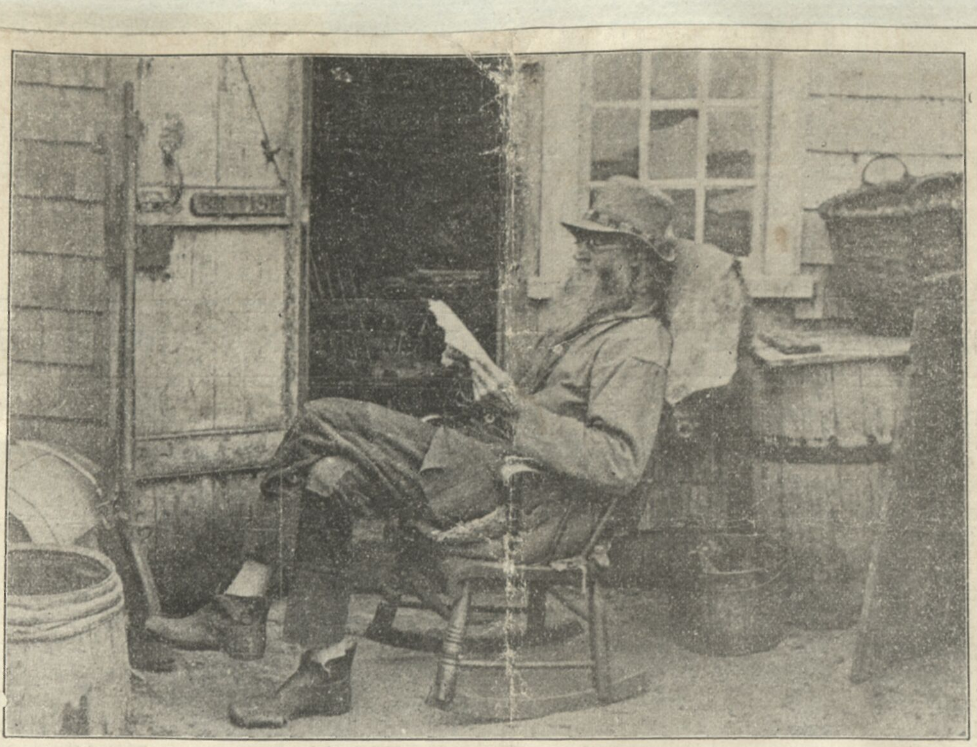
The Nantucket Lightship basket is so-called because 100 years ago the men who worked on the South Shoal Lightship made them for their own use and later for occasional sale....The basketmaking art did not come from the Indians, as generally thought, but from the coopers who were an important part of the whaling industry; these baskets have bottoms, staves and hoops just as did the whale oil barrels.

Among the well-known members of the summer colony on Nantucket are Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Marshall of Providence who have a charming old house in Main street. Mr. Marshall is president of the Rumford Chemical Co. Both their sons have been in the Pacific but Dick, Navy dive bomber, is home now and I met him during my stay on the Island. Like all fighting men back from the front, Dick is reticent so I got little of the war from him in our chat.....Whatever may be said of our youngsters in this greatest of all wars they cannot be charged with being boastful....Most of them might be suspected of being mutes, at least when the war and what they did in it is being discussed....Dick Marshall is a personable youth but a bad witness on his own part in the warfare way out there in the Blue Pacific......Action, not words, evidently is his motto—and it is a good one.

One of the many books that deals with Nantucket is "Three Bricks and Three Brothers" which is getting much reading this summer. This is the story of the three Starbuck Brothers whose father, Captain John Starbuck, in 1838 built three fine brick mansions on Main street for his three sons. They are imposing homes and today are in as fine condition as when they were built. The Islanders refer to these Starbuck homes " as the east, west and middle brick."....When Captain Starbuck had these mansions provided for his sons, he made it clear that they must outdo all others on the Island.

Crime is almost an unknown quantity in Nantucket. If hold-up men, auto theives and their like should operate on the Island, they would have no way of getting away, which may be one of the explanations for the low crime rate ....A Nantucket jeweler told me that every now and then, when he opens up in the morning, he finds a note from the policeman on the beat notifying him that the front door had been found open. "I don't worry," the jeweler told me, "who would steal anything around here?" One of the proprietors of the summer eating places relates that one evening she left receipts—several hundred dollars—in a bag on the front seat of her car forgetting to put the money away..... Next morning it was still there.

The man on the Island who looks like the old retired sea captain to the last detail has never been to sea. He hails from Maryland. Many of the tourists take him for an old seadog and it pleases him immensely....But on the Islander's listings he is just a "landlubber" and an "off-Islander."



FRED PARKER AMID THE PEACE OF HIS HERMITAGE AT QUIDNET 1930—

The Romance of Fred Parker Hermit of Quidnet.

The "hermit of Quidnet" passed away nearly fifty-five years ago. Only a few people are living on Nantucket today who can recall Fred Parker and the little building where he lived alone summer and winter so many years. He was known to be eccentric, cared naught for companionship, yet was always courteous, although not exactly sociable at any time. That there was some hidden story in his life was well known, yet few people ever dared venture beneath the old man's stern exterior, even on one of the rare occasions when a twinkle slyly crept into his eyes as a visitor on seeing a penny on the floor would stoop to pick it up only to find that the hermit had it nailed there.

A short time ago a subscriber inquired whether there really was a romance lurking somewhere in the early life of Fred Parker that caused him to prefer a life alone in the little village of Quidnet, far from the town proper, where the quiet and peace that the man sought were broken only by the lapping of the ocean on the shore or the sound of the wild birds seeking the shelter of Sesachacha pond. It seems that there was more than a mere romance connected with the life of the Quidnet hermit. Fred Parker had a sweetheart who played him false; he afterwards had a wife with whom he was not congenial. His life was not without its sadness—fate did not deal kindly with him—so he sought the hermit's life, where he might do as he desired, apart from the rest of mankind—and womankind.

* * * * *

In the halcyon days of this old whaling town, Fred Parker was a tall, ambitious, rather gawky youth, who served customers from behind the counters of an island grocery. He had a very moderate salary for those flush times, but his slender earnings were snugly invested, in common with all others who made money, in ships which were chasing the whale. His ventures were successful, and he labored diligently and scrimped and scraped, to gather enough to buy a sixteenth share in the ship *Franklin*, which Nantucketers were then fitting away for the oil fields of the ocean. The oil excitement was at its height. Money was pouring rapidly into the strong boxes of the rich, and business of all kinds was in a booming state. Everybody was on the lookout for fresh adventures.

Young Parker's share in the *Franklin* brought him good returns. Under Capt. Thaddeus Coffin she made a couple of good voyages and each time when she returned home Parker was able to buy another sixteenth. He was economical and denied himself many of the pleasures that other young fellows enjoyed. Folks said that he had an eye to the future and if everything broke well he would be a rich man.

Skilled with tools, he secured employment as a carpenter and during the evenings did cabinet work on his own account. The next voyage of the *Franklin* was a successful one. Capt. Joseph Chase had taken her out that time and brought in nearly 2,100 bbls. of sperm at a time when the market price was high.

Elated by the success of his venture, young Parker bought a couple of more shares in the ship and hoped she would repay him his investment with large interest. With others who were deeply interested in the *Franklin* he watched her sail out around Brant point one spring morning, unfold her snowy wings outside the bar, and head away by Great Point for distant seas. Then he went back to his work.

Time sped on. Meanwhile Fred Parker had met and loved blue-eyed Mollie Coffin, a laughing, rosy-cheeked lass from Edgartown, on the neighboring Vineyard, who had spent the summer with her cousin at Nantucket. They met at one of the features of the island, a "pound party," and she was escorted home that night by the enamored fellow. Intimacy followed, and young Parker made her his confidant. He was madly in love. When she left the island for the Vineyard in the fall her hand was pledged to him. They were to be married when the ship came in. He would then be of age.

Through the long, cold winter that followed, the straggling New Bedford mail packet made only now and then a trip to the Nantucket shore. But each time it came and went it transferred letters and pledges of love between young Parker and his affianced. Her notes were tender and assuring, his responses ardent and truthful.

The *Franklin* was much overdue, he wrote the following spring, but she was a staunch vessel and in most skillful hands. A competency and happiness could not fail to be in store for them. Other months of waiting followed. Then there was a break in Mollie's letters. The young lover could not account for it. A two weeks' gale prevailed, and then the mail boat came, but he got no word from her. He wrote her upbraidingly.

After this there came another fortnight's storm, and the mail boat was not seen again for fifteen days. When she did arrive she brought a bulky delayed mail, and the late New York and Boston papers were eagerly sought for by the ship owners and business men. In one of them Fred Parker found a dispatch then over two months old. It read as follows:

> Maccio, Brazil.—The Nantucket ship *Franklin* was abandoned 300 miles off this point in a gale. She was waterlogged with 700 barrels of oil loose in the hold. She will probably break up.

Vessel insurance was not popular in those days. There was not a cent on Fred Parker's interest in the *Franklin*, and it was with blanched face and reeling brain that he read the tidings which made him worse off than a poor man—a debtor without a cent in the world. People talked about his misfortune, but he did not say a word to anyone.

The next trip of the mail boat carried him to Edgartown, where he at once repaired to the home of his intended bride. He arrived just in season to see a shower of old shoes and rice thrown out of the front door upon a little party that was clustered about a carriage in the street. The carriage drove rapidly away toward the harbor as he went in. He inquired for Mary. Her thin-lipped, grey-eyed mother struck him down as with a thunderbolt, announcing that she had just been married.

Then, while he listened in a dazed sort of way, she told him coldly that the storm which had intercepted Nantucket's mails blew into Edgartown a Bangor ship bound to the East Indies. She halted for repairs, and her delay was lengthened while the captain wooed and won Mrs. Coffin's daughter. The ship had sailed from New York, but was driven out of her way by a gale.

The captain brought ashore late papers, one of which contained the account of the loss of the Franklin. By the advice of her mother, Mrs. Coffin coldly said, Mary at once consented to give up young Parker, and after a three-weeks' courtship she became the stranger captain's wife, and had sailed away with him in his bonnie ship that very day.

The same norther which bore the false-hearted Edgartown girl out past the painted clay cliffs of Gay Head drove a light fishing dory from the Vineyard over to Nantucket. In it was seated the now broken-hearted Parker. After he reached Nantucket he kept his troubles to himself, apparently not caring for the company of other young people.

An excellent workman, he found plenty of employment and one day, while seated with their lunch pails, he told a fellow worker about his love affair. They talked things over frequently after that and gradually his friend drew from Parker the whole story about his investment in the *Franklin* and his love for the Vineyard girl who had turned him down.

One day a young woman came along—an attractive girl in every sense. She stopped to inquire about their work, queried whose house it was they were working on, and gradually drew young Parker into conversation. Occasionally they would meet when he was bound homeward after work and a friendship gradually developed.

Casually she asked him if he would not like to come to a husking party to be held the next Saturday. There would be a lot of fun, she said, and she felt sure Parker would have a good time. He agreed to go, and, whether by chance or design on the young lady's part, he found a red ear right when they were sitting there together.

Fred Parker was interested—he cast aside all lingering thoughts of the girl who had turned him down, and in a short time he was courting Sally. She lived in a house which stood on Lily street and Parker found in her what he thought he desired in a wife. He proposed, was accepted, and for a short time after the wedding they lived together.

But it seems that Sally had been brought up to be a lady—she was not interested in house-work or a family. After a short married life together, Parker's dreams were again shattered. They could not get along. She was a poor house-keeper and scorned washing and ironing, as well as cooking.

Sally finally went to live with her sister, Mrs. Peter Raymond, and, now thoroughly disgusted with women, Parker went to Quidnet and started his hermitage. It is said that he took Sally's silver spoons with him and melted them to make buttons for his coat.

Howbeit, days, months and years passed, but no amount of persuasion could coax Parker away from his little shack—he wanted nothing more to do with women and cared naught for the companionship of men. He wanted to be let alone, to be permitted to live as he desired in the little house at Quidnet that had been built for fishermen early in the century.

There he lived ever after, a silent man. The storms fed him with wreckage, which he pulled up and gathered about his castle. Nailed up on the habitation were a score of faded gilt name-boards of vessels which had been driven over the treacherous shoals in the last half century. Many lives he saved by burning fires near his door for the guidance of fishermen and sailors, and many were the blessings he received. Of himself, however, he would say nothing, and finally his story became as much of a mystery to the newer generation of islanders as to the stranger.

* * * * *

Until the last, the old man preserved the sphinx-like mystery which hung about him. He was stricken ill and for several days no one knew it until a fisherman, passing by his shack, happened to glance within. The old man was huddled in his chair. A ray of light from the window shot over his shoulder and fell upon the closed Bible on his knee. His bowed head was upon his breast, shrouded in the white hair which reached far below his shoulders, and his wonderful, heavy, snowy beard rippled down almost to the floor. He was clad in his customary threadbare, coarse garments, the patches on which were piled one above the other, but stitched with the neatness and precision of a woman's hand.

Kind hands brought him to town and he was given tender care in the institution now known as "Our Island Home." There he passed away on the 18th of December, 1880, carrying with him memories of a shattered romance, of a short and unhappy wedded life.

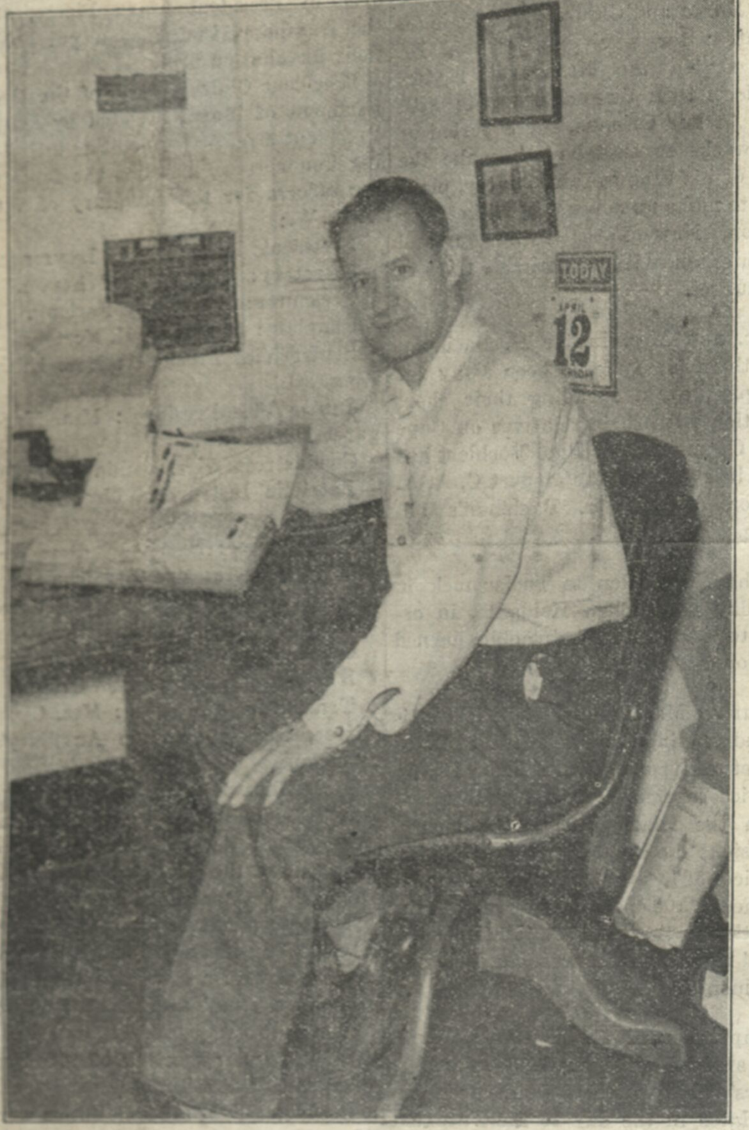
During his last hours he made just one request. He wanted his Bible buried with him. On the fly-leaf, written by his mother many years before, were the words: "To my boy, Fred. Always be true!"

OBITUARY.

The death of Capt. John Pitman, at Siasconset, last week, removed another one of our aged ship-masters. He had been retired from the whaling business since 1843, when he returned from a four years voyage in command of the ship Congress. He lived to be the oldest male resident of the island, having attained 93 years, 68 of which he had lived in marital relations with his widow who survives him. Capt. Pitman was a genial, pleasant gentleman of the old school, and made Siasconset his home for many years of his retired life, and he will be kindly remembered by many visitors and friends. In addition to his widow several children survive him.

1892

ASS., SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 21, 1951.



Picture by Universal Photo Shop

EDOUARD A. STACKPOLE

Nantucket Man Awarded A Guggenheim Fellowship.

Fifteen years of hard work, accompanied by an enthusiastic love of his subject and an optimistic ambition seldom found in this modern, mechanized world of speed, bore fruit this week when a $3000 Guggenheim Fellowship was awarded to Edouard Alexander Stackpole, of 37 North Lberty street, Nantucket, on Monday. Mr. Stackpole has long been considered an authority on New England whaling in general and on Nantucket whaling in particular. It was due to his intensive research that the claim of the United States to many islands in the Pacific Ocean was established in 1938, Mr. Stackpole being able to prove that several of these islands had been discovered by Nantucket whalemen. At that time — in fact, perhaps prior to that time — the Guggenheim Fellowship with its accompanying promise of further research became the goal toward which Mr. Stackpole has been striving these many years.

Especially worthy of mention is the fact that Mr. Stackpole is among the relatively few who have received the Guggenheim award without having had the benefit of a college education, which makes his achievement the more remarkable and commendable. Peserverance, courage, ability and enthusiasm have combined to bring honor and success after years of untiring effort.

Edouard Stackpole was born in Nantucket on December 7, 1905, the second son of Charles H. and Therese (Mauduit) Stackpole. He was educated in the Nantucket Schools, graduating from Nantucket High School in 1922. He then took a two-year course at Roxbury Latin School and, following his graduation from there in 1924, entered the office of The Inquirer and Mirror as an apprentice printer. He became assistant editor in 1933, under the late Harry B. Turner, and, in November, 1949, was made associate editor of the newspaper by the present editors.

During his twenty-seven years with The Inquirer and Mirror, Mr. Stackpole — known to his thousands of friends as "Ed" — has worked loyally and hard to maintain the high standards and traditions of the island newspaper. Beginning as an apprentice in 1925, he learned the business the hard way, being the butt of the usual printing office jokes while "learning the case" and later being promoted to running the job presses and the linotypes. One of his big moments was when he was first allowed to run off the weekly issue on the old drum cylinder Cranston.

In recent years his contributions to the columns of The Inquirer and Mirror have been innumerable, many of his articles on the part played by the Nantucket whalemen in the discovery of islands in the Pacific and

Continued on Fourth Page.

and profitable hours spent poring over old log books and newspapers.

Ed Stackpole is the author of a series of books, of which Nantucket and whaling are the background, written with the idea of interesting the adolescent as well as the adult reader. These include "Smuggler's Luck", "You Fight For Treasure", "Madagascar Jack", "Mutiny At Midnight", and "Privateer Ahoy". A more recent publication is called "Rambling Through the Streets of Nantucket" and tells the story of many of Nantucket's oldest and most interesting houses.

He is president of the Nantucket Historical Association and was formerly president of the Coffin School Association and of the Parent-Teacher Association. He is curator of the Whaling Museum, secretary of the Winter Club, and a member of the Sons of the Revolution. His wife is the former Florence Brown, of Nantucket. He has two children by a former marriage, Eugenie, 15, and Renny, 13, a step-daughter Anita, 14, and twin sons, Matthew and Christopher, 5.

The John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation was founded in 1925 by the late Senator Simon Guggenheim of Colorado and Mrs. Guggenheim, in memory of their son, who died in early boyhood. The original grant of $3,000,000. was exhausted in 1946. The present endowment is about $28,000,000., the gift of Senator and Mrs. Guggenheim. The purpose of the Foundation is to give fellowships to deserving young men and women in order for them to carry on, without hardship, work in the field in which they have shown particular ability. Each person, in applying for a fellowship, must file a definite plan of the work they wish to continue under the Foundation.

The award is usually about $2500. and research or study may be carried on anywhere, the period of time allowed varying, depending upon the endeavor. The fellowships are granted without discrimination as to race or creed to citizens and permanent residents of the United States; to citizens of Canada, under the Foundation's Canadian Plan; and, under the Latin-American Fellowship Plan, to citizens of Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Cuba, Mexico, Peru, Urguay and Puerto Ricans, for work in the United States.

This year, the twenty-seventh in which fellowships have been awarded, there have been 154 awards, amounting to $568,000., to American and Canadian scholars, artists and composers. Nantucket's Ed Stackpole is one of sixteen Massachusetts recipients. Of these, seven are professors at Harvard University, one at Wellesley and one at Smith Colleges, one at Brandeis University, one at the Episcopal Theological Seminary, one an ornithologist, one a Jesuit priest interested in literary history, one a doctor from the New England Center Hospital, and one a professor on leave from Nanking University in China.

In his application for the Fellowship, Mr. Stackpole wrote, in part:

"The contribution of the New England whalemen, especially the pioneer Nantucketers, to the history of this country, and to the geographical knowledge of the times in which they lived, has never been properly presented. There have been several notable books on whaling with citations of voyages, profits to the owners, quantity of whale oil, etc., but the adventure and explorations of the whaleman himself have been confined to the reprints or refurbishings of half a dozen extraordinary and unusual experiences, such as the sinking of the ship 'Essex'.

"The book I wish to do is more of a historical record of the gradual spread of whaling into the far reaches of the great oceans, tracing the discoveries and explorations by the whalemen."

The results of Mr. Stackpole's year as a Guggenheim Fellow will be the book entitled "New England Whaleman: Discoverer and Explorer". He hopes to substantiate further the United States claims to islands in the Pacific and also to prove that a Nantucket whaleman was the discoverer of the continent of Antarctica.

During his leave of absence from The Inquirer and Mirror he will spend much of his time in research in museums and libraries in the eastern part of the United States from Virginia to Maine, and Halifax, Nova Scotia. Hitherto unexplored old log books and other sources are expected to provide him with much necessary information.

An award such as a Guggenheim Fellowship in considered one of the greatest honors that can be given to a scholar. Nantucket has every reason to be proud of Edouard Stackpole, for, in earning honor for himself, he has brought honor to Nantucket. We congratulate him wholeheartedly on his outstanding achievement, confident that, wherever he goes during his leave of absence from the newspaper, he will continue to work with the same concentrated effort and conscientious perseverance he has shown during the years which have at last brought to him his well-deserved reward.

M. T. B.

1953

Widespread Interest Shown In Honors to Mr. Stackpole.

The invitation of the Historical Association extended to the public to attend a meeting to honor Edouard A. Stackpole after fifteen years of service as President, is receiving widespread support from Islanders and vacationists. Mr. Stackpole is making a special trip to the Island and has prepared a special address for the occasion, an address that will be very much in line with our thinking today. His topic will be "Nantucket and the Origin of Freedom".

The Historical Association reports that the admissions to the Whaling Museum during July exceeded all records. Counting paid admissions, and free admission to members of the Association and to all children twelve years old or younger, there were 6,374 as compared with 4,546 in 1952. The register shows that these visitors came from almost every state in the Union and from many countries in Europe.

Edouard Stackpole to Be Feted At Public Meeting, Aug. 11.

The Historical Association is receiving many commendations for arranging a public meeting to honor Edouard A. Stackpole, Tuesday evening August 11th in the Unitarian Church.

The following comes from the Superintendent of our Public Schools where Mr. Stackpole would substitute for teachers who were ill.

"Mr. Edouard Stackpole was on our substitute list in 1951 - 1952. He was called upon on many occasions to substitute in our junior and senior high schools for teachers who were ill.

"It was my pleasure to observe him in this capacity and I always found him in his customary genial and cordial mood. His complete interest in the children and his gracious manner were attributes which enabled him to be accepted wholeheartedly by the students.

"During this period of teaching, Mr. Stackpole presented to the classes his vast and colorful knowledge of historical Nantucket. One could measure his success as a teacher by the complete and undivided attention which was accorded to him.

"It was a pleasure to have him on our teaching staff."

Richard J. Porter,
Superintendent of Schools.

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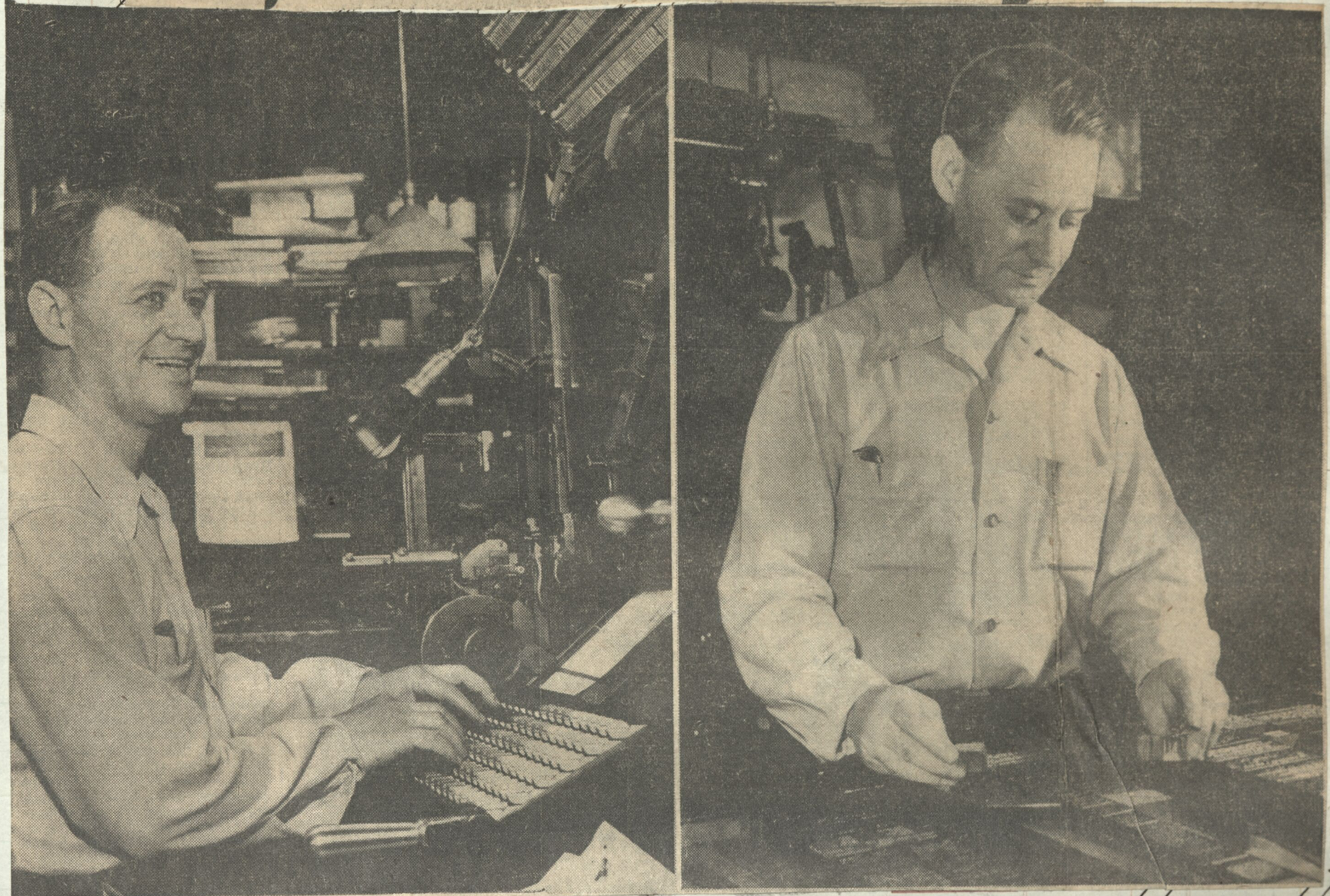
SUNDAY STANDARD-TIMES, NEW BEDFORD, MASS., APRIL 22, 1951

Nantucket Award Winner Plans Major Book on Whaling



Edouard A. Stackpole Tells Of Research Work Ahead

By JOHN H. ACKERMAN
Standard-Times Staff Writer

NANTUCKET, April 21—"You want to see Eddie," said Mrs. Stuart Day as she swung her station wagon through Nantucket's narrow streets. Her phrase was partly a question and partly a statement of fact. It reflected a pride in the awarding of a $3,000 Guggenheim Fellowship to Eddie—Edouard A. Stackpole, associate editor of the Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror.

It also reflected a belief that Mr. Stackpole's good fortune was simply the due and just reward of a man who earned it, a natural occurrence on an Island where a schoolboy once wrote "Napoleon was pretty smart of an off-Islander.

Mrs. Day braked to a stop before a neatly-lettered sign that said "The Inquirer and Mirror." Inside, the winner of the Guggenheim award, author of many top-ranking books for teen-agers, reporter, linotype operator and pressman stood up from his seat behind a linotype and came forward . . . a stocky, compact man with a quiet air, a warm, gentle face and an air of all-around competence.

To Study Discoveries

He was awarded the fellowship to study the discoveries and explorations of New England whalemen based on the logs of their voyages. It capped a good many years of interest in the subject—partly spurred by whalemen in the past of his own family.

He began to explain his interest in whaling from his seat behind the linotype: "These were new last year," he said with a wave at the machine; the old ones were 25 years old and I came in with them in 1925."

The project for which he received the Guggenheim award has been in the making for about 15 years, he went on. During the busy war years, however, the pressure of work caused him to suspend operations. After the war, he resumed his work on the project.

After a brief talk at the Inquirer and Mirror office, the interview was adjourned to his comfortable home on North Liberty Street. In the living-room, rows of books stood along the walls. In front of the fireplace sat the comfortable easy chair he favors. Seated in it, he resumed the explanation of how he became interested in whaling.

Served on Privateer

"You always have an ancestor or two you take a shine to," he said. "Mine was Captain Matthew Pinkham . . . captain of the whaler Romulus at one time. I named one of my twin boys after him. During the Revolutionary War, he shipped out of Providence in a privateer, the Saucy Hound—good name for a privateer.

"After the war, he went to England. London was the chief market for oil. By sailing out of British ports, they could circumvent British import duties. A lot of Nantucket whalemen did that. But he came back to Nantucket finally. Died here in 1831."

He dates his first interest in whaling, though, back to 1924 when he was a student at Roxbury Latin. "I had a peculiar start," he recalled. "An old man said he knew the Pinkhams. He told of a particular Captain John Pinkham, captain of the New Bedford whaler Swift. He was lost when a line wrapped around his leg and a whale pulled him from his boat. I checked the Swift's log at the Whaling Museum in New Bedford and read about the incident. That was when I realized for the first time that a log could be interesting."

Logbooks will be the foundation stone of the book he is planing to write and which the Guggenheim award will finance. "I'm going right to the original sources. I know where the logs are—the Mariner's Museum in Newport News, Va., the Library of Congress and the National Archives in Washington. Most of them are in New Bedford.

First Discovered

"I expect to prove that the Antarctic Continent was first discovered by a Nantucket man—Captain Christopher Burdick in 1822 . . . and use the logs to back up my case. There are about 30 islands in the Pacific that the whalemen of New England, particularly Nantucket, discovered. The whalemen pioneered in three oceans—the South Indian, the Pacific and the Antarctic. As early as 1750, they were going up to Disco Island off the west coast of Greenland—pretty risky in a wooden ship with all the floating ice.

"Sometimes, you're lucky enough to find a journal as well as a logbook. Gives you a chance to see the voyage through the eyes of a foremast hand as well as the eyes of the mate. Some of the mates kept pretty harsh logs. There was one I remember, the mate and the captain had a violent quarrel at the start of the voyage. The mate took it out on the captain in the log—he'd write 'Today the captain abandoned liquor and went back to the Bible.' A few days later, you'd find: 'Today the captain abandoned the Bible and went back to liquor.'

"A couple of hands tried to desert the ship in Cape Town. The captain saw them and yelled 'Sharks!' The men swam back to the ship . . . and the mate wrote in the log that it was one of the dirtiest tricks the captain had played. Just one!"

The book Mr. Stackpole plans to write will not be a weighty tome of interest only to deep-delving researchers. "I don't want it to be just a reference book. Too many people would shy away. I hope it will appeal to the general reader. The adventures of the whalemen are as interesting as any fiction.

Emphasize Explorations

"I am going to emphasize the work of the whalers as explorers and discoverers—the title I've chosen is 'The New England Whalemen, Discoverers and Explorers.' But I want to cover the over-all picture of whaling. Too many times, a few sensational episodes have been written up and whaling has been let go at that—and the same episodes rewritten all too often. I'd like to fill in the gaps between the sensational peaks."

The three main ports his book will cover are Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard and New Bedford. "I don't think the Vineyard has had its share of the credit," he said. Minor ports he'll discuss will be Sag Harbor, N. Y. (on Long Island), Newport and New York—the last seldom considered a whaling port.

Mention of New York reminded him of a lecture he'd given in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. "Those people never dreamed that whalers had been fitted out at Hudson River ports. I was astonished. Hudson (N.Y.) was founded by 20 families that left Nantucket after the Revolution—afraid of another war and more hardship for Nantucket. They took their families and their ships up the Hudson River to what is now the Town of Hudson. Poughkeepsie and Newburgh were once whaling ports, too—especially from 1800 to 1820. After that, they faded out."

His book is divided, he said, into three distinct periods: The Western (Atlantic) Ocean whaling era from 1716 to 1790; Pacific whaling from 1791 to 1865, and Arctic whaling from 1865 to 1871. He picked 1716 because that was the year Captain Christopher Hussey of Nantucket caught the first sperm whale. He will end his book in 1871—by that year, although whaling continued, the explorations and discoveries had been made.

Start Work Sept. 1

He will start work on his book Sept. 1—Summer is the busy season at the Inquirer and Mirror and he feels he should be on hand. The money that accompanies the award will be used to

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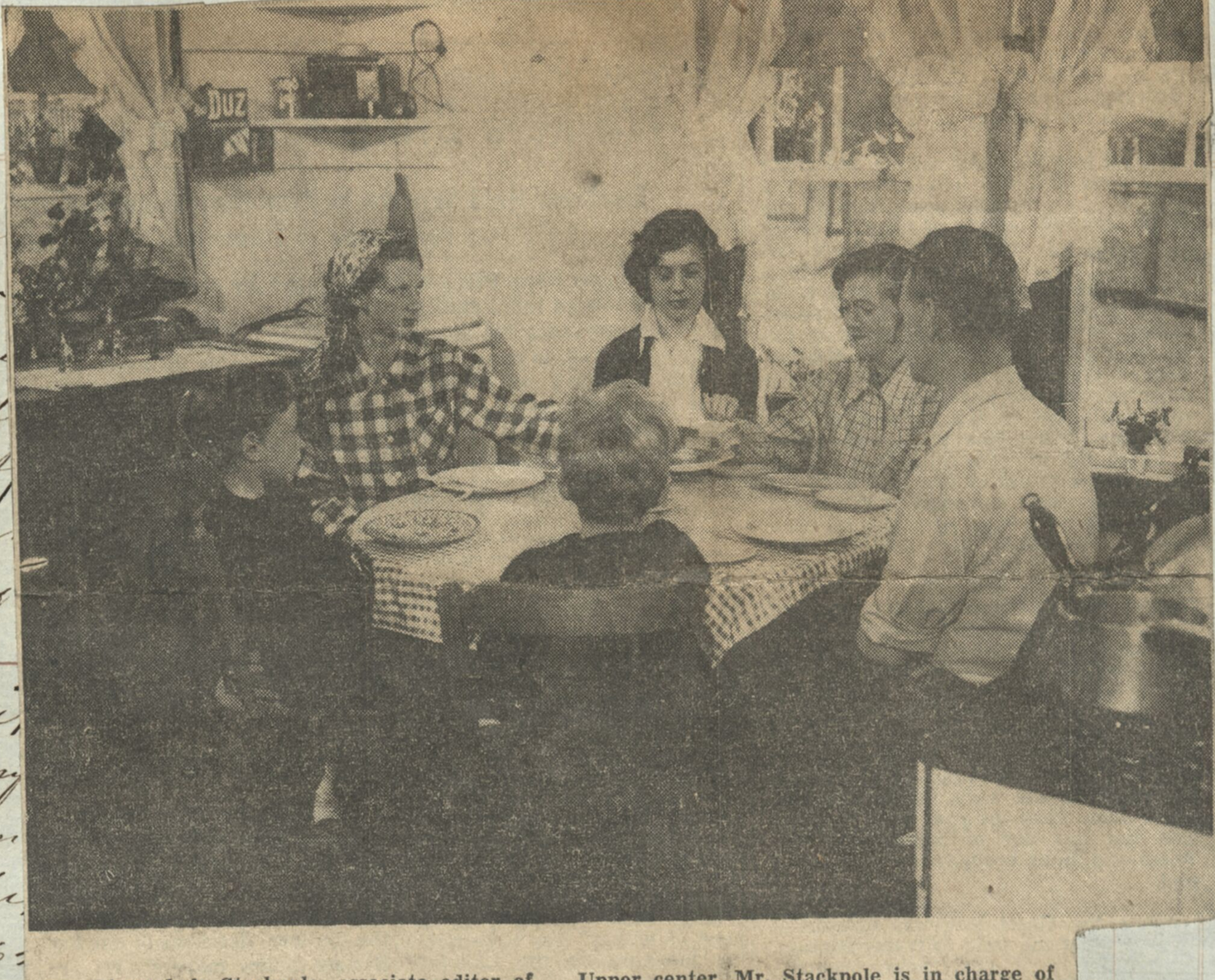

Edouard A. Stackpole, associate editor of the Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror and winner of a $3,000 Guggenheim award, is shown at the linotype where he sets his stories in type. He pins his notes before him, writes his story on the linotype directly and so dispenses with the typewriting most reporters must do. Upper center, Mr. Stackpole is in charge of makeup for the famed Nantucket weekly. Here he is setting type into the form from which one of the pages of the newspaper will be printed. Upper right, he checks over the printed newspaper—which has the largest page in America—with co-editors Mrs. Merle Turner

finance trips from Nantucket to museums and libraries ranging from Massachusetts to Virginia and to tide his family over during the research period. "The family's growing," he smiled, "so that's going to make it close." It will be a year before he's ready to write, he figures.

Whaling research is no novelty to Mr. Stackpole. He's done a deal of it for his books for teenagers. For one book he drew on the famous Globe mutiny—the worst, he feels, in the history of whaling in the United States.

"The ringleader was a boatsteerer named Comstock. He was only 19 and the son of a Quaker schoolteacher here. He conceived the idea of taking the ship to an island where he'd be a king over the natives. At Honolulu, five men deserted the ship. He took on five more men and made allies of them. Once at sea west of Hawaii, he went below, killed the captain with an ax, the first mate with a boarding knife and the second mate with a musket—fired through the door.

"They got to an island all right—Mulgrave Island in the Marshalls just below Enwietok. The mutineers went ashore. Five loyal hands cut the cables and sailed the ship to Valparaiso, Chile. How five men ever sailed a square-rigger from the Marshalls to Valparaiso, I don't know . . . of course, they were all handy men at sea.

Found Survivors

"When they came into Valparaiso, the U. S. Navy's Pacific Squadron was in. The admiral detailed a captain known as "Mad Jack" Percival to go see if he could find the missing mutineers—and he did—with the Pacific to search! "Mad Jack" was sailing through the lagoons of the Marshalls in his topsail schooner when he spotted a group of natives running toward the shore. One of the natives had nearly-white hair. He was one of two young men—too young to have taken any part in the mutiny—the natives left alive after killing the mutineers including Comstock. He was taken on board and directed the ship to where the other survivor was.

"That book came out in 1940. I got a letter from a Philadelphia girl who said she was the great-great-granddaughter of a lieutenant Paulding who was an officer with "Mad Jack." She said she was coming to Nantucket the following Summer, when she came, I was able to take her down to visit the great-great-granddaughter of the man her great-great-grandfather had rescued—Mrs. Caldwell here.

"The two survivors didn't get into any trouble over the mutiny. The five faithful men reported the two boys were too young to have any blame in the mutiny and so they were cleared. The two also wrote a narrative—it's exasperating, too, because of the things they left out!"

He gives his mother credit for his start as a successful writer. "When I was 12, I had diphtheria. Didn't have any antitoxins then and I had a long convalescence. My mother used to read to me. Wonderful stuff!—'Lorna Doone,' 'Martin Hyde,' 'The Three Musketeers' (She read that to me from the original French translating into English as she went along), Hugo's Le Miserables,' (translating that, too) and a lot of Dickens."

(His mother is French; hence his name Edouard—the French form of Edward).

Wrote Book Reviews

'She asked me to write about the books she'd read to me — book reviews . . . tried to get me interested in something outside of myself. That's when I started writing. Wrote a lot in school, too, for school magazines—not sea stories—more along the lines of Edgar Allan Poe.

"I'd always wanted to write stories with an accurate historical background—there were plenty of them with inaccurate historical backgrounds."

His first published book, "Smuggler's Luck"—owed its appearance to the warm approval given it by two sick small boys. Which is jumping ahead of the story. Mrs. Maude Turner, an Island Summer resident and a magazine writer, heard he'd written a book and had sent the manuscript to several New York publishers.

Back in New York, Mrs. Turnrer pursued the manuscript through the offices of four New York publishers and turned it over to publisher William Morrow. Morrow's two small sons were ill in bed. He took the manuscript home for them to read. They liked it and Morrow published it. That was in 1931 and Mr. Stackpole has continued to write fast-moving, historically-accurate novels for young people since.

Doesn't Write Down

He doesn't write down to his adolescent readers — and he doesn"t expect he'll have to write up when he tackles his Guggenheim-aided whaling history. "If you're interested in what you're doing," he said slowly, "If you write something you really feel, it has a sincerity that will attract readers."

His own youngsters form a severe critical battery. They read their father's books chapter by chapter—and if they can't wait for the next chapter, Mr. Stackpole knows he is on course. The children like his "Madagascar Jack," best, but like his other books very much, too. He has two daughters — Eugenia, "Janie," 16, and Anita, 15—and three sons—Renny, 13, and the twins, Matthew and Christopher, 5.

Much has been made in some quarters of the fact Mr. Stackpole is not a college graduate; something that makes him a rarity among the list of Guggenheim award-winners who tend to have strings of degrees so long marker lights are needed. While he regrets he couldn't go to college, he also decries the fuss made over his lack of it.

Side by side on the long shelves in his living room are Riesenberg's "The Pacific Ocean," a complete set of Dickens (among his favorites), a one-volume edition of Shakespeare, the stories of Poe, "Inside U.S.A." by John Gunther, "Commodore Hornblower," "Raintree County," an anthology of James Thurber's work, "A Treasury of Sea Stories," Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," "Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer," "The White Tower," "A Southerner Discovers New England" and many more. Dorothy Sayers' "Gaudy Night" is there—a Lord Peter Wimsey mystery. "I asked Sir Oliver Frank (the British ambassador to the United States) when he visited here if the setting in that book (at Britain's Cambridge University) was accurate—and he told me it was. I like her books—good novels as well as good mysteries."

Writes in Longhand

He keeps most of his sea books—including the 15 logbooks he now owns—upstairs in a bedside bookshelf. He writes his books in longhand sitting up in bed after the children are asleep. (Mrs. Stackpole types them up for him). He's not at home with a typewriter.

When he's covered an assignment for the Inquirer and Mirror, he places his notes above the keyboard of his linotype and both writes and sets his story at the same time—an improvement, he feels, over the usual way of writing a news story on a typewriter and turning it over to a linotype operator to be set into type.

His research brought him some official visits from the Navy in 1938 and 1942. As American forces moved in on islands once known to American whalers and lost in limbo since, charts were vitally needed. . . and the charts made by whalemen were used by the men of World War II a century and more after the whalers had dropped anchor in coral-locked lagoons.

Inventor, Lawyer, Salesman Pool Talents to Get Patent

A gadget intended to save your fingernails and temper when inserting and removing thumbtacks has been developed to the patent stage by a Nantucketer with the collaboration of two New Bedford residents.

The man who worked up the instrument through its mechanical stages is Arthur C. Hayden of Nantucket. The man who put the notion in Mr. Hayden's head is Albert Falcofsky of this city, an employe of Litch and Company, Providence, restaurant equipment suppliers. Attorney Barnet Smola did the legal work through the Patent Office at Washington. Application was filed Nov. 9, 1949 and the patent was issued Dec 5, 1950.

Back of many ideas is a woman and this case was no exception. Mrs. Falcofsky, who was having some difficulty with a thumbtacking project at home, commented to her husband that somebody ought to come up with something to make insertion and removal of such tacks an easier chore than it is.

400 Inventions

Mr. Falcofsky, a salesman who has made trips to Nantucket and who knows Mr. Hayden and his reputation as an inventor, told him about his wife's complaint. It was Summer-time then—the busy season at the lunchroom Mr. Hayden operates on Nantucket—so the Islander kept the idea in the back of his mind until he had more time to work on it.

But when Fall came, the retired mechanical engineer went to work for mankind to see what he could do about stopping broken or chipped fingernails, cuts and bruises arising from encounters with thumbtacks. The invention the Islander, the salesman and the lawyer now own jointly is the result.

Patents are nothing new to Mr. Hayden, though. He said he has developed more than 400 gadgets, mostly relating to home movie projection.

A native of Brockton who spent his boyhood on Nantucket, he was in the home movie accessory business in Brockton for more than 30 years. At one time he also operated a sales outlet in New York under the firm name, Hayden Sales Company.

Whaling Background

Grandson of Captain William Cash, one of Nantucket's famed whaling skippers, Mr. Hayden lived for several years on the Island with his widowed grandmother, attending the Coffin School. He later moved to the mainland and was graduated from Brockton High School.

Among his earlier inventions are stands for 16-mm. home movie projectors, movie screens and stands for them, motion picture film reels and humidifiers for storing them. He has been a member of the Society of Motion Picture Engineers since 1931.

His latest invention is of simple design and stands only 3 inches high. It has a plastic, knob-shaped base, which is hollow and removable for storing thumbtacks or small nails. The working portion consists of a metal tube and two discs.

One of the discs is slotted to receive the shank of the tack. The other, behind it, is held against the head of the tack by a ball-and-spring assembly. When the tack is inserted, its point projects out from the end and can be partially embedded in the wall or bulletin board by slight pressure on the handle.

The gadget then is disengaged from the tack and is used in place of a hammer to drive the tack home. Tacks can be removed by inserting the disc under the head of a tack and turning or pulling.

Mr. Smola said yesterday since none of the trio has ready access to a machine shop equipped with the tools to turn out the device, they are in the market for buyers of the patent. Each has a one-third share in the patent, Mr. Smola said.

NEW WHALING STUDY

The award of a Guggenheim fellowship to Edouard Alexander Stackpole of Nantucket, associate editor of the Inquirer and Mirror, is of special interest to New Bedford because it opens the way for further study of the discoveries and explorations of New England whalemen and their contributions to geographical knowledge of the times in which they lived. A fund of $3,000 has been placed at Mr. Stackpole's disposal to develop this phase of the whale fishery that has had less attention than it merits.

The whalemen went about everywhere there was water to float their ships and whales to be caught. It is probable they were the first to penetrate some areas of the world in the pursuit of their calling.

The Arctic, the Antarctic and all the oceans and seas were their hunting ground. Unfortunately, most of them were interested solely in the commercial aspects of their business, and their log books were restricted largely to whales captured. That discoveries as such had little interest for them was revealed in

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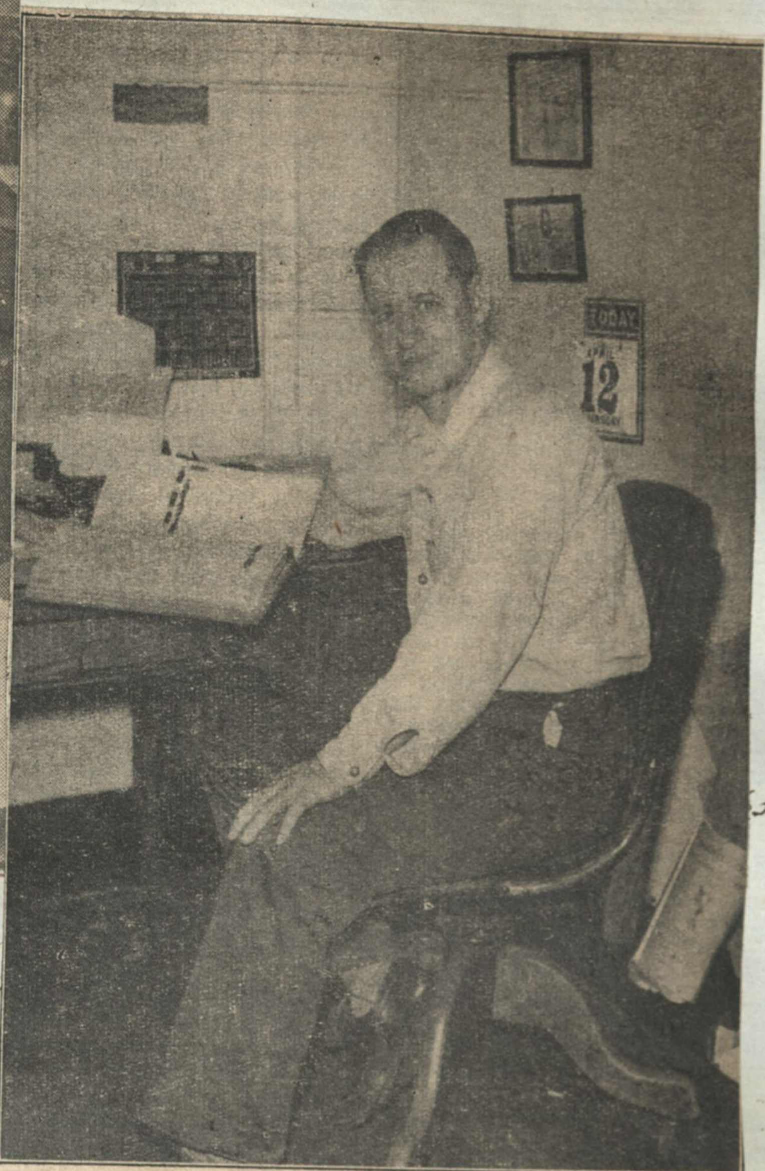

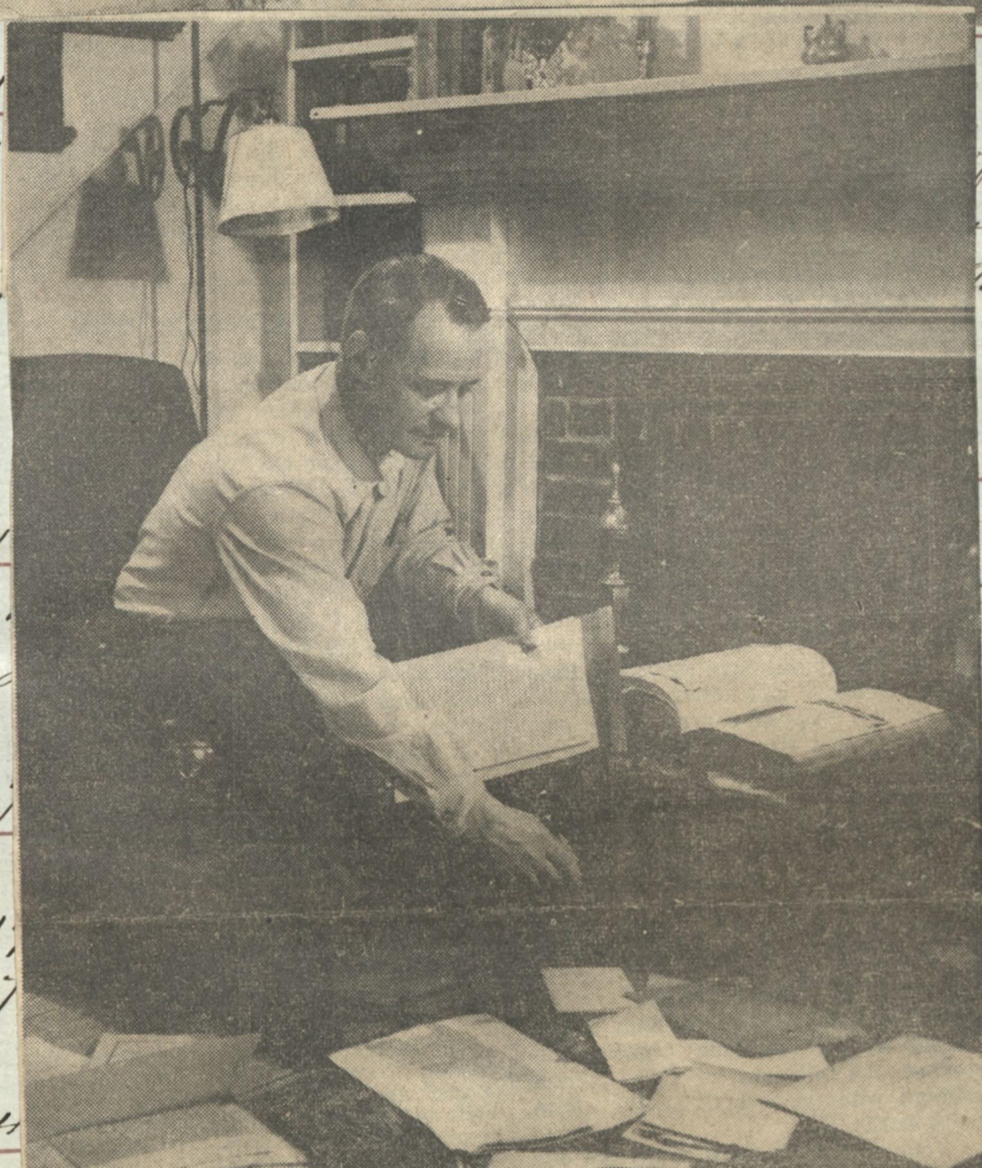

—Standard-Times Staff Photos

Blackshaw, left, and Gordon B. Turner, right. Lower left, the Stackpole family at home with dinner due shortly. Around the table, clockwise, are Mrs. Stackpole, passing the bread, Eugenia, Anita, Mr. Stackpole, Christopher and Matthew. Not at home when photo was taken was Rennie, the eldest son; he was away getting a skiff ready for the Summer season. Lower right, Mr. Stackpole in his favorite chair before the fireplace with one of his logbooks to his left, other documents around where he can see them. Just beyond the fireplace to the left are some of the many bookshelves that line his living room.

Photo by Universal Photo Shop

From P-165) EDOUARD A. STACKPOLE

Edouard A. Stackpole Named Curator at Mystic.

Continued from Page One

builder and his family lived in the middle of the nineteenth century.

After the War of 1812 sailing voyages to the Cape Horn regions became profitable. On one such voyage Captain Nathaniel B. Palmer, in his Mystic-built little sloop "Hero," discovered the Antarctic Continent.

By 1840 Mystic had become important as a whaling port and Charles Mallory was sending out four vessels annually from his yard at Mystic Bridge, a stone's throw down the river from the Greenman Yard. Other yards sprang up and the number of ships sent from this small port to join the whaling fleet was substantial. In 1845 and 1846 Mystic owned 18 whaleships although her population was less than 1,500. Her yards repeatedly produced the largest ships built in Connecticut during this period.

When gold was discovered in California in 1849, Mystic shipyards turned to the building of clipper ships. From 1850 to 1860 her ships made 11 per cent of the fastest Cape Horn voyages. Some of her vessels came home with sailing records which still stand unequalled. The "Andrew Jackson," a Mystic-built clipper ship, is one of the most famous of these "greyhounds of the sea."

Mystic continued to build ships, even after steam became generally used, and yachts which were among the fastest of their day. The Sandbagger "Annie" was one of these; the schooner yacht "Dauntless" another.

Mystic still builds them, though of a smaller size; and also turns out most of her own fishing vessels used by our own native fishermen. The men who still sail the sea know Mystic as the home of the Lathrop Marine Engine, which is made here on the site of the old Mallory Shipyard.

Museum Started in 1929.

Dr. Charles K. Stillman, whose picture hangs in the Main Room, was the original founder of the Museum. His fellow incorporators were Carl C. Cutler (still the Museum's Curator) and Edward E. Bradley of Stonington. These three men were lovers of the sea. Two of them, Mr. Bradley and Mr. Cutler, had been to sea in sailing ships. The other one, Dr. Stillman, was a descendant of Clark Greenman, one of the brothers who built ships on the property on which the Museum now stands. All three were concerned about the loss of priceless relics representing America's great days of sail and so, in 1929, established the Museum. The original building was the small brick structure opposite the South Wing, now a part of the new Mallory Memorial Building. When the collection grew beyond the limits of that building, they opened the North Building, where the Rigging Loft now is. In 1940 the Main Building was remodeled and opened. In 1941 the square rigged ship "Charles W. Morgan" was added. in 1946 the "Joseph Conrad" came.

The Museum now ranks as the second in size of its kind in the country. The Mariners Museum at Newport News, Va., is considered larger, but we know of no other museum in the world which can boast of two old square-rigged sailing ships, plus a priceless collection of maritime material.

* * *

We are sure that all of Mr. Stackpole's many friends, both on and off Nantucket, will join us in wishing him the very best of luck in his new position. At the same time that Mystic, Conn., is gaining a new curator for their famous Museum, Nantucket is losing a loyal son, one who loves Nantucket and who knows her history better perhaps than any other person now alive.

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19 B. C. Bank Dr to Bills Receivable
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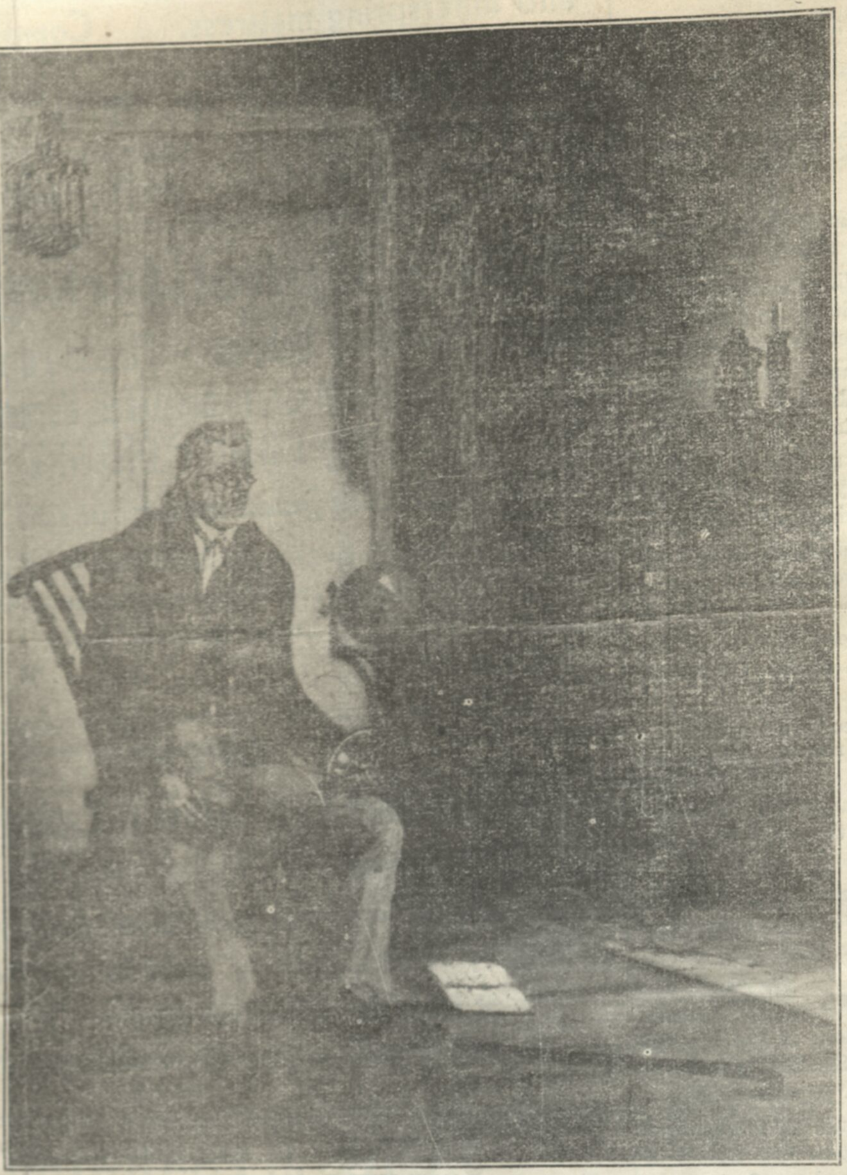


Owen Spooner of Nantucket.
From a painting by James Walter Folger now owned by Miss Gardner.

Apr. 22
1950

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

25

OWEN SPOONER

1805 - 1885

Owen Spooner was an unpretentious and humble man. His father died when Owen was in his seventh year, leaving the mother in destitute circumstances. With the assistance of friends she supported herself and her four children until the latter were able to care for themselves.

At the age of fifteen Owen was apprenticed to a boat builder, but failing to develop any aptitude for such work he shipped in a whaler and worked his way up until he attained the position of second mate of the ship "Atlantic" of Nantucket. It was on this voyage, in 1840, that he discovered "Sunset Longitude", an achievement which places his name without question in the list of Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

Where he gained the mathematical knowledge necessary for his discovery is a question. The above portrait by James Walter Folger pictures him as an old man seated in his kitchen surrounded by various instruments used in navigation. Certainly he must have been largely self taught.

* * * * *

Sunset longitude as a method of navigation had been discussed previously by sailors. When in latitude 4 degrees 18 minutes south, the captain of the "Atlantic" together with the first mate and Mr. Spooner attempted the problem and gave it up. Mr. Spooner persevered and obtained the correct longitude as shown by the afternoon observations.

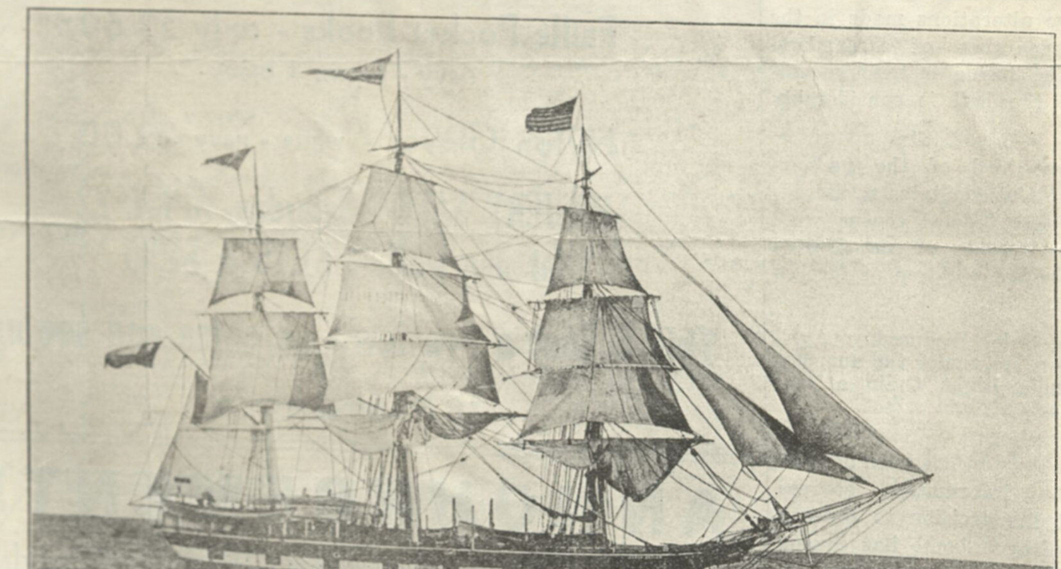
No attempt at secrecy was made and every ship spoken was informed of the discovery. The "Atlantic" touched at Tahiti and among the vessels in that port was the ship "Columbus" of Nantucket, Capt. William B. Gardner, Master, with three sick sailors on board. As there was no doctor in Tahiti the "Columbus" proceeded to Callao. Here Lieut. Maury, who was in that port on an American frigate, was told of the discovery by the first mate of the "Columbus". Lieut. Maury at once realized its immense benefit to navigation and broadcast the information, with the result that by some he was credited with the discovery although he himself never claimed that honor.

* * * * *

After leaving the sea Mr. Spooner lived on the corner of Lyon and Pine streets. Each year he made a trip to the Gravelly Islands, which have now entirely disappeared, but are shown on the Ewer map as lying beyond Tuckernuck. Here, in their proper season he collected gull's eggs and sold them in Nantucket.

* * * * *

In his old age efforts were made by his friends to have recognition, in the form of a pension from the Government, given him as a reward for his valuable service to navigation. Too modest to make efforts in his own behalf this did not materialize, and the world reaped the benefit of his discovery while his declining years were spent in poverty and comparative obscurity.



A Typical Whaleship of The Period When Owen Spooner Sailed Out of Nantucket in The Early 1840's

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An Old Mariner Dead.

Charles F. Swain, who said he was the oldest sea captain, the oldest Quaker, and the oldest temperance sailor, died yesterday afternoon at his home, No. 290 Adelphi street. His friends believe that his claims to this three-fold distinction were well founded, and it is at least certain that the old captain had in the course of his career many thrilling adventures which would furnish the topics for as many exciting stories.

Captain Swain was born 90 years ago on the island of Nantucket, and was descended from a family of seamen. When 18 years old he first went to sea on a New Bedford whaler. He sailed from New Bedford on the ship Phebe Ann, bound to Brazil. The captain, officers, and most of the crew were from Nantucket, and were thought to be the youngest company that ever set sail on a whaling voyage. Captain Charles Rawson, the oldest man on board, was only 26 years old. Captain Swain was the last survivor of the crew. The early part of that whaling season was remarkable for stoven boats and serious injuries. When the crew captured its second whale a boat was stove in, and Captain Swain assisted in rescuing its occupants. At another time another boat was cut to pieces and the captain was so severely injured that he could not go to his boat for three months. A few weeks later the Phebe Ann, on a dark night, was in collision with the Thorn of Sag Harbor and both ships were badly damaged.

Captain Swain made a second voyage on the Phebe Ann, trading on the coast of Brazil. On this voyage the shortest passage between Rio Janeiro and New Bedford ever recorded at that time was made. The time was 36 days. In 1825 he was carpenter and boatsteerer in the ship Tinasso on a whaling voyage to the Brazil banks. The boat returned with a full cargo of oil and bone, but the two articles brought such low prices that many old sailors gave up whaling and entered the merchant marine, and Captain Swain was in the number.

Captain Swain was especially proud of his activity in temperance work among sailors. A number of years ago Captain Swain gave up active work, and he had lived quietly in Brooklyn during most of this time. His keen memory never failed him, and he retained his full powers until his death. He read extensively and wrote frequently of his travels. He was of a bright, social disposition, and delighted in nothing more than to entertain his friends with stories of his

1896

OBITUARY.

1891

Swain.—Last Tuesday closed the life record of another of those sturdy men who so ably assisted in building Nantucket into prominence during the palmy days of whaling. Capt. Charles C. Swain passed away at the age of 72 years, 1 month, 15 days. Deceased began his seafaring life, like most of his contemporaries, at a very early age, sailing on the ship Ploughboy, Capt. Moses Brown, at the age of 16 years, for a four years' cruise. This voyage was a memorable one, a mutiny (the story of which is well known to our readers) occurring during the year 1837. On his second voyage he sailed as boatsteerer in ship American, Capt. Baker; his third voyage was as second officer of ship Montano, Capt. Roswell Coon. He next went out as second officer of ship Navigator, Capt. George Palmer. His next voyage was as first officer of ship Nantucket, Capt. Richard C. Gibbs, when he assumed command of bark Nautilus, of New Bedford, in which he made two successful voyages. He retired from the sea in July, 1864. Within a few years he has suffered severely from a chronic trouble, contracted while on board ship Nantucket, and for much of the time has been a house-keeper, and this disease was the primary cause of his death. Capt. Swain was a noble specimen of manhood, a very entertaining companion, and had won a warm place in the hearts of everyone who knew him by his many sterling qualities. He leaves a widow and a married daughter, who will have the sympathy of the community in their bereavement.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

The Last Voyage.

Mr. Editor: 1901

One by one our old sea captains, whose lives are so identified with the noble maritime history of our island, set sail on that long voyage "whence no traveller returns." With saddened hearts we watch the gradual fading away of these loved ones, for they have served as the last link between the far-away times of ancient savor and our present day of "looking backward."

Capt. Obed Swain of this town, who died early Saturday morning, at the ripe old age of eighty-seven, was one of the last of that little band of whaling captains remaining on the island at this date. His seafaring record was among the best; and he has left a good name behind him. As one of the original owners of "The Pacific Club" building, he has long been a familiar frequenter of the "Cap'n's room," his daily beat back and forth from "the room" to his home being as regular as clock-work.

Strangers will remember him as the modest old mariner who sat in his arm-chair; keen of hearing; bright eyed; and quietly taking in the "drift" of the conversation around him, but seldom alluding to, and never boasting of, his own successful voyages "around the Horn." Genial in heart, yet staunch and upright in charrcter; firm as the oaken timbers of the ships he had sailed in; he was not to be trifled with in matters of import; but, mellowing with age, his life took on a sunset glow that will long linger in the home now vacant.

After retiring from sea he, for many years, owned a small sail-boat in the little fleet used for pleasure-sailing during the season. Here he became well-known and well-beloved by the summer colony who were wont to go cruising with him; and they felt, when he was "aboard," that they could rely upon his sagacity as well as upon his always kind attention to their comfort. Even this occupation had to be abandoned at last, and the aged hands folded in forced idleness, on account of waning strength. Through the past six months he has been gradually failing, but with brave heart he kept up till the very last; then, completely reconciled, he talked quietly of his going away as if upon one more voyage—the last—where he felt sure of finding rest, and of meeting his loved ones.

He will be greatly missed by his old friends and associates; but, more than all by the faithful, only daughter, Miss Hattie Swain, who has been untiring in her devotion to his comfort, "in sickness and in health;" and who now, left all alone in the vacant home, will have the tender sympathy of us all.

ANNA STARBUCK JENKS.

NG, JANUARY 3, 1953

Edouard A. Stackpole Named Curator at Mystic.

Edouard A. Stackpole, president of the Nantucket Historical Association, Nantucket historian and author, and former associate editor of The Inquirer and Mirror, has been appointed curator of the Mystic (Conn.) Seaport Marine Museum. The announcement, which was to be made public on Friday, January 2, was published in the New Bedford Standard-Times on Wednesday, December 31, which newspaper evidently had received the release from the Mystic Museum.

When Mr. Stackpole received the Guggenheim Foundation award in the fall of 1951 and began his travels up and down the eastern coast of the United States in search of material for his new book, "The Sea Hunters," little did he realize that he would shortly become the curator of one of the museums whose log books and other historical collections had been of inestimable help to him in his research.

On January 15, Mr. Stackpole will begin his new duties, succeeding Carl C. Cutler, who is retiring after many years at the Connecticut Museum. His wife and five children will remain here in Nantucket for the time being, but will probably join him in Mystic in late summer.

Mr. Stackpole was born in Nantucket on December 8, 1905, the son of Charles H. and Therese (Mauduit) Stackpole. He was educated in the Nantucket schools, graduating from Nantucket High School in 1922. Following two years' study at Roxbury Latin School, he returned to Nantucket where he joined the staff of The Inquirer and Mirror. For twenty-seven years he worked with the newspaper, becoming assistant editor in 1933, and associate editor in 1948.

In September, 1951, he began his research under the Guggenheim Foundation and has since been working on his history of American whaling in the 17th and 18th centuries. He has been primarily interested in the part played by New England whalemen, and the Nantucket whalemen in particular, in the discovery of Antarctica. Consequently, "The Sea Hunters," which will be published by J. B. Lippincott Co., in Philadelphia in the spring, will be of more than ordinary interest to us here on Nantucket.

Previous books written by Mr. Stackpole include "Smuggler's Luck," "You Fight For Treasure," "Madagascar Jack," "Mutiny At Midnight," "Privateer Ahoy," and "Rambling Through the Streets of Nantucket."

In addition to his duties as president of the Nantucket Historical Association, Mr. Stackpole is a former Cornet of the Thomas Turner Chapter, Sons of the Revolution, and one of the charter members of and a former secretary of the Winter Club. Until recently he was the curator of the Whaling Museum and last summer was in charge of the library at the Museum. He has given many lectures and informal talks on the history of Nantucket before both private and public gatherings and gave a series of lectures during the past summer at both the Whaling Museum and the Friends Meeting House on Fair Street.

* * * * *

The village of Mystic is located about ten miles from New London, Conn. It was formerly a busy little seaport and ship building center, but today it is noted for its famous Seaport Marine Museum.

The following thumb-nail sketch of Mystic and its famous Museum appears on a current calendar issued by the Linen Thread Co. of Boston.

* * *

The shipyards long since have gone. As a seaport, Mystic is a faded memory. But Mystic has one distinction, the like of which is not to be duplicated in America. It is a "living Museum" of the sea, located on the site of a famous shipyard, redolent with tradition and housing innumerable relics to recall the hardihood of American seamen and the Great Age of Sail. More, it is the final port of the last of the whale ships — the Charles W. Morgan—and that hardy little square rigger—the Joseph Conrad.

From the beginning Mystic has had one of the most remarkable maritime records of any of the smaller ports in America. The river has been the scene of shipbuilding since the late 1600's.

The Greenman brothers, Clark, Thomas, and George, built their shipyard on the property now owned by the Museum and carried on for many years a business which was to launch a hundred vessels of all kinds, from small sloops of scarcely more than 50 tons, to the famous clipper ship "David Crockett" of 1,679 tons.

Here the brothers married and built their homes, side by side. One of these homes has recently been given to the Museum and is known as the Thomas Greenman house. Having been redecorated and furnished, it is destined to become a part of the planned Old Port of Mystic, representing the kind of home in which a prosperous ship-

Continued on Last Page

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6/13/53

Edouard Stackpole Feted On Publication Day.

Monday, June 8, 1953, will long remain outstanding in the memory of Edouard A. Stackpole, Nantucket historian, author, and newspaperman. On that day Mr. Stackpole's new factual history of whaling and Nantucket whalemen, "The Sea-Hunters", made its appearance in book stores the country over, and that day, Mr. Stackpole, accompanied by his wife, spent going from one place to another in New Bedford, where he received all the honors due him with modest but merited pride.

The early part of the day was spent visiting the New Bedford Library, the Whaling Museum and other historical places in the city, as a preliminary to the autographing party held at Hutchinson's Bookstore from 2:30 to 4:30 that afternoon. Included among those taking advantage of the opportunity to purchase an autographed copy of "The Sea-Hunters" and, at the same time, greet her friends was Miss Florence Farrell, formerly Public Health Nurse for Nantucket.

Following the autographing party at Hutchinson's where J. B. Lippincott's sales manager, Mr. Hubert Johnson, and Mr. Robert B. Saltmarsh of the bookstore supervised introductions, news stories and photographs, Mr. and Mrs. Stackpole went to the New Bedford Hotel where a reception was held in the Jolly Whaler Room in their honor.

Of particular interest on the menu was "The Nantucket Sleigh Ride", served with an hors d'oeuvre of smoked whalemeat. A toast was given to Mr. Stackpole by Mr. Johnson, following which one was given Mrs. Stackpole, who was charming in a light blue brocaded gown with a corsage of red roses. William H. Tripp, of the New Bedford Historical Association, followed these toasts with the traditional toast to the out-going whaler — "Greasy Luck" — which was most appropriate.

In addition to Mr. Johnson of the publishing company, Mr. Saltmarsh of Hutchinson's, Mr. Hill of the New Bedford Public Library, and Mr. Tripp, the guests included Mr. Alexander Pell, author of the original "Down to the Sea in Ships"; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Beetle Hough, of the "Vineyard Gazette"; Mr. and Mrs. John A. Stackpole, brother and sister-in-law of the author, of Newton Lower Falls and Nantucket; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McCleave, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Franklin, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ackerman, Mrs. Gladys Reynolds Savoie, and Mr. Robert B. Saltmarsh Jr., all of New Bedford; Mr. and Mrs. Howard Barber, Mrs. Walton H. Adams, and Mrs. Merle Turner Blackshaw, of Nantucket.

In the evening Mr. Stackpole gave a lecture at the New Bedford Library, which was attended by a most enthusiastic audience. In his lecture Mr. Stackpole told his listeners stories he had uncovered in his months of research through logbooks, citing many humorous items not included in his book, disclosing facts about the famed Charles W. Morgan now at the Mystic Marine Association's wharf in Connecticut.

Mr. Stackpole will be at his home in Nantucket next week to attend the graduation of his daughters from Nantucket High School, and will return to the island in July for the annual meeting of the Nantucket Historical Association, of which he has been president for the past fifteen years.

1953

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Ruth Sutton Enjoys Life on Nantucket. 1946

Jean O'Connell, under the heading "Let's Talk Shoppe" in a recent issue of the Springfield, Mass., paper, has the following sketch of Miss Ruth Sutton, the well-known local artist:

Summertime browsers can follow a full schedule on the island this season, poking through the profusion of shops which have been flung wide open. Along Petticoat Row, and all the other main streets of this quaint spot which has attracted some 20,000 persons for the current holiday, veteran shopkeepers and newcomers in the business field are displaying a wide variety of enticing articles.

Discovery of old friends among the shopping throngs is one of the added joys of a Nantucket vacation. In our case the discovery turned out to be Ruth Haviland Sutton, a friend of many in Springfield, and known widely as an artist residing in the city not so long ago. But that's a story all by itself.

Shell jewelry appears to be headlining the parade of wares laid out for the wandering tourist. Earrings, pins, combs to ornament the hair, and other feminine trinkets are all made of tiny bits of shells which may or may not be painted. One eyecatcher is a pansy set including pin and earrings carried out in genuine purple and yellow shades. Despite its size (most of the shell items are very dainty) the flower has all the earmarks of the real thing. Most of the shell jewelry is made here on the island.

Shops are more crowded this season than last year, and they have more goods for sale. Despite shortages, woolens and yarns are still available in many shades. Along gift aisles, of which there are more than ever, large wooden trays, pottery from England, Mexico and the United States, and books and pamphlets about Nantucket are the chief offerings. Stock goods are also in large supply.

Pencil sketches, lithographs and hand-colored maps of Nantucket bearing the name of Ruth Haviland Sutton were noted in several shops. While in the newly located book shop on Federal street, we found out that the former Springfield resident dwells in a studio down near Commercial Wharf. Seemed like a wonderful chance for a visit, and a peek at the artistic side of Nantucket, so we dropped in one evening.

Miss Sutton spends the summer months in "The Scallop". The tiny house boasts three rooms, and we found her sitting in the picture-lined studio portion, looking very much the part in a sports frock and suggestion of a fishnet cap atop her hair. Full-sized lithographs of Nantucket subjects, and two new maps which entailed about two months' research, practically paper the walls of "The Scallop".

"I even go to town meeting, so you can see that I am a permanent resident here," Miss Sutton commented, in reply to the proverbial question about plans when the summer days are gone. She explained that a few years ago she went to Nantucket for the summer, but she liked it so well she decided to stay. And today she is not only active in artistic circles including the newly organized art association, but she is a property owner and voter as well. Right now she's enthused about a current exhibit in which she has several pictures entered.

Sketches and paintings of Court Square, Storrowton and Connecticut shore resorts are associated with Miss Sutton for her work completed while she lived in Springfield. She was also responsible for many decorative program covers of leading organizations. Presently marking her role as a New England artist are impressions of the people and places connected with Nantucket.

Her work is by no means limited to the summer subjects which have caught the eye of so many artists and writers. On one of the studio walls is an oil of the main thoroughfare of the island, picturesque with its cobblestones and dated store fronts.

The picture was done last March when life was apparently quite serene in contrast to the vacation period. In the scene there are only three or four persons making their way along. "Some of the natives seem to disappear and come out when the summer is over," Miss Sutton confided. She said she met many natives in the wintertime who just never showed up in July and August.

Miss Sutton, who has "open house" each Sunday afternoon in her little studio, experiences the whims of the summer visitors the same as the shopkeepers do. In addition to marketing many of her lithographs and pencil sketches in the shops, she also does portraits. In one instance she packed up two portraits while eager patrons waited in a taxi which was to take them to the wharf for the boat home. "I don't like to do things that way," she remarked, recalling the chapter of the anxious parents who wanted to take home portraits of their two young daughters.

With winters "less severe than in Springfield" and early morning dips in the ocean right outside her back door, Miss Sutton appeared very much satisfied with her new residence. In the same colony there are a number of other artists, including Elizabeth Saltonstall, who make "very good neighbors". Picking our way out through the gateway to the road, it seemed as though her conclusions were pretty much on the right side.

Miss Sutton Issues "Historical Map" of Nantucket. 1946

Miss Ruth Haviland Sutton, the artist whose fine lithographs of Nantucket scenes are known and admired wherever they are seen, has issued a new, large-scale, colored historical map of Nantucket. It is an excellent piece of draftsmanship, having a map of the town and its streets as an insert in the larger map of the island.

Not only is a wealth of historical data in evidence, as borders to the map proper, but there is considerable detail as to island flora and fauna—not forgetting fishing and duck-hunting material carefully noted.

Mis Sutton's map is not only informative and an interesting piece of craftsmanship, but it is beautifully colored and makes a decorative feature for the walls of homes of all those who cherish Nantucket.

Correspondence Inquirer and Mirror.

The First Settlers and Dr. Ewer's Map.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Your learned correspondent, "F. C. E," has again reported with an elaborate two-column article upon "The First Settlers." I can but admire his effort, and as sincerely regret his inability to substantiate the disparaging statement upon his map concerning the first settlers. He now says there are two questions at issue, and has chosen to state them thus:

> "I showed that a man who can read and write may yet be an illiterate person; and that an illiterate person may, nevertheless, be a man of energy, thrift, and congenital sagacity."

Your correspondent is not pleased that I have not discussed these two questions. For overlooking one of them I understand that I may be pardoned, if I desire; but, for not touching the other, he has not yet indicated what fate awaits me. Pray how could I gainsay these self-evident propositions, even if I wanted to; and how could I want to when, if entirely successful, the real question at issue would not be helped in the least. "F. C. E." truly says "It is to another question entirely," that I have written, for another question entirely is at issue. It was because "F. C. E." elaborated upon his two questions that are not debatable, and omitted the real issue concerning the statement upon his map, that I thought he was not quite candid. What is the statement upon the map the truth of which is questioned? Let me quote it again:

> "1663. Peter Foulger moved to the island The inhabitants, with the exception of Foulger, illiterate."

What I wrote was to show that this statement was not true. It appeared to me that, because others had written to the same purpose, "F. C. E." attempted to disprove their arguments, and to fortify the statements upon his map, inasmuch as he employed these words:

> "It does not seem to me that, if there is any blame at all, it is the map that is so much to blame."

Well, as I thought the map was entirely at fault, I confined myself to that subject, and was perfectly well aware that it was not the subject which "F. C. E." wanted touched, from the fact that he had carefully avoided it, and even endeavored to conceal it from view by throwing around it fine writing upon wholly irrelevant matter. And now, in his last labored effort, he has not frankly admitted that the map is wrong, as a person with 29 per cent. of Aurate of Folger in his composition is reasonably expected to do, but endeavors to throw the responsibility of the error upon that most conscientious historian, Obed Macy, who never made any such statement as appears upon the map. He says:

> "If Macy is proved wrong, of course I shall be very glad to alter the map."

The question is not whether Obed Macy was entirely correct in writing that "they [the inhabitants] were so illiterate that the little of their writings that have come down to us is hardly legible or intelligible," but whether Dr. Ewer, in publishing that the inhabitants were all illiterate *except Peter Folger*, is correct. And this question Dr. Ewer opened himself in the first sentence of his first article. Now he desires to be considered a neutral upon this question of fact, and I understand him to decline to discuss it further. But I am not to be diverted from the question of fact as to the truthfulness of the statement upon the map by any call to consider which of two words in a doggerel is correct. Neither shall I abandon the pursuit of Dr. Ewer's mistake to hunt down less consequential ones of Obed Macy's. I have endeavored to show from historical facts that William Worth and Peter Coffin were both the equals of Peter Folger in intellectual attainments, and made use of these two persons because they were both identified in a Court transaction with Peter Folger, whereby their educational qualifications were placed in comparison. If I have proved that either of them was not more illiterate than Peter Folger, of course I have disproved the statement on the map. "F. C. E." is inclined to be skeptical as to William Worth, but is compelled to admit that I "seem to have settled the matter as to Peter Coffin." Now, if I have settled the matter that Peter Coffin was not illiterate, or, not more so than Peter Folger, I have settled the whole question and the only question taken up in reply to Dr. Ewer.

Of course the map will be corrected; and, not to hasten the entire obliteration of illiteracy upon it, I suggest the first correction should stand thus:

1660. Peter Coffin moved to the island. The inhabitants all illiterate except Peter Coffin.

1663. Peter Folger moved to the island. The inhabitants all illiterate except Peter Coffin and Peter Folger.

By the time these corrections get fairly started, perhaps I can show that some others of the first settlers were not more illiterate than Peter Folger. I have already shown in a previous article in the *Inquirer and Mirror*, that the only ground for supposing Peter Folger to have been better educated than the other settlers was a mistaken conception of a vote passed at a meeting of the first purchasers, at Salisbury, before any of them removed to Nantucket. The meeting was held at the house of Benjamin Campbell, in February, 1659, and I quote from the record:

> "It was ordered that Tristram Coffin, Senr., Thomas Macy, Edward Starbuck, Thomas Barnard, Peter Folger, of Martha's Vineyard, shall have power to measure and lay out said land according to the above said order; and, whatsoever shall be done and concluded in the said case by any three of them, Peter Folger being one, shall be accounted legal and valid."

By this vote the presence of Peter Folger was not necessary, as some have supposed, to measure and lay out land. If the other four persons were present, they being proprietors, the land could be surveyed and laid out; but if only two of the others were present with Peter Folger, who was not a proprietor, and consequently an impartial judge, the land could also be laid out. I find as a matter of record that Tristram Coffin, Senr., had an acre of meadow land laid out by Edward Starbuck and Thomas Macy, Tristram Coffin himself being present, and Peter Folger agreeing thereto. It is by this record apparent that Edward Starbuck and Thomas Macy could measure and lay out land; but, by the vote at Salisbury, Thomas Barnard not being present, it was necessary for Peter Folger to agree to it. Other lots were laid out at the same time to Peter Coffin and Tristram Coffin, Jr.

There has never been a single fact cited going to prove that Peter Folger was the best educated man among the first settlers, or that he was the superior man in any particular, excepting his knowledge of the Indian language, gained during his previous residence among the Indians of Martha's Vineyard, under the patronage of Thomas Mayhew.

Whether the first settlers are to be considered all unlearned or all well learned will depend entirely upon the standard of education applied as a test. Compared with the pure English found in the modern version of the Anglican Catholic Prayer Book the "Canterbury Tales" are unintelligible jargon; yet we delight to hail Geoffrey Chaucer as the bright morning star of English literature. Measured by the knowledge extant at the time of Obed Macy's writing, our Clan-sires may honestly have appeared to him uneducated and even illiterate. But in this estimate he has not made an exception in favor of Peter Folger, as Dr. Ewer has done. I incline to the belief, from the record evidence which the first settlers left behind, that none of them were illiterate in the popular sense; and that all of them were superior men among the men of their time. I would here give the evidence for the faith that is in me, but for the fear of making a newspaper article too long to be read.

1882 A DESCENDANT OF ——

4/10/49

"Artist Beloved for Her Nantucket Subjects."

by Carol Biba in The Christian Science Monitor.

Mailing post cards back home while on a vacation trip is part of the fun of being away, especially if the cards authentically represent the vacation scene. To the delight of the many thousands of summer visitors to Nantucket, the little island off the coast of Massachusetts, such post cards are found in Ruth Haviland Sutton's delicately drawn pencil prints which have been reproduced for greeting cards.

Miss Sutton, a New England artist noted for her thoughtfully executed lithographs and who now lives in Nantucket the year round, came into the greeting card business at the suggestion of another Nantucket resident by whom she was commissioned several years ago to do a black-and-white drawing of Stone Alley, one of the island's famous lanes. After the drawing had been completed, the owner suggested to her that she draw some Nantucket scenes that could be made into post cards to be sold in the local shops.

Miss Sutton began in a small way, reproducing four or five Nantucket points of interest on a few cards. Now the Pencil Prints, as they have come to be known, occupy a building which was the storehouse of a candle factory in Nantucket's whaling days, where the cards are packaged and shipped to off-island shops.

Pencil Prints are not only of Nantucket subjects, for, following her success with these, Miss Sutton has added other vacation places to her collection. Now Pencil Prints of Boston, Salem, Marblehead, Cape Cod and Martha's Vineyard, as well as those of New York City, Williamsburg, and Florida are available in shops all along the Atlantic coast.

Pencil Prints are only one of Miss Sutton's summer interests. Several years ago she bought a parcel of land on Commercial Wharf, no longer in use for the fishing industry, and has established a picturesque colony of summer houses for artists and writers. Nine studios are in the group which directly overlook Nantucket Harbor. Near the water's edge is the old candle factory, now turned into three studios, the warehouse and Miss Sutton's studio, "The Scallop", where she spends many hours drawing and painting.

Summer visitors who call on her are privileged to see a one-man show of lithographs and oils which are hung attractively on the board walls of the house. The Scallop was made from two fishermen's houses moved up from a coastal point along the island and the front porch which looks out onto the water was part of a railroad station from the now-abandoned 'Sconset railway.

Another studio appropriately named "The Cranberry" was moved to the wharf from an old cranberry bog. Still another fisherman's shack was moved from a far-off point on the island and is now called "The Hermit Crab".

From childhood, which was spent in Springfield, Mass., Miss Sutton was interested in sketching houses and trees and this has led to her special skill of drawing architectural subjects.

She approaches a subject painstakingly and is careful to record every detail. Her lithograph of the historic Nantucket doorways on Main street has attracted nation-wide attention and the winter drawing of the houses of the whaling captains on Orange street has been purchased by a gallery in Sweden. Another of the same street was hung in an international French exhibition held in Paris last year.

Stone Alley, sketched by many artists, has been particularly fascinating as a subject to Miss Sutton, not only because it meant the start of her Pencil Prints, but also because it was chosen from a group of her lithographs exhibited at the art museum of the Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh for purchase by the museum. Several years ago this lithograph was reproduced on the Home Forum page of the Christian Science Monitor.

Occasionally Miss Sutton leaves the island in the summer to do a drawing of a house or paint a portrait. The first holiday she has taken from her work since she came to Nantucket to live was a three-month trip to Guatemala in the winter, which she turned into a bus-man's holiday for she spent most of her time drawing with colored pencils and pen and ink.

Miss Sutton was educated in Springfield, Mass., attended the Hollywood School for Girls, and studied at the Grand Central School of Art and the Art Student's League in New York. She has had one-man shows in Springfield and Boston, as well as at the Kenneth Taylor Gallery in Nantucket.

Miss Sutton likes doing the Pencil Prints along with her lithographs and portraits. The adventure of going to unknown cities and towns has brought pleasant incidents and many friendships, she says, and she hopes that her prints have made happy vacation memories for the many persons who see her greeting cards.

William S. Walsh. 1951

In the death of William Smith Walsh, who passed away at his home on Lily street Friday afternoon, April 27, the island of Nantucket, and the Yacht Club in particular, has lost a friend. Mr. Walsh, who has been connected with Nantucket for the past fifty years, became the secretary of the Nantucket Yacht Club twenty-seven years ago and served the Club and the island faithfully as long as he was physically able.

William S. Walsh was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., April 11, 1867, the son of William H. and Emma Weaver Walsh. Following his education in the New York schools and the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, he became a ship broker. On April 20, 1892, he married Sarah Alice Cudlipp, who died in Nantucket in January, 1944. Each summer he and Mrs. Walsh came to Nantucket, first living on Centre street and later moving to the residence on Lily street which became their permanent home ten years ago, after his retirement from the brokerage business.

During his years of service as secretary of the Yacht Club, Mr. Walsh devoted many hours a day, both summer and winter, to his duties at the Club. No one connected with the Club has ever worked harder or more loyally for its success, and it is safe to say that no one person on the island had more friends among the summer residents and visitors than did Mr. Walsh. His long hours at the Club, which often kept him at his desk until the early morning hours, were spent cheerfully and in the knowledge that he was performing a service appreciated by the officers and members.

In August of 1949, Mr. Walsh suffered a fall in his home on Lily street and was hospitalized at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital for nearly a year with a broken hip. Since his return to his home he has been in poor health, although was able, until just recently, to receive his friends.

He was a member of the Pacific Club of Nantucket and for several years was secretary of the organization.

He is survived by a son, Frank C. Walsh, of Philadelphia, and by two daughters, Mrs. Stephen Grant Stone, of Pleasantville, N. Y., and Mrs. Gilbert Tolman, of Waban, Mass., and by several grandchildren.

Funeral services were conducted at St. Paul's Church in Nantucket on Sunday afternoon at one-thirty by the Rev. Bradford Johnson. Following cremation, interment will be held in Chester, Pennsylvania.

William S. Walsh. 1951

Last Friday afternoon, Nantucket lost an old and valued friend. Those of the many generations of Nantucket and Nantucket visitors who have had the good fortune to know William S. Walsh are more than grieved by his passing. They have lost a great standard bearer.

Mr. Walsh's devotion to the Nantucket Yacht Club which he has so faithfully served through many vicissitudes has truly been the mainstay of its existence. And through his friendly guidance, three generations of young people have taken home each fall something a little more permanent than a healthy coat of tan. Now he is gone, but in a far larger sense and to all of us with Nantucket in our hearts, William S. Walsh has left the great heritage and the great challenge which his life exemplified —a challenge which reads like the words of Paul:

> "Finally, Brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsover things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsover things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise—think of these things."

Commodore MacMillan Clements.

Historical Nantucket Publishes A Magazine.

"Historic Nantucket" is the name of a quarterly magazine to be published next week by the Nantucket Historical Association.

The opening editorial says: "It will tell by word and picture the story of the Island's antiquity" and it will mark the entrance of the Association into its sixtieth year of activity.

The publication has one hundred pages and twenty pictures and maps.

The leading article is by Miss Grace Brown Gardner and presents the story of the call of the Association's President, Mr. Edouard A. Stackpole from the Island to Mystic, Conn., where he is now the director of the Marine Museum. The article enumerates Mr. Stackpole's contributions in leadership and expresses the Association's gratitude for his valuable leadership.

Other articles describe the gift of the 1800 House on Mill Street by Mr. and Mrs. Allan Melhado of Moors End and its restoration and furnishing by Mr. Everett U. Crosby; the restoration of the Walter Folger Astronomical clock; the catastrophe of the Old Mill followed by the rebuilding of the four vanes and the great axle on which they turn; the Whale of a Sale in Macy's store in New York in which loans from the Whaling Museum were displayed in the big show windows of the store.

Historic Nantucket contains the so-called "Proceedings" which have been published annually giving the reports of officers and committees, the financial statements and the gifts and donors this year over 100 in number.

The editor of "Historic Nantucket" is Mr. W. Ripley Nelson a member of the Council and the chairman of the Finance Committee. Besides the active work that he has put into the set-up of the magazine, he has contributed a very suggestive article on "Finances, Financing, and the Future" in which is made clear the growth of the Association with now seven buildings and their contents estimated at over $200,000 value. This growth puts a serious responsibility on the officers of the Association to make plans for the future in which there shall be dependable and adequate resources to meet all needs. Mr. Nelson also makes clear that the preservation of these buildings and the work of the Association has a very important part in the growth of the popularity of the island.

The magazine is mailed to all members of the Association and is on sale.

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Nantucket Artist 'Lived in Suitcases' 15 Years, Now Has House and Studios

Special to The Standard-Times 1949

NANTUCKET, Sept. 24—Somewhat back from the curve of Nantucket's South Beach at the town end of the crescent is the studio of Miss Ruth Haviland Sutton, Island lithographer, portrait and landscape artist. Here, during the long Summer days, she greets her public with disarming hospitality, willingly exhibiting lithographs, portraits and note sheets illustrated with pencil sketches of a dozen well-known resorts and cities.

But when the gray of Winter and the brisk chill breeze from the north browns the beach grass around her scallop shanty, Miss Sutton moves her painting materials, canvasses, lithograph stones and herself into Harbor View, a three-story, solidly-constructed candle warehouse built about 1820 which lingers into the present as a pleasant dwelling.

Miss Sutton enjoys telling the story of her candle warehouse for as she said, "More or less, this house and the three studios surrounding it landed in my lap. I did not seek them out. However, now that I have it, after almost 15 years of living in suit cases I at last have a real home—a place to drop a permanent anchor and really live."

Belonged to Island Company

According to Miss Sutton, the Island Service Company wished to make an immediate sale of the property on Commercial Wharf when its owner, Mrs. Henry Lang, died in 1913. Mrs. Lang formerly owner of the Island Service and of the property, had begun sometime between 1920 and the year of her death to remodel the original "oil shed," a brick structure with a round roof; the warehouse which had progressed through slaughterhouse and tenement to its present status as a pleasant dwelling, and the scalloping shanties into homes and studios.

The warehouse, now called "Harbor View," was laid out into rooms and apartments, the lower floor of which has now become Miss Sutton's Winter home. The scalloping shacks fringing the nearby beach were made habitable by grouping two or three together. These are now The Scallop, Miss Sutton's own retreat; Wateredge, The Cranberry, Hermit Crab and Candle House.

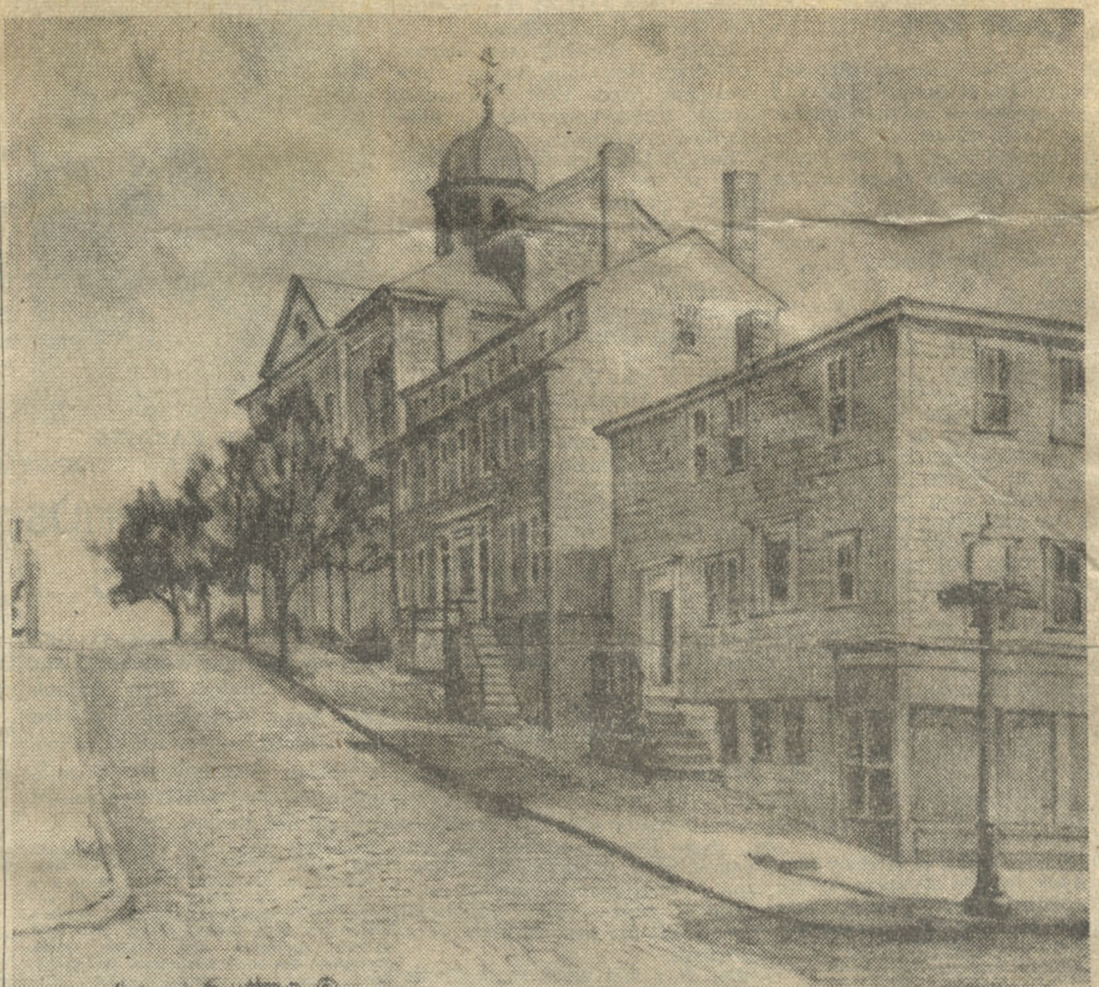
Under the present owner's scrupulous care, the interiors of the old buildings have been equipped with modern conveniences and thoughtfully and attractively redecorated. Today's artist colony, lapped by the blue waters of the harbor, has become a private, pleasant refuge. It has a withdrawn quality welcome to the creators who live so quietly within.

Miss Sutton glanced around her own fishing shanty and sighed a little. "It is of course a responsibility to be in charge of so much. I never knew anything about practical details such as plumbing, beds, mattresses and heating. There are still many things I want to do and many places I want to go, yet in a way I am tied by my houses. I love them—and this Winter in my reorganized apartment I shall be able to close the door of my Winter studio and work uninterruptedly."

Wintered on Nantucket

Miss Sutton has spent other Winters on the Island, especially the war years when she took as active a part in the community effort as time and strength would allow. However this season, she added she hopes to accomplish a great deal of personal work.

Among several projects outlined for the approaching brisk days, she plans to add to her pencil sketches of Martha's Vineyard. Approximately 13 of these are already completed in the note sheet form. Among them are drawings of Edgartown, Menemasha, the Edgartown Yacht Club, the old Corbin house at Oak Bluffs, the Tiasquin River with the ancient Mayhew house in the background and others. She expects to finish six more for she finds there is considerable demand for the delicately executed notes.



This sketch of Johnny Cake Hill is one of 10 scenes of Greater New Bedford done by Miss Sutton at the request of Robert C. Saltmarsh, owner of H. S. Hutchinson and Company.

At the same time she looks forward to making further lithographs of Martha's Vineyard. While she awaits the stone expected shortly from New York, she is happy to show those already finished. Of these, the most pleasing to the writer personally was one of the Chinese pagoda tree, brought back over a hundred years by a whaling captain and still standing in Edgartown. In the picture thick, blue-black shadows of the tree cast curious patterns on the houses nearby, but in the background seen standing firm and clear in the direct sunlight is a square, finely constructed building dating from early whaling days. The depth and quality of the lithograph is strengthened by the natural contrast.

Miss Sutton's eyes lighted with new enthusiasm when she talked of other Winter plans. She looks forward to certain experimental work in fields of art still untried by her. She smiled again as she said, "You know, when I was studying with Harvey Dunn he told me something I have never forgotten. He said to keep to myself any painting ideas or projects for once shared they ceased to be an extension of the artist. They became everyone's property." Therefore, of these secret projects she would speak but little, except to say that they would deal with Nantucket material carefully gathered during the Summer.

Native of Springfield

A native of Springfield, Miss Sutton's position in art is established. All through her student days, she explained, at the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Iudustrial Art and at the Grand Central School of Art and the Art Students League in New York, she knew what she wanted: To work on landscapes and portraits. To further those ends, she took private lessons from Frank Chase, Nantucket landscapist; worked on portraits with Henry B. Snell and Jerry Farnsworth, and studied with George C. Miller, a prominent U. S. lithographer.

Among the many exciting commissions she has received, two have been outstanding. In 1934, the Springfield Public Works Administration asked her to do an astronomical painting for the City's Museum of Natural History. The painting, permanently housed in the museum, measures 8 by 11 feet and is titled "A Window Into the Universe." Imagining herself on the moon's orbit, she viewed the Arcturnus at the top of the canvas to the Southern Cross at the bottom. Miss Sutton, in discussing the remarkable oil, added proudly, "The moon crossing through the heavens actually has sparkle and movement."

RUTH HAVILAND SUTTON

Then, referring back to the other unexpected commission, she spoke of Robert C. Saltmarsh of Hutchinson's Bookstore in New Bedford. In 1945, he invited her to do a series of pencil sketches of that city. While working on the new series she was a guest of the Saltmarsh's. In all, about 10 of these excellent drawings have appeared, proving popular wherever they are sold.

The artist chuckled when she spoke of trying to get a view of Johnny Cake Hill one warm Sunday morning while Mr. and Mrs. Saltmarsh were at church. Flat on her stomach in the family station wagon, parked at the foot of the hill, Miss Sutton sketched all that long morning. The result, attained under personal difficulties, is a charming, slightly foreshortened view straight up the hill.

Lithographs Exhibited Here

At the book party given by Mr. Saltmarsh in his store to celebrate the publication of Nantucket's Dr. Will Gardner's "Three Bricks and Three Brothers," Miss Sutton's lithographs were exhibited as a special feature.

A year ago, Miss Sutton stated briefly her own art philosophy—which again this Winter she will project into reality. She said, "Art manifests itself in many varying degrees of ability. It should have a practical expression as well as give pleasure to others and creative satifaction to the artist."

Artist Son Visits Literary Father

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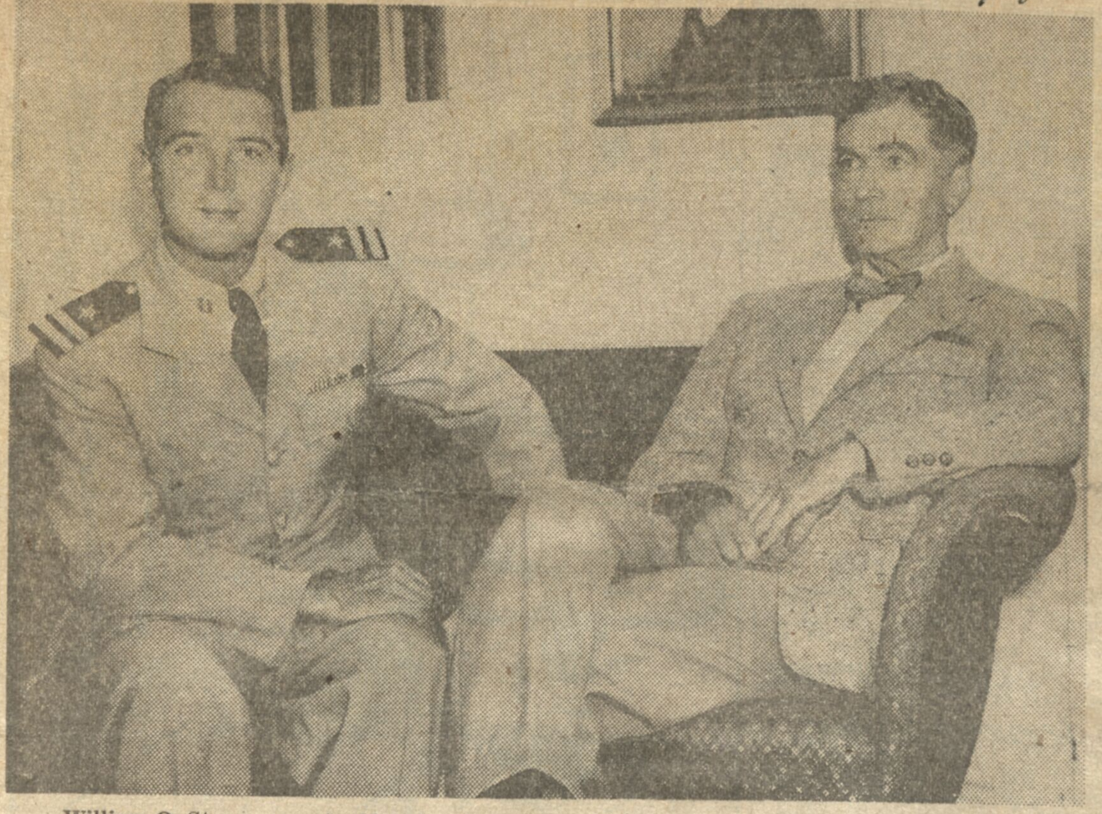

William O. Stevens, most widely known as author and illustrator of enjoyable travel books, was joined at his Nantucket Summer home last month by his son, Lieutenant Hugo A. Stevens, U. S. Navy, in civilian life a portrait painter. The two are pictured together in the old Quaker mansion in Nantucket.

* * *

William Stevens, Travel Author, Interested in Supernatural

Standard-Times Staff Writer

NANTUCKET, Sept. 5—"Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?" asked Rudyard Kipling in one of his most famous ditties, "Mandalay."

William O. Stevens of New York and Nantucket, up to the age of 8½, could answer "Yes." He was born 66 years ago in Rangoon, within earshot of paddles chunkin' up and down the Irrawaddy River, the water road to Mandalay. His early boyhood memories are of the Burma of Kipling's day. There he even saw King Theebaw and Supi-yaw-lat, Theebaw's queen, whose names are immortalized in Kipling's poem.

Since 1914, the tinkle of bicycle bells in Nantucket Streets, the whistle of the Vineyard boats and the hoarse warnings of the Island foghorns have become as familiar to Mr. Stevens as the sounds of Burma were in his boyhood. Known to thousands as a writer of delightful American travel guides, he does most of his writing Summers in Nantucket.

Boyhood Recalled

He recreated there his Burma experiences in a book for boys, "Drummer Boy of Burma," published two years ago. The same season he published also "Washington, the Cinderella City." It is the latest of a half-dozen travel volumes describing his own country, which have made him a favorite traveling companion of motorists interested in the tradition and individuality of places they visit.

Last year Mr. Stevens brought out "Beyond the Sunset," a small, metaphysical work addressed primarily to parents who have sons in the war just ended.

In October, if all goes well, he will publish "Unbidden Guests," which he described as a collection of "real ghost stories people have told me or I've read about, which I thought would make an interesting volume." Like "Beyond the Sunset," it is a serious work expressing the author's faith in psychic experiences.

Taught at Annapolis

Mr. Stevens has spent much of his life as a teacher and school head. He was a civilian instructor and professor of English at the U. S. Naval Academy for 21 years. During that period he became co-author of a "History of Sea Power" which still is a standard textbook at the Academy, and wrote a number of less formidable books. Among his pupils was Admiral Byrd and there were two cadets named Mitscher and Spruance in his classes.

He is an artist as well as a writer. His illustrations add much charm to his travel books. This Summer he exhibited 16 of his own water-color and tempera sketches in Nantucket's sidewalk art show and became director of Nantucket's newly-founded Kenneth Taylor Gallery, where formal art exhibitions were held all season. Self-taught, he took a Saturday morning water-color course last year at New York University just for the pleasure of it.

Most absorbing of all his interests, to Mr. Stevens, is the evidence he finds for belief in survival after death. His "Beyond the Sunset," he remarked to a Standard-Times reporter, has brought him more letters from readers than all his other books put together. It was written after he lost his younger son, William Mason Stevens, in the present war.

"This age has gone so far in abandoning religious faith," Mr. Stevens said, "and in doubting the existence of the human soul after death that I felt I might be able to bring comfort through my own experience to many who cannot believe anything without proof. The essence of my book can be summed up in two points.

Revelation Believed

"There is such a thing as illumination (as well as reason); all our great leaders—Buddha, Krishna, Jesus, St. Paul—experienced it.

"There is psychic evidence, totally beyond explanation by ordinary laws, which all points in one direction—to survival after death. Ridicule can't dispose of it. The evidence is there."

Sources of his new book, "Unbidden Guests," range from Nathaniel Hawthorne to personal friends. The story he has taken from Hawthorne was written from the author's own experience, Mr. Stevens said, and Hawthorne recorded that it was "a sober recital of literal fact."

"Many friends contributed to my volume," he added, "when they found I was in earnest and would not laugh at them when they told me of experiences they had had." It is his contention fear of ridicule has caused many persons to keep to themselves supernatural experiences which are true and of great significance.

Son Visits

Mr. Stevens' surviving son, Lieutenant Hugo O. Stevens, U. S. Navy, paying a furlough visit to his parents at the old Quaker mansion which is their Nantucket home, listened as fascinated as The Standard-Times reporter to his father's reminiscence of one of the origins of "Drummer Boy of Burma."

"I was born in Burma," the elder Stevens said. "Father was a Baptist missionary. I was a little shrimp of a sissy whom the family expected to die of malaria and early piety. They sent me home to America when I was 8½ and I recovered from both.

"I saw Supi-yaw-lat and Theebaw after they had been taken prisoner by the British. The British feared the French would step in in Upper Burma. King Theebaw was flirting there with the French. The British went up the Irrawaddy and took Mandalay, captured the King and Queen, and kept them prisoners on an island off India.

"We lived in Prome, in lower Burma, in a house on the bank of the Irrawaddy. One day the elders of the city of Prome came to father. They said the most ridiculous rumor had gained credence in the city, that their King and Queen had been captured and were even now being brought down the river by the British. They knew it could not be true and they wished to put a stop to it. They asked permission to sit all day on father's veranda and watch the river. At the end of the day they would be able to go back to the city and assure the people how false the rumor was, they explained.

Father Welcomes Elders

"Father told them to make themselves at home. Of course I was right on hand, not missing a trick. I watched the elders and the river, and finally a tiny speck appeared far up the river. As it came nearer we made out a plume of smoke. Then we saw clearly that it was a river boat—not even a gunboat, which made the indignity worse—towing the royal barge, a gorgeous affair of carved and gilded teak with a regal canopy. It anchored smack in front of father's house. The Burmese flag, white with the blue peacock, was flying from the taffrail, and aboard were the King and Queen.

"The elders of Prome, ashen at the sight, rose from our veranda. They filed silently down our steps. Women beat their breasts in grief."

Mr. Stevens recalled also his childhood delight in the magnificent appearance of the Sepoys, tall, bearded native soldiers who used to cook their rations in chatties—earthen pots—over open fires just beyond the missionary compound.

"My 'Drummer Boy' story is fiction," he said, "but the background is all authentic. Where I was hazy about certain points, as for instance whether custard-apples could have been ripe in a certain month, I would refer to my mother for exact information—she now is 103. I checked my material also with a cousin who just had been chased out of Burma by the Japs."

Wrote for Children Also

During his years at Annapolis, and even while he was writing his "History of Sea Power," Mr. Stevens also was writing for children. He contributed articles and ballads to St. Nicholas Magazine, on which generations of children were brought up. He wrote books for boys, "The Correct Thing" and "The Right Thing," and historical stories; and for his own pleasure he experimented with drawing and painting. The thought of writing travel books was in his mind many years before the opportunity came.

Death of David W. Swain.

David Whiton Swain, a descendant of two old Nantucket families, and a life-long summer resident of the island, died on Monday at the White Plains Hospital, New York, after a brief illness. He was in his 58th year.

Although born in Brooklyn, July 23, 1889, Mr. Swain was of Nantucket stock, his parents being the late Sylvester and Eunice Barney Swain, and his grandfather Joseph S. Barney. He graduated from Dartmouth in 1911, and received his law degree from Columbia in 1914. During the first World War he was an officer in the Naval Intelligence Corps.

He began his law practice with the firm of Matson & Nichols in 1915, and shortly after the end of World War I became a partner in the firm of Otheman & Swain, which became King, Taylor, Otheman & Swain in 1943. He was a specialist in cases before Surrugates' Courts in the settlement of estates. A man of marked integrity, he exhibited many traits of character which revealed his Quaker inheritance.

Mr. Swain was a trustee of the Ridgewood Congregational Church of White Plains. He was a member of the Down Town Association, Association of the Bar of the City of New York, Dartmouth College Club, and Pacific Club of Nantucket.

A devoted lover of Nantucket, the home of his forebears, Mr. Swain never missed a summer here in more than half a century. His summer home was "in the block," at 15 Orange street, but he spent many weeks each year at "The Barniclé," on Commercial wharf, the little boathouse that was so long the headquarters of his uncle, Alanson S. Barney, overlooking the mooring where the Barney's well-known craft, the *Clethra*, swung to the tide.

Mr. Swain learned the art of navigating in Nantucket waters (which he never forgot) with his uncle at the helm of the *Clethra*. But he was equally at home roaming the commons of the island, for he was an ardent botanist and liked to ramble over the heathland and through the thickets. He had a fine memory for the old out-of-town roads, many of which were familiar to him from boyhood.

The deceased leaves a widow, Marjorie Hallett Swain, who is also of Nantucket descent, being a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George Upton Hallett, who once owned the Main street house now known as Wallace Hall. Mr. Swain also leaves a son, Richard Philip, and a daughter, Nancy.

Funeral services were held at the Ridgewood Church, White Plains, N. Y., on Wednesday. The body was brought to Nantucket on Thursday and interred in the family lot at the Prospect Hill cemetery. 1947

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New Stackpole Book Stresses Nantucket Sea-Hunters 1953

Here at last, in "The Sea-Hunters" by Edouard A. Stackpole, is a history of the great age of whaling which does full justice to days of derring-do when brave men in small ships not only killed the mammoths of the seas but explored new lands and discovered a new continent. That a majority of these sailors and these ships came from Nantucket, the greatest whaling port in the world in the 19th century, gains full re-emphasis in a work that will circulate from coast to coast, that will become a "must" reference work in libraries and historical fields, and that merits the greatest credit to its author, an undisputed expert on this island and its history.

Such a book had to be lived with to be created. During his years of study and writing on the island, Mr. Stackpole accumulated much of his material slowly, through a love of the lore of the old days of whaling and his natural bent as an historian. A Guggenheim Fellowship helped this former associate editor of The Inquirer and Mirror to fill in the gaps with new information. Now, as curator of the Marine Historical Museum in Mystic, Conn., he may sit back and contemplate an opus which nobody has done before.

To be sure, there have been histories of whaling. There has been publication of anecdotes and log books. But this encompasses all of these, illuminates disputed points, such as who discovered Antarctica (a Nantucketer did, of course), and presents hitherto untold facts about a period that had tremendous impact, through its whaling, upon the economy of the world as well as the course of politics.

While there is fascinating reading here, throughout the 497 pages with their frequent quaint illustrations, Mr. Stackpole has very wisely avoided flowery writing and a sensational style. For adventure shines on nearly every page. Some of the most thrilling sections of the book are the laconic extracts from sailors' logs, often composed illiterately, but telling at first hand survivors' tales both blood-curdling and heroic.

This is said to be the first detailed history of the development of American whaling for the period from 1635 to 1835. The hitherto obscure era between the start of the Revolutionary War to the end of the War of 1812, conflicts which hit whaling and Nantucket with terrific impacts of disaster both economic and political, is brought into the light.

EDOUARD A. STACKPOLE

Mr. Stackpole is not afraid to tell us of the days when Nantucket sought neutrality in the conflicts between British and the new Americans in order to survive. He goes with detail into the migrations of whaling colonies from Nantucket to Nova Scotia, and to Wales and France. Touchingly, he shows that the transplanted Nantucketers, forced by economic threats to ply their dangerous trade farther and farther toward Japan with headquarters away from the old home port, never could forget the island and were not happy until they returned.

The whaling days were times of sudden death and unexpected sinkings, of phenomenally long voyages with little reward, of bonanza combings of the sea that brought fortunes in whale oil and sperm oil, as well as in seal skins and other furs, to merchant kings.

One of Mr. Stackpole's favorite heroes is William Rotch of Nantucket, a shipowner who did not go whaling himself but who directed vast operations.

Not only for profit, according to the author, but through sympathy for his whalers and pride in the industry that had brought Nantucket and America fame, did Mr. Rotch dedicate his fortune to a revival of the fleet after the Revolution.

He was indeed a remarkable man. He played international politics with the British and the French. He distributed his ships like pieces on a chess board. He juggled the tremendous demand for oil for lighting and other purposes in several countries. He directed his captains like an admiral on their three or four-year voyages round Good Hope and into the Pacific.

There are hundreds of little homely touches of narrative in this book which tell more about the whalers than the greatest fiction writer could imagine.

Take the meeting at sea of the Hannah and Eliza, Capt. Frederick Coffin, and the Ranger, Capt William Coffin. Coffin had had to shift to Milford Haven in Wales for headquarters, due to oppressive duties on American cargoes. Swain hailed from home, Nantucket.

"How does thee find thy new home, Frederick?"

"'Twill do for a voyage or two," replied Coffin, "But I miss dropping in on the folks."

The story of the Essex, Nantucket whaleship sunk by a whale in the Pacific in 1820, is recounted and told better than ever. Survivors ate each other, and those who were left were never the same men.

As whales became scarcer or rumors circulated about great schools in far waters, the voyages of the sea-hunters became longer and longer and more hazardous. Not only did they have vast winds and high seas to contend with. Unmapped harbors had to be used. Savages attacked them and, as in the case of the Oeno, massacred most of the crew. Pirates had to be kept in mind. So did the shifts in politics that would make a nation an enemy overnight. Many voyages that started in peace found a world at war when ships were seized at mid-ocean on the way home.

Yet all these valiant wanderings did more than bring gold when successful. As Mr. Stackpole points out, masters and crews had to learn about currents and shoals. They had to know how to maneuver in strange seas and strange ports. They learned the hard way. By so doing, they imparted a vast store of nautical know-how for the use of those who came afterward.

In the case of the Nantucket sailors—and they were the best—they had a foundation in their characters of Quaker ideals. God sustained them. The life was rough, often brutal. A sailor writes of manning the pumps for a honeycombed ship thousands of miles to home and then not receiving a thank you from the owner. Loved ones seemed to have vanished forever at the start of voyages, and often did.

Mr. Stackpole does not gloss over the miseries of that 200-year period in American history. Nor does he slight the glories of achievement that held the American marine together, that bolstered the new nation's commerce, that took the flag to new places, that made the best of physical Nantucket what it is today. He is generous to New Bedford and other ports with notable whaling backgrounds.

As the author says, "The whalemen of the early 19th century gave a concept of internationalism which was far ahead of his time."

Published by J. B. Lippincott of Philadelphia: price, $7.50. The jacket by Le Breton, a whaling scene, is most colorful.

William O. Stevens. 1955

William Oliver Stevens, author of the popular Nantucket book, "Nantucket, the Far-away Island," died at his home in New York City on Saturday, January 15, after a long illness.

Dr. Stevens was born in Rangoon, Burma, on October 7, 1878, the son of Edward Oliver and Harriet Calista (Mason) Stevens. He received the Bachelor of Arts degree from Colby College in 1899, a Ph. D. degree from Yale University in 1903, and a Litt. D. in 1923 from Colby. He was an instructor of English from 1903 to 1905 and professor of English from 1905 to 1924 at the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis, Md. He became headmaster of the Roger Ascham School, White Plains, N. Y., in 1924, of Cranbrook School, Bloomfield Hills, Mich., in 1927, and, in 1936 he became the Dean of the School of Literature and Journalism at Oglethorpe University in Georgia, where he remained for two years before he retired.

His best known work, in Nantucket, is, of course, "Nantucket, the Far-Away Island," which has been read by thousands of our summer visitors and is on the book shelves of nearly every home on the island. This was published in 1936, when Dr. Stevens and his family were summer residents of Nantucket. Their home was at 6 Pleasant street and, following his retirement from teaching, he spent several winters here. He later sold the home to George E. Roosevelt who, in 1952, sold it to Allen B. Converse Jr., the present owner.

In addition to the above-named book, Dr. Stevens' story of "real ghosts", "Unbidden Guests", which was published in 1945, also contains references to Nantucket. His other publications, many of which have attained great popularity, include "Drummer Boy of Burma," "Boy's Life of General Grant", "Annapolis, Anne Arundel's Town", "Old Williamsburg and Her Neighbors", "Famous Women of America", "Famous Men of Science," "Famous Statesmen of America," "Footsteps to Freedom", and "The Quiet Hour."

Work of Ruth Sutton on Exhibit in Springfield Library. 1948

By D. F. M. in Springfield News

A fascinating exhibition of drawings in colored pencil and pen and ink by a former Springfield resident, Ruth Haviland Sutton, which record a three months' holiday last winter in Guatemala, are to be seen this month in Wellman Hall, at the City Library.

The colorful native life of the towns, the Spanish and native architecture, and landscapes dominated by extinct volcanoes, characteristic of this rugged and mountainous Central American country, are all to be found in the skillful sketches on display. There are in addition a number of excellent portraits of Guatemalan types.

Many of the drawings deal with market day activities around which the social activity of the Guatemalan Indian centers, and in these Miss Sutton has captured the varied and colorful costumes of the natives. Inhabitants of different villages wear different costumes and one knows an Indian's home town by his or her clothing.

Some of the best of the market place sketches were made in Solola, which is high in the mountains and the meeting place of the eastern and western trade routes. Here, as elsewhere in the country while on her holiday, Miss Sutton lived with Guatemalan families, and observed their day-by-day living at first hand.

Other places visited on the sketching holiday, an examination of the drawings on exhibition reveals, were Guatemala City, the region of Lake Atitlan and Antigue, ancient capital of the country and the nearest thing to a Spanish colonial city on this continent.

Deftness of line and adept use of color combine to make Miss Sutton's drawings very satisfying to look at. The subject matter is a country with which most of us are familiar in name only and the 60 or more items on view will well repay a visit to Wellman Hall this month. Not only will you find it an entertaining and worthwhile experience but it is a splendid way to escape momentarily, and at no expense, from the grim reality of a New England winter. 11/31/48

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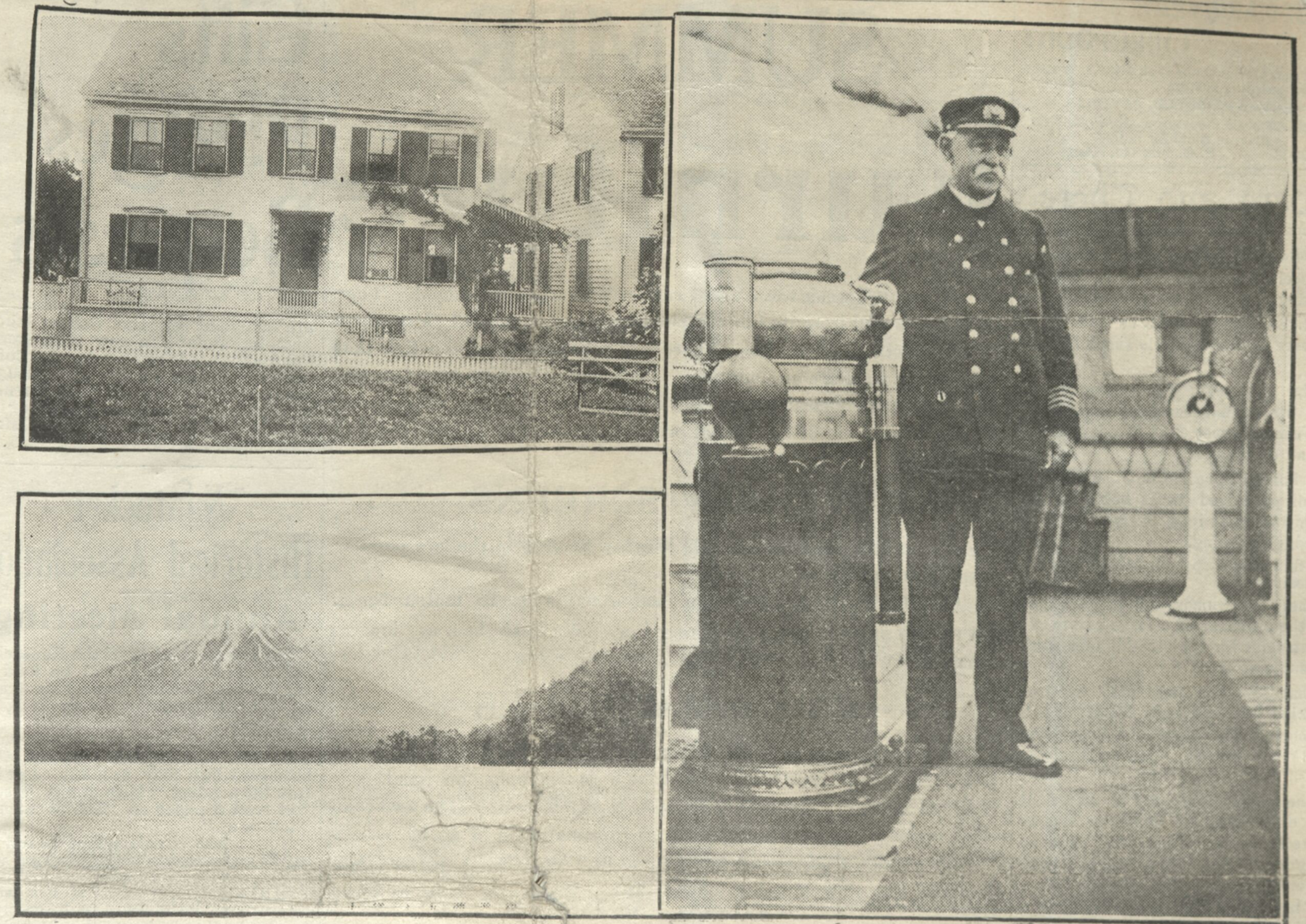

Home of Captain Swain at Nantucket; Fuji Mountain, Which Often Served as a Landmark for Captain Swain in Japan, and Captain Swain of the Japanese Naval and Merchant Marine, on Bridge of the Kasuga Maru.

Photos by courtesy Boston Post.

Returns to Nantucket as Japanese Commodore After a Half Century.

From the Boston Sunday Post, July 14, 1912.

For many years the captain of steamers sailing under the Japanese flag, for almost a score of years the commodore of an entire fleet, and an active participant in the war with Russia, Captain Richard Swain has returned to his boyhood home at Nantucket after an absence of 53 years.

Throughout the present summer he will remain as a visitor on the little island that he left at the age of 19 to follow the sea and to begin a life of adventure that has included experiences with hurricanes and typhoons and with war in the waters of the far east.

Then, though he has just passed the allotted three score years and ten, and might well retire to a life of ease at his native Nantucket, Captain Swain plans to return to Japan just as soon as the November elections are over. He will then act in an advisory capacity to the great mercantile fleet of which he has been commodore so long.

"I was just a boy of 19," said Captain Swain to a Sunday Post reporter at Nantucket last week, "when I had an opportunity to join the fleet of the Pacific Mail as an under officer.

Cape Cod folks, and particularly Nantucket people, have a natural leaning toward the sea, and even as a boy I had picked up enough knowledge of the water to be able to fill the post offered me, in spite of the fact that the Pacific Ocean was strange to me.

For eight years I worked for the Pacific Mail, gradually working up to the position of captain. The run was between San Francisco and Japan, and in this way I became acquainted with the Japanese steamship people and got an opportunity to go with them.

Then the Nippon Yusen Kwaisha line gave me a chance to take command of one of their smaller boats, and my Japanese career might be fairly said to have begun. The run was between Japan and China, and though I have plied to American and Australian ports since that time, I learned to like the run to Chinese ports so well that when I became commodore of their fleet I chose that route and left to the younger men the longer runs that kept one away from home for weeks at a time.

For a great many years, of course, I did not have a choice in the matter of where I went to, but in another particular I did have the say—in the matter of English speaking officers under me.

The result of that policy has been the introduction of many Americans and Englishmen in the service, and the creation of one more bond, even though a small one, between Americans and the Japanese.

My reason for insisting upon English speaking officers was primarily a selfish one. In Japan there are several kinds of languages, the court Japanese used by educated people and then a number of other dialects.

If one does not speak correct Japanese one had better speak none, and very early I decided that I would prefer to speak my native tongue and avoid the possibility of humiliation by lapsing into incorrcet Japanese.

Life as the captain of a Japanese mercantile vessel ran on rather uneventtfully. In their turn came storms, hurricanes and typhoons, such as the sailors on any other vessel are subject to. There never was a time when I was in any desperate danger of losing my ship, though there were times when I was anxious.

But when the war with Russia broke out there came more excitement than all the years before had provided. Japanese ships are subsidized, and in time of war are impressed into service as transports and the like, as were the Harvard and Yale during the Spanish-American war.

The ships of the Nippon Yusen Kwaisha became transports, and the captain of each retained his command and for the time being became an officer of the Japanese navy. Retaining their control over their vessels, they nevertheless were obliged to share responsibility with a genuine naval officer placed aboard.

Of course we indulged in no fighting. Neither did we get a chance to see any, but an incident occurred which I think is worthy of mention and which illustrates the Japanese point of view and the absolute difference of it from the American standpont.

There stood beside me on the bridge a Japanese naval officer, educated, cultured and in every respect the equal of an unsuperstitious, clear-headed American.

A battle was imminent and weather that was favorable for the Japanese forces was blowing up. With the utmost soberness the Japanese officer spoke up and declared that it must have been provided by the Emperor, who to the Japanese is a divinity not to be mentioned except as such and then only on rare occasions.

This educated man, as efficient a naval officer as any of the average, was obsessed with the common superstition that the Emperor was something more than human and could command the forces of nature.

The world in general has always wondered why it was that little Japan was able to defeat Russia, and in the general wonder lost sight of the important fact that at every stage of the conflict Japan maintained a perfect intelligent system, while the Russians in innumerable cases did not even know where their troops were, nor what their ships were doing.

And no small part of the eventual victory has to be laid at the door of the soldier of common origin, the man of a family low in station, who is glad to die in order that his name, and consequently that of his family, may be inscribed on the scroll that adorns the temple in which once a year the Emperor worships.

According to Japanese custom, the flag carried by each regiment is loaned to it by the Emperor, and is only a temporary possession. The names of such members of that regiment as die in battle are carved on a roll of honor which is put in one of the temples in Yohohama, and once each year the Emperor makes a pilgrimage and pays tribute to this roll of honor.

The willingness of the ordinary Japanese family to sacrifice a member to the empire is in no small part due to the extraordinary reverence in which the Emperor is held. In their eyes he is absolutely divine, not to be mentioned in conversation, and possessed of superhuman qualities.

Various jingo forces in the United States have tried to create the impression that Japan was seeking war with us. Japan in the past has been misunderstood. Many have thought that she is intent on war and conquest, to the neglect of her internal improvements and home development.

That is a mistake. Japan is anxious to pursue a peaceful course among the nations, particularly so with America, with whom she has been so long and closely connected. As England stands to Europe, so Japan stands to Asia. With China she stands not only as a friendly nation, but also as a trader, for 40 per cent. of Japan's foreign trade is with China.

It stands to reason that Japan would not wish to destroy her very best market. It is to her interest that China should prosper, should move forward without hindrance along the lines of her new republican government.

The common impression, however, that Japan is financially unable to undertake a war, is wrong when it is considered that money goes much farther there than in this country. The cost of a Japanese warship is much the same as here, but the cost of her upkeep is vastly less. The Japanese sailor is paid but $1 a month, and soldiers get about three cents a day.

The conscription method is in use, and the school boy is so thoroughly trained in tactics that his last year in school counts as one year of army service, and but two additional years are required of him.

Without the slightest desire to bring war down upon themselves, the Japanese are going ahead on the theory that only in possessing strength can they hold peace, either with the United States or any other world power.

The tariff is quite as much of a poitical issue in Japan as it is here. The empire has always gone on a highly protected basis, and the high cost of living, low, indeed, in comparison with the same thing here, is paramount.

Taxes are high in part because of the money needed to support the army and the navy, but it is apportioned in an entirely different way. The tax in Japan is on incomes, net incomes. That is to say, if you own a house and are not making any money from it, you are not taxed at all, but you are taxed on any commercial venture which may be making money for you.

The political parties of Japan, instead of being Republican and Democratic, are Liberal and Conservative, the former being in favor of expansion and the latter standing for retrenchment. As nearly as there is an issue in the country it is that of the tariff, which is fully as high as in this country.

A large part of the revenue of Japan comes here from the sugar and tobacco monopoly, and the Liberals are making a determined fight to abolish this and create revenue in some other way.

The big secret of Japan's strength lies in her system of ship subsidy, which the United States certainly ought to adopt. Where she has in the neighborhood of 20 ships running to all the American ports on the Pacific coast, there are but five vessels of the same class flying the American flag that are operating on the Pacific. The Manchuria, Mongolia, Siberia and Corea of the Pacific Mail, and the Minnesota of the Hill line, are the only ones to fly the American flag.

In still another way do the Japanese excel the entire world, and that is in the matter of safe ships. Japan has never been willing to accept the Lloyd specifications in building vessels, and today turns out a ship that is more nearly unsinkable than anything afloat.

The secret is simply in stronger bulkheads. The Titanic never would have sunk had her bulkheads been of sufficient strength to withstand the pressure of the water after she had struck. No boat of Japanese construction would ever have gone to the bottom as she did, simply because in the Japanese vessels there is used a thickness of steel which is able to withstand almost any pressure it may be expected to meet.

It is high time that the nations of the world, which have mercantile or any other kind of fleets, should get together and arrange for a standard in construction. This standard, I believe, should be along the Japanese line.

The Japanese boilers, for one thing, are heavier and thicker, and the bulkheads are so strong as to withstand almost any kind of pressure, while those on other ships are only up to the requirements laid down by the British Board of Trade.''

Captain Swain believes himself to be the first person in the United States to unfurl here the new flags of the Republic of China. His proudest possession is a set of these, including the national banner with five colors.

The original Chinese flag was of yellow, with a green dragon in the corner. The first new flag adopted, and which Captain Swain carefully guards, is a small blue one, with a small white star in the corner in place of the dragon. The second flag adopted, soon after the first had become generally known, is also blue and with a white star, but with the star points increased to the sacred number of nine.

In turn there came the flag with a red body and black nine-pointed star, each point having a yellow ''pearl'' at the tip, the entire 18 to symbolize the 18 divisions of the new republic.

The next development was a flag with a red field, a blue corner and a white imitation of the sun, star-shaped again. This banner has been maintained as the civil flag of the new republic.

The flag which Captain Swain prizes, however, as the first to be introduced in this country, is a plain, five barred banner, each bar of a different color.

On top there is a red stripe to commemorate the original rule of Han, 4603 years ago. Next comes the yellow stripe of the Manchus. Then follows the blue stripe, put into pacify the Mongolians, who threatened to set up a separate empire. Since there are some 14,000,000 Mohammedans in China, a white stripe is added for their benefit, and at the bottom is the black of the inhabitants of Thibet, who also proposed to form an empire of their own.

Captain Swain intends to remain in his birthplace, Nantucket, until he has had a chance to cast his first ballot of any kind. Once the November election is past he intends to return to Yokohama, where he makes his home, and remain as an advisor to the steamship line of which for so many years he has been commodore, and in that capacity done so much to cement friendly feeling between Japan and the United States.

Austin Strong Spoke Nantucket's Message to the Selectmen.

At the gathering of members of the Selectmen's Association, held at the Gordon Folger hotel on Friday evening week, Austin Strong was called upon to carry Nantucket's message to the visitors. Mr. Strong said:

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Massachusetts Selectmen's Association and distinguished guests; I feel honoured and a little terrified to be asked to speak before the selected men of Massachusetts. Being a Yankee, I know there is little I can tell you that you don't know already. Each one of you is a selectman of a town, therefore, if I know Yankees, each one of you not only knows but can prove that his town is the finest in the United States.

Now far be it from me to attempt to disillusion you. It would be the height of bad manners to try to prove to you that you were wrong. I probably would be risking my life. Besides modesty prevents me from bragging. We Nantucketers are shrinking violets as you may have noticed and we are famous the world over for not blowing our own horn. We just think in our shy and artless fashion that we are superior to any city, state, country, archipelago, and hemisphere in the whole d—— universe!

I can prove what I am saying for modern scientists have discovered that, beyond a doubt, Nantucket was a bit of heaven which Saint Peter dropped into the sea when the Bon Dieu wasn't looking and we, who live here, believe it or not,—and appearances notwithstanding—are angels!

All you have to do is to examine between our shoulders and you will find wing feathers still growing, slightly moth-eaten, I'll admit but still pin-feathers of the genus Equus Pennae—which is the Latin for Horse Feathers!

The Nantucketer has lived so long way out here under the bowl of sky and stars that when he goes to America—that benighted country where you all come from—he is bewildered. A friend of mine returned last week from a vacation trip in Vermont. I met him on Main street and said.

"Why, Hello, Si, did you enjoy your vacation?"

"Yep."

"Did you like Veromnt?"

"Yep."

"How did you like the scenery?"

"Scenery—hell—there was no scenery. Why the mountains were all in the way and you couldn't see a d— thing, for the whole place was cluttered up with trees!"

But seriously we welcome you all to this precious little elbow of sand which is just as much your heritage as ours. We, too, like you, raised our quota of giants, tough as hickory, with backbones of steel. Herman Melville spoke the truth when he wrote his immortal tribute to Nantucket men in words which still ring with the roar and thunder of the sea.

"The Nantucketer, he alone resides and riots on the sea; he alone, in bible language goes down to the sea in ships; to and fro ploughing it as his special plantation. There is his home. There lies his business, which a Noah's flood would not interrupt though it overwhelm all the millions in China. He lives on the sea, as prairie cocks in the prairie, he hides among the waves, he climbs them as chamois hunters climb the alps.

"For years he knows not the land, so that, when he comes to it at last, it smells like another world, more strangely than the moon would to an earthsman. With the landless gull, that as sunset folds her wings and is rocked to sleep between billows; so at nightfall, the Nantucketer, out of sight of land, furls his sails and lays him to his rest, while under his very pillow rush herds of walruses and whales."

When I look back on our New England past I think that our greatest heritage was and still is . . our women. The women of Nantucket taught their children from the cradle one word which they never forgot and that was . . "Stemmie!" Stemmie meant stamina. It was what you made use of when you had to go upstairs to an icy room when the temperature was below zero in an unheated house; when you had to break the ice in the water pitcher to wash yourself in bitter winter mornings; when you had to go without luxuries and sometimes necessities and stand up to real privation and long years of loneliness when the head of the house was far away earning the money to support his little family. If a child whimpered or whined all the mother had to say was "Stemmie!" and chins went up.

How strange it is that the clock is being turned back! That once again this country has to gird up its loins and face the hardships which our forbears endured. We must call on that faith beyond all faith which inspired them to take it with "Stemmie" without whimpering!

We must together, side by side, face the iron future with a self-sacrifice which beggars the imagination, with a self-discipline undreamed of in our philosophy, but with this glorious past behind us, a past which always found Massachusetts the very first in loyalty, the first in war, the first in duty done . . we New Englanders in quiet and confidence will take our stand!

So when the day comes when the victory is ours and once again the skies will be without menace—remember this old Island—remember it not as just a summer place for playtime only, but as a place made distinguished by tradition, made honourable by fortitude, made beautiful by the spirit of friendliness.

Now that you have broken the horizon so adventurously and found your way to us I venture to think you will never be quite the same again for this Island has touched each and everyone of you with its secret magic; because, Selectmen of Massachusetts, this Island is a real part of your birthright and we speak the same language in which is the greatest of all words, which some say is the rib of God himself and that word is "Stemmie!"

BER 8, 1945.

Capt. Starbuck and the Pacific Island of "New Nantucket."

A few months ago, Staff Sergeant William R. Waine, writing from an A. A. F. base in the Southwest Pacific theatre, requested information concerning the island in the Pacific known as "New Nantucket." He stated he had a hazy recollection of hearing or reading somewhere that such an island existed and was curious as to its location and history.

A survey of the modern maps will not reveal "'New Nantucket." The cartographers of this century have given it a newer name—"Baker's Island"—in its position just above the equator, in longitude 176° 20' west of Greenwich. Its nearest companion, Howland Island, a few miles to the northeast, was originally known as "Worth's Island."

"New Nantucket" was discovered by Capt. Obed Starbuck, of Nantucket, during a voyage to the Pacific in the whaleship *Loper*, in the year 1825. Upon his return home in the fall of 1826, he reported the new discovery together with several others which he had made during that particular voyage.

Just why Capt. Starbuck decided upon the name "New Nantucket" is a matter for conjecture. The island is not more than a mile in circumferance, low, sandy, with only a coarse grass and a few shrubs for vegetation, and is not more than 10 feet above the surface of the sea at its highest point. As a nesting place for thousands of sea birds over the centuries it has an extensive guano deposits and was utilized by the guano-collecting schooners of the past century which transported thousands of tons of the powerful fertilizer from Pacific isles.

[Note: At one time a guano factory was maintained at Woods Hole, or Woods Holl, as it was then called.]

The name "New Nantucket" clung to the island for over a century, and the humor of its appearance contrasted to "Old Nantucket" was the butt of many jokes. Nonetheless, it was visited by numerous whaleships seeking bird's eggs as a change in the rigid shipboard diet, and was a land-fall for ships making a passage "on the line."

The island came into the news at the time Amelia Earhart was lost on her Pacific flight. In 1938, when the air-clipper routes were being planned across the Pacific, the island again came into the news being in direct line of flight from Hawaii to Samoa, the Fijis and New Zealand.

At one time a supply party was stationed there and rude huts erected. A Japanese submarine lobbed a few shells into the installations a few weeks after Pearl Harbor, and, although no casualties resulted, the American party was happy enough to be rescued by a U. S. destroyer some days afterwards.

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Captain Obed Starbuck discovered several Pacific islands but only one still bears the name he originally gave them. This island lies north of the Society Group and is known as Starbuck's Island. It was discovered in 1822 while Captain Starbuck was in command of the whaleship *Hero*.

Born in 1797, Obed Starbuck went to sea at an early age. The 1812 war interrupted his voyaging but in 1815 he went out in the ship *Russell*, under Captain Joseph Allen. Upon his return home he felt qualified to accept a berth on the whaleship *Hero*, a new vessel which was owned mainly by his father. Capt. James Russell, her commander, made a good voyage, returning at a time when sperm oil was bringing nearly $2 a gallon.

When the *Hero* sailed out again, on July 12, 1819, Obed Starbuck was her first officer. It was on this voyage, while lying in St. Mary's, one of the group of islands off the coast of Chili, that the Spaniards of Benevedes party (an insurgent band) captured the *Hero*. Captain Russell and another man were killed that same night. Returning to the ship in the dark, Obed Starbuck led a party which re-took the *Hero*, cut her cables and got her safely to sea. At Valparaiso, the ship was officially turned over to him by the American consul and he sailed for Nantucket in company with the *Two Brothers*, on board of which was Capt. George Pollard, the ill-fated master of the *Essex*, which had been sunk by a whale a few months before.

The *Hero* was immediately fitted out for another voyage, with Obed Starbuck placed in command. He made the first of a series of remarkable voyages, returning in two years and one month with a full ship. He then took command of the ship *Loper*. On his first voyage in this craft he was gone a year and eight months. In his next voyage, he was gone but a year and a half, and on his third voyage in the *Loper*, he established a record never equalled, returning home after an absence of only 1 year, 3 months, 22 days, bringing in a cargo of 2270 bbls. of sperm oil.

It was during these three voyages in the *Loper* that Capt. Starbuck made the majority of his South Sea island discoveries. Besides "Starbuck's Island" and "New Nantucket," previously mentioned, he discovered "Starbuck's Group," now called Aranuka Isles, in the Gilberts; "Tracy's Island," also known as Vaitupu in the Ellice Group, and "Loper's Island," in the same group, now called Niutao and Lynx Island; and "Granger's Island" in the Mariannas.

Possessed of a remarkable energy, Capt. Starbuck continued his whaling career until 1843, when he retired after a voyage in the ship *Zone*, from this port. He had erected in 1830 a large mansion on Fair street, which is now known as The Ship's Inn. He lived here for nearly half a century, and became a public-spirited citizen of his native town.

Captain Starbuck died in his 86th year at his Fair street home. A close friend who had known him in his active life as a whaleman, declared: "He has been a marked man among us for a long period, and lived in times that called out all the points and developed all that wonderful energy so much needed in trying times."

—*E. A. S.*

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A Nantucket Man Who Followed An Ideal in a Far Country.

By Edouard A. Stackpole. 1946

On an evening late in August, 1831, the editor of a Scottish newspaper —the *Dumfries and Galloway Courier* —in southwestern Scotland, received a note from an American traveller, requesting an interview. In a few minutes the stranger was ushered into the editor's office, where the host was busily engaged in writing letters.

Glancing up the editor saw a pair of twinkling blue eyes regarding him from a bronzed face. The stranger was just under six feet in height and of such a massive frame that he completely filled the doorway.

"My name is Lieutenant Alexander B. Pinkham," said the American. "I am on leave of absence from the United States Navy. Here are my credentials."

The editor took a piece of paper and read the official Naval document.

"I realize that I am imposing on your hospitality," went on Lieutenant Pinkham, in a voice at once quiet and arresting. "At present I am engaged in a pedestrian's journey of these marvelous isles—"

"A pedestrian's journey of what?" The editor was so surprised as to quickly interrupt.

"Aye—a walking tour of Ireland, England and Scotland." The American smiled: "That is, as much of these lands as my time allows."

"And you have sailed directly here, to Scotland?"

"No—I sailed from New York and landed at Cork a month past. I am from the island of Nantucket."

The traveller then told something of his journey thus far. After several days at Cork, he had wandered over a number of other sections of Ireland, admired the vale of Avoca, charmed "by the Lakes of Killarney, and intrigued by the history of Derry." Crossing to Liverpool, he had sailed from the Mersey to the Nith, the captain of the trading craft on which he had sailed refusing to accept any passage money upon learning that the American was a sailor.

"But my reason for intruding on your time, sir, is another breach of your hospitality. Yet I know no other way to accomplish my purpose—I wish you to give me an introduction to the relict of Robert Burns."

"An American wishing to talk with the widow of Burns?"

"Aye—I know we are considered an illiterate race—but we are really an appreciative people. Many years ago, my father, Capt. Andrew Pinkham, returned to Nantucket from a voyage to London, and took from his sea-chest a copy of Bobby Burns' poems. Those poems, together with those of your Ettrick Shepherd, James Hogg, have thrown an unknown charm over my entire life."

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Bidding his visitor "sit down," the editor spent the next two hours in "splendid talk." It was the beginning of an excellent friendship. Following his visit to the widow of Burns, Lieut. Pinkham and his Scotish friend enjoyed many rambles through the land of Wallace and Bruce.

Writing in later years of that unusual friendship, the editor noted:

"Lieut. Pinkham was a gentleman of probity, talent and taste, whose appearance, mind and manners I shall not speedily forget. He age might be thirty-two or a little beyond [actually it was 39]; his height 5 feet ten; and ten such a chest, neck and shoulders! Limbs more muscular I have never seen. Agile, as well as powerful, he was one compact compound of bone and muscle. From this description of his outer man, it may be supposed by some that he bore some resemblance to the commander of the Black Prince in recklessness of character. But never was inference more unfounded. During my acquaintanceship, I found the stranger a man of much sensibility. He had not only a fine eye for natural scenery, but was alive to the sublime, whether as witnessed in nature or reflected through the medium of books. But he declared his regret that his education had been defective and expressed so strong a desire to improve himself by his studies that he will no doubt figure some day as an author."

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After visits to Friars' Carse Hermitage, where Burns penned one of his finest poems; to Ellisland, where the poet lived and composed "Mary in Heaven" and "Tam O'Shanter"; he went to Newabbey, Bruce's Castle at Lochmaden, and Cearlaverock on the Solway Frith, "where half the warriors of the land woke when a Maxwell gave command."

Upon bidding adieu to Dumfries, Lieut. Pinkham bent his steps in the direction of Arbigland, an estate on the Galloway banks of the Solway, some fourteen miles distant. Here, from Criffel mount, with the sea in sight, he could see as far as the Isle of Arran, the breadth of the Isle of Man. In the foreground was the coast of Cumberland, with its background of mountains.

Armed with a letter from his editor-friend, Lieut. Pinkham called upon David H. Craik, Esq., owner of the adjoining estate of Arbigland.

"This letter states you have an unusual request to make of me," said Mr. Craik, regarding his visitor from under thick eyebrows.

"Aye—and I will come to the point at once. In Nantucket, where I grew up and went on my first voyage—a whaling cruise to the Pacific, I often heard Reuben Chase, Henry Gardner and other old sea-dogs tell of their adventures sailing under John Paul Jones. Soon I became part of their yarns, and Jones became my especial hero. He has been my ideal, and my idol. I joined the Navy of my country and have served it a quarter century. Now, sir, my request—may I have your permission to visit the birthplace of John Paul Jones, which I understand, is on your estate?"

David Craik could not conceal his surprise. "Of course, you know his exploits are not regarded here in the same light as in America."

Lieut. Pinkham smiled: "A fair remark. I could speak the same for Cockburn and Howe and Hardy, but it is to no purpose. John Paul was a chap of humble birth, whose father was a gardener on your estate, and from yonder port of Carsethorn, I have heard Owen Starbuck say that John Paul often watched the ships and one day embarked. It was this man, growing up here, who one day created the spirit of my country's infant Navy with his fight against the *Serapis*. I wish only to pay him a humble homage by visiting his birthplace."

"Your wish is granted," declared Mr. Craig. "I will have a man go to direct you."

Lieut. Pinkham gladly accepted the guide, but when the lane came to a turn, and he was informed the cot lay just beyond, he dismissed his man with thanks and a coin, and went on alone.

His mind filled with emotions which were a mingling of his own youthful hero worship and his knowledge of the immortal character of Captain Jones' exploits, Lieut. Pinkham walked to the turn of the lane. As he rounded the leafy corner, he stopped as if a cannon shot had sounded.

Before him, a few yards distant, was a rude stone cot, stained with time, roofless and a ruin!

Seating himself on a stone, Lieut. Pinkham harked back through the years to the Nantucket wharves, and the days when he first heard of his hero. The man had gone through a stormy career. To many Englishmen, John Paul was a pirate, sailing under the flag of rebellious colonies, daring to defy the might of His Majesty's Navy. The raid at Whitehaven, close by, was certainly never forgotten by the parties involved. There was reason enough for the neglect of this stone cottage from the point of view of this land.

But the Nantucketer was thinking in terms of his own country. A nation whose very foundation was built upon its maritime exploits, whose naval history and tradition was established by Captain Jones, would some day feel a deep reverence for the gallant commander of the *Ronger* and the *Bon Homme Richard*. The politician's of Jones' time had seen to it that he would gain no reward for his efforts.

Lieut. Pinkham made a rude but detailed sketch of the cottage, and then withdrew. While retracing his steps, an half-defined idea began to emerge from his disappointment—but like many of his generous impulses he decided to forego it for the while.

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During the next few weeks, the Nantucketer tramped through the countryside. After visits to the classic vales of the Tweed and Yarrow, he arrived at Abbotsford. Failing in an attempt to interview Sir Walter Scott, he determined to go to Altrive Lake and gain an audience with James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

But when he arrived the day was far gone, and, discovering there were no accomodations at the nearest habitation, he went into a grove of trees, and made himself a rude bed for the night.

The next day, Lieut. Pinkham felt well rewarded by being received with warmth by James Hogg. When the good Scotch poet learned how his visitor had spent the night, he expressed regret that the stranger did not knock on his door, in place "o' lying out-bye like the gypsy bodies, and with far fewer trappins than they carry in their creels."

After a day spent in happy conversation, Lieut. Pinkham set off for Dumfries. Upon arrival, he immediately made known to his editor-friend the plan which he had been contemplating all the while.

* * * * *

"I confess surprise at seeing you once more—a happy surprise," said the Dumfries man. "I expected you to be well on your way from Edinburg to Hull."

"I have been having visions while cruising about your country, sir," was the Nantucket man's smiling reply. "I wish another letter from you to Mr. Craik at Arbingland."

Lieut. Pinkham then broached his plan for restoring the birthplace of his hero—John Paul.

"I have a sovereign or two which I wish to contribute towards a new roof. Perhaps, next year, I can send another contribution. I feel that this is all owed the memory of Jones."

Two days later, Lieut. Pinkham and David Craik were discussing the proposition. Not only did Mr. Craik grant permission, but he told the Nantucket man a number of interesting things about the youthful John Paul. The latter's father, has has been stated, was the gardener of the estate, and Craik often accompanied the youthful John Paul on his rambles. Even as a boy, Mr. Craik stated, John Paul had exhibited many proofs of that power of mind which a strong character exercises over his fellows. His playmates were taught to maneuver their cockboats *secundun aretum* and mimic the turmoil of battle, while the future admiral gruffly gave the words of command.

Lieut. Pinkham returned to Dumfries in high spirits. During the next few days, he had watched the birthplace of his hero. But his time was fleeting; he made hurried plans to reach Liverpool, to take ship for hime.

On the morning of his departure from Dumfries, he deposited twenty-five sovereigns with his friend, to be used in repairing the cottage and making it habitable. This, considering the mode in which he travelled, and the economy he found it necessary to practice, was unquestionably generosity in its truest sense. The winter was then somewhat advanced, and so work as delayed, but Mr. Craik not only guaranteed its completion in the spring, but offered to donate any necessary funds forthcoming.

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During the next early summer, the cottage presented a marked contrast to its former appearance. In its glade of woods on the shores of the Solway, its walls whitewashed and its roof strongly thatched, it became a landmark for ships entering the waterway.

And, in keeping with Lieut. Pinkham's last request, the house was occupied by a tenant—the widow of a fisherman, who lived here rent-free. During her life-time, it is said, sailors passing the spot would doff their bonnets in token of esteem for the unknown "American navy-man" who had shown a universal sailor's spirit.

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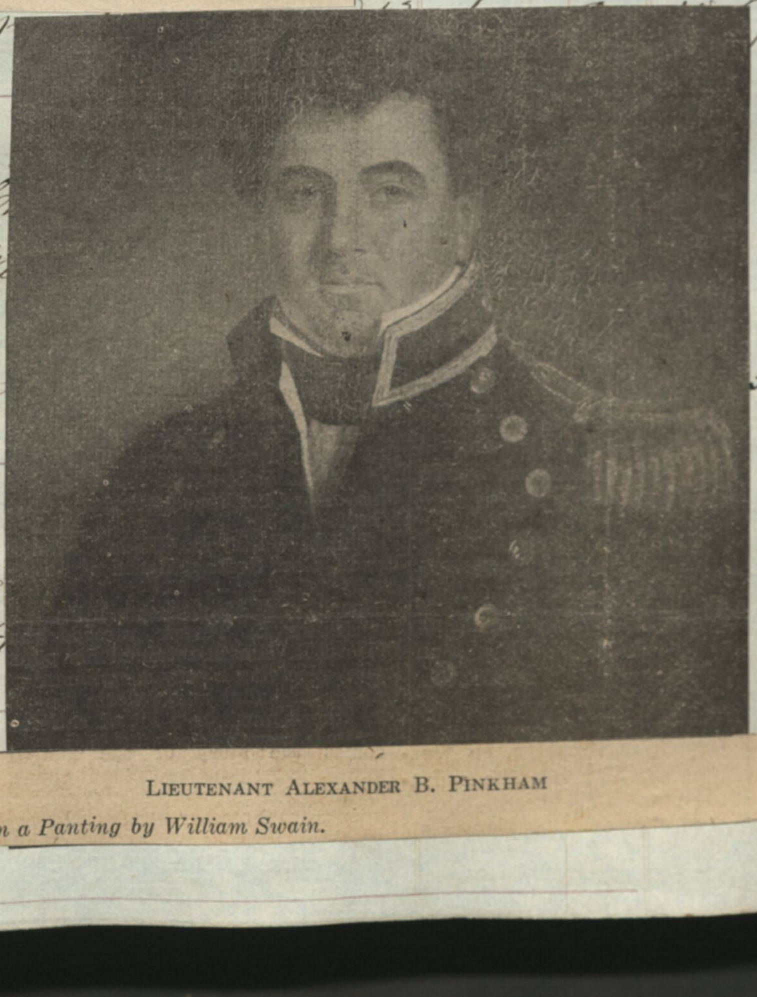
Alexander Bunker Pinkham was born in Nantucket on April 2, 1792, a son of Captain Andrew and Deborah (Bunker) Pinkham. He was sixth in line from the redoubtable Richard from the Isle of Wight, and inherited a love of the sea from both sides of his house. More than that, he grew up in a seaport town at a time when the exploits of the islanders in the whaling industry was continuing to make it the world's leading whaling port. He heard at first hand the stories of those Nantucket men who fought under Jones; certainly, he came to venerate the memory of Captain John Paul.

Like other Nantucket boys, Alexander Pinkham went a-whaling at an early age. In 1807, at the age of 15, he sailed in the *Chili*, under Captain James Bunker, on a voyage to the Pacific Ocean. In his next voyage in the same ship, he was promoted to the coveted berth of boat-steerer, or harpooner, and it is recorded that he "put the iron" in twentyfour whales, all of which were captured.

In a letter, writen when he was 45 years of age, Lieut. Pinkham addressed Captain Bunker as "My Dear Old Commander," he wrote:



Lieutenant Alexander B. Pinkham

From a Panting by William Swain.

"In the course of a life somewhat checkered by adventures, I look back upon the four years I served under your command as the greenest spot—the only real oasis in the whole expanse. The lessons I learned from your own example and precept have been of a daily advantage to me through life thus far."

Lieut. Pinkham came from a family of adventure-loving men. His father, Captain Andrew, after a life at sea, went into the Ohio country as a settler. His Uncle Reuben died in far-off Java in 1798, and his Uncle David was one of the American sailors imprisoned at Dartmoor during the War of 1812. Both Alexander and his older brother Reuben joined the U. S. Navy and both rose to the rank of Lieutenant. Lieut. Reuben Pinkham was one of th officers directing the attack on the natives at Quatta Balloo, where he was wounded. He died several years later, as a result of the wound, while on a cruise aboard the frigate *Constitution*, his favorite naval craft.

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When Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, of H. M. Royal Navy, equipped the schoolship *Clio* as a floating auxiliary to his Coffin School in 1829, he placed Lieut. Alexander Pinkham in command. He sailed her to Quebec with twenty-one Nantucket boys on board, ranging in age from 12 to 16, and made another voyage to southern waters.

In 1836, Lieut. Pinkham married Miss Lydia Davis, of Portsmouth, Va., a young lady then in her 25th year. In a letter home, he wrote: "On the day my wife was born, (March, 1811) I was cruising in the Pacific Ocean off Vaparaiso, in the whaleship *Chili*, being then in my 16th year."

"New Nantucket" Discovered by Captain Obed Starbuck.

In an interesting article entitled "Three Nantuckets on Globe," which appeared in a recent issue of the *Falmouth Enterprise*, Miss Helen Schauffler, of Quidnet, Nantucket, writes of tiny Nantucket Island, off Grand Manan in the Bay of Fundy (two-thirds of a mile from shore at high water), and "New Nantucket" or Baker Island in mid-Pacific Ocean.

In describing the latter island, the writer attributes its discovery to a Captain Michael Baker, of New Bedford, who visited the island several times between the years 1839 and 1851. It is understood that the name "Baker's Island" is derived from this New Bedford man.

But, as a matter of fact, the island of "New Nantucket" was discovered by Captain Obed Starbuck, of Nantucket, while on a whaling voyage in 1825 in the ship *Loper*. This redoubtable island master mariner was the discoverer of several other Pacific islands, some of which still bear the original names bestowed by him.

Between the years 1823 and 1826, Captain Starbuck, while in command of the Nantucket whaleships *Hero* and *Loper* discovered "Starbuck's Island," north of the Society group; "New Nantucket" on the equator east of the Marshalls; "Starbuck's Group," in the Gilberts; "Tracy" and "Loper" islands in the Ellices; and Granger, in the Marianas.

Possessed of a remarkable ability as a whaleman, Captain Starbuck is also credited with the shortest Pacific Ocean voyage on record, having sailed and returned in one year, 3 months, and 2 days while on his third voyage in the *Loper* and bringing in a full cargo of 2,270 bbls. of sperm oil.

Captain Starbuck retired in 1843, having accumulated a fortune in 20 years of voyaging. He lived a long and active life, being in his 87th year when death came in 1883.

It is rather ironical that the low, sandy, desolate islet which he named "New Nantucket" one hundred and twenty-one years ago should be in direct contrast to his colorful island home in the Atlantic. Why he decided on the name is not recorded, but unquestionably the element of humor (which was one of his strong characteristics) entered into the picture.

* * * * *

"New Nantucket" or Baker Island is one mile long but less than that in width, almost circular in shape. It is barely 20 feet above sea-level, has only a growth of coarse grass and low shrubs as vegetation, and no fresh water. It is surrounded by a wide reef of coral, and the surf sweeps heavily over the reef to the island's windward side.

In the 1860's and 70's it was used as a supply base by a guano company which acquired the rights to several similar islands in this section of the Pacific.

After being abandoned for about 35 years, the island was again utilized—this time by the U. S. government, which was beginning to realize the importance of the island fringe of our Pacific defense perimeter. For three years, a number of men were stationed on Baker Island as well as other islands in the vicinity, and meteorlogical data recorded.

Shortly after Pearl Harbor was attacked by the Japs, an enemy submarine came to the surface off Baker island and proceeded to lob a few shells ashore. The four Hawaiians stationed there were forced to flee their flimsy huts and burrow in sand holes. A few days later, an American destroyer hove to off the reef and rescued the beleaguered garrison.

The next most exciting incident in the island's history had to do with a mutiny which left a whaling master and a boat's crew abandoned on the desolate beach for several weeks—but that is another story.

1946

[Correspondence of the Evening Post.]

THE SEA-KINGS OF NANTUCKET

1887

"BURKE had described them," remarked my friend on another evening, recurring to his favorite topic, the sea. "The men I have been thinking of all day—the sea captains of Nantucket. You remember that famous speech of his before Parliament—one of his best—in which he pleaded the cause of American Colonies.

"Pass by other parts," he says, "and look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the whale fishery. While we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson Bay and Davis Straits—while we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold—that they are at the Antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the South. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them, than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that while some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but is vexed by their fisheries; no climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people—a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood That refers exclusively to Nantucket men, for they were the only ones who at that day had shown such enterprise in the whale fishery.

"There were a lot of splendid shipmasters just passing off the stage when I was a boy, and I must say they seemed to me in character, enterprise, and lofty demeanor fully equal to all I had heard related of their daring and enterprise. Knight-errant of the world, they were, roaming from zone to zone and pole to pole, discovering new islands, mapping out unknown seas, grappling the hugest game, meeting and mingling with all peoples, you can imagine the stories they told, and of their fascination for a boy of twelve. I never forgot any, but the China and India voyages interested me most, especially those to Pondicherry, a remote port in India belonging to the French. I suppose because they recalled the exploits of Hastings and the great Clive. I am in the mood for speaking briefly of a few.

"The greatest family of island shipmasters was the Wests. They were descended in part from the noble Ichabod Paddock, who removed to Nantucket late in 1600, by invitation, to teach the people how to catch whales. Charles West married a descendant of this great whaleman. They had a son Stephen, who was master of a ship as early as 1802. Stephen was one of the most successful of our shipmasters. He was a bosom friend of the great merchant Jacob Barker; they were boys together; in fact, Jacob has told me that Capt. West gave him his first start in life. I saw the former in 1850, in his eighty-fifth year, at the Captain's death-bed, asking him what he could do for him in such a tender, pathetic spirit that I forgave Mr. Barker all he had omitted to do for his friend in life. In 1790 Capt. West commenced his career as a South Sea whale fisherman, and continued in it until 1798, when the French troubles compelled its suspension. In 1800, however, he was away as First Lieutenant of the *Oneida*, a twenty-gun ship, bound on a voyage to China, via Cape Horn and the Marquesas Islands, where she expected to lay in her cargo of seal skins. The *Oneida* was absent seventeen months, and returned with a rich cargo of teas, silks, and nankeens, so profitable that it was talked of in the counting-rooms of all our ports. Whaling was just then reviving. The ship *John Jay*, then in the China trade, was purchased, and Mr. West went out in her as first officer on a voyage to Brazil Banks. On his return, Seth Russell & Sons of New Bedford offered him command of the *Dolphin*, in which he sailed on a whaling voyage to the South Seas. She registered but 130 tons, and was probably the smallest vessel that ever sailed on such a voyage.

"Well out on the whaling grounds, the young captain discovered that his vessel was leaking and was also very defective in her upper works. Most commanders would have come home. He put into Delago Bay, on the coast of Africa, where he found a number of his townsmen in command of English, French, and American ships. He called to his aid the carpenters and smiths of these ships, went into the woods and cut timbers, repaired his ship, and refastened her throughout. Then they went for a cruise off the Cape of Good Hope, fell in with schools of whales, filled the ship in six weeks, and were home full, the first ship of the season. Capt. West's reputation was now assured. In the ship *Martha*, he made two voyages to the Brazil Banks and to Patagonia, taking upwards of 1,850 barrels of sperm oil each time, but losing the last—captured by the English ship *Nimrod*, in the war of 1812. On the return of peace he made three seven months' voyages in his old ship *Martha*, returning full each time. Then the Liverpool packet *Pacific* was bought, and, in her, in a seven months' voyage he took 2,400 barrels of oil. He made a second voyage with like results. He then performed his last voyage in the *South America*, taking 700 barrels, and retired from the sea, having brought 25,000 barrels of oil into port. He died in 1859, nearly eighty-five years of age.

"The next son, Paul, was also a successful shipmaster, first sailing for Nantucket merchants and then in English employ. His brother, Silas, was noted for an exploit that was narrated in every cabin and forecastle throughout the fleet. He was in command of the London whaleship *Indian*, and when off the Gallipagos Islands discovered a school of ten or twelve 'bull whales.' Then there was a sound of piping by day, the boats were lowered, and Capt. West was soon in the midst of the monsters, never slacking his labor till the last was killed. When the ship worked up there were ten whales waiting to be taken alongside. I was telling this story years afterwards in one of our public resorts, several old masters being present, when one, then past his eightieth birthday, remarked: 'The gentleman has told the truth of the matter; I was second mate of the ship *Lion*, then in company, and saw it done.' Capt. Silas West was killed by a sperm whale in the Pacific Ocean.

"Capt. Benjamin Worth was another of those heroic masters. A volume might have been made of his exploits and adventures. Once he told me a little adventure that befell him on the coast of New Zealand, showing how a trivial circumstance may arrest the course of events and deliver from the jaws of destruction. They were in a deep bay on that coast when a terrible gale overtook them. With close-reefed main top-sail and foretop-mast stay s'l set—all they could carry—they tried to beat out, but in vain; the ship was urged to leeward by the tempest and towards the foaming breakers and black, jagged rocks. Captain and mate consulted, and decided to run the ship on shore while it was day, so that they could pick out a safe place to land. The negroes on board—and most Nantucket ships carried more or less of those people—on hearing the order to put up the helm, and seeing the ship headed towards shore, crowded around the Captain and urged him to try once more for the open sea, 'for,' said they, 'if we escape to shore here, we shall surely be eaten, for the natives are cannibals.' They were well aware that the New Zealanders much preferred negro flesh as a diet to that of white men. Touched by their distress, the Captain decided to make another attempt to gain sea room. He brought the ship to the wind again, and set fore and mizzen tops'l, let out a reef in each of the others, and awaited the result. 'You should have seen the tense, pale faces of the men,' he used to say, 'and the ship dancing like a seabird on the waves, with the wind howling through her cordage like a legion of devils, and the boiling caldron on her lee. But the sails held, the wind eased up a point or two, and we flew like a bird past the headland, and out to sea.' They made Sydney, New South Wales, and there Capt. Worth displayed the qualities of a great commander by bringing victory out of disaster. The ship was a mere wreck—boats and try-works gone, cabin gangway splintered, part of the deck torn up, and not a barrel of oil yet obtained; but Worth, not disheartened, built boats, repaired his ship, made grass rope, recruited stores, and put to sea, and in fifteen months was at Nantucket Bar, full. That shows the spirit of a Nantucket sea king. Sailors will hardly believe it; but I had it from his own lips. This Capt. Worth, by the way, was grandfather to Secretary Folger's wife. He was an elegant sailor and commander, as was his son, who sailed from England the ships *Griffen* and *Rochester*.

"Capt. David Baxter, one of Mr. Rotch's captains, once gave his owner a great surprise. When in England, just before the war of 1812, Mr. Rotch engaged him for a passage to the Pacific for sperm oil. 'When thou art full and on thy way home,' said he, 'call at St. Helena, and I will there have a letter directing thee how to proceed from that point.' Everything drew alow and aloft on the passage out, and when the good ship, the *Charter*, reached the coast of Peru, she found whales so plentiful and had such luck in striking them, that she was full before the men had thought of home; then favoring winds swept her speedily back, and she called at St. Helena for the letter before Mr. Rotch had thought of her leaving her cruising-ground. Of course, there was no letter of advice, and Capt. Baxter stood away for England, knowing too much to attempt New Bedford, with all his Majesty's cruisers on the lookout for American ships. He took a pilot in the channel, who, one morning, before Mr. Rotch had arisen, anchored the *Charles*, with her bowsprit almost in the bow windows of his palatial residence on the Thames. Then Capt. Baxter went ashore. Arrived at Mr. Rotch's house, the great merchant came into the reception-room in slippers and dressing-gown and was vastly alarmed to meet his master. 'Why, Baxter,' said he, 'what has happened to thee? Has thee become a wreck, or what has happened?' supposing he had made no voyage. But when the Captain announced the *Charles* as full of sperm oil, worth an enormous number of guineas, Mr. Rotch was immensely relieved, and heartily congratulating him, made him stay to breakfast. It was a great surprise to the old Quaker. I think the time was only about eighteen months—the usual absence being three years. Baxter was a man of untiring force in all his fine voyages. I have heard him relate details of them often. He was uncle to Sir Francis Baxter, of New Zealand memory.

"Let me give you an instance of the strength and nerve of another of our Nantucket sea-kings, Capt. Obed Fitch. He went, as second mate of that famous ship the *Maria*, to the east coast of Africa, George G. Hussey being commander, and Micajah Gardiner first officer. Ap[illegible] the African coast, near where Riley and Paddock, two of our best captains, had been disastrously wrecked, the man on the forecastle reported 'something looking strange to him ahead.' Fitch, who had the deck, walked forward, and peering under the foresail, at once discovered the land looking white. Quick as a flash, without a word or order to any one, he sprang to the quarter deck and put down the helm—hard down to the rail, then springing to the yards, swung them around with his powerful arms as quickly as though all hands had been at the halliards, thus putting the ship about and on the opposite tack; then, pausing to look over her side, he saw the mud coming up, and sea-drift, showing that her keel had scr[illegible] the bottom. When the ship was safe, Cap[illegible]ssey appeared in the gangway with Mr. Gardner, and took Mr. Fitch's statement. Next morning at the breakfast-table Capt. Hussey said playfully: 'Mr. Gardner, why didn't you take the deck last night?' 'Why, sir,' said Mr. Gardner, 'I saw Mr. Fitch had it, and that no man was safe around him. I saw he was in earnest.'

"Capt. Fitch was a fine, majestic figure, over six feet tall, muscular, strong-limbed, his arms when in motion plainly showing his power. It is said that once while bringing a new ship home, they wanted water from alongside, and there being no bucket, he seized a barrel, and letting it down drew it up full as easily as an ordinary seaman would a bucket.

'Capt. William Mooers of the ship *Maria* was Mr. Rotch's favorite captain. I heard a story once illustrating his spirit and decision of character. He was making a voyage to France in command of the *Maria*, Mr. Rotch being a passenger. We were at war with England at the time, and Capt. Mooers had begged to be permitted to arm his ship ere setting out, but the Quaker merchant said there must be no fighting on his vessels. A few days out a cruiser discovered them and gave them chase. She drew so near that the balls began to whistle about, and [illegible] Rotch, horrified at the sound of strife, rushe[illegible] deck and ordered Capt. Mooers to strike [illegible] flag. 'Mr. Rotch,' said Capt. Mooers, 'go below; I have the deck,' and he held on his course. At the same moment the breeze freshened, and the *Maria's* wide spread of canvas enabled her to take herself out of harm's way. It is not on record that Mr. Rotch ever disciplined his captain for this cavalier disregard of orders.

"It is something, is it not, to have talked with a man who has been in the whale's mouth? That man was Capt. Edmund Gardner, a descendant of John Swain, jr., the first white male child born on Nantucket. He began his sea life in 1801, in the ship *Union*, Grafton Gardner, commander, and succeeded to the Captaincy in 1807, at the same time sailing to the Pacific on a whaling voyage. Twenty days out a huge sperm whale struck the ship, and she immediately sank, Captain and crew escaping in their three whale-boats, in which, after many adventures, they safely reached the Azores. There Capt. Gardner found another ship, and in her made a

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noble sp[illegible] whale voyage. In 1816, while on anoth[illegible]age in the same ship, on the Peruvian coast, in an encounter with a sperm whale, his boat was knocked into splinters, and he was precipitated into the monster's mouth. The horrible jaws closed on him, then opened and cast him out. The mate's boat took him up for dead. One hand was gone, and there was an indentation in his head deep enough to hold an egg. The mate made all sail for the port of Paita, in Peru, where they soon arrived. It being the hot season there, the doctor said the wounded man must be taken up into the mountains where the cool breezes would serve to restore him. This was actually accomplished. He regained his ship, completed his voyage, and arrived home in New Bedford in 1817, to the great joy of his owners, the Rotches and Rodmans.

"Reuben R. Pinkham was another of our great masters. An anecdote of him is well worth repeating, In 1833 the United States frigate *Potomac*, Commodore John Downes in command, was crossing the North Pacific on her voyage round the world. Reuben R. Pinkham was her third lieutenant. One day, near sunset, Pinkham had the watch, and the Commodore was walking the deck. The wind, which before was fresh, had increased to a gale, topgallant-s'ls were handed down, topsails reefed, and the spanker brailed up, when all at once Pinkham gave the order: 'Man the weather head braces, weather main brace, weather main topsail brace, lee crojeck (crossjack) braces.' 'What is that for, Mr. Pinkham?' asked the Commodore. 'We shall have the wind out here in a moment, sir,' said Pinkham, stretching his arm out and pointing to leeward. With that the Commodore ran over to the lee rail and looked anxiously out in the direction indicated. Presently he returned and said: 'I see no signs of it, Mr. Pinkham; let the men leave the braces.' With that a number of the crew dropped the ropes, but on Pinkham's calling out 'Keep hold of those braces, every man of you!' they resumed their grasp. The Commodore's face flushed with anger to find his directions thus disregarded, and he called out in a peremptory tone, 'Let the men leave the braces, sir!' Again the crew dropped the ropes, when Pinkham, shaking his trumpet at them, exclaimed, 'Don't any of you dare to let go of those ropes!' At that moment the wind did not die away, but stopped, and the sails flapped against the masts. Raising his trumpet to his lips, Pinkham shouted, 'Haul taut,' and the ponderous yards swung to a reversed direction. This was hardly done when the wind shot out of the opposite quarter and struck the ship like a sledge-hammer. She bent over before it, but shaking the spray from her bows dashed forward unharmed. Commodore Downes said not a word, but rushed into his cabin, and presently the orderly came up to Mr. Pinkham and said the Commodore wished him to send to the first lieutenant to relieve him for a few minutes, as he wished to see him in the cabin. Entering the cabin, Pinkham found the Commodore seated by a table with a decanter of wine and two wine-glasses before him. Pushing one of the latter toward his visitor, he said: 'Take a glass of wine, Mr. Pinkham. Mr. Pinkham, I consider myself indebted to you for my own life, and for the lives of all on board this ship. Had you not hauled the yards just when you did, and had the wind found the ship unprepared, and taken the sails aback, not all the power on earth could have moved the yards, and the ship would have gone down stern foremost. But I tell you frankly that had the wind not come out as you predicted, I would have put you under arrest in two minutes.' 'Commodore Downes,' replied Lieutenant Pinkham, 'I did not intend any disrespect, and I should be sorry if you thought I did, but I have been in these seas before, and am familiar with these sudden changes of wind. I saw undoubted indications of such change then, and knew that I had no time for explanation.'

"Benjamin Hussey was another of our great captains—the first to enter the Falkland Isles in a whaler—my journals say in January, 1785. Before that date he was in Greenland, again off the African coast whaling. When in France, Napoleon confiscated his entire property. Then he came to Nantucket, and the people engaged him to inoculate us boys—that was in 1815. I shall never forget his huge head; when he took off his broad beaver I could think of nothing but a half-bushel of brains. In 1817 he returned to France and regained some of his property. With that and the assistance of some of my family, he fitted out from Dunkirk a whaler for the Greenland fishery, where he arrived all safe, but unfortunately soon got entangled in the icebergs. He was at the wheel, steering the vessel, when the ice crushed against the rudder, and threw him over the wheel, breaking his ribs, from which wounds he soon died, May, 1820, then eighty years and five months old.

"It was men of this fibre that William Rotch had in mind when he made his famous reply to George III. Rotch asked for the admission of the Nantucket whale ships and their cargoes to England free of duty. 'And what wilt thou give me in return?' asked his Majesty. 'We will give thee and thy people the young men of my native island,' replied the intrepid Quaker, and I think the return would have balanced the concession.

"I could fill a volume with anecdotes, but these will suffice to indicate the character of the men of Nantucket. Remember, too, that I have mentioned but few of the noble men who have sailed from our port and carried its fame to the remotest ports. I was recalling yesterday the names of some of the more notable of those not mentioned—Robert Folger, of the same blood as Franklin's mother and the late Secretary of the Treasury; Joshua Coffin and Shubael Coffin, connections of Sir Isaac Coffin, the baronet; Thomas Hiller, Silas Holmes, the merchant of New York; Gideon Gardner, Resolved Gardner, the latter one of Girard's captains; John Grinnell, Thomas Bunker, Reuben R. Bunker, Jonathan Colesworthy, the East India Captain, John Gardner, of Philadelphia, Walter Folger, J. C. Briggs, Joseph Chase, Silas Ives, James Gwin, Ransom Jones, Gideon Ramsdell, Seth Swain, Jacob Barker, Latham Gardner, Thaddeus Coffin, Micajah Gardner, Zebulon Coffin, Robert Mott, and George Pollard, who was with Fulton on the *Clermont* in 1807, when she made her first trip up the Hudson, and Joseph Rotch, who commanded the *Dartmouth* on her first voyage out after the tea had been emptied out of her (the voyage was to London, and on her return she foundered, and Capt. Rotch and his crew were taken off by Timothy Folger and brought to Boston, November, 1774), and the Watermans—Thaddeus, Robert and Robert, jr.—the latter famed for his quick China passages, seventy-four and seventy-eight days, which have never been beaten—Alexander Coffin, the London packet master, who conveyed Dr. Franklin's despatches to the Continental Congress, and Nathan Coffin, his grandfather, whom Bancroft cites ('History of the United States,' vol. ix., p. 313) as a noble example of the indomitable spirit of the American patriot, and scores of others, who each achieved such greatness that we might look upon him and say:

Take him for all in all, he was a man,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

1905

Comes Back to Claim Legacy.

After a disappearance of 53 years, during which his relatives searched for him over half the world, James T. Travis who when a boy of 16 ran away from his home in Brooklyn to ship on a New Bedford whaler bound for the south ses, has returned to his old home a grizzled patriarch of 70 years.

Back of a formal motion made Monday before Justice Blanchard in the supreme court for the appointment of a referee to take legal proof of the identity of Travis is a real romance of adventure in which nearly all the characters since its beginning, more than half a century ago, have disappeared except the hero of the tale, who arrived in his native city from New Zealand last week to claim a legacy which has lain idle in the state treasury for many years.

Jacob Travis, an old citizen of Brooklyn, died in 1884, leaving a fortune of $500,000, which he had accumulated in the lighterage business in New York harbor. His estate was left in trust, and in 1895, when his wife and daughter died, his executors began the division of the property among the more distant relatives. One-thirteenth of the estate, amounting to $35,000 went to James T. Travis, and the executors were told that he must be dead, as he had not been heard from in nearly fifty years.

The missiny heir was one of several cousins of the testator. He had lived in Brooklyn. He was an adventurous boy, and in those days when there were two great fields for the restless urchins who longed for adventure—the California gold fields or the life of a whaler. Young Travis chose the latter and ran away to New Bedford, where he shipped as cabin boy with Captain Charles E. Mooers in the whaling bark Maria.

The Maria sailed away toward the Horn in December, 1852. This was the last his family ever saw of Travis.

Long afterward they heard that he had run away from the whaler at Bay island, New Zealand, three years after he had shipped in her, and then all trace of him was lost. Advertisements were put in papers in all parts of the world, but with no response, and he was given up for dead.

When 43 years later, he fell heir to the legacy left by his cousin in Brooklyn, another search was made for him, and again advertisements were put in many Australian and New Zealand papers, but the search was futile.

The executors of the old Jacob Travis's estate were cautious, and despite the protestations of the other heirs they turned his share of the estate over to the state treasury. The heirs took the case to the highest courts, but were beaten. They never lost hope, however, of reclaiming the money, and then began a 10-year search for legal proof of the death of James Travis. And at last James Travis was found.

When he took french leave of the whaler in the lonely New Zealand bay, he went to work in coasting vessels. Then he penetrated into the interior, made the acquaintance and learned the language of the Maoris. So thorough a bushman did he become, that he was employed for many years as guide and interpreter to British surveying parties through the interior. He re-engaged in the shipping business and prospered, and finally married and settled down in the town of Dunedin, where he became one of the leading citizens.

Last February a young man who was paying court to one of the granddaughters of the one-time whaler's cabin boy, read in an old copy of an Auckland paper the advertisement inserted by the Travis heirs in Brooklyn. The young man showed the advertisement to his sweetheart and she showed it to her grandfather. Then James Travis wrote a letter to his brother, Irah U. Travis, who lives in Flushing. He told of incidents of their boyhood days that convinced his brother that the runaway boy had been found at last.

James T. Travis arrived here from New Zealand last week with his wife, a son and a daughter, who is the wife of the mayor of Dunedin. Deputy Attorney General Hutchinson is here to see that the legal proofs of Travis's identity are forthcoming, whereupon he will receive the $35,000.

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50 YEARS AGO 2/18/51

Nantucket Talent

1951

Some of the Notable Men, Women Who Came From the Island

Nantucket, small in size, is rich in the number of talented men and women who had the good fortune to be born on the Island or to have once lived there. Foremost among them was Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, whose discovery of a comet from the roof of her Island home in 1847 brought her a gold medal from the King of Denmark as well as an award from Italy. Then there was Abiah Folger, daughter of Peter Folger, who married Josiah Franklin and became the mother of Benjamin Franklin. New Bedford owes something to another Nantucketer, Joseph Rotch, who, while not a native of the Island, moved his business from there in 1765 to the little village on the west bank of the Acushnet River to give it the impetus that led to establishing New Bedford as the greatest whaling port in the world. It was Mr. Rotch who is responsible for the very name New Bedford, naming it Bedford Village from the fact that Joseph Russell, the pioneer settler here, bore the family name of the Duke of Bedford.

Leader For Freedom

A name that is almost synonymous with Nantucket is Coffin, a name still familiar there. It was Tristram Coffin who was one of the pioneer Island settlers and it was one of his descendants, Sir Isaac Coffin, who became an admiral in the British Navy. In later life he visited the Island home of his ancestors and there established the Coffin School, since become an adjunct of the present-day Nantucket school system. Another descendant of Tristram Coffin was a notable Island woman, Miss Anna Gardner, whose death at the age of 85 was recorded in The Standard in February 1901. A daughter of Oliver C. Gardner, she became a national leader in the cause of anti-slavery. It was Miss Gardner who sponsored the anti-slavery convention in Nantucket in 1841, at which William Lloyd Garrison was present. The convention also was notable in that it was there that Frederick Douglass, who became the leader of his race in the cause of abolition, made his first public speech. Miss Gardner could recall that when she was a girl her father's home was one of the underground stations through which escaped slaves passed to freedom.

A Writer Of Verse

After the war Miss Gardner taught in freedmen's schools in the South. She later enlisted in the cause of women's rights and became a close associate of Lucretia Mott. Miss Gardner was one of the speakers on women's rights at the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876. An essay which she prepared on the same subject was distributed by the New Bedford Society for Equal Suffrage. Miss Gardner wrote both prose and poetry that found their way into modest volumes. One of her best-known poems is that entitled "Bartholdi Statue," commemorating the erection of the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island in New York Harbor. There is a similarity in the sentiments expressed between her opening verse and the lines that were written by Emma Lazarus that are inscribed on the base of the statue. The first of the eight verses written by Miss Gardner read:

I stand the herald of advancing time,
  Not for what is—but for what is to be—
A harbinger of victory sublime,
  When nations far and wide shall all be free.

The lines written by Miss Lazarus read:

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, the tempest-tost, to me:
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

Father Taylor and a Sea Lawyer.—One Sunday evening the Bethel was crowded with merchants, seamen, and others—it is crowded every Sunday night—to take into consideration the physical wants of seamen. After a few remarks by Father Taylor setting forth the object of the meeting, a sea lawyer rose, and overhauled the iniquities of captains and owners in a style of forecastle eloquence that made the parties alluded to feel rather uneasy.—"Talk," said he, "about the physical wants of poor Jack; why he's all wants. He wants better wages; he wants watch and watch; he wants biscuit without crawlers; he wants a water-tight hole to sleep in; he wants to be treated as well as a nigger; and Father Taylor says he wants religion. The last, he is told, he can get for nothing, and I suppose this is true, for it's not tradeable; but if it could be sold, Jack might want that, too, till he was sent to Fiddler's Green. Why, my friends, there are in all large ports a set of very moral ship-owners, who are continually on the scent for a bite at poor Jack. They took away his rum, because the use of it was immoral; but they took care to put the price of it in their own pockets, and they would take away his salt-horse to-morrow, if he could be fed on hay, like a horse. But, good souls, they want Jack to be moral, to be religious, because then they know he will be better prepared to endure starvation without growling, or troubling them with lawsuits!"

"Stop, brother," cried Father Taylor, at the top of his voice, "I move that you come up here to the altar, and pray for the conversion of such hard-hearted ship owners. Come along; the Lord is all ready to hear you."

The sea-lawyer was non-plussed for a moment, but only a moment. Without making any reply, he bounded over the backs of two or three seats, landed in front of the altar, and knelt down and prayed, in a tone of voice that might have been heard in Hanover street.

He prayed for the conversion of ship owners, and then for the conversion of Father Taylor himself, who, he feared, had not got the true religion; and groaned hideously at the end of every sentence, Jack closed by giving one tremendous groan, tapered off with amen.

At the close of the meeting, Father Taylor gave Jack a kindly dig in the ribs, and remarked—"I had you there, Jack." Jack acknowledged the beat; but never afterwards spoke in the Bethel.—*Boston Atlas.* 1857

Obituary.—The funeral of Capt. Joseph H. Toone, of New York, occurred in Jersey City, Saturday. It was conducted by Mystic Tie Lodge, No. 77, F. and A. M., under the leadership of Joseph Fuller, of United States Lodge, No. 207. Early on Saturday the body was taken to Saratoga for burial, accompanied by the family and a Masonic escort.

Capt. Toone was born in Nantucket, October 8, 1810, five months after the loss of his father, Capt. John Toone, at sea. At an early age he shipped on a whaler. He first landed in New York when 18 years old. In 1855, after a voyage around the world in the ship Nebraska, he gave up the sea. He was deputy county clerk, and was one of the founders of the New York *Weekly*, which was afterward purchased by Street & Smith. He was at one time manager of the *Dispatch*. Deceased was an eminent Mason, and for several years was master of Mystic Tie Lodge of Perfection. In August, 1884, he experienced a paralytic shock from which he never recovered. He leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter. 1885

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Illustrated Whaling Lecture at the Methodist Church. 1934

William H. Tripp, Curator of the New Bedford Whaling Museum, gave an interesting talk on "Whaling, Past and Present," last Monday evening at the Methodist Church. The talk was illustrated by some fine stereoptican slides, some of which Mr. Tripp had prepared from his own snap-shots.

The speaker of the evening was introduced by William F. Macy, President of the Nantucket Historical Association. Mr. Macy said, in part:

"It is always a pleasure for me to introduce Mr. Tripp. We have worked together many years. Mr. Tripp has made a study of whaling and knows his subject thoroughly, and I know that you will enjoy listening to him."

* * * * *

Before showing any slides, Mr. Tripp read a few excerpts from William F. Macy's "Story of Old Nantucket," so that those in the audience not familiar with the island's history might have a general idea of the rise and fall of the whaling industry here. Whaling began here in boats from shore some time after it began on Long Island. The Nantucketers, however, began to go further and further off shore in their small vessels, until, during the first half of the eighteenth century they became the leaders in the American industry. Before the Revolution the island held the leading whaling port in the world. While the Revolution and the War of 1812 destroyed Nantucket's whaling fleet in both cases the islanders "came back" to lead the world in the industry. In 1842, the high-water mark of the island's palmy days was reached. The bar across the harbor mouth; the fire of 1846; the California gold rush, and the discovery of petroleum dealt the island blows from which her great industry never recovered.

The first slide flashed on the screen was a picture of "Old Glory." Mr. Tripp exclaimed: "We little realize how much the nation owes to the whalemen. They made our flag respected when they carried it to all the known seas on their voyages. The first time the Stars and Stripes were flown in English waters, following the Revolution, they flew from the mast-head of the whaleship "Bedford," Captain Mooers, of Nantucket."

Then followed a series of interesting views, showing the phase of the industry; the men at mast-head, looking for whales; the lowering of boats; "fastening" to a whale; cutting in alongside; trying out the oil; etc. A great many of the slides were taken from old prints, showing old-time whaling.

Views of New Bedford wharves during the seventies, when the camera recorded many old ships and scenes, proved outstanding, as did views of several fine old whaleships, including the "Niger," (Capt. Charles Grant, of Nantucket, in command—the father of George Grant at the whaling museum here); the "Wanderer," and the "Charles W. Morgan," lone survivor of the great American whaling fleets.

The start of the last voyage of the bark "Wanderer," one of the last two square-riggers out of New Bedford, was graphically portrayed by lantern-slides from photos taken by Mr. Tripp himself. One view showed the good old craft being towed down New Bedford harbor; another showing her at anchor in Buzzards Bay; a third, with the crew on board, ready to sail; and then several views of the craft after she had been driven ashore on Cuttyhunk during a severe gale that night.

The "Charles W. Morgan" was also shown to good effect in various views. He gave several interior and exterior views of the New Bedford whaling museum and Seaman's Bethel on Johnnycake Hill.

Views of the great "Stone Fleet"—that fleet of whaleships that sailed out of New Bedford in 1861, laden with stone, and sunk in the Confederate harbors of Atlanta and Savanah to stop the blockade runners; and also that of the whaling fleet trapped in the Arctic ice in 1871, were among Mr. Tripp's slides.

The "John R. Manta," a schooner, the last whaling craft to sail out of New Bedford, made her last voyage as an American whaler in 1925, and Mr. Tripp spent part of that voyage on board the "Manta." Here again, his camera was a valuable ally, and he showed several fine snaps of the cruise.

Modern whaling, as carried on by the Norweigians, was also described by Mr. Tripp. The contrast between the old and the new was well demonstrated by the slides; the modern bomb guns as contrasted with the old harpoons; the small, tugs called "killer boats," with bomb gun on the bow; the "mother ship" with the great channels in the bow or stern up which the whales were dragged. The industry is chiefly carried on in the Antarctic and one of the Norwegian ships shown was the "C. W. Larsen," afterwards known as the "City of New York," and used by Admiral Bryd on his first expedition to the Bay of Whales. Another old craft used by Byrd in his present expedition, was the "Bear of Oakland." Mr. Tripp's slide showed the "Bear" as she looked when she sailed in the ice-floes of the Arctic seas many years ago.

The lecture was diversified enough to please those who knew a little about whaling and at the same time explained the processes of the industry so that the average listener could understand the important details.

William H. Tripp, curator of the Old Dartmouth Museum at New Bedford, came down Monday to attend the annual meeting of the Nantucket Historical Association. Mr. Tripp is a member of the Association and also of the Pacific Club and the Wharf Rat Club. Commodore Coffin tendered him the customary salute when the boat touched the dock Monday evening, having the club headquarters with all colors flying and the cannon doing its stunt in proper style when a Rat comes home. 1946

Only Thirteen Whaling Captains Now Survive. 1936

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Since the recent death of Capt. John S. Reynolds, of Vineyard Haven, Mass., there are now but two whaling captains living on Martha's Vineyard, viz: Hartson H. Bodfish, of Vineyard Haven, 72 years old, and Ellsworth West, of Chilmark, 68 years. Both have had Arctic experience.

Since the death of Capt. William I. Shockley there are but two whaling captains living at Dartmouth, Mass., viz, George W. Smith, of Russell's Mills and Charles A. Chace, of Padanaram or otherwise South Dartmouth.

In New Bedford are James H. Sherman, who will be 93 next February 2nd; Henry Mandly is next oldest, about 89; Henry Mandly, Jr.; John T. Coakley, Joseph A. Viera, and John T. Edwards. Capt Edwards is only occasionally in New Bedford now, as for several years he has been first officer on a steamer from New York running to South America. Captain Viera is second mate on a coastwise tanker.

Besides those mentioned, I have located Cap'n George Comer, of East Haddam, Conn., who was master of the topsail schooner *Era* on seasons to Hudson's Bay. Capt. John A. Cook, formerly of Provincetown, is now at Sailor's Snug Harbor, Staten Island, N. Y.

Capt. Lester A. Mosher is settled at St. Eustatia, Dutch West Indies.

Thus far I have been able to locate only the 13 named above. The list may be of interest to your readers.

Cordially yours,
Wilbur G. Sherman.
New Bedford, Mass.

1931

Daniel Webster in Nantucket.

Whether Daniel Webster came to Nantucket more than once remains to be seen. The matter is perhaps not highly important historically or otherwise, but of some interest to those now living on the island. This is because of the recent publishing of Claude M. Fuess' exhaustive and up-to-date history, in two large volumes, of Webster's life.

The author of this work, which is hailed as better and more complete than any previously written on the subject, personally went to almost every place where Webster appeared in his life-time, either to speak or conduct a suit at law. Besides this, the author made a wide study of the newspapers of the period, and had access to the 18 large volumes, now open to students of the great orator, containing his speeches, addresses and letters.

We read in a booklet given out this week to passengers coming here on the boats from New Bedford: "In 1815 Webster visited the island to try a case in court". Investigation shows that he did not come here then, but somewhat later. According to the best information to be had, he set foot in Nantucket only once, and this in the year 1828.

Born in 1782, he was then 46 years old, and in his very prime, a remarkable specimen of manhood. He was a man whose very presence promised great things, as all observers have always declared. No one else in our whole history had the term god-like applied to him. He looked imposing and his manners and bearing were in keeping. When he spoke he did not disappoint or fail to come up to expectations.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, speaking of the great man, said: "In his (Webster's) statement things lay in daylight". In other words, every one understood him; he was not over anyone's head. This cannot, perhaps' be affirmed of all speakers.

His coming to Nantucket was in this wise. He was approached at his office in Boston by a member of the Society of Friends, otherwise called Quakers. This man asked the lawyer what he would charge to go to Nantucket and try a case there. Webster thought a while and said, "One thousand dollars". The other man expressed the opinion that the sum of money seemed large, whereupon he asked Webster if he would also attend to any other matters which might be referred to him at Nantucket. To this Webster agreed, and the bargain was struck.

Well, he came to Nantucket as stated, tried the case, and won for his client. Thereupon, another case, and still another pending in the court, were given to Webster by his client, and Webster demurred at appearing in so many suits. His employer said:

"Daniel, did thee not agree to try one case and take up any other matters in Nantucket that might be referred to you?"

Webster did not deny the truth of this and went on with the various trials. In the end, it was found that he was counsel on one side or the other of every case upon that Nantucket docket. When the docket came to an end, Webster received his $1,000.

While here he was a visitor, it seems, for some days and was interested in the island and what its inhabitants did here in their daily life. The principals callings here in 1828 were whaling and sheep raising.

Webster's fee of $1,000 was large even for those days, but he was so good a lawyer, so over-powering, that he could charge such sums for his work. The value of this $1,000 in terms of United States money in 1931 would perhaps be $10,000.

J. Earle Brown.

[Mr. Brown is a well known attorney of Woonsocket, R. I., and has been spending several weeks on the island. During his visit he spent considerable time in research work regarding the visits which Daniel Webster was supposed to have made to Nantucket. The above article is the result of his investigations.—Ed.]

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Death of Kenneth L. Taylor a Distinct Loss to Nantucket.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Kenneth L. Taylor, which occurred Wednesday morning, after a comparatively brief illness, less than nine months after the passin of his wife, Mrs. Mary McCollum Taylor, last September.

The death of Mr. Taylor is a distinct loss to the community in many ways, and many there are who realize full well that they have lost a sincere friend. He was always helpful, always generous with both advice and means, and his wise counsel was of great value when important decisions were to be reached.

As President of the Nantucket Cottae Hospital, the deceased was held in the highest regard by his associates and during his regime many important improvements have been made at the institution.

In the development of the village of Wauwinet, with the re-construction and enlargement of the hotel there, Mr. Taylor gave financial aid as well as the benefit of his business experience, and Wauwinet as it stands today is virtually a monument to his memory.

* * * * *

The deceased was born in New York city, April 13, 1889, the son of the late George Moody Taylor and Carrie B. Link Taylor. He received his early education at schools in Short Hills, N. J., and Kansas City, Mo., and afterwards attended the Stevens Institute of Technology.

For a number of years he was a member of the New York Stock and Curb exchanges and had a variety of business interests. His outstanding success in the business world, however, was with the brokerage firm of White, Weld & Co., of New York, with which he was associated twenty years, and in July, 1926, was admitted to membership. Besides his connection with this firm, he was also associated with D. W. Ross & Co., tea merchants of Edinburgh, Scotland, and his connections with that firm necessitated occasional trips to Scotland, even after he came to Nantucket to take up his permanent residence.

He was also connected with Dawn Cruisers, Inc., and during his active business career he showed marked ability which was appreciated by all with whom he came in contact.

In November, 1914, Mr. Taylor married Mary McCollum, daughter of William W. and Catherine (Day) McCollum, and for several years after marriage they resided in Short Hills, N. J. They first became interested in Nantucket in the summer of 1918, when they came to the island for a short outing, stopping at the Sea Cliff Hotel. They afterwards resided in East Orange, N. J., and in New York city, and in 1930 came to Nantucket, first maintaining a summer home at Wauwinet and later constructing their attractive home on Union street in town, which they called "The Patch" and where they resided the greater part of each year, extending genial, wholesome hospitality to all.

Kenneth Taylor was a gentleman in every sense—kind, courteous, interested and benevolent. He never let an opportunity pass to help the community and its people, and all found in him a sincere friend and associate. He was especially interested in young people and was always ready to render help where needed.

Mild in manner, generous and public spirited, the deceased never lost an opportunity to help along a community improvement, and his advice and sound judgment could always be relied upon. His interest in the Nantucket Hospital was most helpful to the trustees and in the office of president of the institution he had worked diligently at all times, his business foresight being invaluable in many ways.

Mr. Taylor was a member of many organizations, including the social fraternity Delta Tau Delta, the Nantucket Historical Association, the Nantucket Civic League, the Plant Guild, Police Revolver Club, the Old People's Home Association, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and a number of other organizations.

He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, affiliated with Continental Lodge, of Millburn, N. J., and several branches of the Masonic order, including the Scottish Rite and the Shriners.

He was also an active member of the Protestant Episcopal church and was a vestryman of St. Paul's in Nantucket.

The deceased is survived by a half-brother, Lieutenant-Colonel James Taylor, of Arlington, Va., who was summoned to Nantucket when his critical illness was apparent and was here at the time of his death.

Funeral services were conducted yesterday (Friday) afternoon in the Episcopal Church, the rector, Rev. Daniel A. Bennett, officiating. Interment was in the Prospect Hill Cemetery.

The pall-bearers were Frank E. Congdon, Henry B. Coleman, Warren B. Chase, William Wallace, Everett U. Crosby and Ralph E. Dunham.

Seamen Lost.—The bark Veronica, which arrived in New Bedford Sunday, brings news of a disaster to the crew of the bark Greyhound as reported by fishermen. When the Greyhound was off St. George, one of the Western islands, a boat's crew was sent for a whale. The boat was capsized by the whale's fluke and the six men were left clinging to the wreck. Another boat was sent, and the men were picked up. Another attack was made upon the whale, and again the boat was capsized and the twelve men were thrown into the water. Night had come on and in the darkness it was impossible to find the ship. For thirteen hours the men clung to the wreck, when they were picked up by the Greyhound. Two of the boat-steerers and three of the men, all of whom were Portuguese, were drowned. 1885

Nantucket Women Praised In Radio Broadcast. 1940

Nantucket has again obtained a fine bit of genuine publicity through the medium of the radio. On Monday evening last, over the blue network of the National Broadcasting System, another in the series of "Gallant American Women" was presented, with a generous share of the script having to do with Nantucketers. A few months ago, the same program presented a sketch on "Seafaring Women," during which the Nantucket women who made whaling voyages in the last century were mentioned, with an especial story concerning Nancy Grant, wife of Capt. Charles Grant and mother of George Grant, present custodian of the Whaling Msueum.

"Gallant American Women" is a series of dramatizations prepared and presented by the United States Office of Education, the Federal Security Agency, and the National Broadcasting Company. The programs are supervised by Eva Hansl, with Mary R. Beard and Dr. Eugenie Leonard the historical consultants. The programs originate from the R. C. A. Building, Radio City, New York.

The scripts for these programs are written by Miss Jane Ashman, a very talented young lady, who makes a thorough research into her subjects—thus insuring a large measure of their successful reception. She spent a vacation at Nantucket last year, and will return again this year.

That portion of last Monday's program dealing with Nantucket is as follows:

"Women in Commerce and Trade"

Narrator: "This is the story of women who have helped develop the American way of life. Daughters of destiny; mothers of might, co-makers of history; whose names are written large upon the honor rolls of our nation's great. Women courageous, who have served and sacrficed, worked and dreamed, pioneered and persevered; women whose names, deeds, and claims to fame have often been forgotten.

Announcer: "This is their story—and it is *your* story. Three centuries of women whose deeds are rooted deep in our past and whose influence will reach far into the future."

(Then follows a number of descriptive passages concerning the women who work in business today, and the early American women shop-keepers) ....Narrator: "But there was one place in America where a large majority of the shops were managed by women—women who kept the homes going as well as businesses, while their men folks sailed off on three-year whaling voyages to the other side of the world."

(Music—men singing chantey)

2nd Narrator: "That place was Nantucket—the doughty little island that is buffeted by the sea some thirty miles south of Cape Cod. Nantucket—center of the whaling industry, where even the wives were widows—for years at a time....perhaps forever. And they knew it as they bid their men folks goodbye."

Cast: (Crowd at wharf)

Captain: (away) "Hoist the mains'l!"

Sailor: "Hoist the mains'l!"

Deborah: (calling) "Goodbye, Daniel. And—greasy luck!"

Captain: "Thankee, Deborah."

1st Man: "Captain Swain—thee hasn't kissed they wife goodbye!"

Captain: "Well, as Captain Starbuck said when he sailed away: 'Why should I kiss her? This is but a plum-puddin' voyage to South America. I'll be gone only six months' (chuckles) Eh, Deborah?"

Deborah: "I wish this was a plum-puddin' voyage, Daniel—'stead of clear 'round the Horn."

Captain: "'Tis I should be fearin' for thee this voyage—with rumors of war threatenin' 'twixt England and the Colonies—and thee all alone here on the island."

Deborah: "All alone! (laughs. Why I shall have all the women and children with me!"

Captain: "Women and children will be of little help—should England blockade our port. Thee knows as well as I, Nantucket could not manage without imports from the mainland."

Deborah: "Now, Daniel—I told thee not to worry for our shop."

Captain "The shop is the least of it. There would be no wood for the fires—no food but fish. Thee would starve, Deborah—unless the island turned Tory, and traded with England."

Deborah: "We would starve—before we would turn Tory."

Captain: "Spoken like an Islander! But thy salty Nantucket pride does not lessen my fears. Perhaps—perhaps I should delay the voyage."

Deborah: "Delay it. With the wind and weather just right—and every man aboard counting on his share of the whale oil?"

Captain: "Methinks thee has greater need of men on the island."

Deborah: "And since when have the women of Nantucket not been able to sail their own ship? Fie, Daniel—and after me boasting how my captain would have such a greasy voyage, the oil would be running out of the scuppers when he came home."

Captain: "By mackerel, Deborah! Thee is as unpredictable as a hurricane!"

Deborah: "Please go—as thee planned."

Captain: "Aye, aye, *Mrs.* Captain Swain. (Turning off) Man the hawsers!"

Deborah: "Wait, Daniel—has thee not forgotten something?"

Captain: "Nay—the cargo's all on board."

Deborah: "I—I mean something else—after all, this is not a plum-puddin' voyage."

Narrator: "Gallant women—those wives of Nantucket—living their precarious lives, raising their children, and running their shops through shipwreck and sorrow, through business depression and British blockade."

2nd Narrator: "In Nantucket, that tradition of self-reliant, hard-working women, who were wives and mothers at the same time, lived on, through second and third generations of the Swains, Starbucks and Macys—through the years of the growing republic, and the growing Victorian dictum that women's place was far removed from the marts of trade."

3rd Narrator: "And then—in 1858—a Nantucketer, Captain Rowland H. Macy, moved to New York. He turned landlubber—opening a new dry goods store, with a red star over the doorway—a symbol of a memorable experience of his at sea. And behind the cashier's cage—a lady manager!"

Cast: (Voices and steps of customers. Jingle of coins.)

Miss Getchell: "Here's your change, madam. Thank you."

Rowland H. Macy: "Well, Miss Getchell—looks like we're doin' a whale of a business! That was a great idea of yours—taking aboard a cargo of groceries along with the stock of dry goods."

Getchell: "Wait until you hear my latest idea, Captain."

Macy: "Bring it out on deck."

Getchell: "Well you know those infants' cribs we have—"

Macy: "The ones that aren't selling so well?"

Getchell: "Yes. Well, what would you think of dressing up a couple of cats in dolls' clothing and training them to sleep in the cribs!"

Macy: "Cats sleepin' in babies' cribs! Sounds like your four sheets to the wind, Miss Getchell!"

Getchell: "You—you don't like it?"

Macy: "I shouldn't think the women folks would like it...."

Getchell: "But I'm a woman—and I like it. Won't you trust my judgment, Captain Macy—and let me try it?"

Macy: "All right, matey. You take the helm. If you get into shoal water, I'll lend you a hand."

(Music for transition.)

Cast: (Excited twittering of the women as they crowd around)

Getchell: "Here they are, ladies—the sleeping cats you've heard about."

1st Woman: "Aren't they too dear for words!"

2nd Woman: "And they sleep like that for hours, Letitia! I'm going to buy one of those cribs for Junior."

3rd Woman: "Miss—have you got any more of those post cards you give away with cats asleep?"

Getchell: "No, I'm afraid we're all out of them."

Macy: "No we aren't—here are some, Miss Getchell. (Sotto) How the women go for those cats! Just like fish for bait!"

Getchell: "What did I tell you?"

Macy: "Well, they say it takes a crook to catch a crook."

Getchell: (protesting) "Why, Captain Macy."

Macy: "Don't worry, matey. I'm as happy as a clam at high water to find a sailor who can take a turn at the wheel. What this business needs is more women folks!"

Narrator: "And soon there were more women folks in mercantile business—as the idea spread from store to store."

* * * * *

(The program continued along this vein, citing numerous examples, and tracing the progress of women in the business life of America.)

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OBITUARY.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

Moored at Last.

Old Ocean murmurs on; of those it bore
Afar to foreign climes, remotest seas,
How few are left! We count their voyages o'er;
The men who sailed our ships--remember these!

Buffeted by ocean storms; bronzed by exposure to the sea gale; "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well." I write of one of Nantucket's aged ship masters, whose final voyage from his island home has found him, let us trust, safely moored among the "islands of the blest." His brusque salutation; his energy; his quick appreciation of any manly exertion that makes for honorable achievement, I remember now; there is a shade of sadness that dims the recollection; the passing away of one who was my friend, whose "adoption I had tried," closes forever the social interchange of our many greetings.

Nearly forty years ago Capt. James Wyer was one of the original purchasers of the brick building known as the warehouse and commercial office of William Rotch. On the lower floor they organized the Pacific Club, familiarly styled the "Captains' Room"—a restful retreat for retired sea-voyagers. Only two of the purchasers are now living—Captain Obed Swain and Mr. James H. Gibbs. A lucrative industry of our island's past lives only in history. Nantucket's whalemen were second to none of any New England seaport, in courage and activity; their perseverance and daring ventures indicated indomitable will. Among these knights of the oar, Capt. James Wyer was esteemed for those elements of character so essential in the first officer on shipboard. The honor-roll is a long one; the survivors of the old sea-guild, very few! Summer visitors who knew our sea-faring brother; many of our young people; the middle-aged; even the aged, will feel their loss; these will offer, affectionately, their tender sympathy to the bereaved family of him, of whom there may be written no more fitting eulogy: "He was a good citizen."

ARTHUR ELWELL JENKS.

[Capt. Wyer was in early life a seafaring man, rising through the various grades of promotion until he assumed command of the Spartan, in 1851. He took on this voyage, which ended Nov. 14, 1853, 650 barrels sperm oil, and purchased a sufficient quantity of whale oil at the Navigator islands, of ship York, to fill his ship and make a remunerative voyage. He gave up the sea, and went to California, remaining a number of years, when he returned to Nantucket and has since resided here. He never entered public life, but has always taken great interest in local affairs. In the Pacific Club, as its president, he has been prominent, and the cutting off of his daily coming and going there is a sad miss to the small coterie of his contemporaries who now assemble. Capt. Wyer was twice married, and leaves a widow and step-son and step-daughter, who have the tender sympathy of the community in their hour of sorrow. The funeral services were conducted by Revs. G. H. Badger and M. S. Dudley at his late home on Pleasant street, Monday afternoon, and were largely attended. The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful, and about town flags were set at half mast as a mark of respect to an esteemed fellow-citizen.—ED.]

1950

Many Tributes To The Memory of Arthur C. Wyer.

The late Arthur C. Wyer, native of Nantucket, who died at his home in Delhi, N. Y., on February 15, was one of the veteran newspapermen of the east. His career as editor of the *Delhi Express* was one of the most distinguished in the history of New York state journalism. Many tributes have been paid his memory, but one of the most interesting came from the rival newspaper in the section also served by the *Delhi Express*, Mr. Wyer's paper. This tribute was printed in the *Walton Reporter*, of Walton, N. Y., and is in part as follows:

"A. C. Wyer will long be remembered in Delaware County for the editorial classics which emanated from his little office where, for 27 years, he was editor and publisher of the *Delaware Express* and where he became the chief spokesman for the Republican organization in the county.

"It would be crass understatement to say that he was an able spokesman. He was the best editorial writer of memory in this county and probably in this section of the state combining acidulous references with a fine sense of humor which was appreciated by the reader of slight literary interest which the occasion demands. It is better that we skimp a little in armor plating our battleships than we expose this peregrinating gentleman to the application of the leather-encased toes of his fellow men.'

C. WYER

* * * * *

"One of his last targets before retiring was the Bear Spring Mountain game refuge set up for unemployment relief during the depression by the Roosevelt Administration. He reached a new high in humorous satire while describing in the *Express* the moss-covered run-ways for deer which the 'boon-dogglers' were building, and the up-holstered concrete dens for bear. This was a natural for his scathing pen and he made the most of it.

* * * * *

"In his social contacts, Mr. Wyer was as dear and kindly a man as he was a stormy petrel when the ink began to flow on the cylinder press of the old *Express*. He was helpful of his fellow men, sensitive to any worthy cause to which he could lend his poignant pen, and always friendly to his fellow newspapermen.

"Like another small town editor of his era, William Allen White, Mr. Wyer occasionally found a national ear attuned to his writings. The *New York Herald-Tribune* often reprinted them and on one occasion the late Alfred E. Smith let go a barrage of curses when he read Mr. Wyer's account of the governor's daughter's wedding, but his eyes brimmed when he read the Delhi scribe's editorial tribute to the governor's wife on the occasion of her death.

* * * * *

"Mr. Wyer was born July 11, 1867, at Nantucket, Mass., and was graduated from the high school there. He learned the printing trade at the office of *The Inquirer and Mirror* in Nantucket. On Sept. 27, 1899, he was married to Louise Selden of Nantucket and for several years after operated a printing and publishing business at Providence, R. I. Later he was associated with the *New York Post* for 10 years and in December, 1912, moved his family to Delhi where he bought the *Delaware Express* from the late Frank B. Mayham. For some time also he had an interest in a Delhi motion picture theatre and a community center.

"Surviving, besides his widow, are two sons, Charles A. Wyer, until its recent demise, assistant city editor of the *New York Sun*, and now associated with the *New York Sun-World-Telegram;* and Robert S. Wyer, of Delhi, photographer and newspaper correspondent."

* * * * *

Funeral services were held on Friday, February 17, at the McCall Funeral home in Delhi, Rev. William Shane, rector of St. James Episcopal Church at Lake Delaware officiating. The body was brought to Nantucket, and committal services were held at Prospect Hill cemetery Tuesday afternoon, with Rev. William E. Gardner, of Nantucket, officiating.

ANOTHER SHIP-MASTER GONE.—Capt. Calvin G. Worth, who died on Thursday at the age of 67 years, was one of our active and energetic sea captains in the days of his prime, which were also the palmy days of business, when Nantucket held a high place in the list of commercial ports. He followed the sea from boyhood, rising rapidly through all the grades of his profession, and in 1841 sailed in command of the new ship United States, owned by Messrs. Barrett & Upton; in 1845 he sailed on a second voyage in the same ship, but unfortunately suffered shipwreck on a reef near the island of Tongataboo, December, 1848, the ship being nearly full of oil at the time. After his return home he went into the merchant service, and was for many years in command of ships sailing from New York, mostly on European voyages. Having acquired a snug competence, though somewhat broken in health, he returned to his native island seven years ago, purchased a homestead and settled down to enjoy quiet and rest from his labors, but has gradually declined in health until his final release from long suffering. 1879

OBITUARY.

Capt. Albert Wood, a highly esteemed citizen, and a worthy shipmaster, died very suddenly about noon on Monday last at the age of seventy-one years. His career had been an adventurous one, all the prime of his life having been spent on the ocean. He first went to sea in 1832, and rose rapidly to the highest rank, commanding the ship Gold Hunter, of Fall River, as early as 1841. Some years later, while first officer in the ship Ploughboy, of New Bedford, his boat was stoven by a sperm whale, and he was caught in the whale's jaw, receiving severe wounds in the leg and the abdomen before he could escape. To the surprise of his shipmates he recovered from these injuries, but the terrible scars remained to the day of his death.

Afterwards the Ploughboy was wrecked on the Pacific coast and Capt. Wood went to California. He commanded other vessels sailing from San Francisco, and afterwards, having sold his vessel in Manilla, he formed a connection with a mercantile house, and resided in Manilla until about 1867, when he came home to spend the remaining years of his life in comfort with his family. His pleasant face and genial manner were known to us all, and the announcement of his death gave a shock to every one, as he had been down street, apparently in his usual health, during the forenoon. He leaves a widow, a daughter and two sons. 1885

Summer Visitor Discovers Story Of Long-Lost Grandfather.

Fate and 50 years of Nantucket history seemed to have given a strange twist to recent summer visitors to the island.

1953

Mr. and Mrs. J. Russell Ward, of Middletown, Conn., arrived recently to spend a few restful days sightseeing. Instead, they spent their entire time being amateur detectives.

Their strange story started very soon after their arrival, and at our Whaling Museum. Mr. Wallace B. Long was asked if he knew anything about the two-masted schooner "Helena E. Russell". The genial gentleman not only knew quite a bit about her, but had also known an old sea captain who was her last skipper—a Captain Al Ward, who lived for many years here. The information stunned Mr. Ward, for, although the name "Al" didn't hit a responsive chord, there could be a mistake and this man could have been his grandfather—long unheard of for more than 60 years.

A trip to the Town Clerk's Office showed the death certificate to bear the name of Arlington D. Ward, born in Haddam, Conn. A hurry call was put through to Middletown, Conn., and the information substantiated. From then on, small bits of information were gathered from many sources by these two amateur sleuths and they were able to piece together the wanderings of Mr. Ward's grandfather from the time he dropped out of sight at the turn of the century.

Capt. Ward was known to be in and out of this harbor as far back as 1904. When "Sam" Jackson struck his famous "quahaug mint" in 1913, Capt. A. D. Ward came to stay. Town records show that he paid his poll tax in April, 1914.

Many of the older residents of Nantucket will undoubtedly recall this old sailor. He was remembered as a large man, quiet, yet ready to talk to his old friends. Always with him was his dog, "Harrington", later called "the Town Dog".

Another strange twist in this amazing story is the fact that although Capt. Arlington D. Ward died on June 26, 1938, it was on the 15th anniversary of his death that this couple gathered this information.

When we asked Mr. Ward how he enjoyed his stay on the island, he stated that, although he wasn't able to see as much as he had expected, he did have the opportunity of meeting many of our residents. He made one request—if anyone has a picture of his grandfather, Captain Arlington D. Ward, he knows that his father would like to receive it.

(Mr. Ward left Nantucket with a copy of the picture of the old "Town Dog Harrington", which was for many years used in the advertisement in The Inquirer and Mirror by the Town Clerk in regard to the licensing of dogs annually. Mr. Ward's address is 478 Main Street, Middletown, Conn., in case any of our readers can give him further information about his grandfather.—Ed.)

Who Did Write It, Anyway?

Under its heading "Poems Worth Reading", the Boston Globe on Monday last printed the following Nantucket poem, with the query: "Who Wrote It?"

An Old Nantucket Whaling Song.

Come all ye bold mariners who plow the raging main,
That go to sea on merchant ships, and safe return again;
Come listen to my story; the truth I will relate,
Concerning of bold whaleman in their sad and dismal fate.

'Tis first you work a month or two to fit the ship away,
Then o'er Nantucket bar you'll go, and there in prison lay;
And when the ship is loaded, you then will set the sails,
Bound to the southern seas, my boys, to look for sperm whales.

It's then you cross the Atlantic, six thousand miles or so,
Until you come to that great Cape where southwest gales do blow;
And if you chance to weather it, in spite of gales of wind,
Down on the coast of Chili, cold hailstorms there you'll find.

'Twill make you bend your jackets, and beat your fingers sore,
And wish yourself a thousand times where you have been before;
Dull prospect all around, a family left behind,
Which makes the hearty sailor to curse his fated kind.

And when he's most dejected, his spirits sunk quite low,
A joyful sound from masthead, for there the sperm whales blow;
And then he jumps quite joyfully to clear his boat away,
Put up his bright and glittering "craft", all fitted for the fray.

In pulling up alongside of him his craft, it leaves his hand,
"Stern all, with might and main my boys!" then is the loud command;
"Now don't you see he's fighting; he'll stave our boat so small;
Stern all, with might and main my boys! O, back astern, boys, all!"

And now he leaves off fishing and turns his flukes to sound;
Some hundred fathoms of the line the loggerhead goes 'round.
And now he leave's off sounding, and seeks the upper air.
"Haul line into the boat, my boys, with hearts quite free from care!"

Again, we haul alongside of him, as he lies on his side
With jaws so wide extended, his mouth so open wide,
And while his flukes are dancing above our heads so high,
'Stern all, with might and main, my boys!" our chief mate loud does cry.

And now the whale is dead ,my boys, and in his wanted place;
Before we do hook on to cut, we'll splice the main brace.

* * * * *

And now this ship is loaded, and homeward we are borne;
We'll go and see those pretty girls we left behind to mourn;
So merrily we'll dance and sing, as we have done before,
And when our money is spent and gone, we'll go to sea for more.

Whaling and Whalemen.

The *Hyannis Patriot* printed a short paragraph in a recent issue in which a number of startling statements were made; that is, startling in the new light it attempted to shed on the early history of whaling. The paragraph read as follows:

"Cape Codders were the first whalemen in the new world. In colonial days whales that drifted ashore were cut up for meat and oil. Before many years the Cape Codders were pursuing the whales out into the sea. They made whaling voyages before the famous whalemen of Nantucket and New Bedford were born. The last whaleman of the Cape left the sea when Captain John Cook of Provincetown retired in 1916."

* * * * *

History is garbled and fact is erroneous in the above paragraph. The Nantucketers were not the first to go whaling, but they were considerably more than active when the Cape Codders started to cruise for whales. The Hyannis paper is wrong when it institutes the claim that the Cape Codders were the first whalemen in the new world. The little colony of Norsemen who lived on this continent from 1004 to 1007 undoubtedly caught the whales which were numerous along the shore, and history records the fact that the Basque whalemen were imported to ply their trade in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

To get closer to home, the colonists of Plymouth caught shore whales, as did those around Newburyport before the Capies. The early Colonial charters provided for the disposition of all drift whales and the charter of Massachusetts Bay had this clause modified somewhat to allow certain grantees the royal privilege.

So far as organized whaling is concerned, the first expeditions or plan of whale-catching by organization was devised by the Long Islanders who settled in Southampton in 1640. The date of the plan was 1644, and it provided for boat-crews to chase whales sighted from shore.

The early settlers of Nantucket undoubtedly caught drift whales because there is a record of a certain agreement pertaining thereto in 1668. The business of whaling was not so well planned as that of Long Island but there were shore stations established.

But as for the Capies going on long voyages "before the famous whalemen of Nantucket were born"—that is nonsense. Nantucket began its deep-sea whaling in the late 1680's and within the next twenty years became the most profficient whalemen in America, maintaining this distinction for more than a century and a quarter.

Because Capt. Chrisotpher Hussey captured the first sperm whale at sea in 1712, and because the sperm whale's oil was by far the most valuable, the Nantucketers became specialists, and soon were shipping oil to England.

History has long recorded the illustrious deeds of the island whalemen and it is not necessary to detail the record. So far as early deep-sea whaling is concerned the Vineyard can boast a far greater record than the Cape Codders. 1940

Descendant of David Whippy Writes of His Adventures.

Late in March of this year a letter addressed to the "Mayor of Nantucket" was received by the Selectmen. The letter requested information concerning David Whippy, of Nantucket, who had become one of the first white men to settle in the Fiji Islands, and the writer was a great-grandson of David Whippy.

The letter was turned over to Miss Clara Parker, Librarian at the Nantucket Atheneum, and a recognized authority on island geneology. The communication read in part as follows:

1948

"In a back number of the *Reader's Digest,*" I found an article which interested me very much—'New England Keeps It Dark.' Why this article interested me so much was because it concerns my great-grandfather David Whippy, who was one of the first white men to settle in the Fiji Islands, was mentioned in it. He came from Nantucket and for some time after his death my family was corresponding with his family over there. But some how or other, when the older generation passed away, all contact was gradually lost, and today my family has no idea whatever as to whether there are any relatives of the original David Whippy still existing on the island of Nantucket.

"According to the Fijian history, David Whippy's services were highly esteemed by Fijians in those early days. He was popular and well-known for his scrupulous honesty in his dealings with all the races which inhabited the Fiji islands in those primitive days, and at one time he was the American consul in Fiji.

"I am writing to you in hopes you may be able to put me on to any of his relatives or anyone who would be interested in corresponding with me.

"I am aged 27 years old and my name is David Whippy. Being named after the original David Whippy is one of the main reasons why I am so interested in contacting his relatives over here.

"As a serviceman in the Fijian army I came in contact with a large number of American soldiers who were stationed in Fiji during the war, but they were unable to give me any information concerning the Whippy family in the U. S. A. After the war I was rehabilitated and came to New Zealand, where I am now studying law. When I finish Law School, I will be returning to Fiji to practice there.

"I am proud to say that the Whippy family is today one of the largest if not *the* largest part-European families in Fiji.

"Hoping that you will be good enough to assist me to find the link in the chain I am seeking, and thanking you in anticipation.

Yours faithfully,
David Whippy."

* * * * *

Miss Parker prepared a complete list of the Whippy family in Nantucket and sent it to the young man in New Zealand. As far as she is able to ascertain, there are no near relatives on the island, the last close relative dying a number of years ago.

In reply to her letter, she received the following:

"Ponsonby, Auckland,
New Zealand,
24th June, 1948.

Dear Miss Parker:

Thank you for your letter of April 20th, which I have just received, and I do appreciate ever so much your going out of your way to furnish me with such a wealth of particulars concerning David Whippy.

"Since you have read accounts of David Whippy, I thought you might be interested to have an account of his life in the islands in those far-off days. I am therefore sending you the copy of a letter which was written by an uncle of mine (my father's elder brother) in reply to an inquiry he received from an American serviceman in American Samoa--a Mr. Smith. Unfortunately, we did not hear again from Mr. Smith as he had apparently returned to the States. He had written because he had seen my uncle's name in a Pacific magazine in an article concerning his boat-building business. However, the letter of my uncle was returned, but the photos he included were not heard of any more.

"I do not know where my uncle obtained the particulars which he sets out in his letter, but I have sent them in the hope that they might compensate in some way towards your own unexpected but appreciated effort. I can assure you that the particulars which you sent will be very much appreciated by my family as they are the first that we have had from the U. S. A.

Thanking you again,
David Whippy."

Copy of my Uncle's letter .

"Walu Bay, Suva, Fiji,
July 6, 1946.

Richard H. Smith, USNR,
U. S. N. Station, Tutuila, Samoa.

Dear Mr. Smith:

"Your letter dated May 12 came as a pleasant surprise particularly in view of the fact that you are a relative of my great-grandfather, Mr. David Whippy.

"It is indeed a pleasure to give you the following particulars for your information.

"You mention in your letter that Mr. David Whippy left Nantucket, Mass., during the year 1819. We understand that he arrived about the same time in Lau Group of the Fiji Islands. The natives who occupied this group were the only civilized ones there. Shortly after his arrival he started the trade of manufacturing cocoanut oil.

"From this island, Mr. Whippy gradually worked his way to the main island of the Fiji group known as Viti Levu, which was then ruled by King Cakombau. Very soon afterwards he became a close friend of the king and later general secretary, interpreter and body guard. I might mention that he was the only white man to even become a close friend of King Cakombau at that time.

"During the King's tour of the various islands, Mr. David Whippy always accompanied him. According to the Fijian custom the people provided for every comfort and pleasure of the King. In addition to this, every member of the King's party was also provided with five Fijian girls. These girls with whom Mr. D. Whippy associated laid the foundation of the present large Whippy families who are widely scattered and are known the length and breadth of the islands.

"While Mr. Whippy was with King Cakombau, he had his headquarters at Levuka on the island of Ovalau, from where he discharged his official duties to the King. Levuka later became the capital of the Fiji islands.

"Fiji was ceded to Great Britain on 10th October, 1874. On cession day, when the islands were officially handed over to the British government, Mr. Whippy acted as interpreter. He, however, maintained his friendly relations with the King.

"Mr. D. Whippy and my grandfather then took the Wakaya Island in the Fiji group where they resided for a while, and later they bought

Continued on Last Page.

2000 00 4000 00

Cash A/c

183 for acct 2 50

191 Sunday Acc Bank

129 Ship Desde " 18 16 00

80 Expense A/c p. " 19 17 10

42 My 1/4 Bark R L Barstow " 4 20

185 Ship Thomas A/c out^c " 2 40

140 Ship Hiawatha " " 2 24

70 Ship Zephyr p. Mr Dan " 22 20 00 61 94

23

Payable

186 Ship Othello Dr

131 for acceptance of Capt H

Honolulu 62 1500 00

24

Bark Union & out Dr to Interest A/c

174 for 17 days Interest on $295.22 — — 1 12

188

1946

Sudden Death of William Wallace Early Saturday Morning.

The passing of William Wallace, early last Saturday morning, came as a great shock to the community. Although not in good health for some time, Mr. Wallace was able to visit his boat-house on Friday and seemed as well as usual when chatting with friends. The final summons came suddenly.

Mr. Wallace had been identified with Nantucket for a great many years and had been a legal resident of the island since 1912, when he took up his permanent residence here. During the years that have since passed, the deceased gave his best efforts in every movement that he felt was for the best interests of Nantucket, and contributed generously and willingly to everything that he felt was for the welfare of the town.

Always keenly interested in sporting activities, Mr. Wallace for a number of years was instrumental in improving the facilities for the game of golf on the island and it was largely through his efforts that the Nantucket Golf Club was maintained so successfully for a number of years in succession.

He was for many years deeply interested in the development of the Nantucket Yacht Club and had served as Commodore. His business acumen and careful fore-sight were valuable assets to the governing board and his interests remained alert up to a few years ago, when he was obliged to become less active owing to his physical condition.

At the time of the influenza epidemic, in October and November, 1918, the Selectmen placed the situation under the control of Mr. Wallace and the late Prentice Parker, who cheerfully accepted the responsibilities and served the community well, carrying through during a most trying ordeal in a manner that the townspeople all appreciated.

Mr. Wallace co-operated with the town committees in the conduct of all of the Liberty Loan drives connected with the first World War, and, although his health would not in recent years permit of marked activity, he continued to show his interest in the local movements and drives of the last five or six years.

Not only was Mr. Wallace's interest allied with organizations and public movements, but he was always ready to render assistance to young people whom he found of deserving effort.

William Wallace was born in Charlestown, Mass., July 4, 1873, the son of Capt. William Wallace, of the U. S. Marines. His grandfather, William Wallace, was of a notable Scotch family. His mother was Fannie Devens Sherburne of Boston, and among his ancestors was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, General William Whipple. It was through this ancestry that the deceased became a member of the Massachusetts Society of the Sons of the Revolution.

The deceased had a distinguished career, in his young manhood being active in amateur sports. He took honors in the early days of automobile racing and in lightweight boxing, later being active in golf and in salt water fishing, in which connection he had designed eight well-known fishing cruisers for his own use.

In the business world, Mr. Wallace was for years a well-known leader in marine insurance brokerage and underwriting. When he retired from business activity and came to Nantucket to take up his permanent residence, his name remained at the head of the business firm and today the insurance firm at 141 Milk street, Boston, bears the name of William Wallace & Co. Mr. Wallace was the owner of merchant ships and also a director of several corporations.

Besides his widow, Jouett Lee Wallace, he is survived by his son, William Wallace, Jr., and by two daughters, Mrs. Marian Shaw and Mrs. Henry Colgate. He also leaves his sister, Frances Devens Parrish, of Nantucket.

Funeral services were held at "Wallace Hall", his late residence on Main street, Monday afternoon, attended by a large gathering of friends and acquaintances. Rev. William E. Gardner officiated. Austin Strong read Tennyson's poem, "Crossing the Bar". Interment was in the family lot in Prospect Hill Cemetery. Honorary pall-bearers were Col. Louis J. Praeger, Capt. Patrick Robinson, William S. Walsh, Harvey Laprade, Robert D. Congdon, John Clancy, Spencer Cosby, Austin Strong, William O. Stevens, Everett U. Crosby and Wallis Armstrong.

OBITUARY.

1899

WOOD.—Another of Nantucket's octogenarians has gone. William W. Wood died Thursday evening, at his home on Risdale street, at the advanced age of nearly 87 years, and Nantucket loses a respected citizen. In early life Mr. Wood followed the sea in the whaling service, rising to the position of first officer, when he was disabled by a whale, returning home and engaging in the business of jeweler. For years he occupied a small shop on Plumb lane, relinquishing it only a short time ago on account of the infirmities of age. He was a man of bluff exterior, but beneath that beat a large heart, which those who knew him fully understood. Every citizen will regret the loss of William W. Wood.

Retired Whaling Captain.

With storm-worn cheeks and snow-white hair,
He is "whaling" now in his rocking chair.

Blue eyes with a soaring eagle's glance,
Hands that have used harpoon and lance.

A voice that has sounded above the gale,
Off Cape Horn, "All hands! Shorten sail!"

Keen ears that have heard the crashing jaw,
As a boat was crushed in a big bull's maw.

Just watch him start, see, his cheeks graw red,
To, "A-h, blows"—from aloft—"Sperm whales ahead!"

Now once more he thrills to the joyful sound,
"Masthead your topsails, we're homeward bound!"

Swiftly a sweet smile spreads over his face,
Some one was calling to splice the main brace.

Listen! He's tacking ship in his dreams again,
"Stand by for stays!" 'Tis his own loud call.
"Hard down your wheel! Ease off head sheets!
Up with the courses! Main-topsail haul!"

Now he nods as he hears the chanteyman,
By the windlass roar his song,
He joins the chorus to "Blow The Man Down,"
"O Ranzo", or "Storm Along".

1930 —Theodore P. Cleveland.

SUDDEN DEATH.—News was received here on Thursday, of the death, at Florence, Mass., of Capt. Charles P. Worth, formerly of this town. Capt. Worth was widely known and esteemed here, and also in New Bedford, from which port he made several successful whaling voyages. He rose to the command of a vessel when quite a young man, and commanded, successively, the barks Pantheon, Draco, Edward, and Robert Morrison. While in the Edward she was captured and his ship burned by the confederate cruiser, Alabama. Since his retirement from the sea, he has resided for several years with his family at Florence.

1876

Sons of Nantucket Ship Masters.

How many men are living on Nantucket today who are sons of Nantucket sea captains—whaling or merchant marine? According to the records at hand, there are eight sons of whaling masters and seven sons of merchant captains. There may be more. If so, we would be glad to add their names to the lists. To date we mention the following:

Sons of Whaling Masters.

- Samuel P. Pitman.
- George A. Grant.
- William F. Codd.
- Fred V. Fuller.
- Peter M. Hussey.
- George C. Rule.
- William T. Swain.
- Edward P. Tice.

Sons of Merchant Captains.

- Reuben G. Coffin.
- John P. Conway.
- Frank Conway.
- John R. Killen.
- Harold W. Killen.
- Maurice C. Killen.
- Charles E. Collins.

1937

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

In Memoriam.

"It being high water he went out with the tide!"

In the death of Capt. Henry Winslow, of this town, an example of manly character and upright living comes in review before us. The sea-faring men of Nantucket remember their departed brother, and speak in tender and respectful words of his sterling qualities ever exhibited in whatever line of duty he was called to serve.

He was more publicly known, perhaps, as a most faithful and competent Keeper of Sankoty Head Light. Here, as elsewhere, his unswerving integrity in the administration of his official duties pertaining to the Government earned for himself the highest respect as a reliable public servant. He received, at one time, a merited compliment from the late Commodore Blake, U. S. N., for the appearance of the light-house, and for the care and scrupulous attention to all the minute requirements of his responsible position. His name will ever linger in the memories of many who visited Sankoty while he was stationed there. For he was always ready to explain to interested visitors, the wonderful mechanism of the lamp, and the importance of it to mariners.

On Sunday evening last, he passed away as he had lived—peacefully, without a murmur. Patiently he endured the severe pains of bodily infirmities, and all who knew him intimately, feel that his was the Christian's hope; that he who had been faithful over a few things, will one day be ruler over many things.

Although unconscious when he died, his peaceful death was like the fading away of the far-off sunset: his glorified spirit was only too remote to communicate with us; but the shadows of the "Delectable Mountains" will ever lie along the sweet vale of fragrant memory, and they beckon us on to him. His family have enjoyed much in his companionship, for never lived a kinder parent. And his children and grandchildren look back with no regrets and forward with ever increasing hope. Thus the good of this earth are taken from us, and, like

"—— the stately ships, go on
To their haven under the hill;
But, O, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

A. E. J.

1871

CAPT. WILLIAM WORTH.—The remains of Capt. William Worth, who died at Worcester, at the advanced age of 86 years, arrived here for interment on Thursday. Capt. Worth, in the days of his prime, was known as one of our most energetic and successful shipmasters, and his seafaring career was a long and adventurous one. When a mere boy he served in the U. S. Navy, and was under the command of Com. David Porter in the frigate Essex during the war of 1812. After the war, he followed up the whaling business, rising rapidly to command of a ship, and between the years 1822 and 1841 he made six successful voyages, three in the Rambler, and three in the Howard. After this he bought a farm, but he did not meet with much success in his agricultural adventures, and again took to the sea, going out to the land of gold in command of ship Akbar. So lately as 1861, though even then quite advanced in years, he went out to Charleston in command of the Archer, one of the old ships sent out to be sunk in the harbor, and known in history as the "stone fleet." For his services in the English war he received a grant of land and a small pension.

1880

1891

SWIFT.—Seth S. Swift died yesterday afternoon at his residence in Fairhaven, aged 76 years, 11 months and 14 days. He was a native of West Falmouth, and was born Oct. 25, 1814. His early life was spent in Nantucket, where he learned the boat builder's trade, which he worked at about two years. He was then offered a boatsteerer's berth and commenced a seafaring life, making two voyages around Cape Horn. He held the position of third mate during his second voyage, and upon his return received the offer of a mate's berth. This he declined and returned to his trade. In 1853 he left Nantucket and came to Fairhaven, engaging in the grocery business at the corner of Bridge and Main streets. He continued in this occupation for 30 years, but retired about three years ago. Mr. Swift was a prominent member of the Society of Friends and leaves a widow and daughter and many friends to mourn his loss.—*N. B. Standard, October 10.*

SUDDEN DEATH.—On Wednesday last Capt. Benj. G. Weeks, of the bark Wessacumcon, was taken suddenly ill while on 'Change, and was assisted to his lodgings at the Quincy House, where he died on Friday afternoon of congestion of the brain. His remains have been conveyed to his residence, in West Barnstable, for interment.—Boston Journal.

Capt. Weeks was well known in this place, where he has many warm friends who sympathize with his widow in her affliction.

1859

5/7

Mrs. Gibbs Retires.

1955

On Thursday afternoon the Proprietors of the Nantucket Atheneum Library accepted the resignation of Mrs. Herbert (Isabel) Gibbs as assistant librarian. Mrs. Gibbs has served the library and the people of Nantucket for the past 50 years with a loyalty, cheerfulness, and devotion to her duties seldom found in the modern world.

It was shortly after her graduation from Nantucket High School, in 1904, that Isabel Coffin entered the Nantucket Atheneum Library as a clerk. The following year she was made assistant librarian, a position which she has filled for forty-nine years.

During the half century which has passed Mrs. Gibbs has greeted thousands of Nantucketers, summer residents and visitors to the island from her position behind the desk in the library. Each one of these patrons of the library has received a cheerful smile, a hearty welcome, and gracious assistance. She has been absent from her duties only during her brief vacation periods or when sickness has made it impossible for her to go to work. Hundreds of Nantucket students have been grateful to her for her patient help in finding the books and periodicals needed for some phase of school work.

The friends Isabel Coffin Gibbs has made in the years she has been in the library number far into the thousands—some two or three thousand of them native Nantucketers. She will be greatly missed by each one of them, and we know they will all join us in expresing our thanks and appreciation to her for "services rendered" as well as wishing her happiness in the future.

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to Sunday Accounts

Rec'd of Henry A. Pierce

Hiawatha & appurtenances. Cash 14500 00 14560 00

G.A.R. Man Dies

JAMES H. WOOD

G.A.R. Veteran Is Dead at 96

James H. Wood Last Of Nantucket Post

1943

Special to Standard-Times

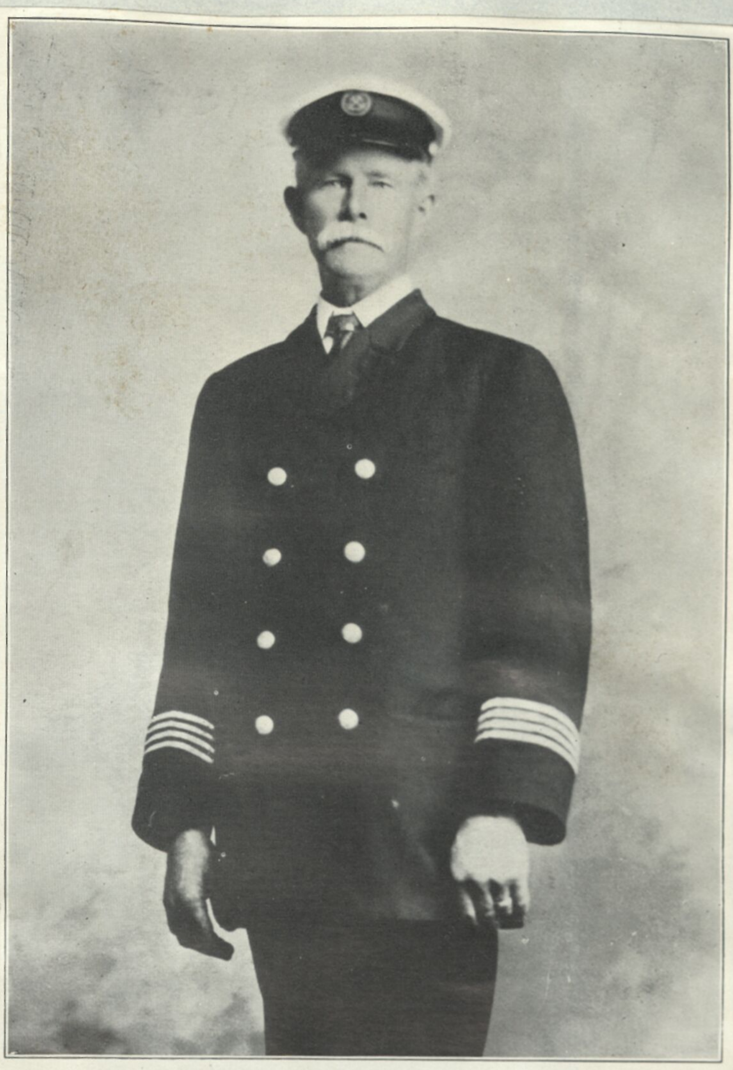
NANTUCKET, May 27—James H. Wood, 96, oldest resident of Nantucket, sole survivor of the island's G.A.R. veterans, commander of the Thomas M. Gardner Post, and former whaler, died yesterday. He would have observed his 97th birthday tomorrow.

As a boy of 16, Mr. Wood enlisted in the 2d Massachussetts Cavalry in December 1862, and served under Colonel Lowell until April 1863. The company saw two skirmishes with Mosby's famous guerillas, during one of which six of the 12 Nantucket members were either killed, wounded or taken prisoner. He was wounded in the battle of Cedar Creek.

The young soldier was transferred to the Navy in April 1863, when Army authorities apparently realized the incongruity of keeping a son of Nantucket asride a horse instead of on the deck of a vessel. In the Navy he engaged in many battles, one of the worst being the attack on Fort Fisher.

An incident which Mr. Wood used to recall with keen pleasure was his meeting President Lincoln. The vessel to which he was attached was acting as an escort to Mr. Lincoln on a visit to Richmond, three weeks before the President's assassination. While at the dock, Mr. Lincoln stepped up to the young sailor, placed one hand on his shoulder, clasped the other and said, "It's all over my boy. Now you can go home to your mother."

He leaves a son, James H. Jr., three grandchildren, four great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild.



CAPT. B. WHITFORD JOY.
The Last of Nantucket's Old-time Deep-water Sea Captains.

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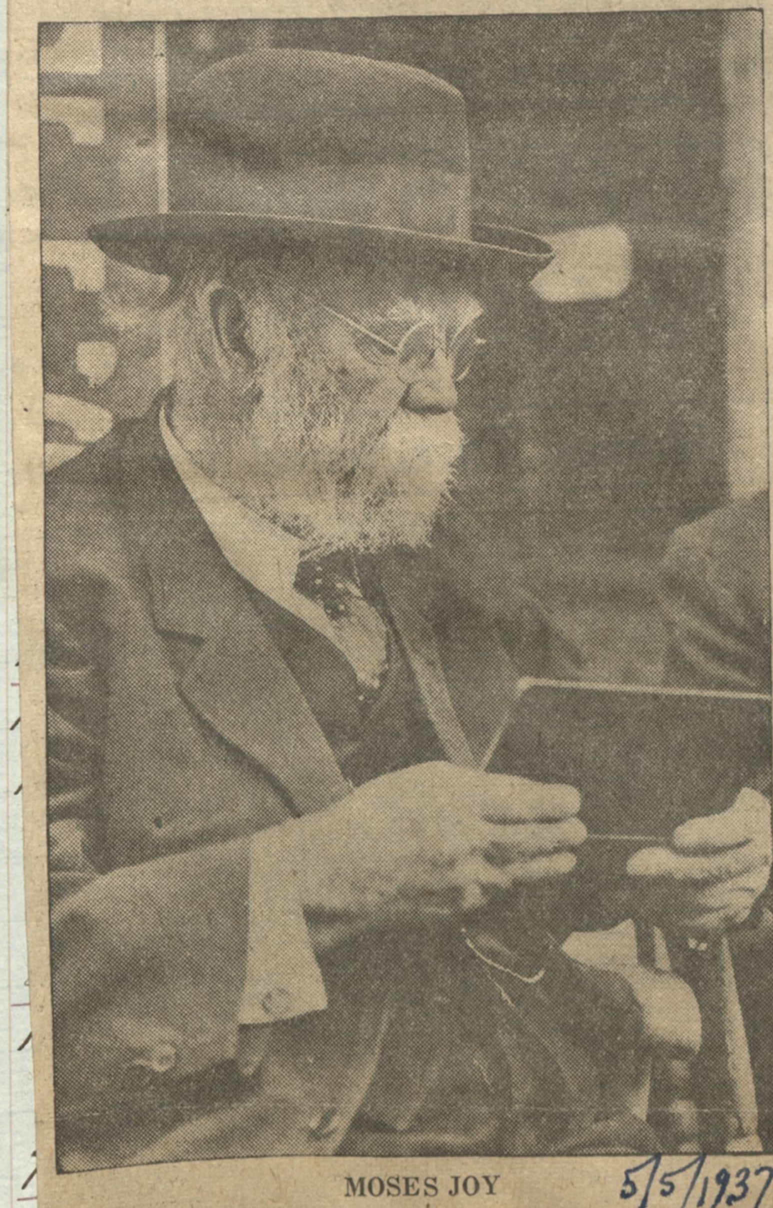
Funeral Services Are Held At Nantucket for Moses Joy



MOSES JOY

5/5/1937

Man Who Started Island's Water System Died of Injuries

Funeral services for Moses Joy, 83, through whose initiative the island of Nantucket obtained its water works system, were held on the island yesterday and interment was at the North Cemetery. Mr. Joy died in New York City as the result of injuries received in a street car accident there.

On his trips between Nantucket, where he was born on June 18, 1853, and New York he spent many hours in this city visiting the Bourne Whaling Museum and seeking out rare articles in the antique shops. It was while stopping here last September that Mr. Joy said that, although he had passed his 83rd birthday, he was far from retiring.

From the time of his great grandfather, Thomas Macy, nine times removed, until his own time, all of Mr. Joy's ancestors were born on the island. Following his graduation from the schools in Nantucket he went to New York in 1870 as a boy of 17 to learn the trade of tool-grinder in the machine shop of his brother-in-law, D. A. Green.

Studied Engineering

But this was not to be the end of the ambitions which always burned within him. From his earliest years, he had the ambition to give Nantucket a water works system in an effort to eliminate the disease prevalent in the well and town pump water. With this in mind, he enrolled at the Cooper Institute in New York City and was graduated four years later a civil engineer.

He then went back to work for his brother-in-law, Mr. Green, but only for short period. He was next employed by the H. S. Manning Company of New York, now Manning, Maxwell and Moore, one of the largest machine manufacturing companies in the world. From there he went to the Hopedale Machine Company in Hopedale where he made tools for 18 months.

At the age of 24 he became totally blind, which he said was due to a fall on his spine when he was 11. Despite the fact that friends feared that he would remain sightless for the rest of his life, he soon regained sight on one eye and set out to accomplish the dream of his life, the construction of the Nantucket water works.

Work Begun

The work started on October, 1878 and after a period of five months' labor, during which the entire financial burden was not placed upon the island but taken care of by Mr. Joy's managerial ability, the water was turned on March, 1879. This same system is in operation today a fitting monument to his courage and foresight.

Following the completion of this work Mr. Joy gained renown as a water works construction engineer and completed the same task for several New England communities. In addition he was in charge of the construction of electrical systems in several cities his last project being completed at Pascoag, R. I. Even until the time of his death he was active in the construction field and was known as a consultant engineer.

Many years ago he discovered a different process for the manufacture of candle sticks and gave it to the people of Nantucket. He once claimed that since this process was instituted the island folk made over $1,000,000 through the sale of candle sticks.

Although Mr. Joy has often been referred to as a sea captain he once said, "Many call me Captain Joy but I have never been to sea in my life." It was his ancestors back in the time of his great grandfather that were the seafaring members of the family.

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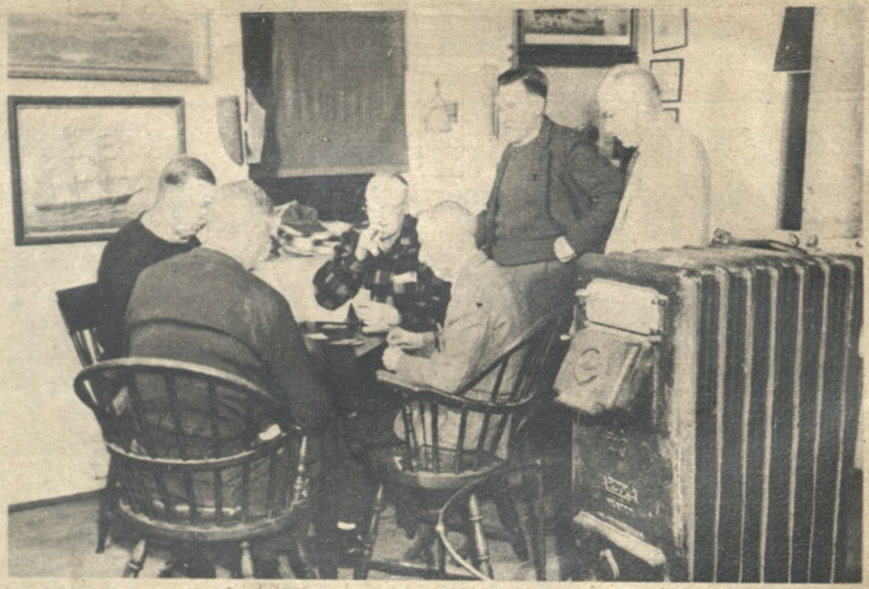
BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE, FEBRUARY 27, 1955

Nantucket Between Seasons

Nobody goes into hibernation on Nantucket when the last of the Summer folks leaves the island resort. "Between seasons is when we get most of our real work done down here," reports model maker Charles Sayles as he works on one of his famed quarter-board reproductions. "Anyone who would be bored here in the Winter time would be just as bored any place else," he contends. Jay Gibbs (photo right), still tolls the town clock 52 times three times each day, at 7 in the morning, noon, and 9 at night.



The Coast Guard crew acquired a brand new mascot, a baby seal they "liberated" from bleak Muskeget Island. BM1/c Harold King holds the new pet. Cribbage games and the Pacific Club (photo right), have been synonymous since the glorious days in which whaling was the island's chief industry. Nantucket whalers are a part of history now, but the cribbage games and the Pacific Club go on.

$29.220. – being for my

Walter Coffin.

On Thursday morning of this week one of Nantucket's most respected business men, Walter Coffin, passed away at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital following an illness of several weeks. Mr. Coffin had been in the hardware business in Nantucket for nearly a half century, entering it first when the firm was known as Brown & Co., under the ownership of the late Henry Brown. When Mr. Brown died in 1926, Mr. Coffin took over the ownership of the store and has since maintained the business in the style of the "old school," of which there are few remaining at the present time.

Born in Nantucket on Jan. 23, 1872, Walter Coffin was the son of the late James and Lydia Coffin. He attended the local schools and has made his home in Nantucket throughout his life. He was a quiet man, with a keen but dry sense of humor, and his unostentatious generosity in helping those who needed assistance will be greatly missed. His friends, who number hundreds of men and women among both winter and summer residents of Nantucket, will miss their daily chats with him at his store on Main Street.

He was a member of the Centre Street Methodist Church, where he served as treasurer for many years, of Union Lodge, F.&A.M., I.O.O.F., of which he had been a member for 57 years, Wauwinet Tribe, I.O.R.M., and of the Pacific Club.

He is survived by four daughters, Mrs. Louise Reed, of Nantucket, Mrs. Elsie Arnold, of Jamestown, R. I., Mrs. Bertha Rumbaugh, of Tucson, Arizona, and Mrs. Edith Sylvia, of New Bedford, and by six grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held this (Saturday) afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Lewis Funeral Home, with interment in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

1951

~~OCT.~~ 28/1944

Hall Received Testimonial After 50 Years' Service.

William Hall, manager of Wing's Store at Nantucket, was given a warm testimonial last Monday evening at a dinner held at the New Bedford Hotel in observance of the 70th anniversary of the establishment of "Wing's Store" in New Bedford. In referring to the event, the Standard-Times said:

It was also an occasion to pay tribute to William Hall Jr., manager of the company's Nantucket store, who has completed 50 years in the employ of the company. Mr. Hall was the recipient during the day of a gold wrist watch presented by the directors of the company and as a part of the after-dinner program he was presented a $50 War Bond and billfold, gifts from the store employes.

George E. Sylvia, who has been with the Wing firm only one year longer than Mr. Hall, and is oldest employe of the store in years of service, presided as toastmaster. Seated with Mr. Hall in the group at the head table was his niece, Miss Marion Hall.

Coming together as a family party, the employes, their wives and husbands and members of their families, the party of 300 made it a jolly occasion. Speeches were few and brief and following the dinner there was an entertainment climaxed with dancing.

Mr. Hall first came to Nantucket in the spring of 1898, when the Wing Company opened a branch store for two weeks in the building now occupied by Buttner's. The following year the Company opened its permanent store here. For nearly half a century Mr. Hall has been the resident manager.

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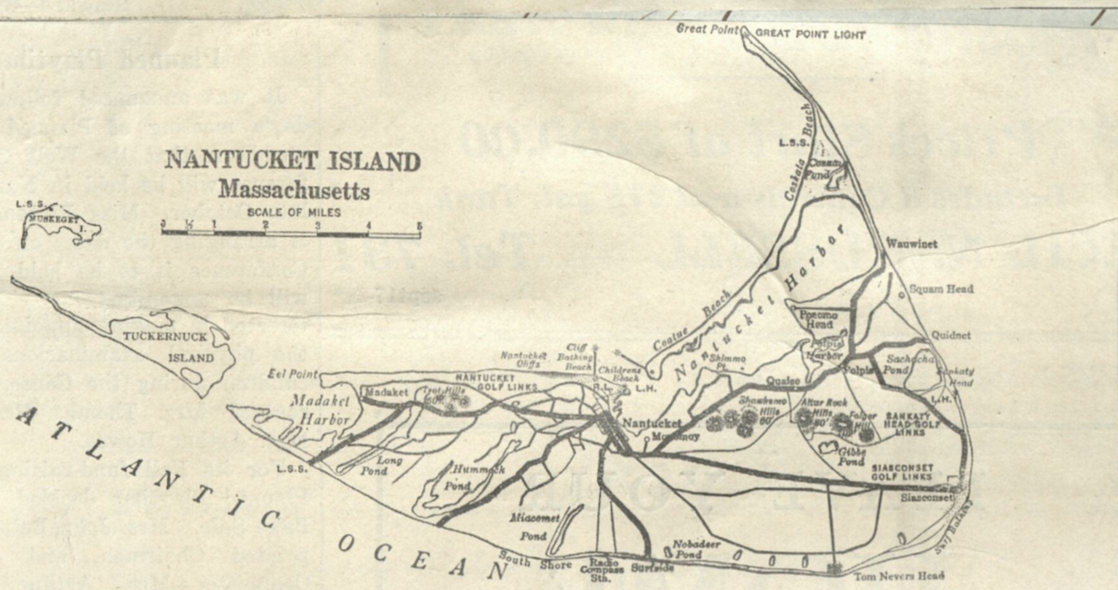
Fifty Famous Nantucketers

By MISS GRACE BROWN GARDNER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Trot Hills
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ATLANTIC OCEAN

Fifty Famous Nantucketers

INTRODUCTION

Starting with this issue of *The Inquirer and Mirror*, there will appear in its columns a series of articles entitled "Fifty Famous Nantucketers."

Of course, there are many more than fifty famous Nantucketers, and of course no two people would select the same fifty. Our readers will probably find many familiar and possibly some unfamiliar names among those chosen.

These brief biographies are gathered from many sources, many of them from the pages of this paper. They are compiled by Miss Grace Brown Gardner. We hope that they will prove of interest to our readers, so "let us now praise famous men," not forgetting famous women as well.

I.

THOMAS MACY

1608—1682

"Far round the bleak and stormy cape
The vent'rous Macey passed
And on Nantucket's naked isle
Drew up his boat at last."

At least that is what Whittier says of him. But the late William F. Macy, a direct descendant of Thomas and a Nantucket historian of note, maintains that while Whittier's account may be good poetry, it is bad history. However, the poem long has been a favorite with Nantucketers who are willing to grant the author the utmost limit of poet's license.

Thomas Macy resided near the town of Salisbury in Wiltshire, England, and came to America probably in 1636. He was one of the original settlers of Salisbury, Mass., to whom lands were granted. It was recorded that he was a merchant, planter, one of the Selectmen and also a preacher. Truly a versatile character, as were so many of the early settlers. That he sheltered Quakers was acknowledged by him in a letter in the files of the General Court, but according to his account they were strangers to him and were caught in a storm and stayed in his house less than an hour. However, in spite of his explanation he was fined thirty shillings. Tradition says that immediately after this sentence he removed to Nantucket.

In the Macy Genealogy it is related that in 1659 he embarked at Salisbury in a small boat with his wife and children and such household goods as he could conveniently carry, and in company with Isaac Coleman and Edward Starbuck set sail for Nantucket.

It is the concensus of opinion that the group of settlers landed at Madaket, the regular landing place for people from the Vineyard who had made visits to the island for several years, and that they remained there for the first winter on friendly terms with the Indians. Let us trust that some preparations had been made before their arrival for the comfort of Thomas' wife Sarah and her five children, ranging in age from four to thirteen years.

From old records in the Register's office it is learned that in 1675 Thomas Macy was commissioned Chief Magistrate of the town of Sherburne, the early name of the present town of Nantucket. He was also the first Recorder appointed on the island and a portion at least of the first Book of Records was written by him.

Thomas Macy is usually described as "the first settler" and as such very properly heads the list of Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

II

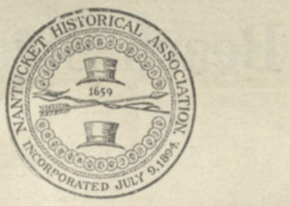
TRISTRAM COFFIN

1605—1681

The descendants of Tristram Coffin and of Dionis his wife are legion! At the time of the great Coffin Reunion in 1881 five hundred Coffins from all parts of the country gathered to do honor to their ancestors. Many of our summer visitors boast of their lineage from Tristram. Names of over twelve thousand of his descendants have been recorded, not only in this country but also in the British Empire and various foreign countries.

Much has been written concerning Tristram Coffin. Among the better known books are "The Life of Tristram Coffin of Nantucket, Massachusetts", by Allen Coffin; "Trustum and His Grandchildren", by Harriet B. Worron; and most recent and readable of all, "The Coffin Saga", by Will Gardner.

The founder of the family line of Coffins in America signed his name "Coffyn". He was born in Brixton, England. The ancient seat of the family, Rutledge Manor, has been the mecca of many pilgrimages by those who share the family name. In 1642 Tristram emigrated to America with his wife and five small children. He lived at times in Salisbury, Haverhill and Newbury. In 1659 he came to Nantucket and made arrangements for the purchase of the Island by a company which he organized in Salisbury.


NANTUCKET HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION
1659
INCORPORATED JULY 9, 1894.

The seal of the Nantucket Historical Association tells the story of the sale of the island to nine purchasers of which Tristram Coffin heads the list. You may see indicated there the thirty pounds, the famous "two beaver hats one for myself and one for my wife" which Thomas Mayhew demanded as the price of Nantucket, and also the Indian bow and arrows which show that there was further confirmation of the deed by the release of Indian rights.

During his entire life on the island Tristram Coffin lived at Capaum.

The interests which he and his sons and son-in-law represented were very large. It is said that at one time the Coffin Clan owned at least a fourth of the entire island. This gave Tristram the power to control to a large extent the legal affairs of the town of Sherburne.

He was appointed Chief Magistrate, and as such had many trials and tribulations. Each of the original nine proprietors took a partner, and they in turn took others, until the shares became known as the "twenty-seven original shares" under which lands were held in common for many years. This led to many complications as inheritance still further divided the shares. At the present time there are still "commons" listed on the books of the Nantucket assessors. Tristram is described as a man of strong will and dominant personality and the courts of his day record many lawsuits and bitter litigation in which he was a party.

Tristram Coffin died in 1681 and before his death much of the land controversy was settled and local affairs were more peaceful.

• • • • • •

It would be interesting to know how many of those who read this article "trace back to Tristram".

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Fifty Famous Nantucketers

By GRACE BROWN GARDNER

3

PETER FOLGER

1617-1690

Some of his descendants—Benjamin Franklin, William C. Folger, Maria Mitchell, Phebe Ann Hanaford, Thomas Mott Osborne, Walter Folger, Jr., Charles James Folger, Lucretia Mott, George Howland Folger, Keziah Coffin, William Mitchell, George H. Folger, Henry Clay Folger, etc.

It is indeed a mark of great distinction to be known as the grandfather of Benjamin Franklin and the ancestor of a long line of men and women eminent in literary, philanthropic and scientific lines, but it was not necessary for Peter Folger to wait for descendants to bring honor to his name.

Peter Folger himself was a great man. Characterized as a "pious and learned Englishman" he came to this country from Norwich, England, in 1635, and came to Nantucket in 1659 from Martha's Vineyard where he was associated with Thomas Mayhew. And he came by special invitation of the Proprietors, with a grant of one half of a share of land.

Peter Folger has been called the most useful man among the early settlers of the island. There was little in the way of handicraft with which he was unacquainted. He was a surveyor, a miller, a weaver and a blacksmith. He was also a clerk, a writer, a poet, a philosopher, a teacher and a religious leader. He was well versed in the local Indian dialect and was employed as an interpreter by Tristram Coffin in his dealings with the Nantucket Indians.

It is easy to understand the value of such a man to a new community. Among his other services he was in charge of the records of the town, and during a bitter controversy among the early settlers he was imprisoned for refusing to obey the records of a court whose validity he refused to acknowledge, and produce these records. They are still missing!

His famous tract, "A Looking Glass For The Times", written in verse, bespeak the liberty of conscience for all, and attributes the Indian wars and other calamities which afflicted the country as judgments of God in punishment for the sin of persecution.

* * * * *

Two sons and seven daughters were born to Peter Folger and to Mary Morril, his wife, and through them the Folger name and fame has been spread broadcast throughout America. Independence, force of character and of intellect, and amazing versatility are the leading characteristics of Peter Folger and of his descendants.

"Fifty Famous Nantucketers."

By Grace Brown Gardner.

4

JOHN GARDNER

1624-1706

Just east of Maxcy's Pond is the granite stone shown above which bears the inscription "Here lies buried ye body of John Gardner, Esq., aged 82 years, died May 1706." This stone, erected in 1881, replaces one removed for preservation which marked the spot for one hundred and seventy-five years. The original stone may now be seen in the Oldest House.

John Gardner was a prominent and useful citizen of Salem before his removal to Nantucket, and his name is found on many of the early records of that colony. In 1672 he was invited by the Proprietors to come to the island and "set up the trade for the taking of codfish." He was granted one half share of land on his agreement to remain for a period of three years. He remained until his death, thirty-four years later.

Before the arrival of John Gardner the leader of the island was Tristram Coffin. Through his sons and sons-in-law who were shareholders Tristram controlled a very large interest in Nantucket lands. John Gardner's ideas were too liberal and democratic to suit Tristram, and there soon began a cleavage between the conservatives and the radicals courts of New York, under whose jurisdiction Nantucket was at that time, with charges and counter-charges, appeals and complaints. Those court records form a bewildering and at times an amusing chronicle.

In 1680 John Gardner was appointed Chief Magistrate and chosen to represent the town at New York. There he was vindicated of charges against him, and some of his property which had been taken on his refusal to pay local court fines whose validity he denied, was ordered restored to him.

The two leading Nantucket historians, Alexander Starbuck and Henry B. Worth, used the same sources in their research. Both qualified to pass judgment on the merits of the case, they take exactly opposite views—Starbuck favoring the Coffin faction and Worth the Gardner side. Evidently the subject will always be open to argument.

When Jethro Coffin, the grandson of Tristram, married Mary, the daughter of John Gardner, the "Oldest House" was built for the young couple by their respective fathers; the land was donated by the bride's father and the lumber sawed at the mill of the groom's father in New Hampshire. This wedding is said to have gone far towards healing the family feud.

John Gardner was the father of twelve children and many Nantucketers are proud to trace their descent from him.

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

5.

MARY STARBUCK

1645—1717

Mary Starbuck, the "Great Woman", as she was affectionately called by her contemporaries, was the daughter of Tristram Coffin. At the age of seventeen she married Nathaniel Starbuck and ten children were born to them, of whom their eldest daughter Mary was the first white child born on the island.

The unusual abilities of Mary Starbuck were early recognized. Of superior mind, she often participated in the responsibilities of public gatherings and town meetings. Her words were listened to with marked respect and she was consulted on all matters of public importance. It is reported that she usually prefaced her remarks with "My husband and I think", for although Nathaniel Starbuck was an able man he modestly made way for his more brilliant wife.

Beginning with the late 1600's various Quaker traveling ministers known as Public Friends visited Nantucket. In 1702 an English Quaker minister, John Richardson, arrived on a visitation, and through his influence Mary Starbuck became a Friend. Two years later she founded a meeting for worship, and later under the jurisdiction of the Quaker assembly at Newport, R. I., a monthly business meeting was established. Nathaniel Starbuck soon joined his wife. By this time she had become one of the most celebrated Quaker preachers, and had gained many converts.

The home of the Starbucks was in the vicinity of the North Head of the Hummock Pond, and at the time of the Centennial Celebration in 1895 a marker was placed on the site. This house was the most spacious one in the settlement, and was often referred to as "Parliament House". In its "Great Room" the Friends meetings were held for some years. Part of the Parliament House is said to have been moved from its original location into the present town and incorporated into the large house on the northeast corner of Pine and School streets.

The first Quaker meeting house was built on land owned by Nathaniel Starbuck and an adjoining lot was used for a burying ground. Tradition has it that this land was also part of the Starbuck holding. No trace of either now remains, and recent search for the sites has been unsuccessful.

It is also a tradition that the custom of paying whalemen a "lay" or proportional share of the proceeds of a voyage was suggested by Mary Starbuck, who believed that if you "let each have an interest everyone will do his duty".

Mary Starbuck died in 1717 and Nathaniel in 1719. They were survived by more than two score Quaker descendants and the society grew until fully one half of the five thousand inhabitants attended the meetings and Nantucket was known as the Quaker Town.

11/19/49

11/26/49

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

6.

ABIAH FOLGER FRANKLIN

1665—1752

Even today Nantucketers have a slight feeling of resentment that Abiah Folger Franklin, the mother of Benjamin Franklin, left Nantucket shortly before the birth of her famous son, so that Benjamin was born "off island" and so deprived of the honor of becoming a native son. In his autobiography Franklin writes of his mother Abiah Folger being the daughter of "Peter Folger, one of the first settlers of New England, of whom honorable mention is made by Cotton Mather in his 'Magnalia Christi America'". He also refers to the famous "Tract For The Times" written by his famous Nantucket grandfather. Abiah Folger was the youngest daughter of the great Peter Folger and is described as a woman ahead of her times because she agreed with her father who considered the persecution of Baptists and Quakers as the sin of New England.

At the age of twenty-two Abiah became the wife of James Franklin, a widower of Boston, who had six young children. She had seven children of her own, of whom Benjamin was the youngest son. She is said to have taught all her children to read before they were old enough for school, and to have presented Benjamin with her own highly valued copy of Cotton Mather to encourage his taste for study.

In 1897 a local D. A. R. Chapter was organized, and named in her honor the Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. In 1900 a memorial Fountain was erected near the site of Abiah's birthplace, a short distance west of the town on the Madaket Road. The fountain was presented to the Town of Nantucket by the local D. A. R. Chapter and the bronze tablet which explains the gift was the donation of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in honor of Abiah Folger Franklin.

While comparatively little is known of the life of Abiah Folger Franklin it is strongly believed, at least by all good Nantucketers, that the talents which distinguished her famous son were "Folger traits" inherited from the great Peter Folger through his daughter Abiah.

In "A Grandfather For Benjamin Franklin", a distinguished historically documented biography by Florence Bennett Anderson, corroboration of this statement may be found.

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to Sundry accounts

of Sperm

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do 273.04 10980.64

47 Casks

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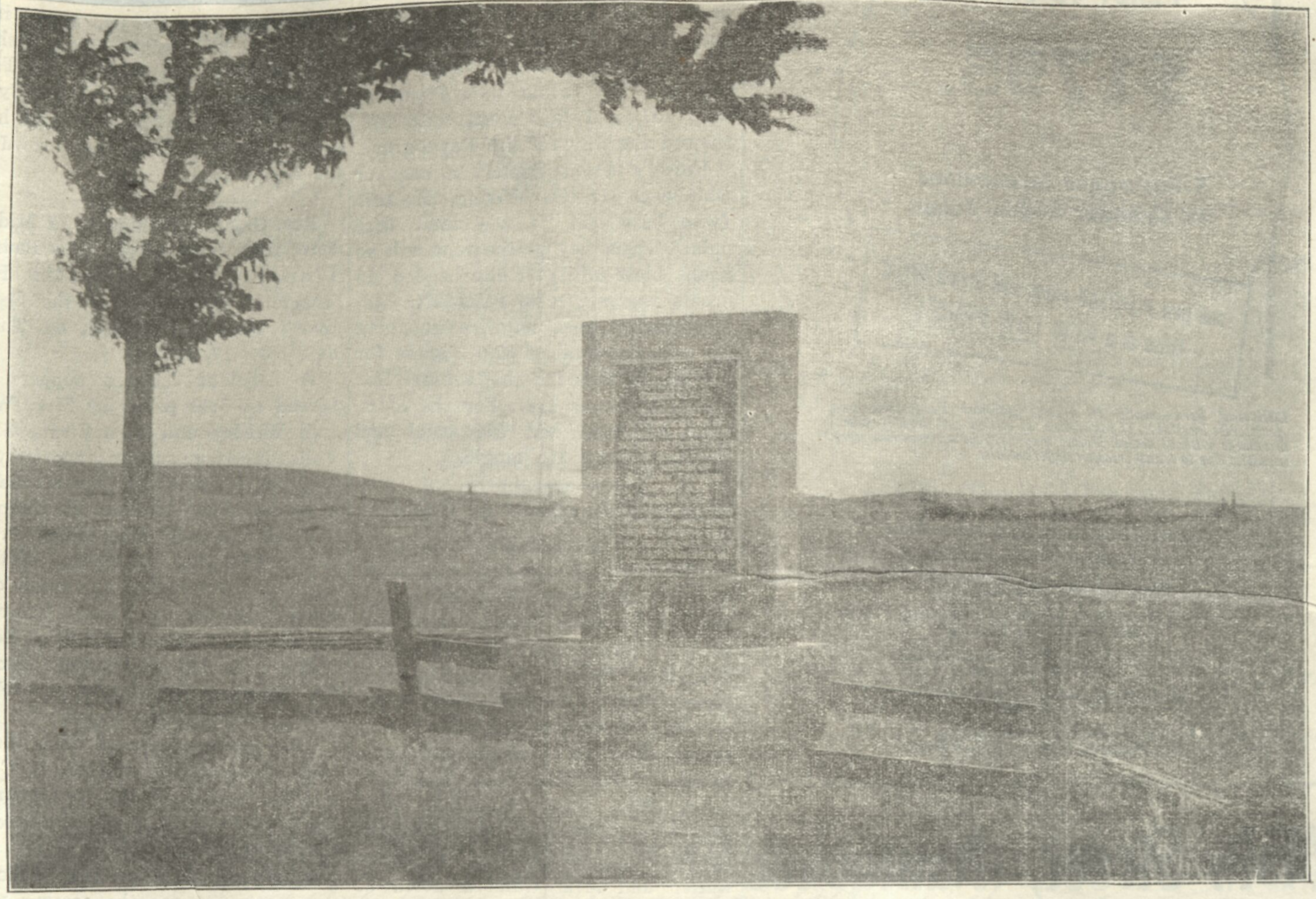
51 Joseph Rich

Ship James Ins.c

9 for 59 Bbls Ocholsk Whalebone 4231 lbs netto 68c Cash 2877.08



Abiah Folger Franklin Memorial Fountain

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

7.

ELIHU COLEMAN

1699—1789

12/13/49

The only house remaining of the early settlement of Sherburne, which extended from Capaum Pond—then a harbor—south and west to Hummock Pond, is that of Elihu Coleman.

For 228 years, through various vicissitudes of fortune and changes of ownership this house has been known by the name of its builder and first owner. It is a sturdy house, built for strength and simplicity, with massive timbers and enormous fireplaces. This house was chosen to represent Nantucket architecture under a Federal survey and the measurements of the structure are placed in the Library of Congress in Washington where they may be consulted by architects.

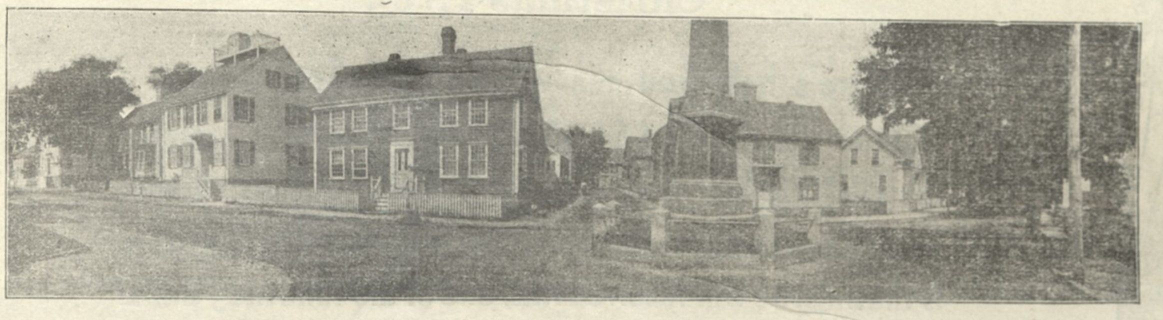
The builder of this house was a carpenter by trade and an Elder in the Society of Friends. In one of its rooms this Nantucket Quaker wrote a tract against slavery, being one of the first in New England to attack slavery in print. Before his tract many Friends had felt a "concern" against the practice and this tract became widely read and its author known as the pioneer abolitionist of New England Quakerism. In the 1840s William Lloyd Garrison on a visit to the island called upon Elihu's son William, who was then living in the old homestead.

According to Thomas E. Drake, who has written a sketch of the life of Elihu Coleman, "It is curious that a Quaker on the island of Nantucket, where negro slaves were extremely few should have been the first of his faith in all New England and the second New Englander of any faith to attack slavery in print."

Little is known of any other writings of Elihu Coleman. At the age of 88 he wrote "A Father's Advice to His Children and Grandchildren", of which there are only manuscript copies.

Elihu Coleman was the grandson of Mary Starbuck, the founder of the Society of Friends on Nantucket, being the son of her daughter Priscilla. A devout Quaker, he spoke and traveled occasionally in Friends' ministry.

For many years he led a quiet life as a good carpenter or "housewright" and as a devoted father of a large family of children who were brought up in the Elihu Coleman house, which is now one of Nantucket's most valued historical shrines.



Monument Square Thirty Years Ago. The Zaccheus Macy house is to the left of the Civil War Monument.

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

8.

ZACCHEUS MACY.

(1713-1797)

Nantucket's first great physician, Zaccheus Macy, lived during the time when there were many native Indians in Nantucket, and he understood their dialect. It is a tradition that when the great plague swept away nearly all of them, not a single white person was afflicted due to his vigilance. From his large flock of sheep he had one killed daily and made into broth and carried within reach of those who were not sick and he continued his care and kindness to the Indians until the epidemic was over.

In the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society there is a journal of the first settlement of Nantucket written by Zaccheus Macy, which is of great value to all historians of the island. There is also a report written by him for the same Society giving an account of Indian names and also of some of the most "respectable" Indians of Nantucket.

Zaccheus Macy was skilled in surgery and William C. Folger, the historian, thought there was a record of nearly two thousand people who had been treated by him for broken bones and similar disasters. His charitable nature caused him to supply the aid needed to make his patients comfortable until they were able to help themselves. There is a tradition that he never sent bills nor accepted remuneration for his services. Any recompense had to be made in the form of a gift.

In early life, Dr. Macy went whaling and attained the rank of boatsteerer. Later he became a shipper of oil to the London market. He also became interested in farming and he served the town in various civic offices.

Zaccheus Macy was the first owner of the "Reuben Joy Homestead" on the northwest corner of Main and Gardner streets. Here he died in 1797, a much beloved physician. It would be interesting to know more details of his long and useful life.

12/17/49

10.98.64

8.91.19 1907.83

3342.0

406.3

58.71

Dr to Sundry Accounts

ord. amt. ec for 1 Anchor 1730 lb at 69.20

1 anchor Stock — — 5.00

1 Stock wg 69½ lb a 4d 2.78 76.98

ustee Joseph Tripp pr amt. ec on gd

from Bock Hudson due 7/5. "26 100.00

& Co pr amt. ec of them — " 193.15 370.13

28

ounts Dr to B. C. Bank

Gebbs pr Bill Loring — — 10.00

outre pr Jacob Thomas Bill — 12.50

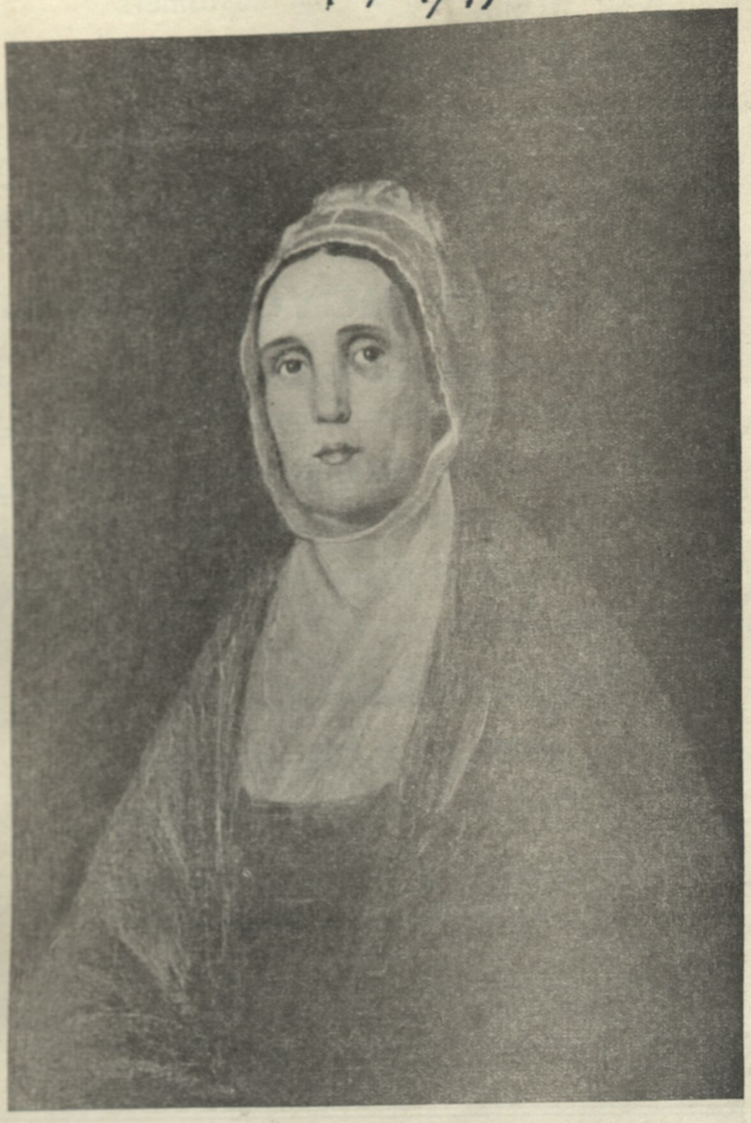
th pr amt. pr Frank Williams "28 25.75 48.25

Dr to Cash A/c

pr amt. pr S. Cummings Bill — 21.84

183

12/24/49



KEZIA COFFIN FANNING
Mrs. Fanning was the daughter of Kezia (Folger) Coffin and John Coffin.

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

9.

KEZIA COFFIN

1723—1798

Kezia Coffin is the heroine of the book by Col. Joseph C. Hart entitled "Miriam Coffin or the Whale Fishermen". There she is presented as a strong minded and very able woman who took advantage of her husband's absence on a whaling voyage to engage in extensive business operations, including dealings with the British during the Revolutionary war and the smuggling of contraband goods.

At the height of her activities she had ships on every sea and a town house on Centre street and a country house at Quaise. Country houses were innovations on the island at that time and there arose a suspicion that the Quaise house had an underground passage to Polpis Harbor by means of which goods were transported from various mysterious ships seen at anchor near the shore. The fact that no such passage has ever been discovered does not interfere with the tradition forming the basis of many thrilling plots in Nantucket fiction.

The story goes that due to permission granted her by the Admiral who commanded the British squadron during the Revolution she was enabled to import commodities for which she charged exhorbitant prices. The islanders were compelled to impoverish themselves to obtain the necessities of life from her. When their money was gone she took mortgages on their property. Finally Nantucket issued its proclamation of neutrality and her monopoly was broken. Her indignant townspeople had their revenge by combining to ruin her. All her assets—her house, her warehouses, her other buildings, her ships and other holdings—were swept away. Her husband returned to find himself almost penniless.

* * * * *

That there is some basis for at least a part of the above story is attested by the fact that she was arrested for high treason, appeared before the General Court and was acquitted. The late Alexander Starbuck writing for the Inquirer and Mirror in 1882 says that at her trial in 1779 the General Court deemed that the charges were true beyond the shadow of a doubt, but so extenuating were the circumstances that she was not convicted.

* * * * *

Kezia Coffin's only daughter, Kezia, married Phineas Fanning of Long Island. Kezia Fanning kept a diary from 1775 to 1820. This diary records events which took place on the island, especially those connected with her mother. Zealously guarded by her descendants for many years, extracts from it were made and sent to Alexander Starbuck and were quoted copiously in his "History of Nantucket". His conclusion in regard to Kezia Coffin is "The common report of the day accused her of smuggling, but there does not seem to be any foundation for the story. Without doubt she was instrumental in importing provisions, but it was not apparently done secretly nor for undue personal gain. It is to be fairly argued that if someone had not moved more rapidly than the law there would have been much suffering in Nantucket."

After her downfall Kezia left the island, but returned in her old age and engaged in numerous lawsuits to endeavor to win back some of her property. She would never admit defeat in these suits, though her position was hopeless. While thus engaged a fall down stairs ended her stormy career.

What is your opinion of Kezia?

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

10.

MICAJAH COFFIN

1734—1827

Micajah Coffin was the son of Benjamin Coffin, who was a famous Nantucket schoolmaster for half a century. Micajah was of scholarly tastes and was thoroughly grounded by his father in the customary studies of the day, especially Latin, which at that time was often taught as a spoken language.

As a youth Micajah served an apprenticeship at carpentering with Elihu Coleman, the builder of the only house yet standing at the original site of the town of Sherburne. He married Abigail Coleman, the youngest daughter of his employer. In addition to his work as a carpenter he ran a packet service between Nantucket and New York and became widely known as a "trader", building up a profitable business.

Always interested in town affairs, he served on various committees and gained a reputation as a clear and forceful speaker and writer.

During the perilous years of the Revolution and the hardly less troublous years following Micajah Coffin was among the leaders of the town in political affairs. To him was entrusted the duty of drawing up the memorials and petitions concerning the sufferings of the islanders under the British blockade and the pleas for relief by the assumption of neutrality. The activities of Micajah at this time form a large and important section of Dr. Will Gardner's recently published book "The Coffin Saga".

Later on, honored and trusted by his fellow citizens, Micajah was chosen their representative to the General Court of Massachusetts for over twenty years. During the time that he spent in Boston he was concerned with many important messages in regard to the welfare of the island, such as regulation of the sheep industry, the control of lighthouses, and problems connected with whaling. It was due to his efforts that the name of the town was changed from Sherburne to Nantucket. He became well acquainted with the leaders of the young Republic and served Nantucket with honor and distinction.

When Governor Lincoln visited Nantucket in 1825 the governor and his staff paid a visit of ceremony to Micajah Coffin, who was the oldest and most respected citizen on the island. Micajah was past ninety and his mind was affected by the infirmities of old age. He appeared somewhat dazed when the group was presented to him, but suddenly turned to Postmaster Hill and harangued him in a fluent Latin speech. Mr. Hill, overcome and embarrassed at being mistaken for the governor, and being unable to make response in kind, finally haltingly stammered, "Oui, Monsieur, je vous remercie", which remarkable answer upset the dignity of the occasion and even the governor indulged in the general amusement. During his long life Micajah had held fast the teachings of his father Benjamin, the schoolmaster.

12/31/49

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

1/7/50

11.

WILLIAM ROTCH

1734—1828

A recent book by G. M. Bullard of New Bedford, entitled "Joseph Rotch of Nantucket and Dartmouth", gives a detailed history of Joseph Rotch and his activities and of those of his descendants to the third and fourth generations.

William Rotch, the son of Joseph, was a birthright member of the Society of Friends in Nantucket, and both by precept and example he exemplified the Quaker doctrines of honesty, industry and peace. He is considered by some as the greatest merchant of colonial days. In 1754 he entered his father's West India business, and later founded, together with his brothers Joseph and Francis, the house of Joseph Rotch's Sons. There were branches in New Bedford and London and there was extensive trade with other colonies, the West Indies and the mother country. Their principal commodity was whale oil and the firm owned many vessels engaged in the whale fishery. Oil had a ready market in England. The ships returned laden with various commodities for the colonies. At the age of forty William Rotch was the richest man in Nantucket.

In 1772 he built the substantial brick building at the lower end of the Square as an office and warehouse for his increasing business. The tablet on the front of the building bears the names of three Rotch vessels that participated in the historic Boston Tea Party—Ships Dartmouth, Beaver and Eleanor. These vessels sailed from Nantucket conveying cargoes of whale oil to London. There they were chartered by the East India Company to bring tea to this country. The rest of the story is known to every school child. For many years the front room in the building was known as "the Cap'n's Room", where retiring whaling captains gathered and enlivened their declining years by "gamming".

When trouble with England arose, Nantucket looked to William Rotch for council and leadership. He advocated neutrality as a good policy and one in accordance with the principles of Quakerism, which a large proportion of his fellow townsmen professed. Twice William Rotch visited the British camp and was successful in gaining protection from enemy cruisers; his policy, however, was not popular with the Colonial forces, and consequently Nantucket suffered depredations from both sides. William Rotch was tried for treason by the General Court of Massachusetts, but was acquitted.

At the close of the Revolution the duty imposed by the British on whale oil bade fair to ruin the industry. William Rotch decided to move to England and prosecute his business from there. Not being successful, he went to Dunkirk, France, and there carried on the whaling business until the outbreak of the French Revolution. He then returned to England and settled in Milford Haven. Many Nantucket men were associated with him in these ventures and Nantucket whaleships sailed from these ports.

In 1794 William Rotch returned to America and his adventurous life ended in New Bedford at the age of ninety-four.

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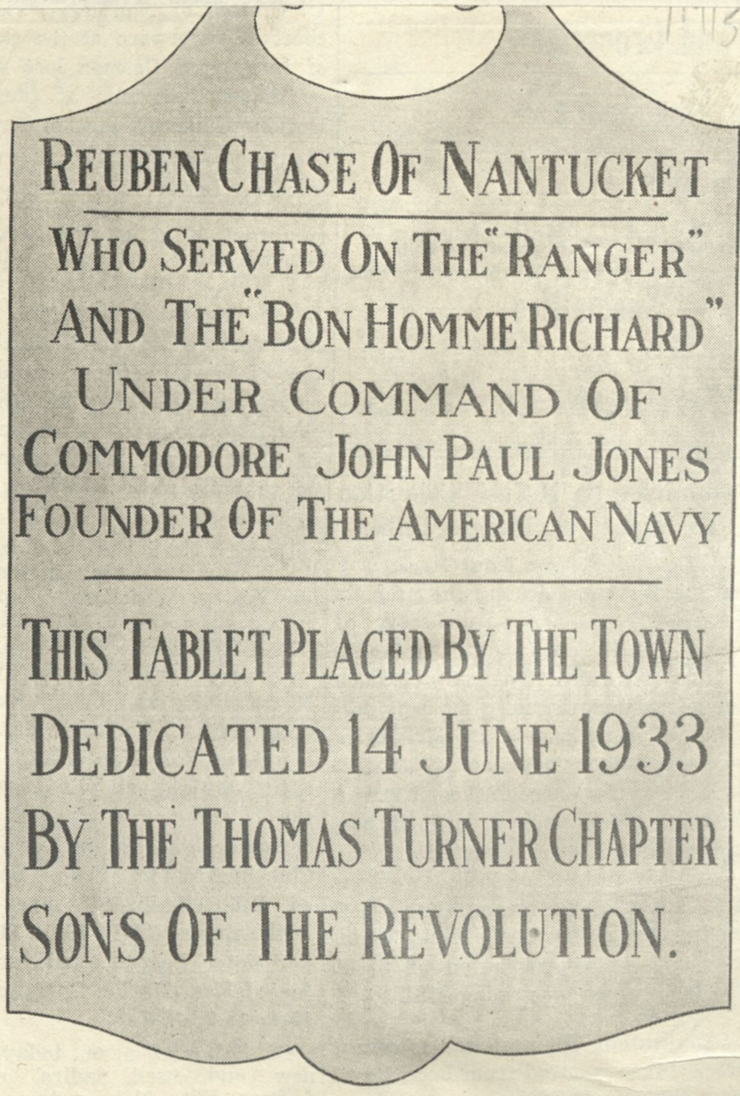
207 [illegible] Howland Dr to Ship Othel

186 for 17 Casks of Whale Oil 2658

33 2625 Galls @ 55¢ 1443 75

THE PACIFIC CLUB WAS ORIGINALLY THE WILLIAM ROTCH COUNTING HOUSE

1/1/50



REUBEN CHASE OF NANTUCKET
WHO SERVED ON THE "RANGER"
AND THE "BON HOMME RICHARD"
UNDER COMMAND OF
COMMODORE JOHN PAUL JONES
FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY

THIS TABLET PLACED BY THE TOWN
DEDICATED 14 JUNE 1933
BY THE THOMAS TURNER CHAPTER
SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

12.

REUBEN CHASE

1754—1824

Reuben Chase was Nantucket's hero in the Revolution, and closely associated with him were a score of other Nantucket seamen. When John Paul Jones offered his services at the beginning of the war, Nantucket was noted the world over for the skill and daring of its whalemen. For this reason, John Paul Jones asked that Nantucket men be sent to Portsmouth, where the "Ranger" was being fitted out. These men were transferred to the "Bon Homme Richard" under his command, and much of the credit of the famous battle with the "Serapis" is claimed by Nantucket on account of the services of Reuben Chase, midshipman. It was in that battle that Harry Gardner, acting gunner, distinguished himself and Thomas Turner, for whom the local chapter of the Sons of the Revolution is named, was killed.

Reuben Chase was born in a house on Lower York street, and like most Island boys spent much of his time along the water front. He was tall and strongly built and soon outstripped his mates in strength and in knowledge of the sea. In his early twenties he shipped in the navy.

Reuben Chase's career in the United States Navy covered a period of six years. Later he commanded the packet ship "Governor Clinton". In 1788 he turned to whaling and became master of the Whaler "Union" of Nantucket. Still later, he, together with Henry Gardner and others, formed a company that carried on an extensive whaling business in Nantucket, where he lived the rest of his life.

In an old edition of James Fenimore Cooper's novel "The Pilot", the late Frederick Sanford wrote the following: "The Long Tom Coffin from this story was Reuben Chase. I remember him well and he was just such a man as Cooper described—six feet four inches tall, very powerful and angular. He was with the heroic John Paul Jones in his sea fights (and it was after this that Cooper made his acquaintance). Cooper said Long Tom Coffin in his novel 'The Pilot' was Reuben Chase of Nantucket." In "The Pilot" it is stated "I would rather trust Tom Coffin and his harpoon to back me than the best broadside that ever rattled out of a three decker".

In 1908 a bronze tablet was placed in the Historical Rooms on Fair Street by the Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, to the memory of the Nantucket sailors who served in the "Ranger" and the "Bon Homme Richard" under Commodore Paul Jones. On this tablet the name of Reuben Chase midshipman leads all the rest. The tablet was unveiled by Miss Mary Jane Chase, a granddaughter of Reuben.

His memory is still further honored by the tablet shown above, placed over his grave by the Town of Nantucket and dedicated by the Thomas Turner Chapter, Sons of the Revolution, in 1933.

1/12/50

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

13.

Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin

1759—1839

Admiral Sir Issac Coffin was born in Boston and knew Nantucket only as a visitor, yet his great benefactions to the island plus his Nantucket ancestry entitle him to inclusion in the list of Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

The Beechy portrait of the Admiral, shown above, which is owned by the Coffin School and is familiar to Nantucketers, was called by the late Walter Gilman Page, "the most important painting belonging to the island of Nantucket". It was painted by the famous English artist in 1808 —the price being $200.

The Boston Coffins were loyalists and, in 1773, at the age of 14, Isaac entered the British Navy. He took an active part in all the greater naval affairs along the Atlantic seaboard. At the age of 22 he was made Captain; in 1804 Rear-Admiral, and the following year a Baronet. In 1814 he became a full Admiral. Later he was elected to Parliament, where he served for eight years.

He made over 30 voyages to America and manifested his interest in his native country in various practical ways—the breeding of superior livestock, improvements in fishing facilities, and horticultural experiments. His greatest interest, however, was in nautical education, in which he was well qualified by his forty years of service in the British Navy. He bought the brig "Clio" and refitted it for a training ship for seamen. Among the apprentices on the "Clio" were over 20 Nantucket lads, ranging from 12 to 16 years of age.

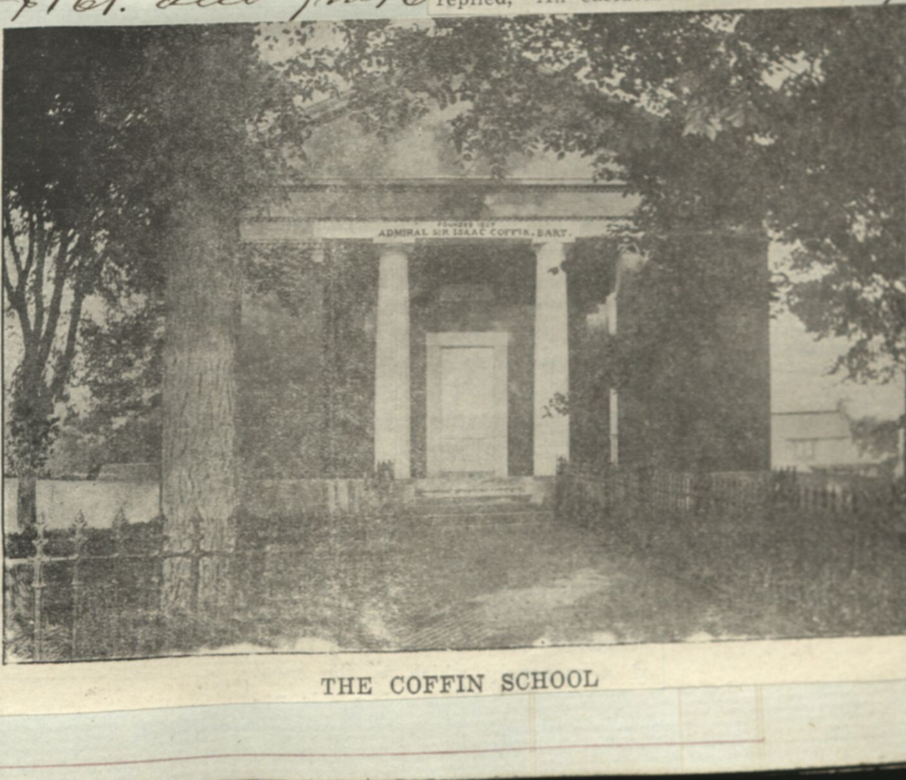
While Sir Isaac was on a visit to his kinsman, Hon. William Coffin, in 1826, Samuel H. Jenks, the editor of the Inquirer, became acquainted with him. Mr. Jenks took "the grouty old hero" in a chaise to Siasconset, and on the way the Admiral announced his intention of making a contribution to Nantucket, so that his name might be remembered on the island of his forefathers. Various projects were suggested. Mr. Jenk's advice to him is given in his own words. "If you raise a monument, Sir Isaac, it will not be looked at by more than a hundred people in a year; if you build a church, as you are an Episcopalian, it will neither be supported nor attended, for there is scarcely one besides myself of that order in the place; and as to the purchase of a vessel, if done at all it should be for the purpose of nautical instruction. The best thing you can do—the deed that will make you forever remembered—is to establish and endow a free school. You will thus benefit your numerous kinsfolk and their grateful posterity while you effectually perpetuate your name."

The suggestion was at once acted upon, and in 1827 a building was purchased for $15,000. The Coffin School was founded as a Lancasterian school and endowed by the Admiral with 2500 pounds sterling, followed by 3333 pounds sterling additional in 1835. There was a board of six trustees, all Coffins. The school was to be for the descendants of Tristram Coffin only. At that time a census showed that there were between five and six hundred such children on the island.

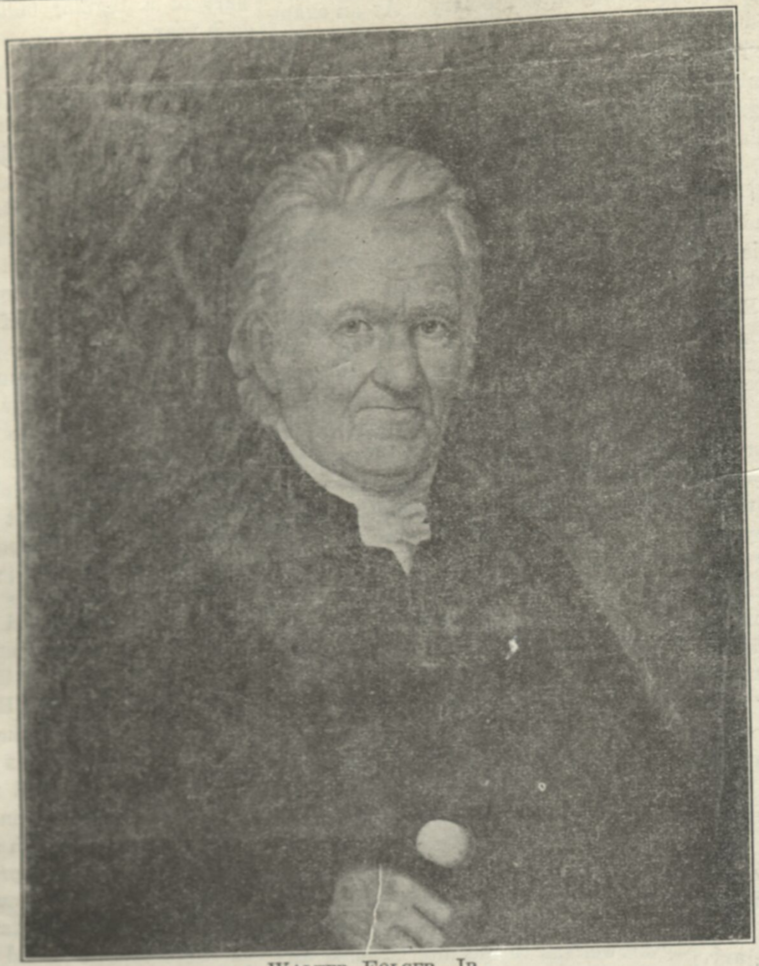
The subsequent history of the school has been described in various publications. Though the years have brought many changes in the school, it is still serving the educational interests of the children of Nantucket and keeping alive the name and fame of its founder.

truly Yours.
Isaac Coffin
Admiral

Much has been written concerning Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin. The stories and anecdotes concerning him and his experiences with the Coffin family are numerous and interesting, but too long for the scope of this article. His educational activities in this country were not popular with the English Crown. When asked how much it cost him to found the Coffin School, the Admiral is said to have replied, "An earldom".



THE COFFIN SCHOOL



Walter Folger, Jr.

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

14.

WALTER FOLGER, JR.

1765—1849

"A Grandfather for Benjamin Franklin" is the very appropriate title for Florence Bennett Anderson's biography of Peter Folger. Among others to whom Peter Folger was grandfather with several "greats" attached is Hon. Walter Folger, Jr. Perhaps none of his descendants exemplified more fully the ingenuity, superior mechanical powers and scientific ability of Peter Folger than Benjamin Franklin and his several times removed cousin, Walter Folger, Jr.

Many biographical sketches and monographs have been written of the famous Walter Folger, Jr. One, by the Rev. Lyman H. Greenman, also a "grandson", is still in preparation. Merely to enumerate the various activities of his subject makes an impressive list.

In a memorial by William Mitchell, the Nantucket astronomer, in the "American Journal of Sciences and Arts" in 1850 there is an account of his astronomical work. He made various scientific instruments, including a reflecting telescope, calculated eclipses and published an almanac under his own name.

His researches in regard to the proper relation between the diameter and the length of oil casks caused alterations claimed to have saved the Nantucket whalemen and the whaling industry a million dollars.

Copper plates which he engraved for bank notes issued by the Phoenix Bank of Nantucket are fine examples of the workmanship of that period.

The famous clock, which is now the property of the Nantucket Historical Association, and may be seen in the Folger Alcove at the Fair street Museum, was begun in 1785 and took two years to complete. It was necessary to make the tools used in its construction. The intricate machinery shows the diurnal motion of the sun and the rising and southing of the moon, and the time of full sea at Nantucket, and the chief phenomena dependent upon the obliquity of the moon's path to the ecliptic. This involves a motion of the works through a period of 18 years, and the wheel by which the date of the year is shown is so constructed that it revolves only once in 100 years. After Walter Folger's death something went wrong, and although it marked the time and struck the hours during over 148 years, it is now awaiting the services of a man who can adjust its complicated mechanism.

For 20 years Walter Folger was an attorney-at-law, and for six years he served as judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He served one year in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, six years in the Senate and four years as representative in the United States Congress.

Nantucketers may well be proud of their fellow townsman, Walter Folger, Jr.

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

2/11/50

By Grace Brown Gardner.

15.

OBED MACY

1762—1844

The early settlers of Nantucket were too busy with pioneer problems to write any history of those early days. Not until 1835 was a history of the island published, written by Obed Macy. Fortunate indeed is the owner of the first edition, which is now a collector's item. A second edition was published in 1880 by his grandson, William C. Macy, with later material added. This volume has also been out of print for many years.

Obed Macy was a birthright member of the Society of Friends. One of a large family, he made the most of his few opportunities for study. At one time he worked as a farm laborer and later as a shoemaker. He made three short voyages whaling, and then formed a partnership with two of his brothers in the boat building and ship fitting business, in which they were successful. He was of systematic habits and early in life formed the habit of keeping a diary, which was the basis of much of his historical work. Edouard A. Stackpole, in his "Rambling Through the Streets of Nantucket", mentions Obed Macy's commodious dwelling on Pleasant street, which was erected in 1810.

In the preface to the first edition, Mr. Macy registers his surprise that no history of Nantucket had ever been written. To him the annals of the island seemed the material for a most valuable volume. Later historians and the general public have agreed with him. He states in his volume that it contains omissions which may be accounted for in two ways: "First, the author has been studiously careful rather to omit some trifling affairs, rather than to wound the feelings of individuals by their recital; secondly—there is very little on record and few documents relating to much of the time embraced within the limits of the history." His Quaker background not only led him to spare the feelings of individuals, but also to "pass over" too briefly for the satisfaction of later historians any local unpleasantness, such as the feud between the Coffins and the Gardners, the sheep war and the bank robbery.

The late Henry B. Worth, also a Nantucket historian, writing in 1901, regrets that Obed Macy was unaware of the rich mass of historical data within reach at Edgartown, as well as much of that in Nantucket, and also that he was unable to decipher the manuscripts of the early settlers. However that may be, Obed Macy was a pioneer, and many of his successors refer constantly to him as a source of original material.

In "Nantucket The Faraway Island", Dr. William O. Stevens says of the island history, "My own favorite account is in the first, that written a hundred years ago by Obed Macy".

2/18/50

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

16.

JOSEPH STARBUCK

1774—1861

A recent visitor to the island was heard to remark, "No, I do not mean that Starbuck. I mean the father of the three bricks and the three brothers." Rather an unusual characterization, but readily identified by anyone who has read Dr. Will Gardner's cleverly named book.

One of the greatest of the whale oil merchants, Joseph Starbuck had vivid memories of the days when as a lad he lived through the Revolution and the great privations suffered on the island at that time. His father was a man of varied interests. He did a thriving business importing live stock and butchering and selling meat. He also had a large cooper shop and a cordage plant and a candle factory, and owned ships.

Joseph's two brothers went whaling as was the custom of so many Nantucket boys, but Joseph himself was more interested in his father's business enterprises, and stayed ashore.

In his early twenties he married Sally Gardner, and soon after 1807 built the house on New Dollar Lane, where he always lived. This house caused much comment as it was a distinct departure from the accepted lean-to type with a central chimney. It was near the try works, sheds and candle houses of the expanding business of what was now the firm of Thomas Starbuck and Son, Joseph being the son.

Prosperous times had come to Nantucket, and Joseph was becoming wealthy in the whaling business. Oil was landed at Nantucket and refined in the Starbuck factories, and many of the ships that brought the oil were owned by Joseph Starbuck and Company, as the firm was now called.

Joseph's six favorite ships were listed as The President, The Hero, The Omega, The Three Brothers, The Loper and the Young Hero, and these six ships, according to Dr. Gardner's book, made over fifty voyages and brought to the island $200,000 worth of oil. Among other ships which flew the blue and white Starbuck house flag and whose names are familiar in whaling annals are the Elizabeth Starbuck, Levi Starbuck and Joseph Starbuck. Family ties were strong in the Starbuck family.

The prosperity of the island was indicated by the new brick structures which were replacing the old business houses and dwellings. The Rotch counting house, the Folger block and the Pacific National Bank were all of brick, and several brick dwelling houses had been erected.

There was much talk in town when it was learned that Joseph Starbuck had bought several properties on Main street and was to tear them down and build three brick houses for his three sons.

Today not a single Nantucket whaler sails the seven seas; not a vestige remains of the extensive factories and candle houses of Joseph Starbuck; of all the numerous Starbuck connections not a single name is found on the present day voting list; but the "three bricks" remain as a distinctive architectural feature of Nantucket and as a reminder of the days when Nantucket was the greatest whaling port in the world.

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THE THREE BRICK STARBUCK MANSIONS ON MAIN STREET, WHICH JOSEPH STARBUCK BUILT FOR HIS SONS, WILLIAM, MATTHEW

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

18

CYRUS PEIRCE

1790—1860

There might be some question in regard to including Cyrus Peirce among Nantucketers, as he was born in the town of Waltham, Mass., and spent comparatively few years on the island. However, since he is referred to in educational writings as "Cyrus Peirce of Nantucket", and since he married Harriet Coffin, the daughter of William Coffin of Nantucket, and since the latest local school is named the Cyrus Peirce School, we may consider him entitled to that honor.

In 1810 he was graduated from Harvard College, and in 1815 from the Divinity School. Between years of preaching and teaching he was called to Nantucket three times to teach in private schools. At that time there were no public schools on the island.

When the first public high school was established in 1838 he was chosen its first principal. The years of Cyrus Peirce's leadership of the Nantucket High School were important ones. His work there was so outstanding that it was said that his pupils could be recognized by their "conscientious exact and reliable" characteristics.

In 1837 the Massachusetts Board of Education was created by an act of the Legislature and Horace Mann was chosen as its first secretary. The need for trained teachers in the schools of Massachusetts had long been recognized, and in 1838 the Legislature appropriated money which, in addition to private donations, was used to establish the First State Normal School in America, which was located at Lexington, then transferred to West Newton, and later to Framingham, where it is now the Framingham Teachers College. This was the beginning of a new epoch in American education—that of professionally trained teachers, and to Cyrus Peirce of Nantucket was accorded the honor of being chosen by Horace Mann to become the first principal of the pioneer institution.

One of Cyrus Peirce's Nantucket pupils, Mary Swift, entered the first class of the new school. At that time the keeping of journals was encouraged, and most faithfully did Mary Swift keep hers. Each day for two years she entered long abstracts of lessons given, as well as recording the daily occurrences at the school. This journal, together with Cyrus Peirce's own journal, forms one of the most important documents in the history of state teachers colleges in America. In 1926 the Harvard University Press published these two journals, together with a historical introduction by Prof. Arthur O. Norton.

After a distinguished teaching career, interrupted several times by illness, failing health compelled the final retirement of "Father Peirce", as he was affectionately called, from his work, and he died in 1860.

Cyrus Peirce is buried beside his wife, Harriet Coffin Peirce, in the Prospect Hill Cemetery. Over his grave the pupils of the normal school erected a Celtic cross. On this appears the motto that he chose for his school, "Live to the Truth".

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

SAMUEL HAYNES JENKS

1789—? 17

Samuel Haynes Jenks, the first editor of the Nantucket Inquirer, was a most versatile man. Not only did he edit the paper, fill the pulpit in Church, represent the town in the Legislature, teach a class of pupils, sketch a picture, deliver lectures, set a tire on a wagon wheel, shoe a horse and do various mechanical jobs, but he could also write poetry and serve as postmaster!

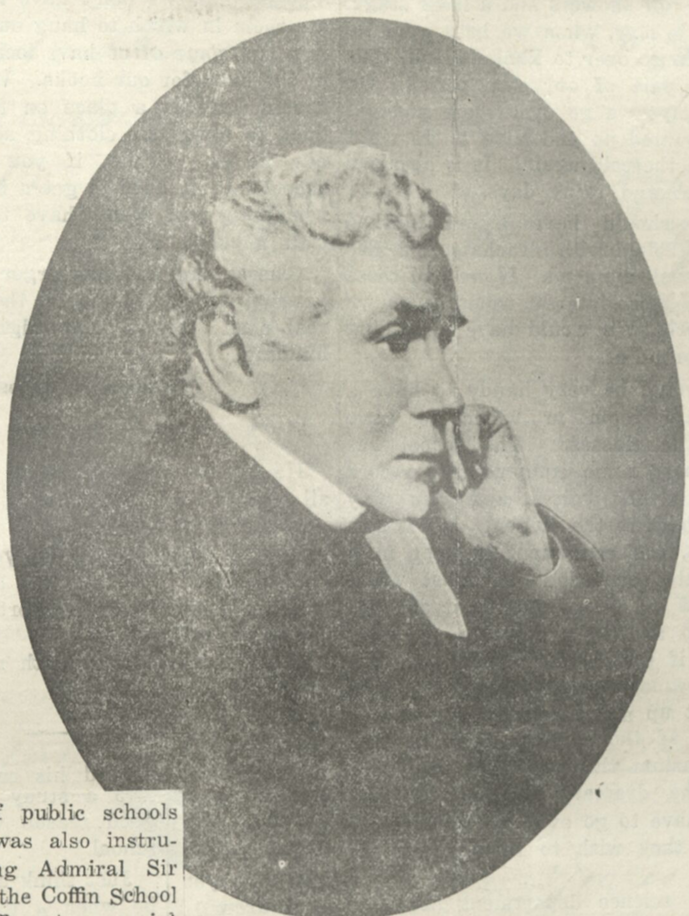
Written in 1937, the above is a characterization of the first editor of the Inquirer, by the editor of the combined papers, the Inquirer and Mirror.

For twenty years intermittently, Mr. Jenks served as editor of the Inquirer. It grew to be a power among the journals of the day, Mr. Jenks being a "live wire" and a ready and vigorous writer.

At the time of the Great Fire in 1846, the offices of the Inquirer and Mirror were destroyed. Mr. Jenks was away from the island at the time. His wife, however, at once took over the helm and wrote an account of the fire which was issued as an "extra" from the office of the Warder, the only newspaper plant remaining. This extra came out by the time that the fire as fully under control and hundreds of copies were sent to the mainland giving the information of the disaster.

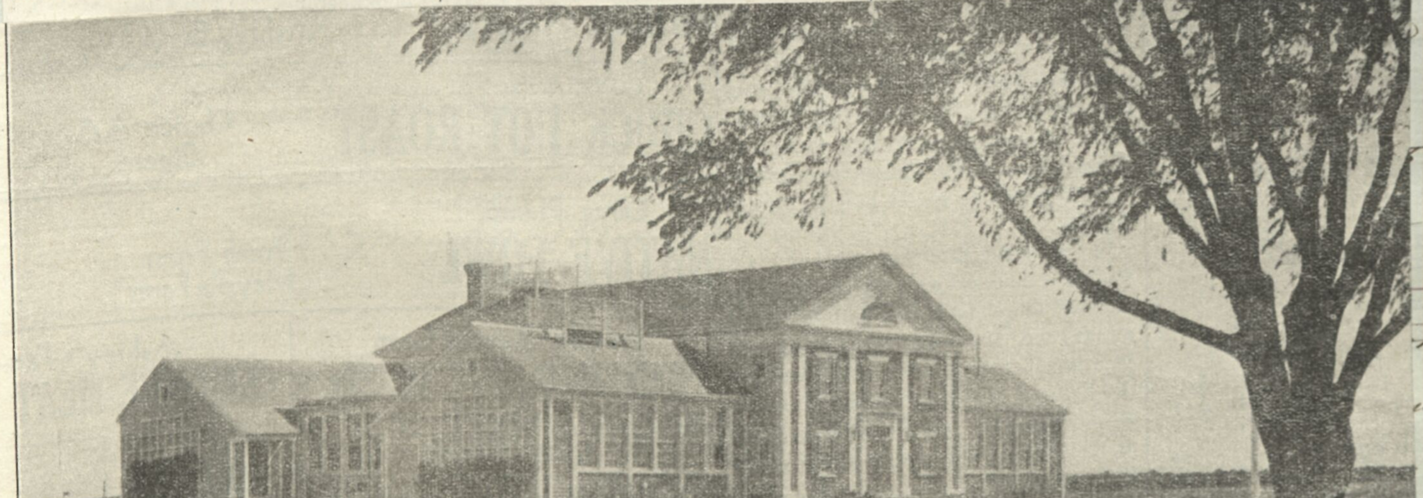
One of Mr. Jenk's primary concerns was public education and he labored long and late in the task of the establishment of public schools on the island. He was also instrumental in persuading Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin to found the Coffin School rather than some different memorial for the benefit of his ancestral home.

From 1821 to the present time the paper that he founded has been a successful island newspaper. Of all the distinguished editors who have guided it in its career it is said of Samuel Haynes Jenks that "no more talented and forceful writer ever filled the editorial chair on Nantucket."



SAMUEL HAYNES JENKS

to Dona Bounck



CYRUS PEIRCE SCHOOL ON ATLANTIC AVENUE, BUILT IN 1931

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Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

19.

WILLIAM HADWEN

1791—1862

William Hadwen was born in Newport, R. I., but was of Nantucket ancestry. He was a silversmith by trade and was one of the five men who founded what became the well-known Gorham Silver Company of Providence. In 1820 he came to Nantucket and established himself in the business of a silversmith. Fortunate indeed are those who own Nantucket silver bearing the imprint of W. Hadwen.

In 1822 he married Eunice, the daughter of Joseph Starbuck, and later formed a partnership with his father-in-law in the oil and candle business. The firm was very prosperous and he amassed what was considered as a fortune in those days.

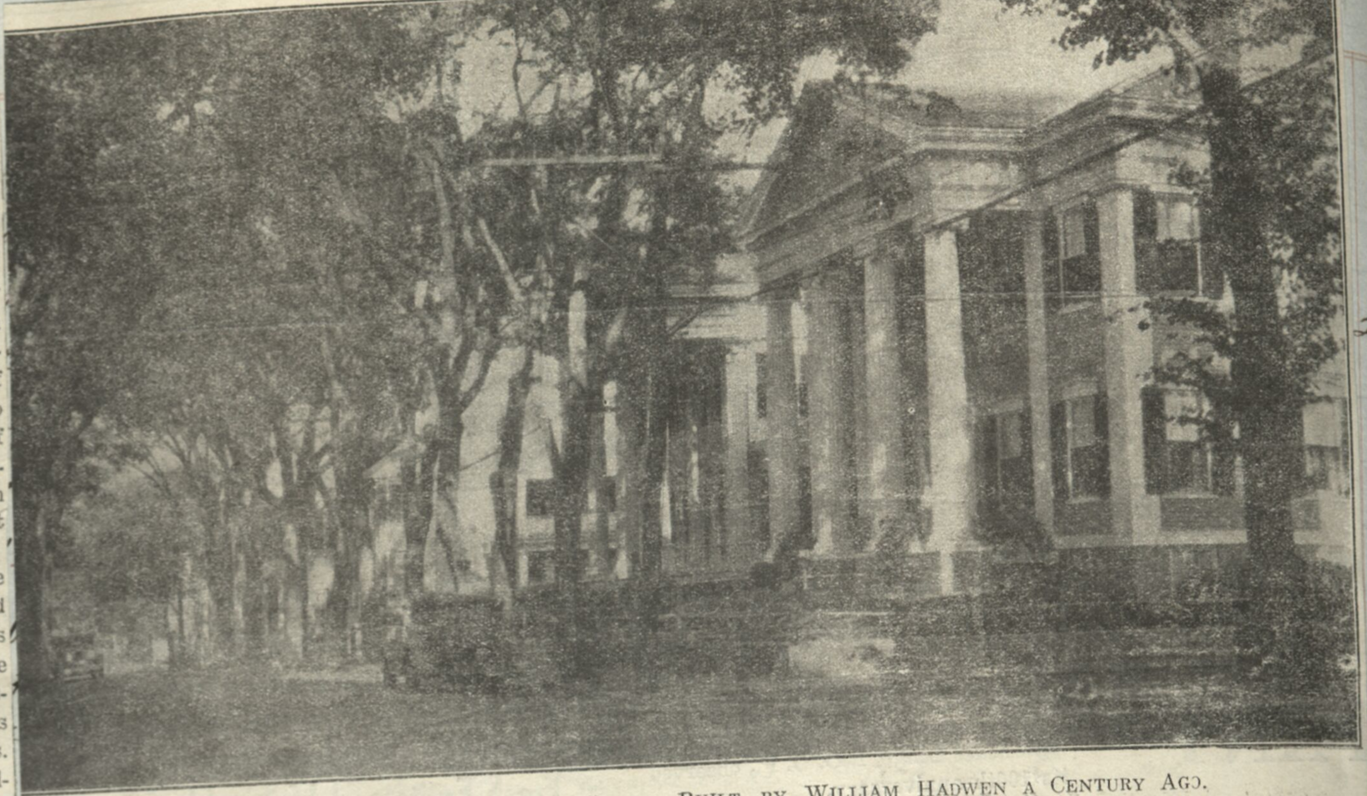
After his marriage William Hadwen built the imposing white pillared house on the corner of Main and Pleasant streets which was occupied by him and by his family for many years. He also built a similar house next east for his niece and adopted daughter Mary G. Swain, who married George W. Wright. This house is still referred to as the "Wright Mansion". The carvings and the plaster designs in the hall and the large "dome room" on the second floor are unlike anything else on the island.

* * * * * *

In a chapter heading in Dr. Will Gardner's book "Three Bricks and Three Brothers", he refers to Joseph Starbuck as "the builder of brick mansions and stately ships". He attributes the distinction of the three bricks, which are across the street from the Hadwen houses, as largely due to the influence of Starbuck's son-in-law, William Hadwen. This was a neighborhood of closely related families, as there was much marriage between Starbucks, Hadwens, Barneys and other island families.

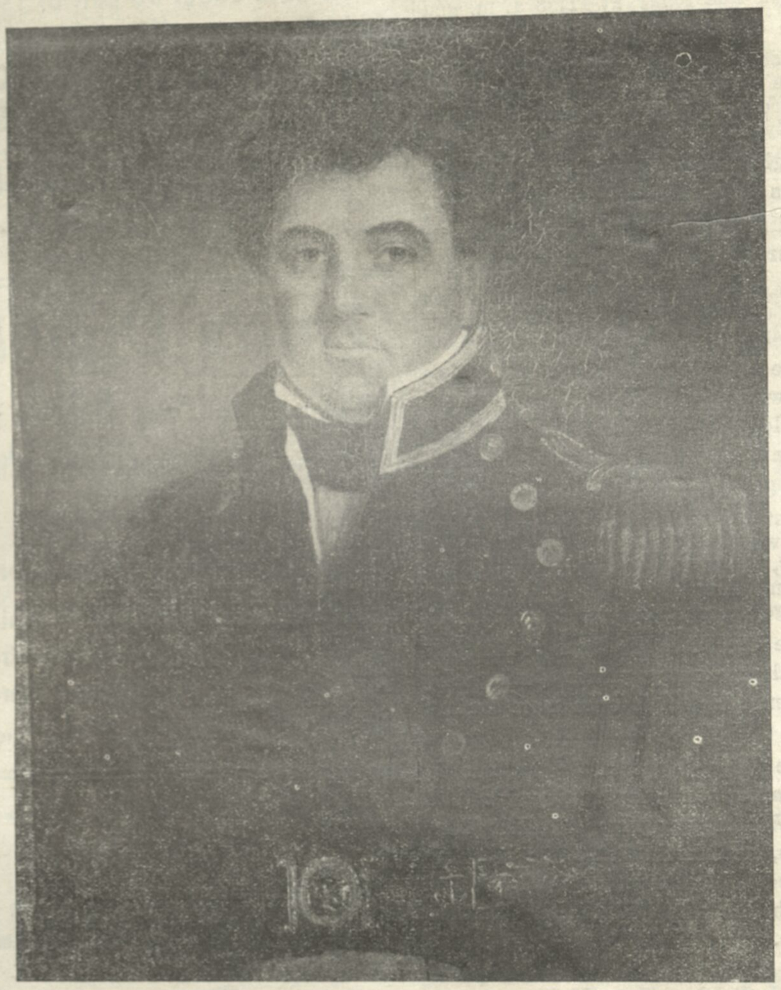
* * * * * *

In the palmy days of the whale fishery when fortunes were made by the island ship owners and merchants, William Hadwen was an important factor in the tendency to break away from the influence of the Society of Friends. Their strict ideas had controlled building on the island for many years. Moderation and simplicity were expressed in their houses as well as in their dress. William Hadwen's ideas of architecture were formed in his native Newport, in Salem and in other prosperous New England cities, as well as by his extensive reading on the subject. And to him is due much of the charm of Nantucket's famed Main street.



THE HADWEN-BARNEY HOUSES ON MAIN STREET BUILT BY WILLIAM HADWEN A CENTURY AGO.

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 18, 1950.



Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

20.

ALEXANDER B. PINKHAM, Lieut.

1792—1843

Edouard A. Stackpole, from whose researches this article is largely taken, describes Alexander Bunker Pinkham as "a Nantucket man who followed an ideal in a far country". The addenda to the list of Nantucket sailors who served on the "Ranger" and "Bon Homme Richard" on the tablet erected by Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, explains Mr. Stackpole's characterization.

Alexander Bunker Pinkham was born in Nantucket in 1792. From both sides of his family he inherited his love of the sea, and like many another Nantucket boy of that period he went whaling at an early age. His first voyage took place when he was fifteen. On his next voyage he was promoted to the coveted berth of boatsteerer or harpooner. Later both Alexander and his brother Reuben joined the United States Navy and both rose to the rank of lieutenant.

In 1831 Lieutenant Pinkham, on leave of absence from the Navy made a walking tour of England Ireland and Scotland. Brought up on the island of Nantucket where he had heard his fellow townsmen Reuben Chase, Harry Gardner and others tell of their exploits while serving under John Paul Jones, admiration of the latter became his boyhood obsession and it was his earnest desire to visit the birthplac of his hero.

After much difficulty he located the estate where the birthplace of John Paul Jones was situated. Of course the career of the hero was regarded by the English in a very different light from what it was regarded by Americans. There was little enthusiasm among the people of the neighborhood in regard to one who was considered a pirate, sailing under the flag of rebellious colonies. Lieutenant Pinkham's goal was found to be a rude stone hut, roofless and practically a ruin. After making a sketch of the cottage he continued his tramp through the countryside.

Later, however, he returned and was able to contact the owner of the property, to whom he explained his desire to restore the birthplace of his hero. Not only did the owner grant the desired permission, but he told many youthful anecdotes of John Paul Jones, whose father had been the gardener of the estate.

During the next few days Lieutenant Pinkham watched the roof being restored to the cottage and left money to be used in further repairing to make it habitable. At his request it was to be occupied rent free by the widow of a fisherman. With its thatched roof and whitewashed walls it became a landmark for ships entering the waterway.

Thus did a Nantucket man follow his ideal in a far country. On the bronze tablet previously referred to is inscribed "Lieut. Alexander B. Pinkham who in patriotic remembrance restored the birthplace of John Paul Jones at Arbigland, Scotland".

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Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

21.

WILLIAM MITCHELL

1792—1869

William Mitchell is well known as the father of Maria Mitchell. He should be better known for his own attainments. Born in Nantucket in 1792 of Quaker parentage, he early manifested a deep interest in science, especially in mathematics and astronomy. He became a teacher, establishing a school on Howard street, and devoting his spare time to scientific investigation, frequently giving lectures on his favorite subject and illustrating them by means of apparatus which he himself invented.

When the town of Nantucket in 1827 decided to open a free public school William Mitchell was invited to take charge, first being allowed to visit similar institutions of New York and other cities. He organized the school upon the monitorial system, and commenced with two hundred pupils, four hundred having applied for admission. This first public school was opened in the old Town House on the corner of Main and Milk streets. On account of his health he was obliged to relinquish teaching after a few years and he engaged in various business enterprises. He never lost his interest in education, continuing as president of the trustees of the Coffin School.

At the time of the Great Fire of 1846 he was president of the Atheneum. Much of the burden of the rebuilding and refurnishing of the Library devolved upon him. He was tireless in soliciting books from his many scientific and literary friends, and the volumes donated were stored in his residence until the new building was in readiness.

For many years he was cashier of the Pacific National Bank and th family occupied the apartment above the banking room, moving there from their Vestal street house. H also served as the first treasurer of the Nantucket Institution for Savings. In addition to his work as computor for the Coast Survey, etc., he corrected chronometers for the whaling captains. The two stone pillars, one on the south side of the Pacific Bank and the other in front of the Fair street Museum were erected by him for use in determining the town's meridian line.

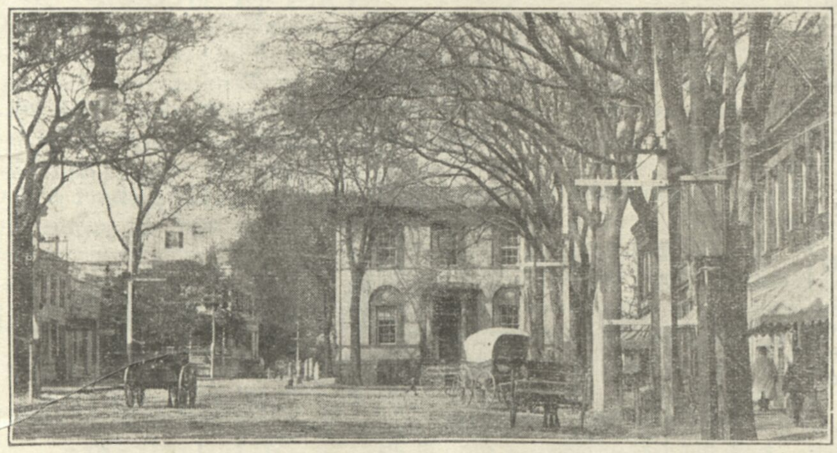
The first detailed map of Nantucket is known as the Mitchell Map and is a testimonial to his knowledge of surveying. The map is now a highly prized Nantucket item.

In 1820 he was sent as a delegate to the convention for revising the Constitution of Massachusetts, and was at one time a member of the State Senate, and for several years served on the Governor's Council.

As one of the Overseers of Harvard College and chairman of the Harvard Observatory Committee, he was in constant correspondence with eminent scientists in this country and in Europe, and was himself recognized as a scientist of wide attainments. Two of his children followed his footsteps: his daughter Maria, and his son Henry, who entered the Coast Survey and became a world authority as a civil engineer.

When his daughter Maria was appointed Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College, her father was invited by its founder, Matthew Vassar, to become the guest of the college as long as Professor Mitchell remained on the faculty. Here, fre from all care, he spent the remainder of his life very happily, entering into the social life of the college as well as into the professional life of his daughter. The students were devoted to the benign old Friend who was an interested sharer of their varied interests.

According to his wishes William Mitchell was buried in Nantucket, where his grave may be seen beside that of his famous daughter and other members of his family.



A VIEW OF MAIN STREET SQUARE AND PACIFIC BANK A HALF CENTURY AGO.

3/25/50

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 1, 1950.

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

22.

NATHANIEL BARNEY

1792—1869

In 1851 "A Catalog of the Richest Men in Massachusetts" was published by Petridge & Co. of Boston. It contains the names of 1500 persons with brief sketches of their characters as well as a statement of their reputed wealth. Twenty-three Nantucket men are mentioned in the book, with Nathaniel Barney heading the list with $100,000 credited to him. His story is given as follows: "Commenced poor. Oil and candle manufacture in company with William Hadwen. A man of great benevolence". In this respect he tops all others of his fellow townsmen who range from "very economical" to "quite" and "fair" benevolence.

The above is a well merited tribute to a distinguished philanthropist and merchant. In his religious views Mr. Barney was a Quaker, and like many others of that persuasion he was identified with the antislavery movement. This brought him into frequent contact with such men as William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, John G. Whittier and other champions of human freedom.

The firm of Hadwen & Barney was organized in the year 1829, and was the largest manufacturer of oil and candles on the island and was well-known throughout this country and Europe. One of the candlehouses of the firm is now the whaling Museum.

The name Barney is closely associated with the white pillared house on the corner of Main and Pleasant streets, where descendants of Nathaniel lived for many years. They were public spirited citizens who engaged in other commercial enterprises after the whaling days were over. Nathaniel's son, Joseph S. Barney, was an agent of the Nantucket Steamboat Company in the early days when the boat connection was with Hyannis and before the line was consolidated with other lines.

It is fitting indeed that the Hadwen & Barney candlehouse still survives as the Whaling Museum, one of Nantucket's most valuable assets. It is in itself a memorial of the days when Nantucket whaleships sailed all the oceans for the oil which placed her merchants among the richest men in Massachusetts.

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Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

23.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

(1793--1880)

Lucretia Mott Lane leads from Fair Street to Pine Street and commemorates the site of the birthplace of the famous Quaker preacher, abolitionist, suffragetist and philanthropist.

Many biographies of Lucretia Mott have been written, but the one of most interest to Nantucketers is by her grand-daughter, Anna Davis Hallowell. It is entitled "James and Lucretia Mott" and emphasizes her Nantucket background and her island childhood.

Lucretia Coffin Mott was descended from the first Tristram Coffin on her father's side and from the first Peter Folger on her mother's side. The famous Mary Starbuck was her aunt. Her father, Thomas Coffin, was a sea captain who made long voyages to China, and her mother, Anna Folger Coffin, kept a small shop for the sale of East India Goods in the front room of her Fair Street house, thus eking out a scanty income.

In 1800, Capt. Coffin's ship, the "Trial," was seized by Spaniards off the Pacific coast of South America for alleged violation of neutrality. This was his last cruise. In 1804, when Lucretia was in her twelfth year, he moved his family to Boston where he engaged in business.

Lucretia attended school at Nine Partners, New York, where her future husband, James Mott, was a teacher on the boys' side. After their marriage her husband entered into a business life and the Motts settled in Philadelphia.

Here began her many public activities. She was early approved as a minister of the Society of Friends and during her long life made many visits as a traveling minister or "public Friend," to various Friends meetings throughout New England, the Southern States and the British Isles.

Both she and her husband were pioneers in the anti-slavery crusade and in the "underground railroad" of those days. She was also one of the founders of the woman's suffrage movement in America. Absolutely fearless as a speaker she gave unflinching testimony to the truth as she saw it even when it was unpopular with her audience. Her sweet voice and gracious personality were often effectual in quelling hostile demonstrations.

No matter how wide her public interests were they never led her to neglect her home. She was the mother of six children and the Mott hospitality was unbounded. She was known as a loving wife, devoted mother, an excellent cook and the best of housekeepers.

Twice in her old age Lucretia Mott returned to Nantucket bringing children and grandchildren and visiting the familiar scenes of her childhood and renewing old friendships.

Many honors came to her during her later years. Whenever she spoke she met cordial greetings and kindliness from large crowds. The old time of disfavor when she was even threatened with mob violence on account of her views had passed away. After a serene and peaceful old age, she died at the age of 87 years.

LUCRETIA MOTT LANE

4/8/50

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

24.

ROBERT RATLIFF

1794—1882

Newcastle - upon - Tyne, England, was the birthplace of Robert Ratliff, whose portrait by Eastman Johnson is familiar to those who visit the exhibitions of the Nantucket Historical Association. And to those who drive through New Lane, between the Old North and the New North cemeteries, the tombstone erected over his grave in the southeast corner of the Old North is a conspicuous object.

As a young man Robert Ratliff was a seaman on board the ship "Northumberland" which conveyed Napoleon to St. Helena in 1815, and he received marked notice from the great exile.

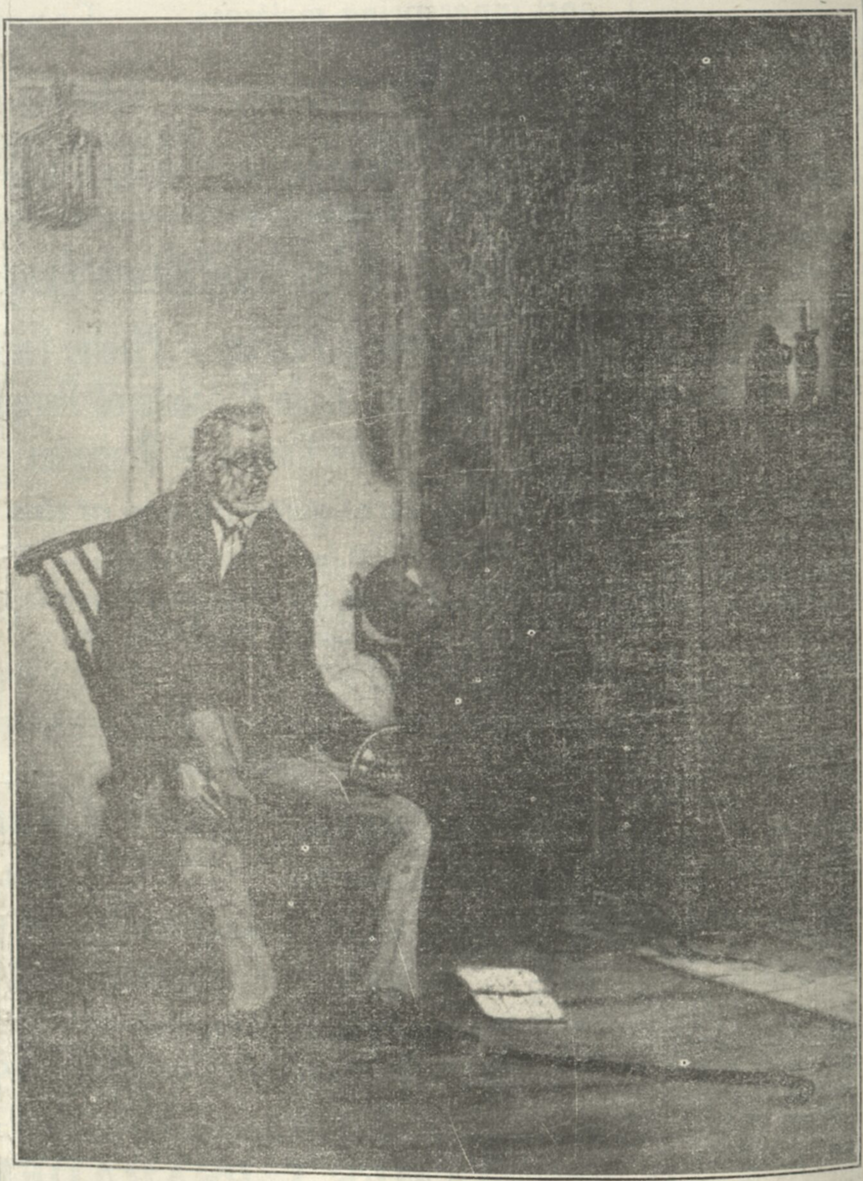
In 1820 he was shipwrecked on the island of Nantucket where he resided the remainder of his long life. In the palmy days of the whale fishery he was well known as a successful rigger, and he plied his trade until he reached the age of nearly fourscore years.

After the Great Fire of 1846, however, he was unable to build up his business to what it had been formerly and the rapid decline of whaling during the Civil War swept everything away. In his old age he became an inmate of the local almshouse, now known as Our Island Home. A public subscription was started by his friends, which bore among other names that of the Governor of Massachusetts, the Mayor of Boston, President Eliot of Harvard, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. All were intrigued by his adventurous life and his lonely old age. The British Charitable Society granted him a pension of fifty dollars a month, which arrived, however, only a short time before his death.

According to the inscription on his monument he was "honored by all for his integrity, respected for his uniform courtesy, and beloved for his kindness and generosity".

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 22,

—1950—



OWEN SPOONER OF NANTUCKET.
From a painting by James Walter Folger now owned by Miss Gardner.

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Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

25

OWEN SPOONER

1805 - 1885

Owen Spooner was an unpretentious and humble man. His father died when Owen was in his seventh year, leaving the mother in destitute circumstances. With the assistance of friends she supported herself and her four children until the latter were able to care for themselves.

At the age of fifteen Owen was apprenticed to a boat builder, but failing to develop any aptitude for such work he shipped in a whaler and worked his way up until he attained the position of second mate of the ship "Atlantic" of Nantucket. It was on this voyage, in 1840, that he discovered "Sunset Longitude", an achievement which places his name without question in the list of Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

Where he gained the mathematical knowledge necessary for his discovery is a question. The above portrait by James Walter Folger pictures him as an old man seated in his kitchen surrounded by various instruments used in navigation. Certainly he must have been largely self taught.

* * * * * *

Sunset longitude as a method of navigation had been discussed previously by sailors. When in latitude 4 degrees 18 minutes south, the captain of the "Atlantic" together with the first mate and Mr. Spooner attempted the problem and gave it up. Mr. Spooner persevered and obtained the correct longitude as shown by the afternoon observations.

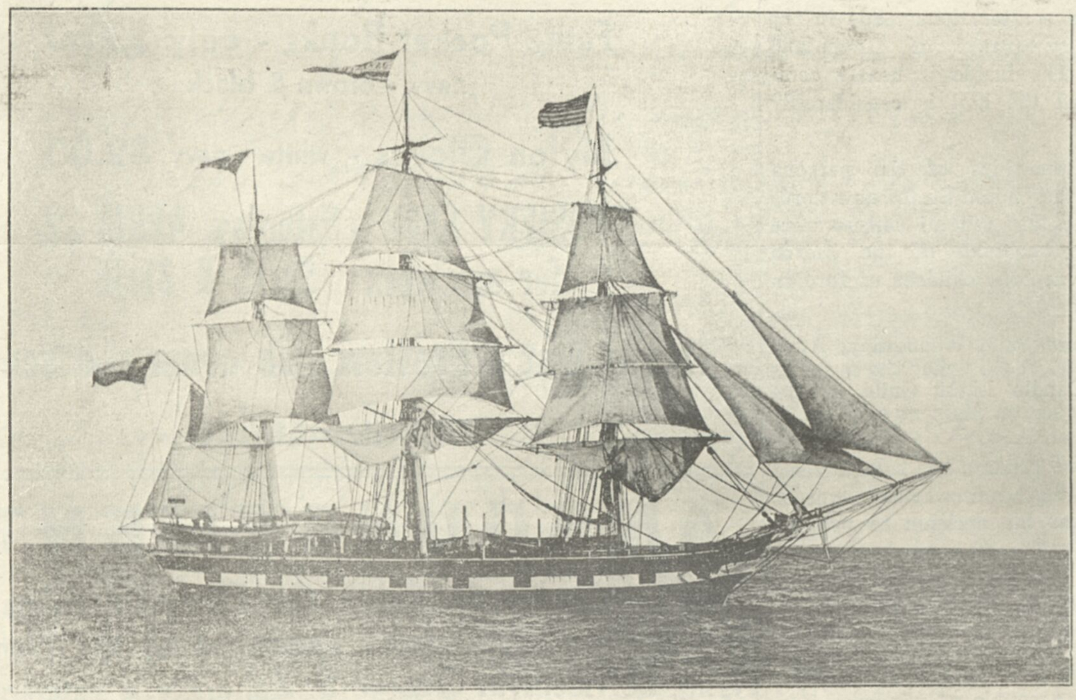
No attempt at secrecy was made and every ship spoken was informed of the discovery. The "Atlantic" touched at Tahiti and among the vessels in that port was the ship "Columbus" of Nantucket, Capt. William B. Gardner, Master, with three sick sailors on board. As there was no doctor in Tahiti the "Columbus" proceeded to Callao. Here Lieut. Maury, who was in that port on an American frigate, was told of the discovery by the first mate of the "Columbus". Lieut. Maury at once realized its immense benefit to navigation and broadcast the information, with the result that by some he was credited with the discovery although he himself never claimed that honor.

* * * * *

After leaving the sea Mr. Spooner lived on the corner of Lyon and Pine streets. Each year he made a trip to the Gravelly Islands, which have now entirely disappeared, but are shown on the Ewer map as lying beyond Tuckernuck. Here, in their proper season he collected gull's eggs and sold them in Nantucket.

* * * * *

In his old age efforts were made by his friends to have recognition, in the form of a pension from the Government, given him as a reward for his valuable service to navigation. Too modest to make efforts in his own behalf this did not materialize, and the world reaped the benefit of his discovery while his declining years were spent in poverty and comparative obscurity.



A Typical Whaleship of The Period When Owen Spooner Sailed Out of Nantucket in The Early 1840's

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Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

FREDERICK C. SANFORD

1809—1890

26

In early life, Frederick Coleman Sanford made one whaling voyage. He did not like it. He then learned the watchmaker's trade and became associated with James Easton, the well-known local silversmith. He also engaged in business connected with whaling, and in his later life he was regarded as an expert on matters pertaining to it. His knowledge of the rise and decline of the industry, of the ships and of the whaling masters was remarkable. He took great delight in recounting the heroic deeds of whalemen and of the business integrity of the old-time merchants connected with the business.

Mr. Sanford was one of the Forty-Niners, being among the first to leave Nantucket for California. While out there he acted as agent for the ships of A. A. Low & Co., of New York, and amassed a fortune. He returned to Nantucket in 1852, but again went to California, and later to England as agent for the sale of the famous ship *Great Republic*. The rest of his life was spent on the island.

For many years he was President of the Pacific National Bank. Interested in all matters pertaining to the island, he reclaimed a number of abandoned farms. He took an active part in various town activities, and was known as a prominent citizen. In each issue of the Nantucket Town Report there is an accounting of the "Sanford Fund." This is money left to the town by Mr. Sanford to be used for road work. It was a considerable sum for that time and through the years has been of value in improving the Polpis road and its branches.

In his will he also left the Atheneum a bequest of $20,000, 1,000 volumes, fifty valuable pictures, and a large collection of pamphlets and documents relating to the history of the island. The books are handsomely bound, and together with the pictures are among the treasures of the Library.

His large mansion house, which he built on the corner of Federal and Broad streets, has been acquired by the town, and is used for various public purposes. It is hoped that at some future time that section may become a civic center in which Nantucket may take pride.

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

27.

CHARLES FREDERICK WINSLOW

1811—1877

A few years ago no one would have even considered placing Dr. Charles F. Winslow among "Fifty Famous Nantucketers". He was a forgotten man who was brought to public attention through the curiosity of Edward Rowe Snow, the well known author of books on New England subjects.

Mr. Snow once saw in a book store on page 61 of a Nantucket book the sentence "At the South lies buried the heart of Dr. Winslow, whose body was cremated". Years passed, but the statement and the page number remained fixed in his memory. During the Second World War while lying in a United States hospital in North Africa Mr. Snow amused himself by making a list of strange stories that he had heard, and included among them was that of the heart of Dr. Winslow. Returning to this country Mr. Snow made a pilgrimage to Nantucket but was unsuccessful in his quest for further information. In 1946 while lecturing on the island he was the guest of Dr. William E. Gardner, and the book containing the mysterious sentence was finally located. It was "Godfrey's Nantucket Guide". Further investigation disclosed the story of a famous Nantucketer.

Dr. Winslow was born in Nantucket and continued his education at the Harvard Medical School and later in Paris. By profession a physician he practiced in Nantucket, Boston, Salt Lake City and San Francisco. He established marine hospitals in Tahiti, the Sandwich Islands and in Peru. Besides being a world traveler he was a very versatile man.

Science was one of the great interests of Dr. Winslow's life. He made extensive experiments searching for substitutes for cotton and for whale oil, and was in communication with the leading scientists of the world. He advocated further study of the atom. His book "Force and Nature" was published by MacMillan in 1869.

Always interested in education, he had an important part in the establishment of the public school system in California. His interest in the education of women was shown by his successful endeavors to interest the women of America in the purchase of a suitable telescope for the use of his fellow townswoman Maria Mitchell.

In his will he directed that his heart be removed from his body, giving exact details as to the method of procedure, and that it be buried in the grave of his mother in the South or Newtown burying ground in Nantucket. His body was to be cremated and buried beside that of his wife in Mount Auburn cemetery in Cambridge, Mass.

One of the most unusual ceremonies ever to take place on the island was held at the South cemetery when Edward Rowe Snow, in company with members of the Massachusetts Historical Society and descendants of Dr. Winslow, held memorial services over the spot where his heart was buried and dedicated a tablet to his memory. His granddaughter, Mrs. Oehler of Dallas, Texas, who was present at the ceremony, said: "Be thankful that strangers have rediscovered another great personality to add to the long list of notables born on the Faraway Island".

5/6/1950

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

28.

ELIZABETH SWAIN STARBUCK

1813—1899

As soon as the "Three Bricks" on Main street were completed they became centers of hospitality. The Starbuck connection was large; it included able members, and prominent people from all over the country were numbered among their guests. Among their gracious hostesses the name of Elizabeth Swain Starbuck is outstanding.

Elizabeth Swain married George Starbuck, the son of Joseph Starbuck, the oil merchant and builder of the houses. She lived in "West Brick" until her death at the age of eighty-six years. She was a public spirited women in the days when women first began to assume leadership in civic affairs.

The large number of organizations of which she was an active member indicates her wide interests. She was the first vice-president of the Nantucket Sorosis, that pioneer woman's society. She was president of the Relief Association and of the Howard Society, both local charitable associations. It is stated in one of the bulletins of the Nantucket Historical Association that the present flourishing society was organized in the "west parlor of the west brick" with Elizabeth Starbuck as one of the leaders. Her work in that organization was most valuable and she became one of its vice-presidents.

Distinguished for her literary attainments she is included by Phebe Ann Hanaford in her "Women of the Century" as one "to whom the gift of poesy has been a joy for themselves and their readers". She added to the island literature by contributions in both prose and verse, especially by occasional poems connected with her various club activities and with interesting events of island history.

In her later years she delighted to recall the days of her youth when Quaker influence prevailed with its simple forms and customs; when "thee" and "thou" was the familiar language of the streets and everybody called everybody else cousin.

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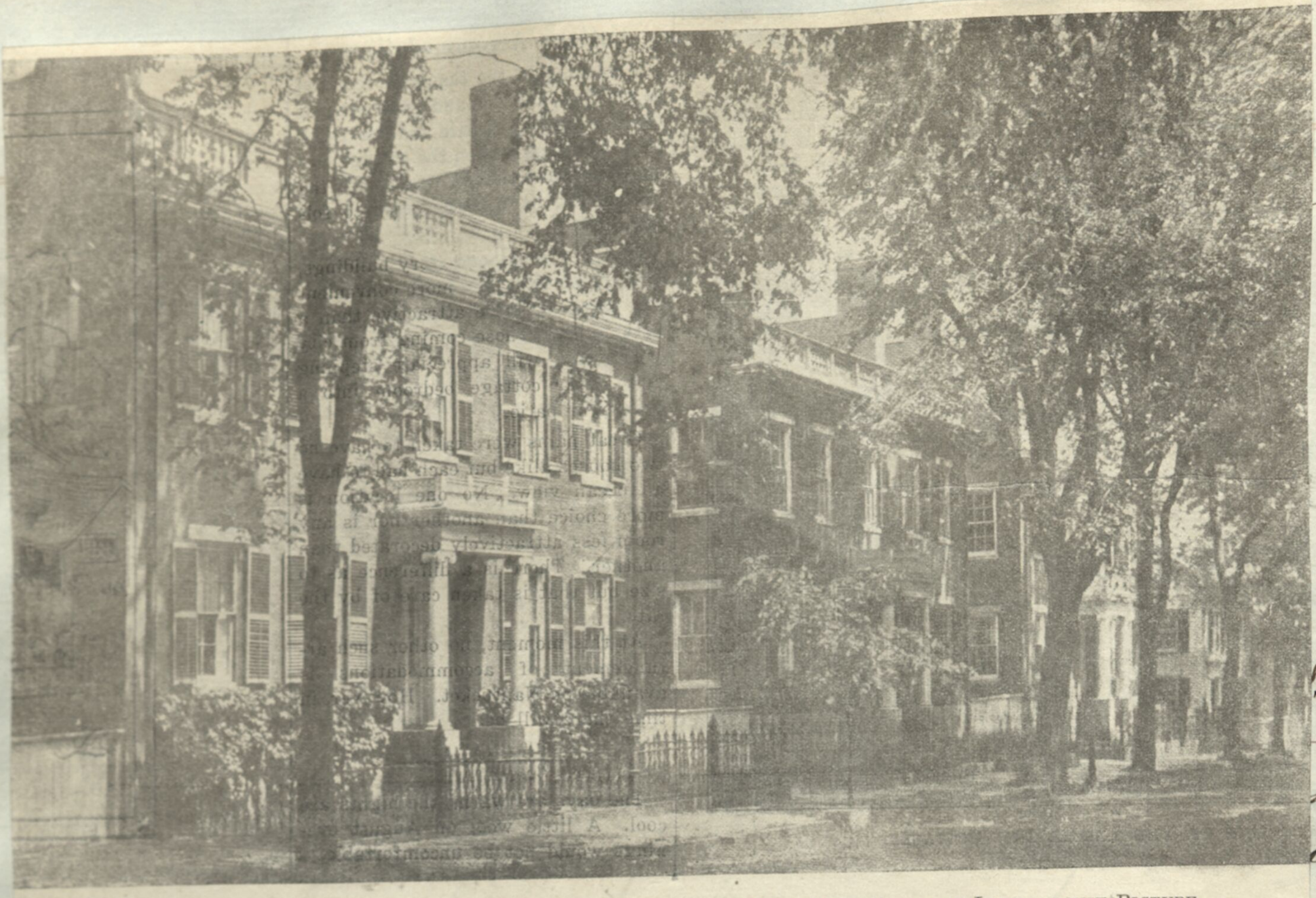

The Three Brick Starbuck Houses on Main Street, with "West Brick" on the Left of the Picture.

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

29.

CHARLES GRANT, Captain

1814—1906

Capt. Charles Grant, of Nantucket, is credited with being the greatest of all whaling masters, who made more money for himself and the owners of the vessels he commanded than any other captain in the history of the whaling industry.

Charles Grant, like many another Nantucket lad, started his whaling career at the age of eleven. The list of vessels in which he sailed is a long one. His first ship was the "John Jay". Then came the ships "Maria" and "Mount Vernon". He sailed his first voyage as master in the ship "Walter Scott", when he was thirty years old. This voyage lasted four years and netted over $100,000. During his stay ashore after this voyage he married Nancy Wyer, who accompanied him on most of his subsequent voyages. She was the first Nantucket woman to go whaling. All of their children were born on voyages.

Later Capt. Grant sailed in command of the "Potomac", the "Mohawk", and the "Japan". All of these voyages were very successful, and Capt. Grant received "the largest lay of any man in the business".

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When he escaped the "Shenandoah" during the Civil War and brought home his cargo in safety he was accounted a lucky man indeed. Next he commanded the "Milton" and then the "Niger". Having made a fortune he decided to retire, but consented to make one more voyage, this time in the ship "Horatio". His profits on this voyage amounted to $40,000.

Fifty-six years of his life Capt. Grant spent at sea aboard whaleships. His record was 30,000 barrels of oil while as an officer and 22,000 barrels more as master, besides 12,000 pounds of whalebone and eighteen pounds of ambergris.

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In spite of the fortunes he made, Capt. Grant died a poor man. He was called the most charitable man who ever trod the deck of a ship. He never turned down an appeal for help and was too generous for his own good. His money "slipped through his fingers".

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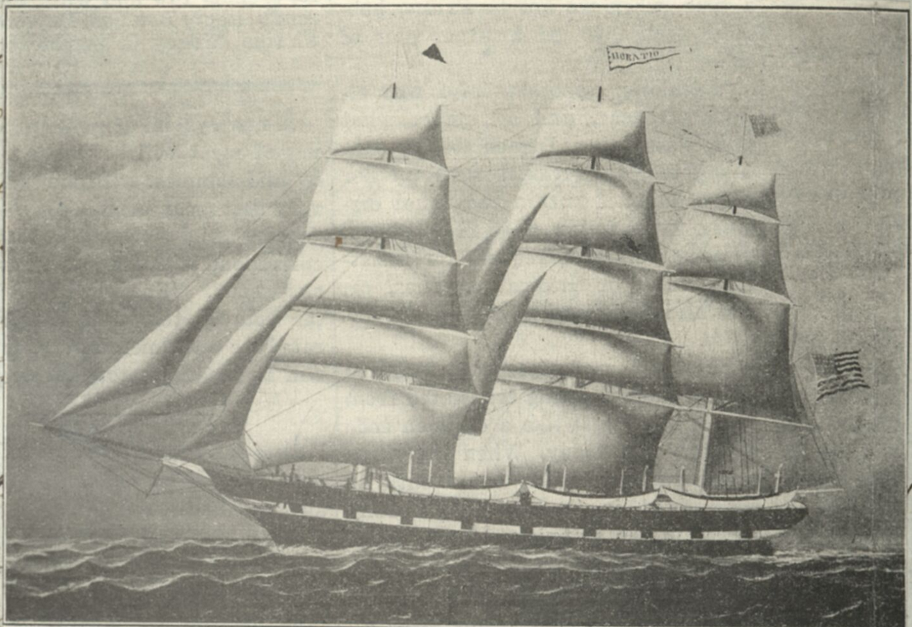
During the last years of his life he filled the position of Custodian of the Old Mill, and fortunate indeed were the visitors with whom he "gammed", for he was an encyclopedia in nautical matters relating to the island history.

When Capt. Grant died at the age of ninety-two years he was the oldest whaling captain alive, as well as the most famous, and newspapers far and wide chronicled his passing and featured his marvelous career.



The Whaleship *Horatio*, Capt. Charles Grant's Last Command.

Capt. Charles Grant of Nantucket
Who died in his 92nd year in 1906, the nation's oldest whaling master.

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

30.

ANNA GARDNER

1816—1901

In 1823, when Anna Gardner was only six years old, officers came to Nantucket for the purpose of capturing Arthur Cooper, a runaway slave who had found refuge on the island. His home was on Angola street, and a menacing crowd collected around the house ready to resist the arrest. While the official warrant was being read at the front of the house, Anna's father and uncle slipped around to a back window and assisted the fugitive and his wife to escape. Cooper was disguised in her father's Quaker coat and her uncle's broad brimmed hat, and they went through back streets and reached the Gardner home before the wrangle was so far over that the officers dared to enter the house, which they found empty. Arthur Cooper and his wife were concealed for weeks in the attic and cellar of the Gardner home. Such an experience made too deep an impression on the child's mind ever to be forgotten.

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It is therefore not surprising that Anna Gardner became an ardent abolitionist. In 1841 she was instrumental in calling an Antislavery Convention at Nantucket. At that time history was made. For prudential reasons public halls and churches were closed against the abolitionists, but the Big Shop, the boat building shop owned by George and Reuben Coffin, came to the rescue and tendered its use rent free, and the Big Shop men did picket duty outside while the meeting was held within. Among the delegates from the mainland were William Lloyd Garison, Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, and others of national repute. With them came a young colored man, an escaped slave from Virginia, who was urged to address the meeting. It was his first public speech, and at the beginning he stammered and hesitated, but as he proceeded he electrified his hearers by the fervid eloquence with which he pleaded for his race. "That speech was the turning point in his life and the speaker who had entered the Big Shop an unknown fugitive slave went out from its portals a man destined to become a leader of his race." His name was Frederick Douglass.

* * * * *

Later Anna Gardner was one of the first to enlist in the work of teaching the freedmen in North and South Carolina and in Virginia. Among the exhibits in the Fair street museum of the Nantucket Historical Association is a fork marked A. G., the gift of her negro pupils. The fact that it is silver "plated" suggests the poverty of the donors.

Miss Gardner was deeply interested in movements for the betterment of women. She was one of the founders of the Nantucket Sorosis, of which she was president. She was also active in many phases of human welfare and social reform. Zealous and fearless in her opinions, in a communication to the Inquirer and Mirror in 1881, she reports that she had refused to pay a tax of two dollars assessed on stock that she owned, in order to test the question whether women were exempt from such taxes.

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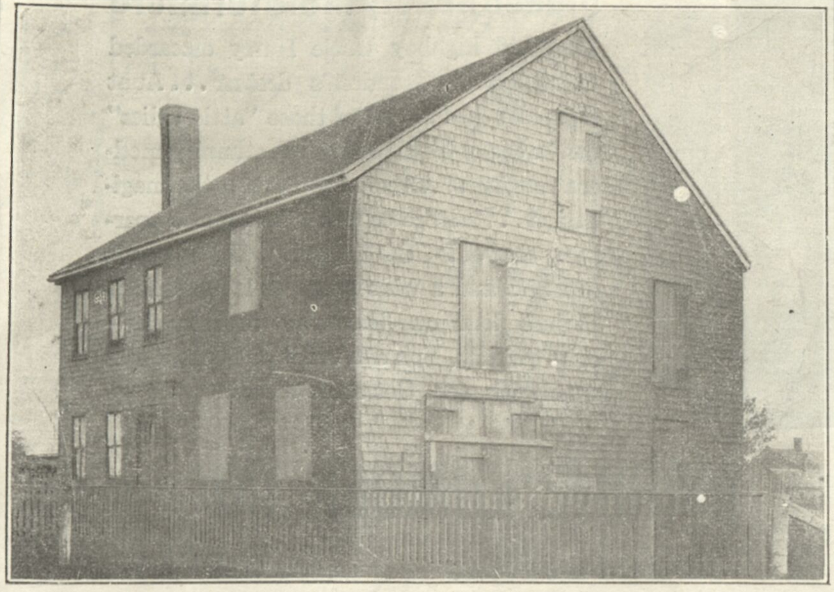
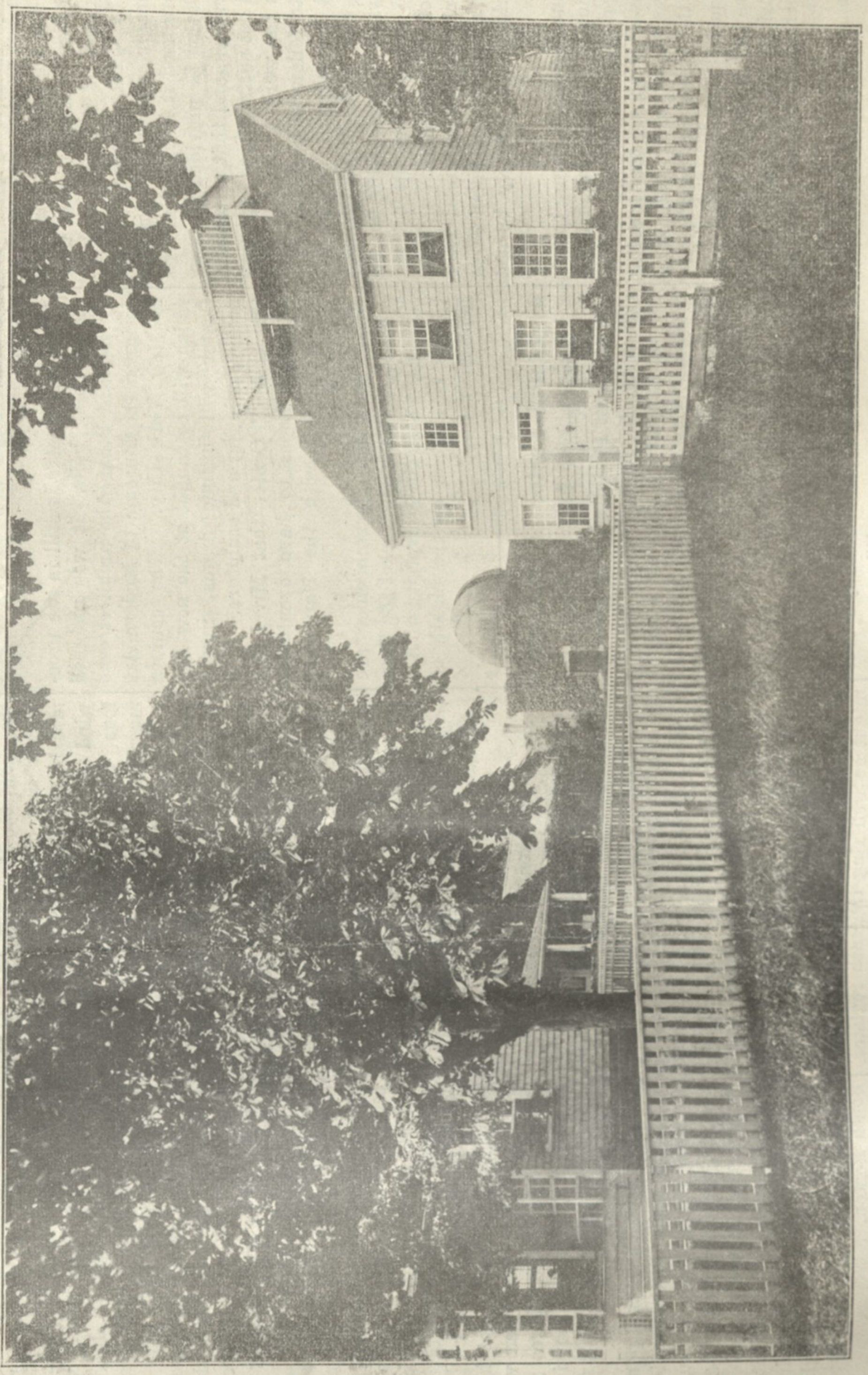
Throughout her long life Anna Gardner was a constant contributor to various publications and her literary work was much esteemed. In 1881 some of her writings, largely poetry, were collected and published in a volume entitled "Harvest Gleanings".



THE "BIG SHOP" ON "QUAKER ROAD" (SARATOGA STREET) AS IT LOOKED A HALF CENTURY AGO. HERE WAS HELD A FAMOUS ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING IN 1841 AT WHICH FREDERICK DOUGLASS MADE HIS FIRST SPEECH. The house now stands on the corner of Milk Street and Quaker Road, where it was the home of the Reyot family. It is now owned by James K. Glidden, who is restoring it as a dwelling house.



In 1902, the birthplace of Maria Mitchell (right) on Vestal street was purchased and the Maria Mitchell Association founded. In addition to the astronomiacal and other scientific work carried on there, the birthplace of the famous astronomer has becoma mecca for hundreds of visitors.

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

31.

MARIA MITCHELL

1818—1889

People interested in the life of Maria Mitchell will do well to read the recently published "Sweeper in the Sky" by Helen Wright. Nearly half of the book is devoted to Maria Mitchell's life in Nantucket. It describes her as a child in a Quaker home; as a school girl coming under the influence of the Rev. Cyrus Peirce who later became the first principal of the first state normal school in America; as the young woman who was the first librarian of the Nantucket Atheneum; and finally as the mathematician, astronomer and discoverer of the comet which brought lasting fame to her name.

William Mitchell, the father of Maria, was the owner of a reflecting telescope and other astronomical apparatus. It was the custom of Nantucket whaling captains to take their chronometers to him to be "rated". His daughter became interested in his work when very young, and at the age of twelve was entrusted with the duty of counting seconds for her father's observation of the total eclipse of the sun in 1831. Maria always referred to this as one of the proudest occasions of her life. Her interest in the stars continued, and she assisted her father in his observatory on the walk on the roof of the family home on Vestal street.

In 1837, her father became the cashier of the Pacific Bank and the family moved to the apartment over the banking rooms on Main Street.

An observatory was built on the roof of the bank. Here Maria Mitchell made the discovery of the telescopic comet for which she was awarded a gold medal by the King of Denmark. Her international reputation as an astronomer was made by this discovery and her future life was a series of achievements and honors.

She was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the first woman on its rolls, and to various other scientific societies. Honorary degrees were conferred upon her. She was made computor of tables for the Nautical Almanac. In 1857 she visited Europe and was received with honors at the observatories of that time.

In 1865 she was appointed Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College, and after a distinguished career of twenty-three years she was appointed Professor Emeritus.

Her name of placed on the frieze of the Boston Public Library naming those prominent in Art, Science and Literature. A great honor was paid to her memory in 1907 when a tablet was unveiled in the Hall of Fame in New York University.

During her twenty years as librarian of the Atheneum her contribution to island life was noteworthy. Always interested in the young she guided them in their choice of reading and encouraged them in their ambitions. The girls went to her for sympathy and advice, and the boys on their return from sea visited her and discussed their adventures. Her scientific acquaintances were widespread and many were the notable people that she was instrumental in bringing to the lecture courses sponsored by the Atheneum. Emerson, Channing, Horace Greeley, Thoreau, Lucy Stone, Agassiz and Audubon were among the speakers, some of whom climbed "up scuttle" and visited the observatory on the roof of the bank.

MARIA MITCHELL

The Great Fire of 1846 occurred during her term as librarian, when the Atheneum was reduced to a mass of smouldering ruins and its library utterly destroyed. In this crisis she was invaluable. Within less than a year a new Atheneum similar to the old arose, with its shelves filled with volumes and sets of volumes given by individuals, by publishers, by libraries, by organizations and by scientific societies. In collecting these books the proprietors were much indebted to the labors of Maria Mitchell in contacting possible donors among her many acquaintances.

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

32.

ROWLAND HUSSEY MACY

1822—1877

The founder of the famous R. H. Macy store in New York has always been a figure of more or less mystery. Since it was known that he was born in Nantucket, a representative of the company came to the island some years ago for the purpose of collecting additional data in regard to his birthplace, but was unsuccessful. A few months later, Edouard Stackpole, of *The Inquirer and Mirror staff*, located the information which the town records failed to reveal, while he was preparing his "Looking Backward" column for the paper. This showed that Macy had been born in 1822 on Fair street in a house which stood opposite the original Coffin School, and was named "Roland" Hussey Macy. He afterwards changed the spelling of his first name to Rowland.

* * * * *

It was known that like most Nantucket boys he took to the sea, and in his younger days made at least one whaling voyage which lasted several years. The story is that once while fog bound a star shone through a rift in the gray cloud curtain by which young Macy was able to steer the ship into port, and that the red star, the trademark of the R. H. Macy store, had its origin in that incident.

When, in 1937, an exhaustive history of the store was published by Ralph M. Hower, much research was done, but a gap of some years in the life of Capt. Macy could not be filled. A huge half-page advertisement in the Inquirer and Mirror offered a reward of $100 to anyone who could give the desired information. An intensive search among local whaling records and log books was without results, but Edouard A. Stackpole, through examination of New Bedford data, was able to supply the desired details. Macy had sailed in the New Bedford whaleship *Emily Morgan*, in the early 1840's, and the Nantucket researcher traced the entire voyage for Prof. Hower's information.
much desired details.

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Mrs. La Farge, who was superintendent of Macy's store at one time, was the former Miss Margaret Getchell, a Nantucket school marm. An accident to her eyes forced her to abandon her teaching career, and she played a leading role during the early days of the department store. At a local high school reunion in 1866 she contributed a song containing twenty-seven verses and a chorus to the entertainment! Probably the ingenuity, enterprise and persistence shown in that feat were qualities which were of value to her in her business life.

* * * * *

Rowland Hussey Macy never lost interest in his boyhood home. At one time he sent a liberal sum of money to be distributed among some young men who made a heroic rescue of the crew of the wrecked schooner "Mary Anna" caught in the treacherous ice in Nantucket harbor in 1871.

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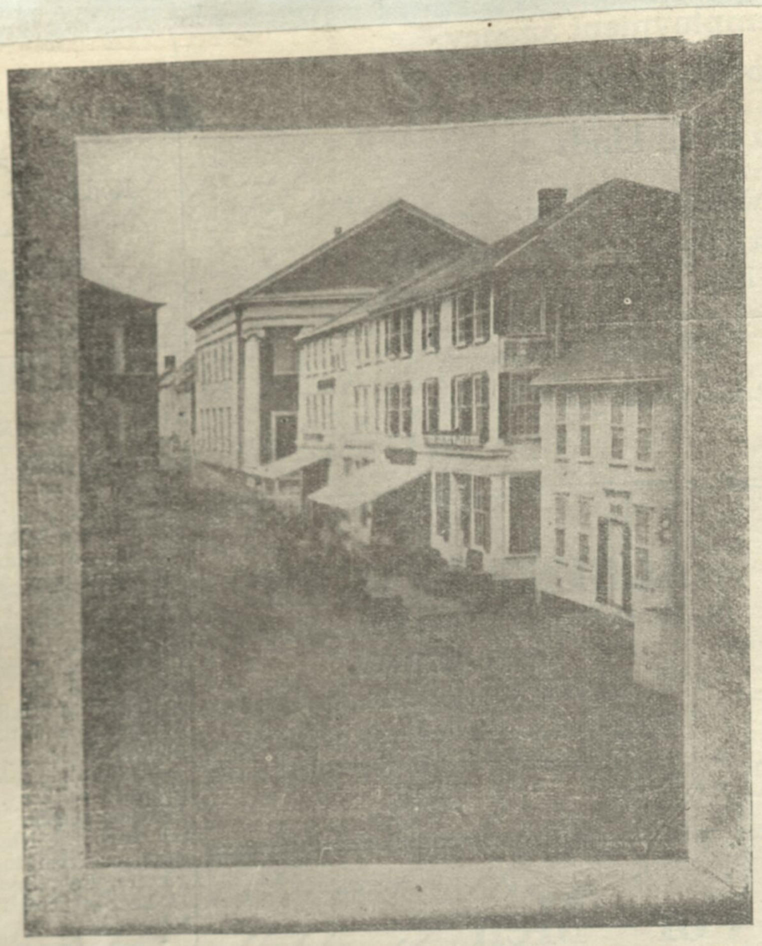

Main Street, 1844, When R. H. Macy Left His Father's Store for the Sea

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

33.

MARIA L. OWEN

1825—1913

Maria L. Owen was a contemporary and friend of Lucy Stone, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Maria Mitchell and others of that brilliant circle of women prominent in the middle eighteen hundreds. Like them she was vitally interested in the welfare of women, and in later years she was well known as a founder of women's clubs.

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Mrs. Owen was a native of Nantucket and received educational advantages which were outstanding for her day. As Maria L. Tallant she taught for some time in the Academy on Fair street. She removed to Springfield, Mass., with her husband, Dr. Varillas Owen, in 1850, and there she made her home a center for the intellectual life of that city.

Her interest in her early home continued throughout her long life. When the Coffin School was reorganized and the scope of its work changed Maria L. Owens gave the means to repair and beautify the old library room in memory of her grandfather, Hon. William Coffin, first President of the Board of Trustees.

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Early in life she became interested in the flora of her native island, later becoming a recognized authority in her favorite subject of botany. She wrote many articles for newspapers, magazines and for scientific publications. Her great contribution to Nantucket was her pamphlet entitled "A Catalog of Plants Growing Without Cultivation in the County of Nantucket, Mass." The foundation of this work, published in 1888, was a record of plants collected and identified by her in early life. Returning to the island after a long absence she published her old list, together with additions made during occasional visits. This was pioneer work, and all later botanists who have studied the unusual Nantucket flora are indebted to her efforts. Without her notes it would be impossible to trace the history of such rare local plants as the Nantucket heathers, the cactus found on Coatue, the corema, and the sabbatia, which differs from the type found on the mainland. All doubtful specimens were submitted to eminent botanists and sent to the Gray Herbarium at Harvard, where they may be seen and studied.

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The interest which was aroused by Mrs. Owen has never died out. Today the Nantucket Maria Mitchell Association with its extensive herbarium of local plants and its staff of trained workers is carrying on the work so ably started by her. Many summer visitors as well as Nantucket people visit the daily wild flower exhibit at the Hinchman House, and flock by hundreds to the Annual Wild Flower Show held there in August.

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One of the Popular Nature Walks Through the "Hidden Forrest," Conducted by the Maria Mitchell Asso.'s Natural Science Dept.

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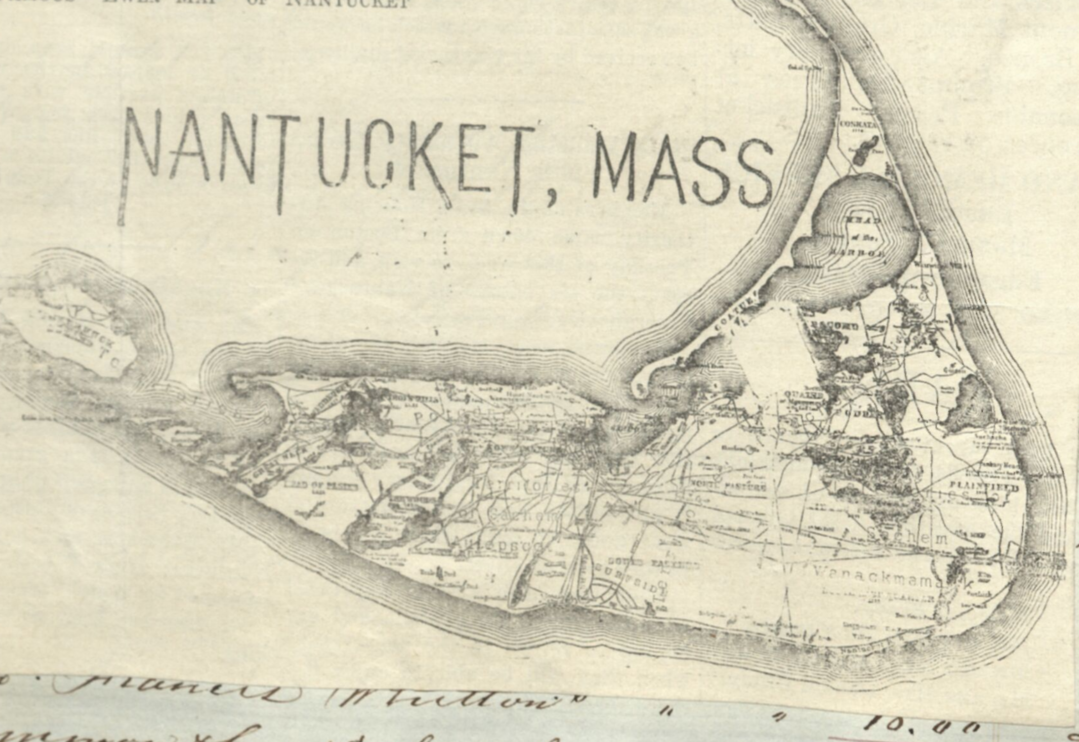
An Old Line Cut of
The Famous "Ewer Map" of Nantucket



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Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

34.

FERDINAND C. EWER

1826—1883

The large Ewer map is a familiar feature of many Nantucket homes and public buildings. It was issued in 1896, the first fully detailed map of the island. In addition to its geographical features it contains a brief synopsis of the history of the town and county of Nantucket. Though the contour of the island is contantly changing, the map has served as a basis for many later ones and is still frequently consulted.

* * * * *

Ferdinand C. Ewer was a man of many talents. He was born on Nantucket, and, after graduation from Harvard, he went to California in the stirring days of Forty-nine. Here he became editor of a daily paper and a monthly literary magazine. At the same time he studied for the ministry and was ordained into the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1858, and became a popular preacher in the city of San Francisco. On account of ill health he left California and settled in New York City. Here he served as rector of several churches, the last being that of St. Ignatius. He was an extremely high churchman, believing in elaborate ritualism, and was the author of many newspaper and magazine articles on the subject.

Not confining himself to theology, he became a civil engineer and something of a geologist. The famous map, surveyed and drawn by him, is a test of his ability in these lines. An interesting article on the formation of the island of Nantucket was published in the Inquirer and Mirror as late as 1881.

* * * * *

Dr. Ewer came of good old Nantucket stock, and classified himself as of 29 per cent. Folger background. His versatility suggests his connection with other members of the Folger family, as Peter Folger, the grandfather of Benjamin Franklin Walter Folger, Jr., and many others of the long line of distinguished writers and scientists of that lineage.

As Ferdinand Ewer, D. D., he made many visits to his boyhood home and it was said of him: "Wherever he went he never forgot that he was a Nantucketer nor for a moment lost his interest in his native island and its people."

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

35.

PHEBE ANN HANAFORD

(1829—1921)

Phebe Ann Coffin was born in Nantucket in 1829. Both parents were descendants of the best uQaker stock of the island. Her mother died early in life and her father married again and Phebe Ann had seven Coffin half brothers and sisters. Her happy summers with them at 'Sconset are recorded in her book "The Heart of Siasconset".

Accustomed to hearing women speak in the Friends meetings in Nantucket her ambition to be a preacher was developed very early. There is a tradition that she used to climb up into Brant Point Lighthouse to recite, in her clear rich voice ,selections taboo in a Quaker household.

Educated in Nantucket public and private schools she herself taught schol in 'Sconset at the age of 17. At 20 she was married to Dr. Joseph H. Hanaford, of Cape Cod, a homeopathic physician who was also a teacher in the Nantucket schools.

When she was only 13 years old the Inquirer and Mirror published contributions from her and for many years articles from her pen appeared frequently in its columns. In 1853 she published an antislavery story "Lucretia the Quakeress". Her 14 books the largely biographies, but she also wrote occasional verse. In 1877 she compiled a comprehensive work, "Women of the Century", which reached a sale of 60,000 copies. This book contained considerable Nantucket material, as she always delighted to honor her native island. Becoming an ardent Universalist she served as editor of various church publications.

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While visiting in Nantucket she preached twice, at the request of her father, in the little schoolhouse at 'Sconset. In 1868 she accepted a call to the First Universalist Church at Hingham, where she was ordained as the first woman minister in New England, and the fourth in the world. She was also the first woman to serve as Chaplain in the Connecticut Legislature. During her long life she held several pastorates and also engaged in preaching and lecturingthroughout th e country. This pioneer woman had the unique pleasure of helping to ordain her own son to the ministry.

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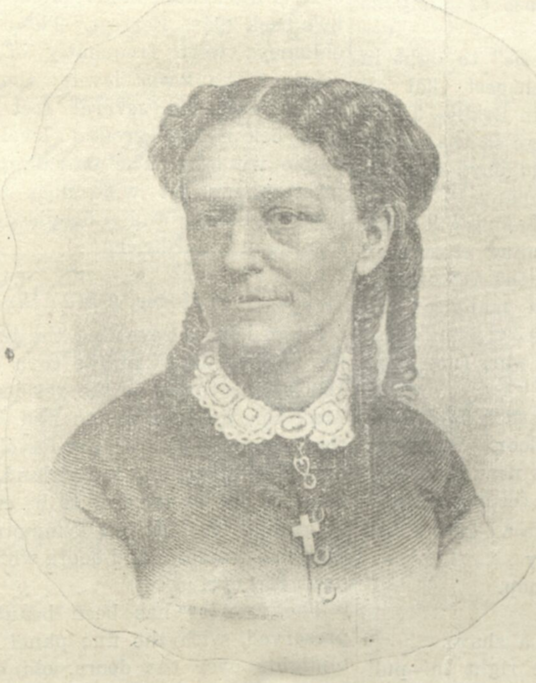
During her later years she became a nationally known suffragist and an active worker in women's clubs. She served as Acting-President of the famous Sorosis Club. Living to the advanced age of 92, she retained to the last her interest in world events.

Nantucket may well be proud of this famous author, preacher and philanthropist.



Yours cordially
Phebe A. Hanaford

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

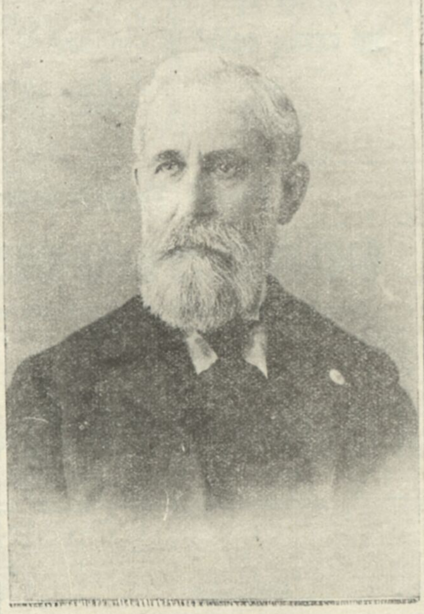
36

ALLEN COFFIN

1836—1908

At the time of the great Coffin reunion in 1881, when hundreds of descendants of Tristram and Dionis gathered at Nantucket from far and near to do honor to their ancestors, the local press paid "a tribute to the indefatigable labors of Allen Coffin, Esq., the secretary of the Coffin Reunion Association, upon whom has principally devolved the labor of carrying forward this great movement since its inception". The large picture of the Coffin Clan, which was made at Surfside and which is still hanging on the walls of some Nantucket homes, attests to the success of his labors.

In all activities connected with the reunion itself, the banquet, the numerous orations which were given, the band concerts, the pilgrimage, the evening receptions and the grand ball, when an entire column of the Inquirer and Mirror in fine print was necessary to describe the gowns and jewels of the ladies attending, Allen Coffin was the prime mover. He was mentioned many times in the flood of poetry which the occasion evoked. In addition, in that same year he published his well-known book, "The Coffin Family, The Life of Tristram Coffyn of Nantucket, Massachusetts", which is an important source of information for those wishing to trace their Coffin lineage.



ALLEN COFFIN

After Allen Coffin was graduated from the local grammar school he was apprenticed to Hussey & Robinson, publishers of the weekly Mirror. After learning his trade he followed the newspaper business in various places. He was editor of the Bay State Chronicle, the Charlestown Leader and the Washington National Republican. He was also proof reader in the government printing office for ten years, where he was assigned to legal business. While thus engaged he found time to study law, and graduated from the law school of the Columbian University, and was admitted to the bar in 1876.

Shortly after this he returned to Nantucket and practiced law throughout the Commonwealth. In addition to being a good platform speaker he possessed a ready pen and was an easy and forceful writer. He was a frequent contributor to the columns of the Inquirer and Mirror as well as a correspondent for papers on the mainland.

For twenty-five years he was Trial Justice for Nantucket County. Always prominently identified with the Prohibition movement, in 1896 he received that party's nomination for Governor of Massachusetts.

He lived in the white pillared house on Main street originally known as the Wright Mansion and was for many years one of the best known citizens of Nantucket.

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

37

ARTHUR ELWELL JENKS

1837—1915.

Dr. Arthur Elwell Jenks was born in Nantucket and received his education in the local schools. At the age of eighteen he went to New Bedford and studied dentistry. After practicing his profession in various places, he returned to Nantucket where he spent the remainder of his life. His widow, Anna Starbuck Jenks, who was also of island ancestry, will be remembered by some as the gracious and well-informed hostess at the Oldest House in the days when it was owned by Tristram Coffin, of Poughkeepsie, before it became the property of the Nantucket Historical Association.

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While Dr. Jenks was a dentist by profession, and a very competent one judging by the following advertisement, which appeared in *The Inquirer and Mirror* year after year, each year another figure being added to the date at the right, yet it is for his other activities that he is best remembered in Nantucket.

> **1868—ARTIFICIAL TEETH—1913**
>
> Made by me forty-two years ago, now in use. My laboratory has the latest improved dental appliances. Good service and natural appearance I will insure my full or partial sets of teeth.
>
> ARTHUR ELWELL JENKS, DENTIST
>
> Office: 18 North Water Street.

* * * * *

He was an orator. In the days of temperance societies, literary societies, philosophical societies and debating clubs, his voice was frequently heard. Dr. Jenks was also a prominent lecturer, filling engagements in many of the leading cities of the country. At times he served as lay reader in the local Episcopal Church. He had the honor of delivering the first Memorial Day oration given in Nantucket, in 1868, and was to have been the orator on the fiftieth anniversary of the close of the Civil War, but his sudden death occurred a few days before the time for delivering the oration which he had completed even to the closing lines.

ARTHUR ELWELL JENKS.

His uncle, Samuel Haynes Jenks, was the first editor of *The Inquirer*, and the nephew displayed much of the marked literary and poetical ability of the uncle. Dr. Jenks possessed a ready and fluent pen and many columns of the local and off-island papers contained his articles on various timely subjects. He has been called "The Oliver Wendell Holmes of Nantucket" on account of his output of poetry of various island celebrations and local happenings. For many years his poems were a never-failing feature of such occasions.

Among the best known of his poems is one entitled "When The Sea Grew White," inspired by the great gale of October 12, 1872. Critics concede that this poem in particular shows evidence of marked poetic ability.

Many were his tributes to the

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memory of departed friends and neighbors and his kindly and tender words of sympathy for those who mourned the passing of a loved one aided in alleviating the sorrows of the afflicted.

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Together with his other abilities, Dr. Jenks possessed a decided artistic temperament. Not only was he a close friend of the Nantucket artists of his day, but his painting entitled "Off Sankaty Head" was accepted for an art exhibition in the city of Rochester, N. Y.

"He exemplified the teachings of the golden rule and his fellow men bow their heads in respect to the memory of one whom they honored and who honored them."

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

38.

ALEXANDER STARBUCK

1841—1925

There was never anyone better versed in Nantucket history than Alexander Starbuck. A native of the island, he was proud of his descent from many of the early settlers. As a young man history interested him and he wrote many newspaper articles under the pen name of Nantucket, Jr. Whatever he wrote was based on fact and not on tradition. His library of books and pamphlets on the island history became the most complete ever collected. It is now the property of the Nantucket Historical Association.

After leaving Nantucket, Mr. Starbuck learned the trade of a watchmaker and for a number of years was employed at the Waltham Watch Factory. He also worked as an editorial writer on the Waltham Free Press. Later he purchased the paper and was the editor for many years.

Perhaps his most outstanding historical work is his "History of the American Whale Fishery". This is a classic of the whaling industry, and must be consulted by all concerned with the subject. This book was written in the 70's when Mr. Starbuck was a young man. It is a monumental work containing the most painstaking research. "Ship by ship, barrel by barrel, voyage by voyage, year by year, the operations of the whalemen, whether they hailed from Nantucket or New Bedford or Sag Harbor, are to be found in this book." It is indispensible for anyone studying any phase of the whaling industry.

One of the organizers of the Nantucket Historical Association, he served in various capacities from its inception and was president for many years and president emeritus until his death in 1925.

He was also the founder of The Sons and Daughters of Nantucket, an organization which is now in its forty-seventh year and still in a flourishing condition.

During the later years of his life, Mr. Starbuck was busily engaged in collecting and arranging his mass of Nantucket material to be used in what he considered his life work, "The History of Nantucket." Before his death he had the satisfaction of holding in his hands a bound copy, which had been hastily assembled by the printers during is last illness. This book, a volume of over eight hundred pages, with illustrative foot notes and references, is the standard history of the island.

Nantucket never had a son more devoted to its interests and welfare than Alexander Starbuck.

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

No. 39.

LOUISE SOUTHARD BAKER

1846 - 1896

For eight years the faithful and beloved pastor of this Church.
"She being dead yet speaketh."

In October, 1898, a bronze tablet bearing the above inscription was unveiled to the memory of the Rev. Louise S. Baker, and may be seen on the rear wall of the main auditorium of the First Congregational Church, locally known as the North Church. It commemorates the life of a remarkable woman.

* * * * *

Louise S. Baker was the only daughter of Arvin and Jerusha Baker. For many years the family lived in the "block" on Orange Street. As a child she was reared in the tenets of Methodism, but in mature life she took out letters of transfer to Congregationalism. She was an earnest worker in the great temperance crusade of 1875, making many public addresses in association with Mary A. Livermore, Frances E. Willard and other leaders of the movement.

In 1879 she was engaged to supply the pulpit of the North Church and her ministry and preaching proved most acceptable. After four years the church unanimously voted to delegate to her the right to administer the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, to admit members of the Church, and to perform all other duties appertaining to the ministerial service. Her ordination is spoken of in the press of that day as a solemn and touching ceremony. After her ordination she refused several calls from other churches.

Miss Baker had a deep interest in literature and gave readings and recitals from the great authors of the world. She was especially interested in the New England group.

In 1893 she published a small volume of her collected poems entitled "By The Sea." Nearly all of these poems are of Nantucket subjects. The book is most attractively illustrated with half-tones and etchings of local scenes by the late Alexander H. Seaverns, and is now a highly prized collector's item.

* * * * *

Over forty years after the death of Miss Baker, in 1938, "Eunice Hussey," her story of island life, was published from the press of *The Inquirer and Mirror*. In a foreword by the publisher, the late Harry B. Turner, he says: "This book is published as a memorial to a woman who filled the pulpit of the First Congregational Church from 1880 to 1888, who contributed much, both in prose and poetry, to Nantucket literature, and who lived and died a woman of wonderful character, whose kindly face and loving manner left its impression on all who knew her."

The book is dedicated thus by Miss Baker:

"To Nantucketers Everywhere
and
The Strangers Within Our Gates."

[The volume "Eunice Hussey" may be purchased at this office.—Eds.]

Rev. Louise S. Baker

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

40.

LYDIA S. HINCHMAN

1845—1938

A book by Mrs. Hinchman, entitled "Recollections", written for private circulation among friends and relatives, contains her memories of a Nantucket childhood and girlhood in a Quaker family. It is of absorbing interest.

At that time there were two large Friends Meetings attended by half the population of the island. Much of the family social life was connected with these meetings and with the Quarterly and Yearly meetings, when visiting Friends from "off island" were guests in the Nantucket homes.

Among little Lydia's earliest memories were those connected with the Cent School, where the child daily took a cent in payment of tuition. At the age of six she attended the well-known school of Hepsibeth Hussey, where she remained until she was sixteen, when she became a pupil teacher there.

A descendant of many of the early settlers of the island, her family circle was large. Her father Peleg Mitchell, Jr., and William Mitchell, the astronomer, were brothers; this made her cousin to Maria Mitchell and the other lively and clever Mitchell children, who were her playmates. After William Mitchell became cashier of the Pacific Bank he moved his family to the apartment then connected with it, and Lydia's father bought the Vestal street house. All of his children were born there. It was owned by his widow until 1902.

In 1864 Lydia Mitchell left Nantucket to teach in a school in Philadelphia where her older sister was first assistant. In 1849 she married Charles S. Hinchman of that city.

Becoming interested in historical and genealogical studies, she compiled a small volume "Early Settlers of Nantucket", as the result of her investigations. This book proved so valuable to research workers that there have been several editions, illustrated and much enlarged, and it is at present one of the books most frequently consulted by those desirous of tracing Nantucket ancestry.

To Mrs. Hinchman belongs the honor of being the founder of the Nantucket Maria Mitchell Association. She became interested in the idea of preserving the old Mitchell house as a memorial to her famous cousin, and, encouraged by her husband, she contacted the faculty and alumnae of Vassar College who had known Maria Mitchell as a professor there, as well as many other friends of Miss Mitchell. In 1902 the house was conveyed by deed to the Association which was formed largely through her efforts, and the foundation of the present valuable plant was laid. From that beginning has developed the Memorial House; the Astronomical Department with its brick observatory and its resident director; the Scientific Library in a separate building, once a school house where William Mitchell taught; the Natural Science Department founded by Mrs. Hinchman's sister, Mrs. Mary Ann (Mitchell) Albertson; and also the Lydia S. Hinchman House, willed to the Association by Mrs. Hinchman's son, C. R. Hinchman, as a memorial to his mother.

Nantucket has reason to be deeply grateful to Lydia S. Hinchman, and to other members of the Mitchell and Hinchman families for their valuable contributions to the cultural and scientific life of the island.

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Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

41.

WILLIAM D. CLARK

1846-1909

Probably during the years from 1880 to 1900 no person on the island was known to more Nantucketers and off-islanders than was "Billy" Clark the town crier. William D. Clark was born in 1846, the year of the Great Fire, and spent his entire life on Nantucket.

During the Civil War he was drafted and repaired to the continent and presented himself at the specified place. After interviewing him the recruiting officer went through the forms of enlisting him, and then gave him a furlough of ninety-nine years and twelve months. Presenting him with a paper to that effect he sent him home enraptured at being a soldier without having to go to war!

* * * * *

For over fifty years he sold newspapers about the streets of Nantucket and after the Civil War he took up the occupation of Town Crier and as such became famous throughout the country. Each afternoon he climbed to the tower of the Unitarian Church and watched for the coming of the steamer. He usually sighted her about an hour before she docked. Then he blew his horn lustily:

Hark, hark, I hear Billy Clark
A tooting from the tower;
He sees the boat, and she's afloat
And she'll be here in an hour.
W. D. Woodward.

Before she touched the wharf Billy Clark would be there to catch the papers thrown to him and would hustle up town and often sell his papers before the passengers were off the boat.

He had many other ways of earning money. He cried auction sales and entertainments and other items of news and did odd jobs around town. Before the advent of steam printing he turned the wheels of the local presses on publication day. He also helped out sometimes in emergencies by setting type. Although his galley proof might take nearly as long to correct as it took him to set it up, yet he knew the case.

Unfortunately, his birthday came in November when his summer friends had left the island. He easily remedied the difficulty by having two birthdays, one for the Nantucketers and one for the summer visitors. His many friends saw that he was well remembered on both occasions.

Billy Clark made considerable money as money was reckoned in those days, but he had no faculty for keeping it, or even keeping account of it. As might have been expected he died poor, but a subscription paper started by the Inquirer and Mirror and subscribed to liberally by people from far and near provided him with all comforts in his last illness, with enough left to provide a suitable tombstone.

In his obituary it is stated that "He gave the best of himself for his native isle". Who can do more?

"BILLY" CLARK, NANTUCKET'S FAMED TOWN CRIER

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

42.

JOSEPH E. C. FARNAM

1849—1933

In his book "Brief Historical Data and Memories of My Boyhood Days in Nantucket," Joseph E. C. Farnam has given a vivid and valuable historical picture of Nantucket in the 50's and 60's. In those days the town was divided into three sections—North Shore, Newtown, and Chicken Hill—and Joseph Farnam was a Newtowner.

He describes his school days, his boyhood chums, many of them well known later, and the various picturesque characters of that era. The small shops, the old time Nantucket circles, the meat auctions and the commercial affairs of the town all find a place in his book.

While whaling was on the decline, yet ships were building and were sailing from Nantucket, and he was well acquainted with the wharf activities connected with fitting out the whalers for sea. A very impressive memory of his boyhood was the burning of the ship "Planter" on Brant Point.

At the age of thirteen he "hired out" with Capt. Charles Swain on his farm in Polpis, now owned by Henry Coleman of this town. His wages were $3.50 a month and the day began at about four o'clock in the morning with milking, getting the cows out to pasture, and attending to the barn chores. Plowing, planting and mowing were all done by hand. Two hundred bushels of shelled corn were raised on the Swain farm, as well as the usual farm vegetables. Peat was burned both in the kitchen and parlor stoves, and "peating" was one of the important farm activities.

At the age of fourteen Joseph Farnam entered the office of the Mirror, which in 1865 became the Inquirer and Mirror. There he learned to be a compositor or type setter, and laid the foundation for his future career.

After completing his apprenticeship he moved to Providence, R. I., and, step by step, he advanced in his trade until he became the head of the well-known printing house of Snow & Farnam. At the time of his death he was the Dean of the printing trade in that state.

* * * * *

His civic activities were numerous. For 25 years he was connected with the Park Commission of Providence. He served for many years on the School Committee, and for four years he held the position of Superintendent of Schools. He was actively connected with both the Odd Fellows and the Masons, where his genial disposition made many friends. In 1932 he was presented a testimonial from the Grand Lodge of the State of Rhode Island, being the oldest living Grand Master in the state.

Mr. Farnam's book was so much in demand that a second edition was issued. The book, however, was never placed on sale but presented to friends as a testimonial of his love for his boyhood home.

9/16/50

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

43.

JAMES WALTER FOLGER

1851—1918

A direct descendant of Peter Folger and of Walter Folger, Jr., James Walter Folger inherited to a remarkable degree the artistic and mechanical talents of that family.

After leaving high school he went to Cambridge to learn wood carving, but finding his apprenticeship too slow to suit his own ideas he procured a kit of tools and secured work as a journeyman in Boston. Self-taught, he always considered his apprenticeship as time wasted. He returned to Nantucket and made a specialty of the carving of animal heads, which found a ready sale. He next accepted a lucrative position in Boston at ornamental carving, but after a year a fire destroyed the block in which he worked and he lost both his tools and the accumulation of years of work. He then returned to Nantucket which became his life-long home.

* * * * *

He was called an inventive genius at carving, making many of his own tools, and producing original and unique designs. Among them all his low relief tinted carvings of ducks and other water fowl were outstanding. Unfortunately most of this work was snapped up by summer visitors who appreciated its value, often paying as much as two hundred dollars for a single panel. Few if any specimens remain on the island.

He also made panels of many local landscapes, Nantucket vessels and historic buildings. These were carved from solid blocks of hard wood, the best of materials only being used, and the effect often heightened by skillful touching up with water colors.

Mr. Folger also worked in both oil and water colors, many of his paintings being of historical subjects. Among them "Old Nantucket Windmills," "Ship Building on Brant Point," "Rag-carpet Weaving" and "The Cooper Shop" are well known. Among his portraits, that of Owen Spooner, the discoverer of sunset longitude, is outstanding.

* * * * *

While he made considerable money by his work he was little interested in financial matters. He was one of those who worked "for the joy of the working" and misfortunes overtook him in his later years. He was in failing health for several years, following the loss of one of his lower limbs, and he died in poverty away from his island home.

As the years pass, his carvings and his pictures are becoming of more and more interest to Nantucket collectors. It is to be hoped that at some future time there may be an exhibition of his work at the Kenneth Taylor Galleries.

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Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

44.

ROLAND BUNKER HUSSEY.

1851—1923.

For more than three decades Roland Bunker Hussey was editor and publisher of *The Inquirer and Mirror*. Of a happy and genial disposition he was ever ready by word and deed to help the young printers who "learned their trade" under his guidance. Among them were Alliston Greene, William F. Macy, Arthur C. Wyer, George P. Swain, Andrew M. Myrick and Harry B. Turner.

When Mr. Hussey learned his trade, *The Inquirer and Mirror* was published by his father and Henry D. Robinson, under the firm name of Hussey & Robinson. He later worked in Providence and also in Boston, where he took service on the *Boston Globe* on its first issue. In 1877, he returned to Nantucket and assumed his father's place in the partnership. In 1887, he took full charge, and through his efforts the paper was brought up to its high standard as a country weekly. He retired from active business in 1907.

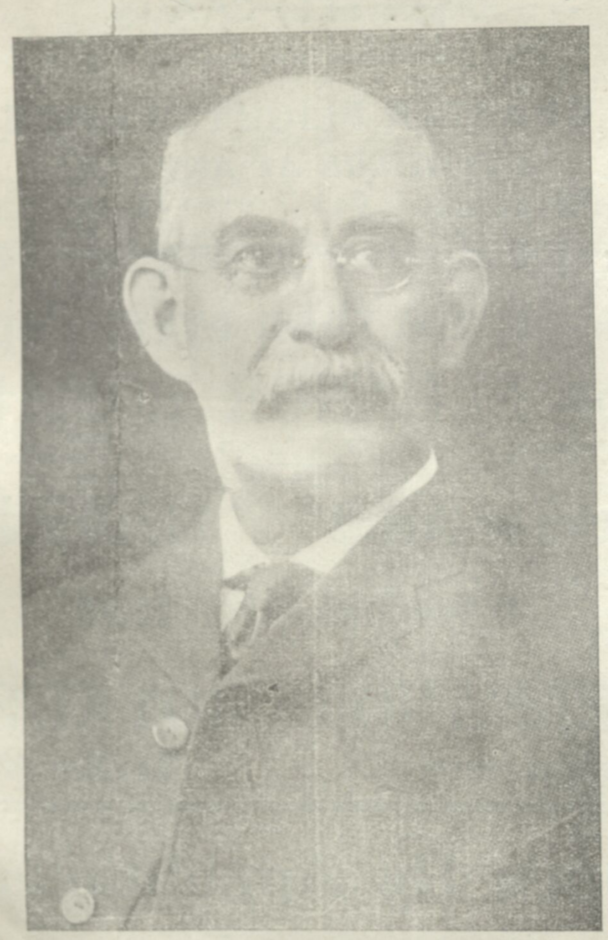
Deeply interested in historical matters he continued to contribute many valuable articles to the columns of the paper after his retirement. He supplied much of the material in "The Nantucket Scrap Basket," which was published in collaboration with the late William F. Macy, for the benefit of the Sons & Daughters of Nantucket.

It was his custom to spend several months each year at his 'Sconset cottage, and he had many friends and acquaintances among the summer colony. "The Evolution of Siasconset," published by him in 1912, is a pamphlet of great historical value, tracing the development of the village from its beginning, and describing the varied fortunes of many of the houses "on the bank."

Always an active member of the Nantucket Historical Association, he made and contributed to its collection a working model of the original two-wheeled Quaker Hearse, an interesting relic of a more primitive era.

Naturally interested in town affairs Mr. Hussey was President of the Citizens Gas and Electric Co., and a director of the Pacific Bank, as well as a member of many local organizations. He was also interested in local real estate.

Roland Bunker Hussey was one of the old-time printers and editors who gave his full measure of devotion to the welfare of his native island.



ROLAND BUNKER HUSSEY

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

45

ARTHUR H. GARDNER

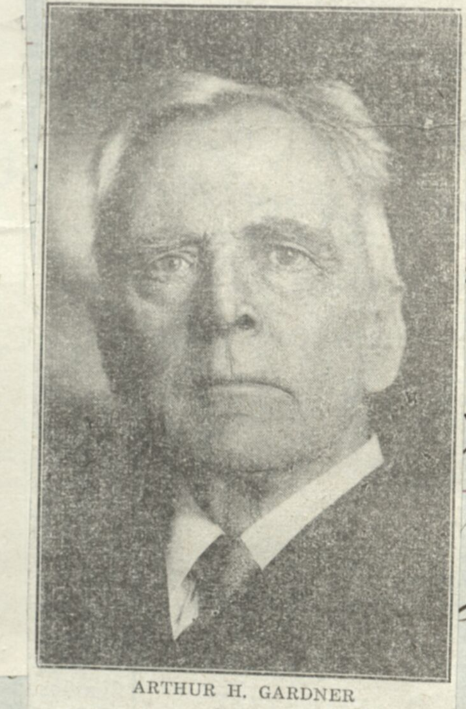
1854 — 1924

Like a number of other children of Nantucket lineage Arthur Hinton Gardner was not born on the island, but on a voyage. It was not a whaling voyage, however, for his father, Capt. William Bunker Gardner, foreseeing the decline of whaling, had transferred to the merchant service. In 1852 he took his wife with him on a voyage "round Cape Horn" to California in the ship "Sarah Parker". He made voyages up and down the Pacific Coast for cargoes of lumber to build the city of San Francisco. His wife was the first white woman to go into parts of the present states of Oregon and Washington, and was a subject of much interest to the native Indians.

The little Arthur was born on land in San Francisco "between voyages" and was named for two captains who were in that port at the time—Capt. Arthur and Capt. Hinton. At the age of six months he made the long voyage down the Pacific Coast, around the tip of South America and up the Atlantic Coast to Nantucket.

After completing his education in the Nantucket schools he entered the Inquirer and Mirror office as an apprentice at the usual wage, $50 the first year, $75 the second and $100 the third year. After working at his trade for several years in Boston he returned to Nantucket and commenced the publication of the Nantucket Journal, which he continued for twenty-one years, until 1899. He was one of the last of the old-time printers on the island.

Mr. Gardner was a clear and forceful writer and after the discontinuance of the Journal articles by him appeared frequently in the Inquirer and Mirror and in various other publications.



ARTHUR H. GARDNER

Always interested in historical research he published in 1876 a pamphlet entitled, "Wrecks Around Nantucket." This was later published in book form and is now a much desired book, out of print.

From an early age his voice was heard in the various debating clubs of his day and on the floor of the town meetings, where he often served as moderator. Later he became the first secretary of the town's Advisory Committee, the fore-runner of the present Finance Committee.

Mr. Gardner held many town offices. For twenty-eight years he was a member of the School Committee, the greater part of the time serving as chairman. He also served on the Board of Selectmen. For seven years he was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature as Representative from Nantucket. In 1907 he became Collector of Taxes, serving in that position until his death in 1924. He was proud of his unusual record of collecting every cent of the tax levy.

At the time of his death he was President of the Atheneum, as well as President of the Nantucket Historical Association. In the latter capacity he was instrumental in the purchase of the Oldest House, a valuable asset of the organization.

In his obituary in the Inquirer and Mirror it was said, "He was always a wise councillor and a willing helper, and Nantucket and Nantucketers are the better for his life of usefulness."

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

46 11/11/50

MARY ELIZA STARBUCK

1856—1938

Daughter of an island whaling master with ancestry leading back to the first settlers of the island, the history and traditions of Nantucket were "Mollie" Starbuck's great interest in life. One of the group which organized the Nantucket Historical Association and always a valued member, she served as its secretary for many years.

A writer of occasional verse, short stories and historical articles, her work was published in various newspapers and magazines. Two small volumes of her collected works appeared in 1911 and in 1924. In 1929 she published "My House and I", which has become an intrinsic part of the literature of the island.

The charming old fashioned house at 8 Pleasant Street, once the home of of the famous Walter Folger Jr., was the center where a wide circle of friends spent many pleasant hours in Miss Starbuck's company, listening to her brilliant conversation and enjoying anecdotes of her youthful days. Encouraged by their interest she wrote the story of her life in the old house, thus producing a Nantucket classic for the delight of future generations. Readers of the book will recall with many an amused chuckle her memories of "Uncle Callao", her "ribald language" experience, and her draping of the old house for the funeral of President Lincoln. The sled that was made on a whaleship, the Thousand Year Box and the hinged writing table at her east window became familiar to many through her vivid descriptions.

Miss Starbuck attended the ceremonies connected with the dedication of the Civil War Monument at the junction of Main, Milk and Gardner Streets, in 1875. When automobiles were finally admitted to the island there was more or less traffic congestion around the monument. (There still is!) It was suggested that the monument be removed to a spot near the Prospect Hill Cemetery. Miss Starbuck's voice was raised in indignant protest. She argued that since Nantucket captains could bring a ship of four hundred tons around Cape Horn or through the Straits of Magellan on her beam ends and land her cargo safely in the home port, it didn't seem possible that it could have been any of their descendants who were now complaining of the difficulty of navigating a four wheeled vehicle around a stationary shaft in broad daylight and a dead calm. The monument still remains in its original site.

Mary Eliza Starbuck was the last survivor of a group of Nantucket women who were the club women of her day. She taught for a short time in both the Coffin School and the public Schools, but losing twelve pounds in twelve weeks of teaching convinced her that teaching was not her forte. Her interest centered in her literary work, which has enriched the annals of her beloved island.

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Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

47.

GEORGE A. GRANT

1857 - 1942

It is said that the log of George A. Grant's life reads like fiction. He was born on a whaling voyage on the island of Upolo, in the Navigator Group, and, at the age of 3 months, was carried aboard his father's ship wrapped in banana leaves! He was the son of Capt. Charles Grant, Nantucket's greatest whaling master. His mother spent thirty-two years at sea on board of whaleships with her husband—the outstanding record of any whaleman's wife.

Much of George Grant's childhood and boyhood was spent at sea on his father's whaleships. Like all normal boys he sometimes got into mischief and many were the amusing stories he told of climbing freshly tarred rigging in a white linen suit and of harpooning the pig in the pen on deck with a sharp-pointed harpoon improvised from maboo, and of the "lickings" which followed such escapades. He early learned to speak the South Sea languages.

At the age of seventeen he started out on his own and shipped on a merchantman. After two years in the merchant service he sailed as a boatsteerer on the whaler *Mary Fraser* for a three-year voyage, and later he shipped as third mate on the *Alaska*. While on shore he married, and the next day sailed for a three-year voyage—a bridegroom of a single day. On this voyage he had an opportunity for a "gam" on board his father's ship *Horatio*, off Chatham Island. It had been several years since he and his parents had met, and the young lad had become a man. Mr. Grant always spoke of this meeting as one of the happiest incidents of his career.

He spent nearly thirty-two years of continuous life aboard ship. After quitting the sea he was in the Life Saving Service, now the Coast Guard, for nineteen years.

* * * * *

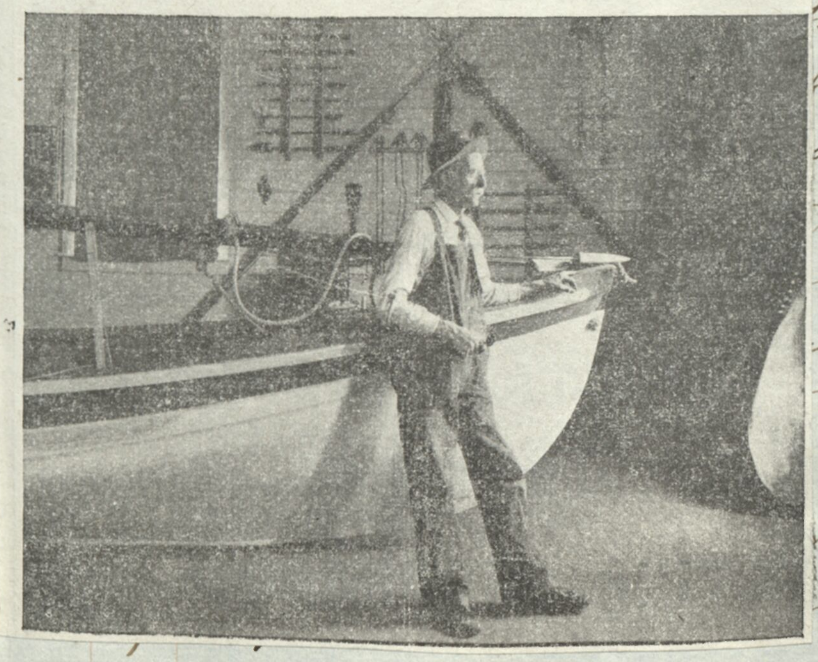
As the custodian of the Nantucket Whaling Museum from its beginning until his death at the age of eighty-five, "Captain" Grant was well known to thousands of summer visitors. Many visited the Museum year after year to listen to his adventures and to hear him give the call "There She Blows" from the masthead. His knowledge of whaling implements was of great value in the early days when the Hadwen & Barney candle house was being remodeled. Its present arrangement was carried out largely under his direction.

Austin Strong, who spent part of his childhood in Samoa as a member of the family of Robert Louis Stevenson, enjoyed conversing with Mr. Grant in the South Sea language. He paid the following tribute to his friend:

The Last Harpooner has gone over the horizon.

"Tofa Alii"

Which is the Samoan for "Farewell, O Chief."



Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

48.

JAMES A. BACKUS

1865—1936

The unsurpassed location of Wauwinet at the Head of the Harbor, with ocean surf on the one side and the quiet waters of the harbor on the other, attracted "squantums" and picnic parties from early days. Later a simple structure was built where shore dinners were served and a few regular boarders were accommodated by various proprietors.

In the 1890's, James A. Backus took charge of the primitive hotel there. Always closely associated with him in its management was his wife, Linda Small Backus. As the years passed and they made Wauwinet their permanent home, they saw the little hamlet grow from a simple shore dinner resort to a thriving summer colonoy, and the name Backus became synonymous with Wauwinet.

And also closely associated with Wauwinet was the catboat "Lillian," which for many years made the round trip from town twice daily during the summer season. The lines from Mary Eliza Starbuck's best known poem "Inland:"

> "I want to sail down from Wauwinet
> As the sun drops low in the west. . . ."

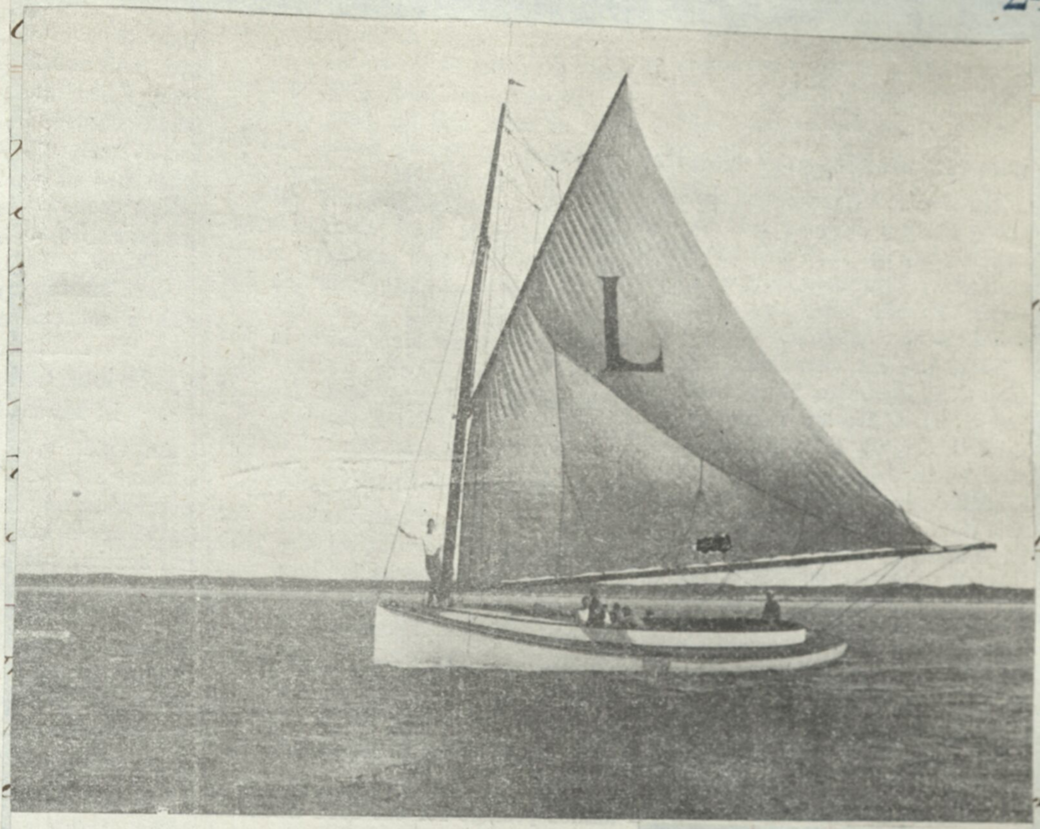
even yet awaken home-sick memories in the minds of many islanders and off-islanders alike.

In his youth, Mr. Backus followed the trade of a carpenter and became a master workman. This knowledge aided him in re-modeling the Wauwinet House as more and more visitors took advantage of his shore dinners and the rapidly increasing number of house guests necessitated increasing the capacity of the hotel. The pleasure of a meal in the dining room "with the front up" is still remembered by many.

Mr. Backus was one of the best known citizens of Nantucket, highly respected by his fellow townsmen and by a very wide circle of summer visitors who had been his guests and who lost no opportunity of testifying to their appreciation of his cordial greeting, his genial fellowship and his personal interest.

He was a man of wise counsel who never reached a decision without careful forethought. He always weighed both sides of a question. His advice as a member of the Finance Committee of the town was highly valued.

The death of James A. Backus in 1936 marked the end of an era in this history of Wauwinet. In his wise management of the Wauwinet House, he not only built up that section of the island but added much to the prosperity of Nantucket as a whole. As the years pass and the changes come to Wauwinet, as come they must, the names of James A. Backus and his wife will forever remain connected with its development.



THE "LILLIAN" SAILED THE HARBOR FOR MANY YEARS,

TO AND FROM WAUWINET AND NANTUCKET-TOWN.

WILLIAM F. MACY—1865 - 1935.

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

49.

WILLIAM F. MACY

1865 -- 1935

William F. Macy was a native of Nantucket and was proud of his descent from many of the early settlers of the island. He was a direct descendant of the original Thomas Macy, was related to Obed Macy, the historian, and was the son of Capt. William Hussey Macy, the author of "There She Blows" and of many other whaling stories.

As did many other ambitious Nantucket boys of this day, he learned the printer's trade with the Inquirer and Mirror. After some years of work at his trade he entered the insurance business in Boston.

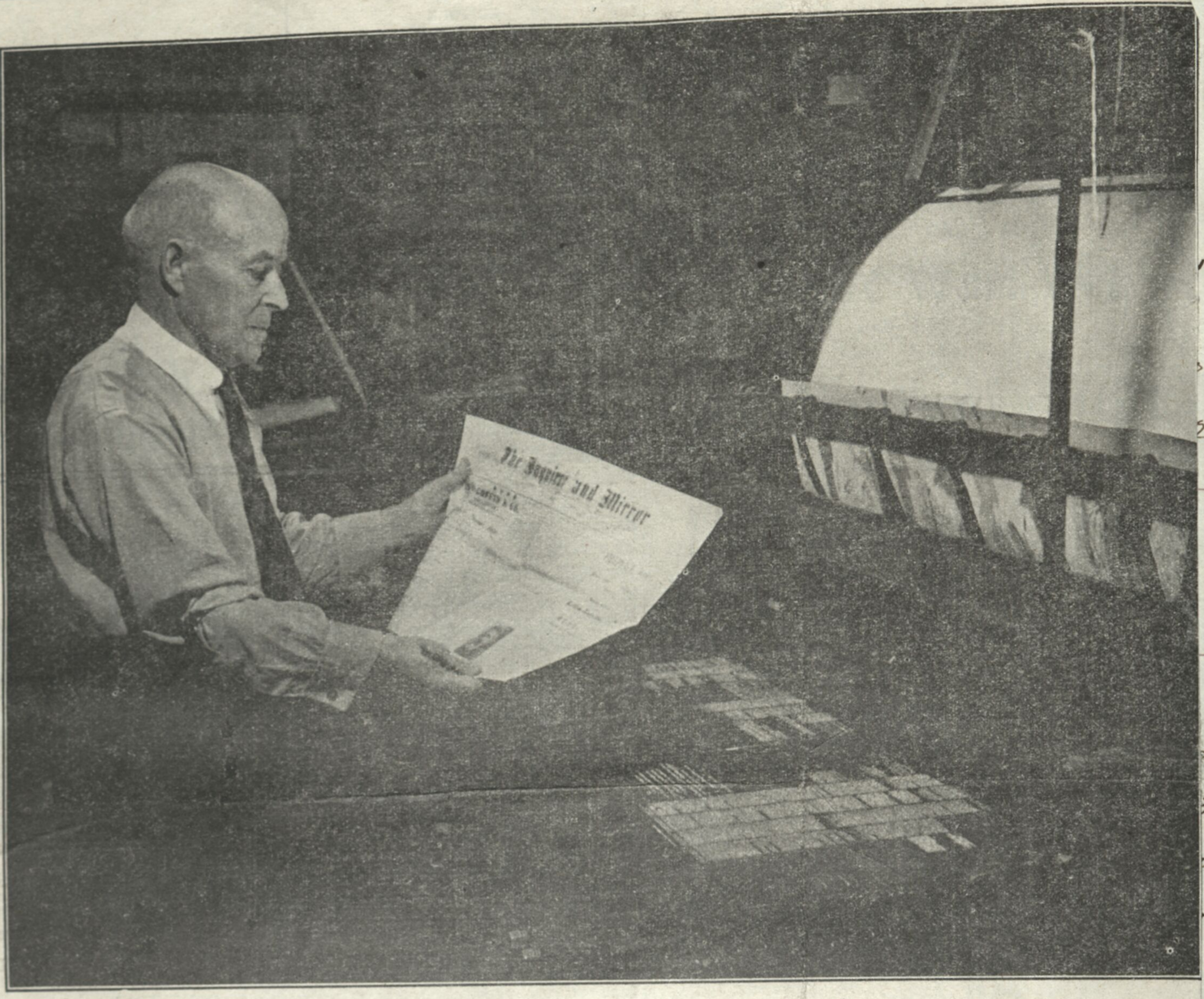
Nantucket was always one of the main interests of Mr. Macy's life. Any movement for the welfare of the island or of its people was sure of his active support. For many years he was the president of the Sons and Daughters of Nantucket, and much of the success of that organization, which is now nearing the half century mark, was due to his unfailing interest and his executive ability.

Early interested in historical research, Mr. Macy was a frequent contributor to the columns of the Inquirer and Mirror, writing under the pen name of Yorick. In collaboration with Roland B. Hussey he issued the first edition of "The Nantucket Scrap Basket", which, revised and enlarged, is still a steady seller. In 1915 he published "The Story of Old Nantucket". This also has been a successful publication and, in a later edition, can still be purchased at the local bookstores.

In 1924 Mr. Macy was elected president of the Nantucket Historical Association and was its devoted leader for years, working early and late, summer and winter, in its interests. Perhaps the greatest service that Mr. Macy rendered was his untiring and persistent efforts in the establishment of the Whaling Museum. He enlisted not only Nantucketers but those of Nantucket descent and of Nantucket interest for assistance, financial and otherwise, and after a long pull, a steady pull and a pull all together, the museum was at last put on a firm foundation. It is at present the most popular of all the exhibits of the Nantucket Historical Association, and has been called one of the most valuable historical collections existing in America today.

A memorial to Mr. Macy, in the form of a ship's stern board, carved from teak, was presented to the Association in 1945 by Bassett Jones, a vice president. It is placed above the door of Sanderson Hall in the Whaling Museum and bears the name of William F. Macy and the dates of his birth and death. It is indeed a fitting tribute, fittingly placed, to commemorate the crowning achievement of Mr Macy's services to his native island.

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS., SATURDAY MORNING,



HARRY B. TURNER—EDITOR OF "THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR"—1907--1948.

Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Miss Grace Brown Gardner.

50.

HARRY B. TURNER

1877—1948.

In the edition of *The Inquirer and Mirror* for September 12, 1942, an article appeared entitled "Fifty Short Years." It was an autobiographical newspaper classic written by the editor, Harry B. Turner.

At the age of sixteen he was allowed to leave school and enter upon a newspaper career on the condition that he also kept up with his class in school. It was quite an assignment, but he succeeded in managing two jobs at the same time, as he was so often to do later on in his busy life.

On the first morning that he entered the printing office, which was then at the rear of the Lewis house on Milk street, he was greeted by the late Roland B. Hussey, at that time editor: "Good morning, boy! I see that you are on time. You will find the printer's trade hard at time and perhaps you'll get your hands dirty, but I believe you'll like it." It was a true prophecy for Harry Turner *did* like it.

Starting as "printer's devil," he "learned the case" in the days when all typesetting was done by hand. Beginning with quack medicine ads he woked up to the intricacies of fancy job printing. He learned all phases of his trade and, at the end of three years, he received his paper stating that he was a full-fledged printer. He also received an extra fifty dollars in addition to his wages of one dollar a week, because he had made good. It was characteristic of him, for during his career of fifty-six years in the newspaper business he never failed to make good.

Following his apprenticeship he tried his hand with a number of mainland papers, but he was always glad to get back to Nantucket and was never so happy as when working in the local printing office. In 1896, he returned to the island and for the rest of his life he was connected with *The Inquirer and Mirror*, and in 1907 became its efficient editor.

Always a student of local history, many reminiscences and historical articles found permanent place in the columns of his newspaper. In 1910, he published "The Story of the Island Steamers," which is now a standard reference work. His "Nantucket Calendar," which was started in 1914, has each year since delighted many with its twelve interesting local scenes. These form a pictorial history of the island, while his "Argument Settlers," issued in several editions, forms a concise outline of Nantucket history from its earliest days. Another very valuable volume, "One Hundred Years on Nantucket," was issued on the occasion of the golden anniversary of the launching of *The Inquirer*. This has become a collector's item. "A History of Union Lodge, F. & A. M.," of which Mr. Turner was a member, was largely compiled by him. His shorter historical articles are numerous.

Mr. Turner's public services were many. In both the First and Second World Wars he rendered valuable service, in the latter serving as chairman of the local Selective Service Board, a most difficult position. He was a life councillor of the Nantucket Historical Association, Vice-President of the Pacific National Bank, active in patriotic organizations and interested in the many worth-while island activities. He was often a welcome guest at the Boston meetings of the Sons and Daughters of Nantucket, which he was instrumental in organizing.

His greatest service, however, was his work as editor of what he proudly called "the largest newspaper in the country," which is read all over the world by faithful Nantucketers who have strayed away from their early home. Well known and honored throughout newspaper circles he was known as one of the last of the old-time printers.

It is fitting to conclude this brief sketch in his own words: "Looking backward over fifty years brings some pleasant thoughts and delightful memories. It brings recollections of hard work, long hours, struggles through the weight of responsibilities, and adversity, sleepless nights,—some misunderstandings to be sure—but always with the knowledge that one's life work has been with and for Nantucket and its people."

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Last of the Nantucket "Sleigh-riders" Now Its Fire Chief.

By Fernando Glad in "The Boston Post" Magazine.

Nantucket—"'Ar she blows!"

That was the cry that made New Bedford and Nantucket and a score of other New England towns rich back in the great days of the whaling ships. When he has a few moments to spare, Fire Chief Archibald Cartwright is apt to relax in his captain's chair at the Nantucket fire station and turn his thoughts back nearly a half century to the days when he thrilled at the sound of the cry.

The 67-year-old fire chief is one of the few men still alive who is an ex-whaler. Once there were hundreds of whaling ships from New England, and the number of Yankee mariners who had gone to sea in search of a sperm-oil fortune ran into thousands. Now there are only a few men, all of them past their prime in life, who can look back to personal experiences in whaling ships.

The whaling ships that had made Nantucket were already a thing of the past on the island when he was born, and by the time he had reached young manhood they were nearly gone from the other sea towns, too. There were still a few from New Bedford, which once had boasted a fleet of nearly 200, and that was about all.

As far as is known, Chief Cartwright is the only man on Nantucket Island today who can boast of being an ex-whaler and the basis of the claim is a cruise that stretched from September of 1906 through until the second half of 1908. He was out 22 months and when he got back he was paid $200 as his share of the profits. There was money in whaling—for the ship owners and the captains and a bit for the mates but very little for the men who shipped in the fo'castle.

"I went out on the bark *Sunbeam* from New Bedford," he recalls. "It was her last voyage. After that she was a packet between New Bedford and the islands—Cape Verde—and she was finally lost off Cape Lookout. She went onto the beach and broke up.

"The *Sunbeam* was owned by the Wing family of New Bedford. My father had been a whaling man for many years and the Wings knew him, so when I wanted to sign aboard the *Sunbeam* they took me. I had never been to sea except for a little mackerel fishing, and I signed on as greenhorn and carpenter. A greenhorn was a man who had never been to sea before. I was given a 170 deal. That means that out of every 170 barrels of sperm oil we took in, one belonged to me.

'We sailed the day after Labor Day. It was a nice day and the tow-boat *Sherman* took us out past Gay Head and Cuttyhunk before we cast off the tow-line. The *Sunbeam* was a three-masted square-rigger, with 21 men in the fo'castle, besides the captain, four mates, four boatsteerers, a cooper, an engineer for the h'isting engine which broke down the first time it was used, a cook, steward and cabin boy. The captain was Charles MacKenzie and he had his wife aboard.

* * * * *

"I though that it would be exciting to go out on a whaleship, but I didn't expect the adventures to begin as soon as they did. Three days out we took a hurricane off Bermuda. The fury of the storm steadily increased until we were hove down on beam ends.

"With the bark laying on her side and pounded by gigantic waves, the captain ordered the masts cut away, so that there would be less topheaviness, and the hull would be able to right herself. A mate leaped for an axe, but before he could swing it, the ship shuddered and started to come up of herself. The captain yelled to the mate to hold off, and in a moment the bark was right side up again, although with a lot of sea-water in her."

* * * * *

It was a month later that the first whale was sighted. The young Nantucket man was in his bunk, stretched out on a jackass breakfast—a straw mattress—when he heard the cry.

"'Ar she blows!"

It wasn't "Thar she blows," because by 1906 the cry had been shortened to "'Ar she blows!"

Cartwright raced for the deck. He watched the four mates take the four boats overside. He himself was a shipkeeper, a man designated to help man the ship during the whale hunt.

It was only a calf whale, with a skimpy 15 barrels of sperm oil. But one of the mates in charge of a boat found that he had a malcontent in his crew. So that night the mate stopped Cartwright.

"Can you handle an oar?"

"Sure."

The mate told Cartwright that from now on he was to handle an oar in his boat, replacing the malcontent. The young man looked forward to the next whale chase.

At dawn the next day a school of whales was spotted and the cry "All hands on deck" brought the *Sunbeam's* crew into action. Young Cartwright tumbled into the first mate's boat and grabbed the tub oar, the boat-steerer rushed to his position at the bow, the mate at the stern, and the other oarsmen at their places.

At such times the boat steerer—he was never called the harpooner—held a harpoon in his right hand as he directed the movements of the boat until after he had made his dart—thrown the harpoon. Then he and the mate exchanged places, and the officer killed the harpooned whale with lances.

There were two open tubs in the boat, and in them a coiled rope. One end of the rope was attached to the harpoon, and once the dart was made, the rope was let out, if the whale dived below the surface. It ran out of the tub and around the loggerhead, and sometimes it snaked out so fast that it started to smoke from friction at the loggerhead.

It was young Cartwright's responsibility, in addition to using his oar, to see to it that the rope stayed wet. At the first sight of smoke he threw salt water into the tubs.

* * * * * *

That morning the boatsteerer made his dart, the mate took over his position, and the whale went under. The young man from Nantucket was frightened. He did not know what to expect. Then the whale came up, and the boat moved closer and the mate threw his lethal lances. They got their whale, and the Nantucket youth breathed easier after that. He had many exciting moments in the days and months that followed but he was never afraid again.

One week later, a harpooned whale flipped his mighty tail about so that it stove a hole in the boat near Cartwright. "It happened so fast I did not have time to be scared."

The boat started to fill quickly, and the mate signalled another boat, which took the line, and brought in the whale. The boat with the hole became partially filled, but the men got her back to the *Sunbeam*, where she was repaired.

* * * * *

They were out for 22 months, most of it in the South Atlantic, this side of the Falklands. They got a lot of whales and had a good voyage. Sometimes he enjoyed a "Nantucket Sleighride."

This was the expression used for the ride given the men in a whaleboat when the harpooned whale raced around on the surface instead of submerging.

"You hear a lot of stories about whales pulling boats along at 40 and 50 miles an hour, but that's a lot of baloney," says the ex-whaler. "If they were going 10 miles an hour they were going pretty fast. I know for I have had such rides. At the time it seems like a much faster pace. But watching someone else having a 'Nantucket sleighride' you get a truer picture. The whale would always go in a big circle, too."

* * * * *

Cartwright came back an able-bodied seaman and signed up in the coastal service. He was in several ships, including the Bath-built *L. L. Davenport*, on which he was second mate.

"We went down to Port Royal to get a load of lumber for Boston, and while we were loading the captain had some trouble with an old woman who claimed she had once put the devil's curse on a ship and it never got beyond Hatteras.

"We started north and got to Hatteras and we ran into a hurricane. She really blew and we rode with her. We threw half the deck-load overboard as we rode and when the storm was done we were down across the gulf. We started back and got up to Hatteras again and took another hurricane. We lost the other half of the deck load and when we ended up we were across the gulf again. Each time there were injuries that incapacitated officrs.

"We came up to Hatteras again and ran into a third blow. We turned and ran from it and tied up at Charleston. We had been gone 24 days and were only 45 degrees north of where we had started. We had three officers badly injured.

"I went to see the captain. 'I don't believe in superstition,' I told him, 'but I think I had better get off this ship right now, while I can'."

* * * * *

Then he went ashore to be a carpenter in Rhode Island during World War I, and when the war was over he came back to Nantucke to continue his carpentering. He joined the fire department as a volunteer and years later became assistant chief. But he was not a full time fireman, but a call man. Then four years ago he was appointed Fire Chief and he gave up his carpenter work.

He has three sons, Archibald H., a line foreman with the Nantucket Gas and Electric Co., George, who is manager of the Flag Centre in Cambridge, and Clyde, a carpenter in Nantucket. A fourth son, Robert, was the only Nantucket merchant seaman to lose his life in World War II. He died from the effects of being torpedoed while on the Murmansk run.

"New York Close-Up" Featured Morris L. Ernst.

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"NEW YORK CLOSE-UP."'

By Tex McCrary and Jinx Falkenburg

A one-time shirt salesman, Morris Ernst isn't kidding when he confesses his timidity in department stores: "I can never understand how people get the courage to walk into a store, spend twenty minutes looking at a whole stock of neckties, and then not buy any."

Though waiters and salespeople may petrify him, few other people or dilemmas even give him pause—he will slug it out with giants on both sides of the same spiked fence.

"I've been a Red-baiter all my life, make no bones about that—but I also fought 'Boss' Hague in Jersey City years ago, upholding the right of Communists to hold meetings."

He will take a case for the American Civil Liberties Union one day—for a banker the next. He will handle a case for a Victorian lady—and then interpret the Kinsey report in a book written in spare evening hours. He has represented giant industries—also the Macaroni Workers' Union. He flew to Europe to help defend the American business man who was imprisoned by the Reds in Hungary.

* * * * *

And he flew to Washington for the start of a twelve-year friendship with Roosevelt, after the President tossed him a tough problem with a note attached: "I ain't no expert."....

Once a week for twelve years, letters shuttled between F. D. R. and Ernst—the letters are bound now in big black volumes in his office—more evidence of Roosevelt's genius for putting out feelers all over the map. Brusque in many things, Ernest always softens when he talks of Roosevelt:

"During his lifetime, F. D. R. never let any of us play up the fact that he had triumphed over a disability—you hardly heard about it during his last ten years. Yet, to people around him, you can't imagine how inspiring it was. My daughter, who's deaf, met him, and I could tell what she was thinking....saying to herself .... 'Just think, *he* got to be President!' My daughter went on to learn to lip-read, she traveled, and became a perfectly adjusted girl. That's why I feel that every statue of Roosevelt should include his braces....they were a part of him that should never be concealed or forgotten.

"Each of us has his own special infirmity somewhere .... something to triumph over. We all wear our braces ....on some of us they are visible."

* * * * *

Morris has had one encounter with, and one case for, "Life"—plus a profile. In the encounter, he represented the Newspaper Guild against "Life"—"Life" lost. "Life" became one of his clients when courts tried to ban the "Birth of a Baby Issue" from the news-stands on grounds of obscenity—that time "Life" won.

"Some time after that, 'Life' did a profile story on me, dug up my whole life—but I made a bet with friends that the editors would never mention either one of those two cases in the story.

"Oh, yes, I collected my bet, because they were mum on both cases—won enough money on that bet to hire a yacht and take a vacation. Before I left I felt like needling Henry Luce and Roy Larsen, president of Time, Inc. So I sent Roy a telegram:

"'*Should I name my yacht 'Petty Larsen-y' or 'The Luce Life'?*'

"And you know, for some reason ......I never got an answer!"

* * * * *

Morris looks and barks and bites like a New Yorker—actually he was born in Alabama, his wife in Mississippi. And it is typical of him to say and mean it: "I have more contempt for some New Yorkers' treatment of Negroes than for many Southerners' treatment."

He was one of the first to hire a Negro lawyer for his New York law office—Andrew Tyler, now on his own and successful. In spite of his vivid profanity, Morris likes to hire lady lawyers, probably hires more than any other New York firm:

"Because most lawyers won't hire women, we get the cream of the crop. But one thing I insist on—they have to stay *feminine!* As soon as they start dressing like me, they're fired. A lawyer has to learn to strut his stuff—and that goes *double* for women!"

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The Winter Club.

The Winter Club met on Tuesday evening, May 9, at the home of C. L. Sibley, Main street, with seventeen members and friends in attendance. President Burnham N. Dell presided.

The evening was featured by the showing of the kodachrome slides of Nantucket gardens, moors and heathland. The pictures were taken by Mrs. Sibley over a period of years, and represent not only beautiful and eye-appealing views but a gallery of artistic Nantucket views that were individually and collectively gems of color, composition and island interest.

As Mr. Sibley showed the slides, he commented briefly on the flowers displayed, the particular garden and several outstanding points concerning the story behind the picture.

The qualities of patience combined with Mrs. Sibley's gift for composition to give many of her "shots" the aspect of paintings. Beautiful gardens in town and 'Sconset vied in appeal with window-boxes and clapboards, Scotch Broom and commons, sea-scape and heathland, and the island moors, with canopies of clouds or bright blue skies.

The Winter Club is indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Sibley for an unusual and effective evening.

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Death of Capt. Charles Leighton.

Captain Charles Leighton died from a heart attack on board the steamer *Martha's Vineyard*, in New Bedford, on Monday morning, March 27, after making the trip up from the Vineyard. While his steamer was being loaded for the trip to the Vineyard and Nantucket, Captain Leighton had made a tour of inspection of the steamer *Nantucket*, which was tied up at the State Pier, and had just returned to the *Martha's Vineyard* when he was stricken. A doctor was called to treat him after the first attack, but a second attack came within fifteen or twenty minutes afterwards, which proved fatal.

Captain Leighton, who was fifty-four years of age, was a native of New Bedford but had made his home in Edgartown for many years. He entered the employ of the steamship line as a dish washer when he was about sixteen years old. During the next eight years he advanced to baggageman, to quartermaster, to pilot, and became a qualified captain when he was only twenty-four years old.

He first studied navigation under Captain Francis J. Marshall, then the skipper on the *Uncatena*. His first position as pilot was on the *Gay Head* under the captaincy of James O. Sandsbury, being later transferred to the *Uncatena*. His first command was the old steamer *Pequot*, which used to run between Woods Hole and the Vineyard.

While he was a pilot, he studied law at Northeastern University night school, commuting to and from New Bedford each night for several years. He graduated from Northeastern in 1924.

In 1918, he married Florence M. Jackson, of Edgartown, who survives him. He also leaves two sons, Charles and Samuel, two daughters, Mrs. Robert Frazier and Miss Stella Leighton, two brothers and a sister, and two grand-children.

He was a Past Master of Oriental Lodge, A. F. & A. M., Past Governor of the Royal Order of Moose, a member of the Federated Church, was affiliated at one time with the I. O. O. F., and served for several years on the School Committee of Edgartown.

Benjamin F. Morton, traffic manager of the Steamship Authority, accompanied the body to the Vineyard Monday on the *Martha's Vineyard*. The command was taken over by Captain Walter B. Zeilski.

Funeral services were conducted at the Congregational Church in Edgartown at 2:30 p. m., on Wednesday, by the Rev. William R. Hampton. There was also a Masonic ritual service, following which the Masons marched to the West Side Cemetery, where the Masonic burial service was read. The pall bearers were Past Masters of Oriental Lodge.

Union Lodge, F. & A. M., of Nantucket, was represented by Lincoln Porte and Roger Dunham.

The Steamship Authority was represented by several members and there were many officials of the Steamship Company and former associates and friends of Capt. Leighton in attendance at the services. Employees on the *Martha's Vineyard* under him were given permission on Wednesday to leave the steamer *Nantucket* when she reached the Vineyard in order to attend the services and rejoined the crew when the steamer returned to the Vineyard from Nantucket that night.

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Early Morning Fire Gutted "The Crossways" on the Cliff.

A fire which was discovered about 5:30 this (Saturday) morning practically destroyed the summer home of Mrs. Frank Baldwin—"The Crossways"—on the Cliff. The origin of the fire is still not determined, but it is generally supposed that it was started by wires short-circuited by the fierce northeast storm of wind and snow which swept the island all through the night.

When Everett Lamb, Jr., and Mitchell Todd, Jr., went up to the Town Barn on the Cliff to get out a snow plow, shortly after 5:30 o'clock this morning, they saw the flames coming out of the roof. The fire department was immediately alerted, and the apparatus sent to the scene.

The fire had gained such a headway, however, that although several pieces of apparatus were on hand, the firemen were unable to save the place from being gutted by the flames.

"The Crossways" was one of the finest pieces of property on the Cliff, extensively furnished and appointed, and the amount of the loss will be considerable.

Northeast Snowstorm and Gale.

A northeast gale, accompanied by a heavy snowfall, swept the island last (Friday) evening, and caused considerable damage to property about town. The Electric Company had its crews out all night, repairing circuits knocked out, and as we go to press the crews are still hard at work in several places.

Reporter Calls His Article "Spring on The Island"

4/22 1950

By G. W. P. in "Providence Journal" column "In Perspective."

Spring is a lovely season on the island. On a warm day rich with sunshine, the blue of the harbor has a depth which I imagine (though I do not know as a certainty) matches that of the Mediterranean or the waters around Bermuda. The white beach on its other side is cleanly washed and makes a pleasant contrast, as well as harmony, with its friend the harbor.

"Looks just like Java Head," said the old skipper on a summer's day maneuvering his catboat in and out the betraying shoals. "Yes, sir, looks just like Java Head," and that got him off on his experiences as a mariner of many years' standing, with a license to sail all the seas and pilot his craft into the harbors of the world. An hour later he piled his boat up on one of the shoals in his home port. He swore a round oath, apologized to the ladies, and explained, "That shoal wasn't there yesterday, I swear it."

The captain is dead now and most of his cronies have passed on, though a few remain, preserved by the clean air and the quiet life of the town. An off-islander bought the captain's house and maintained the custom that his mother had started many years before. The captain's father had died at sea, and his widow each night as long as she lived put an oil lamp in the window. "To light his feet up the path when he returns," she explained. There was both a glory and a sadness in that oil lamp and the thought behind it.

* * * * *

The moors do not come to life until the fall, and then they put on their finest dress of red, orange and brown. At this season they have a dull appearance, but that does not drive out the romance (probably taken in from English literature) which is associated with moors. They rest the eyes as one walks by them in the direction of water. No matter in which direction one goes, he is always headed toward water, the surf of the Atlantic, or the calm of the sound side.

The streets show little life. The chief of police and his day force of one stroll around exchanging news with the shopkeepers standing in doorways to get the first, fine burst of sunshine. At noon one could shoot a cannonball up and down the Main street without hitting anyone, except probably a fisherman just in and on his way to the Spa for a drink.

But at this season of the year there is a pleasant sound all around the town—and it is New England in all its past and in its memories. That is the sound of hammer on wood and it brings to mind the great days of the town when the shipyards, with their master craftsmen, were building the sturdy boats that went around the world in search of oil from the whale and bone for the stays of ladies' corsets. Captain Ahab was familiar with this sound, and islanders away from home in the spring miss it. The houses are being prepared for the summer occupants, and the islanders are patching their own homes, proud of the reputation the town has for ship-shape neatness and cleanliness. Thriftly they paint only three sides of their houses, leaving the protected side to its bareness.

* * * * *

Over at Surfside, the beach is long, the sands yellow, the waves rushing in. The gulls swoop around, squawking at the intrusion of strangers. There is nothing between you and Spain and Portugal from this beautiful beach but the wide Atlantic.

One spring day I had walked from the town to Surfside, not meeting a soul on the way. I came down the long road to the beach and climbed through the cut in the dune. I was alone and the quiet was easy. I sat down on a washed-in orange crate to loaf and invite my soul, thinking that loneliness amidst the pleasant circumstances of wind, sun, sand and wave was not undesirable and understanding how men sought out such spots for contemplation, watching the gulls fly and the little birds run in and out with the tide. Here, I thought, I was away from the world and a disposition for escapism had a holiday.

That night I sat in the town's restaurant talking with friends among the islanders, and a Coast Guard officer came in and was introduced as from the Surfside station where there was a radio beam for ships at sea.

"I was out to Surfside this afternoon," I said to the officer, "all by myself and had a grand time being alone."

"You weren't alone," he laughed. "We had the glasses on you from the minute you struck the beach."

Existence is full of such disillusion.

Nantucket Subject of Article By Massachusetts Commission.

The Massachusetts Development and Industrial Commission is issuing a series of nine articles concerning Massachusetts' vacation and recreational advantages. Released this week is the following story about Nantucket, the third in the series, which is including the Vineyard, the North and South Shores, the Berkshores and Central Massachusetts among its other articles.

On the island of Nantucket where the "curfew" still rings out at nine o'clock on summer evenings and the grass grows between the ancient cobblestones of Main street, are maintained the treasured antiquities of two centuries.

But in up-to-date services and accommodations, Nantucket leaves nothing to be desired. Nantucket provides the newest of the new in spirit and fact. Here, in profusion and to suit every taste and purse, are all the facilities of modern living.

Though 30 miles at sea, this charming paradise island can be easily reached by modern forms of transportation from any point in the United States. Sturdy boats ply between the island and the mainland. Air travel is another popular way to reach the Island which has one of the largest and best airfields in New England.

Once a great whaling center, Nantucket has retained the salty flavor of a Colonial seaport. It still is rich in the traditions of men who sailed the seven seas in search of whale oil. Nantucket streets retain the quiet dignity those hardy seamen bestowed on them.

Tourists delight in visiting the Historical Museum which also houses the Old Quaker Meeting House. Then there's the Whaling Museum, the Old Mill, the Old Jail, and the beautiful former home of Maria Mitchell, one of the nation's greatest women astronomers.

In addition to Nantucket town, as the Massachusetts Development and Industrial Commission points out, there are lovely and interesting communities at Siasconset, Wauwinet, Madaket, Polpis, Monomoy, Quidnet and Surfside. Motor car or bicycle trips may be arranged to all of these historic places. Nantucketers who act as guides have rich stores of legend and fact.

Nantucket excels in offering exhilarating sports and recreation under ideal conditions of climate and terrain. Clean blue waters, salty and buoyant and tempered to a mild 74 degrees by the friendly Gulf Stream, make Nantucket an ideal bathing resort for all.

Sailing is of the competitive or loafing type. Vacationists may enter races or just cruise the harbor or Sound. There is excellent fishing The rips off Great Point and Smith's Point, the shoals off 'Sconset are famous for bluefish and striped bass.

Golfing, tennis, riding, dancing, stage plays, movies or just plain relaxing—all can be found on Nantucket.

4/8/50

Comm^n. on a/c from

Bal. a/c due 11

" " " 3.276 2

13.326 9

to B. C. Bank

Mrs Beckwith " 12 20 00

Bill " 12 50

" " " 19 90 524

" ✓ 189 Pr

" ✓ 139 for b

to Ship Thomas Ayp

a/c to Oct 31. 1862 1387 9

8 00

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51 72

THE STANDARD-TIMES, NEW BEDFORD, MASS., THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1950

Nantucket Offers Tourists Antiquity, Modern Living

(This is one in a series of nine articles describing Massachusetts' vacation and recreational advantages prepared by the Massachusetts Development and Industrial Commission. Cape Cod was described in an earlier article and Martha's Vineyard is to be the subject of a later story.)

On the Island of Nantucket, where the "curfew" still rings out at 9 on Summer nights and the grass grows between the ancient cobblestones of Main Street, are maintained the treasured antiquities of two centuries.

But in up-to-date services and accommodations, Nantucket leaves nothing to be desired. Nantucket provides the newest of the new in spirit and in fact. Here, in profusion and to suit every taste and purse, are all the facilities of modern living.

Though 30 miles at sea, this charming paradise island can be easily reached by modern forms of transportation from any point in the United States. Sturdy boats ply between the island and mainland. Air travel is another popular way to reach the island which has one of the largest and best airfields in New England.

Retains Salty Flavor

Once a great whaling center, Nantucket has retained the salty flavor of a Colonial seaport. It still is rich in the traditions of men who sailed the seven seas in search of whale oil. Nantucket streets retain the quiet dignity those hardy seamen bestowed on them.

Tourists delight in visiting the Historical Museum which also houses the Old Quaker Meeting House. Then there's the Whaling Museum, the Old Mill, the Old Jail and the beautiful former home of Maria Mitchell, one of the nation's greatest women astronomers.

In addition to Nantucket town, there are lovely and interesting communities at Siasconset, Wauwinet, Madaket, Polpis, Monomoy, Quidnet and Surfside. Motor car or bicycle trips may be arranged to all of these historic places. Nantucketers who act as guides have rich stores of legend and fact.

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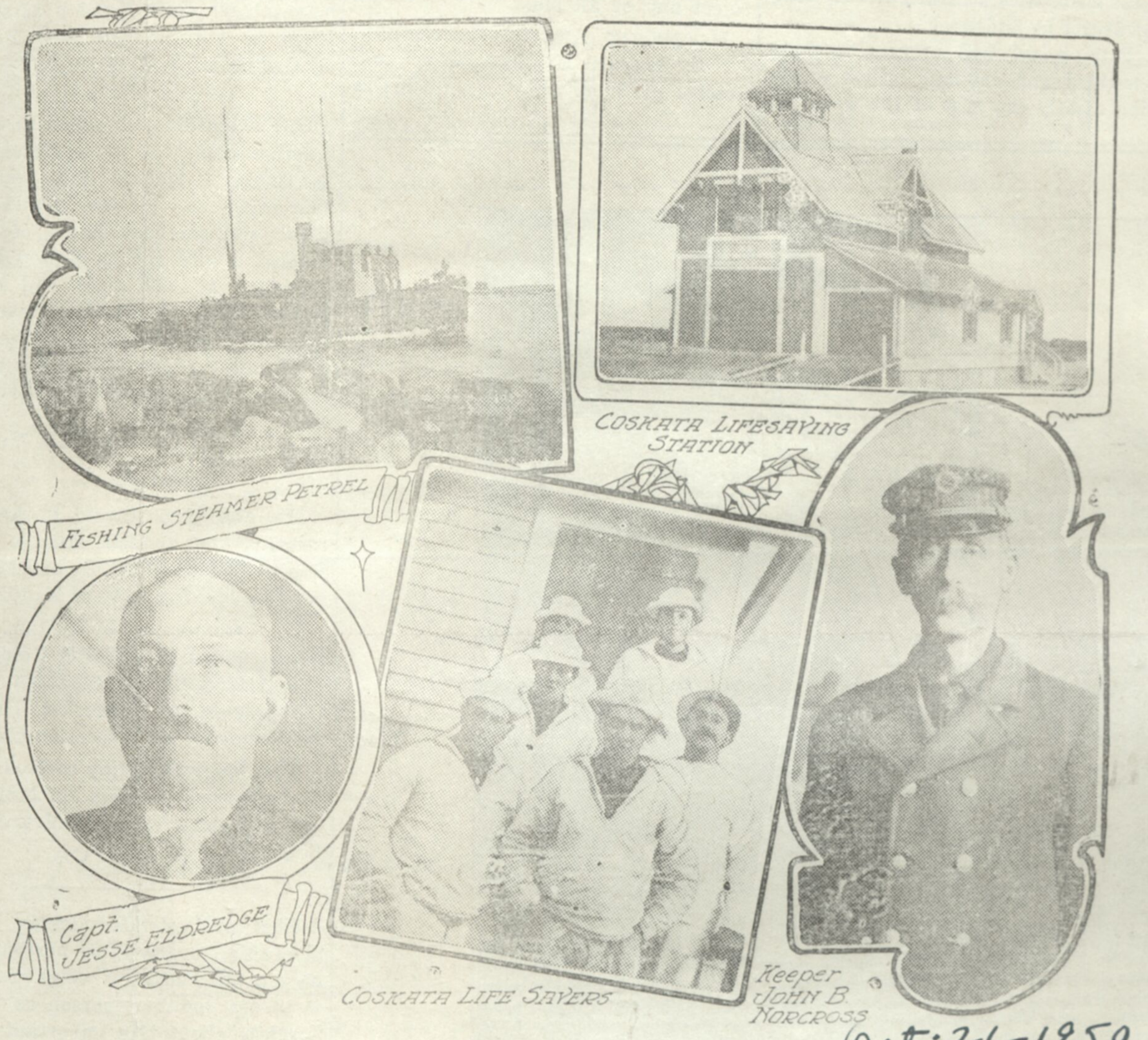
All Sports O:ered

Sailing can be of the competitive or loafing type. Vacationists may enter races or just cruise the harbor or sound. There is excellent fishing. The rips off Great Point and Smiths Point, the shoals off 'Sconset are famous for bluefish and striped bass.

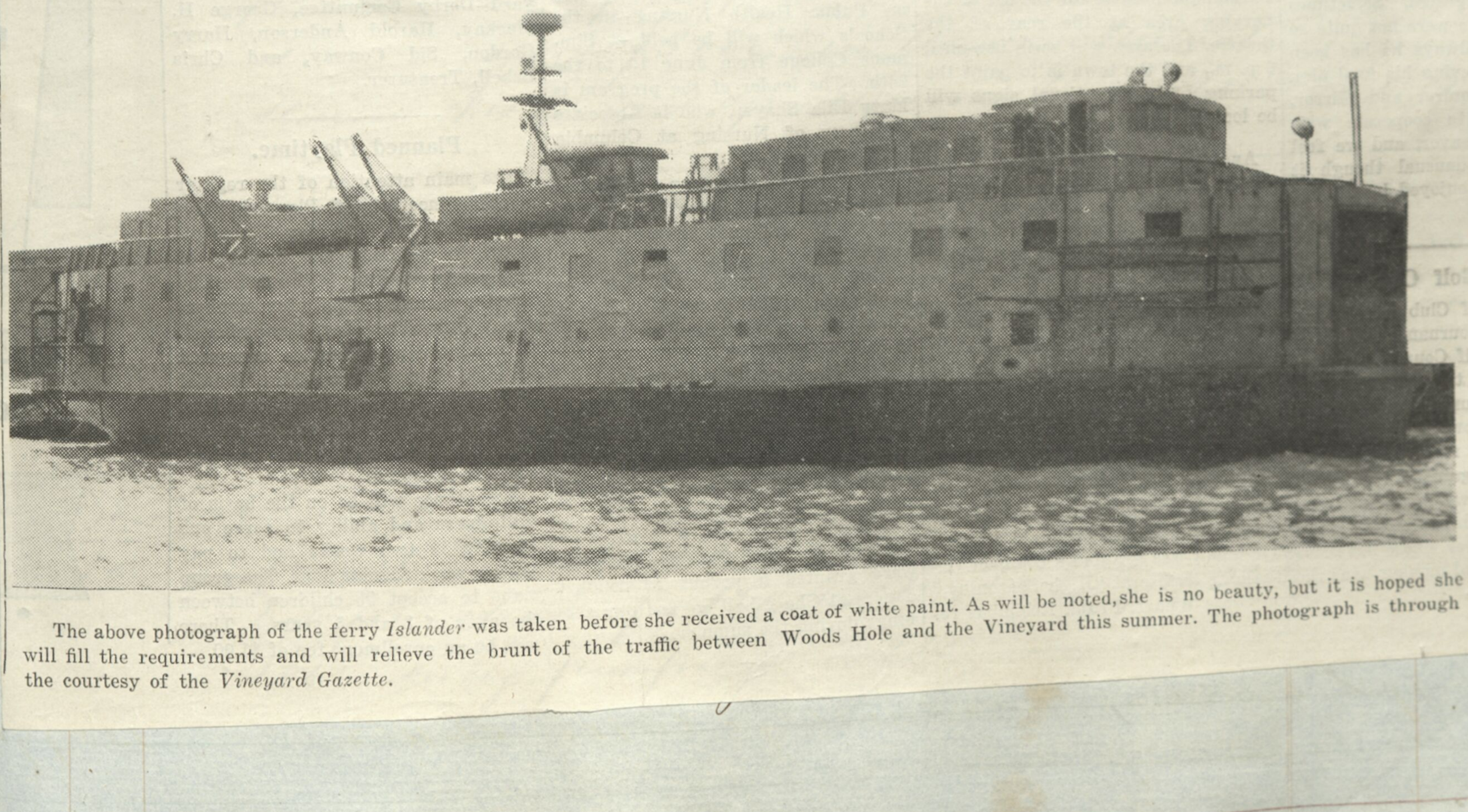
Golfing, tennis, riding, dancing, stage plays, movies or just plain relaxing—all can be found on Nantucket.



Oct. 21-1950

THE OLD COSKATA STATION, BUILT NOV. 24th, 1883, AS IT LOOKED HALF A CENTURY AGO. FIRST KEEPER WAS CAPT BENJAMIN PEASE, WHO WAS SUCCEEDED BY CAPT. WALTER CHASE, CAPT. JOHN NORCROSS AND CAPT. LELAND TOPHAM. CAPT. JESSE ELDRIDGE, SHOWN ABOVE, WAS A NOTED PILOT AND NO. 1 MAN AT THE STATION

The old station was replaced 20 years ago and this building was moved to the Brant Point Station this week.



The above photograph of the ferry *Islander* was taken before she received a coat of white paint. As will be noted, she is no beauty, but it is hoped she will fill the requirements and will relieve the brunt of the traffic between Woods Hole and the Vineyard this summer. The photograph is through the courtesy of the *Vineyard Gazette*.

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Nye " 4/16 " " " " 16.650 23
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H. Bliss
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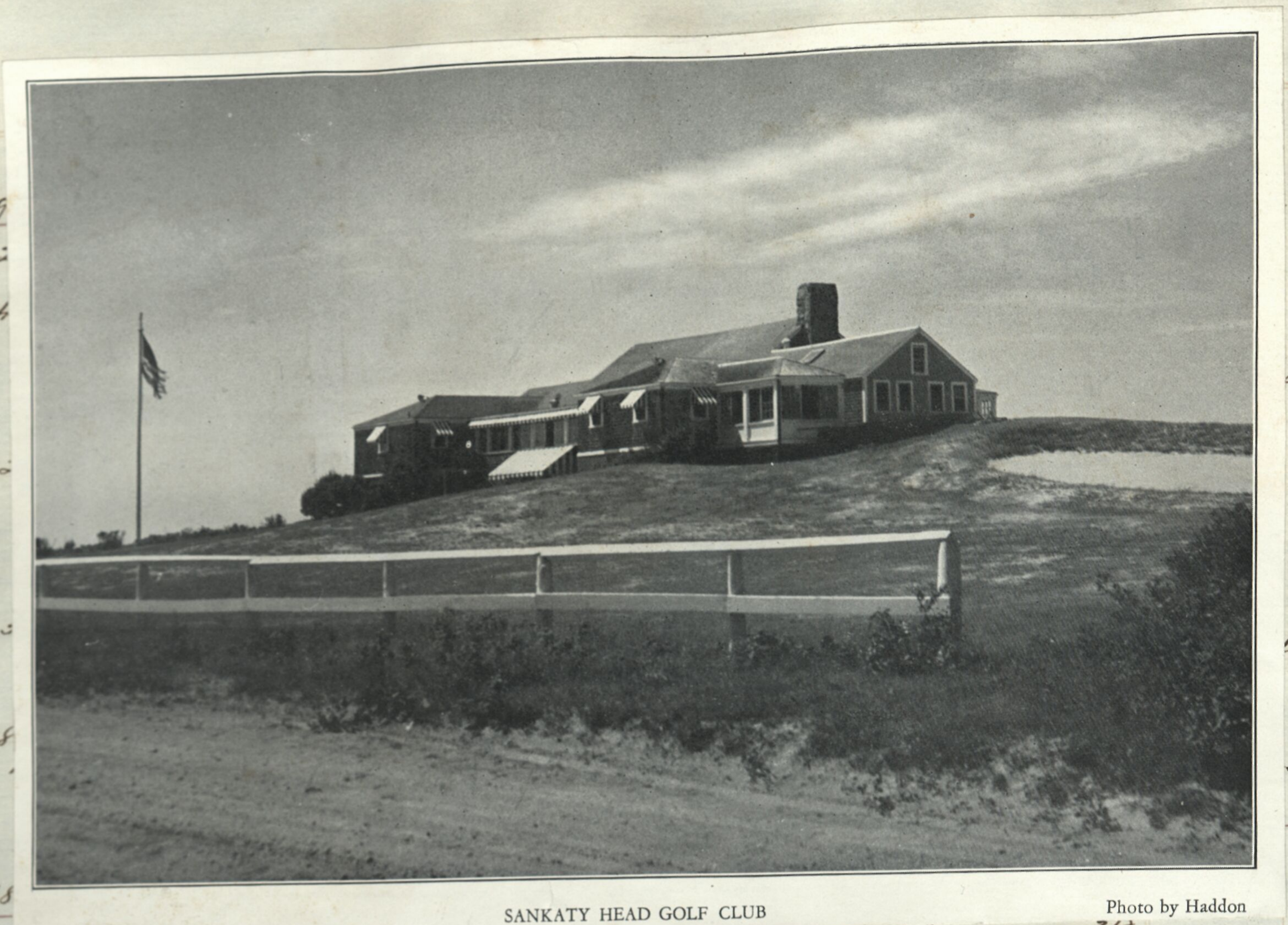

SANKATY HEAD GOLF CLUB

Photo by Haddon

" ✓ 18

" ✓ 244 Expense A/c [illegible] 2.25. .38

88

" ✓ 1 00

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" ✓ 18

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AFTER THE REGATTA

Photo by Bill Haddon

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" ✓ 193

" ✓ 129 Sh

" ✓ 194 Sh 16 00

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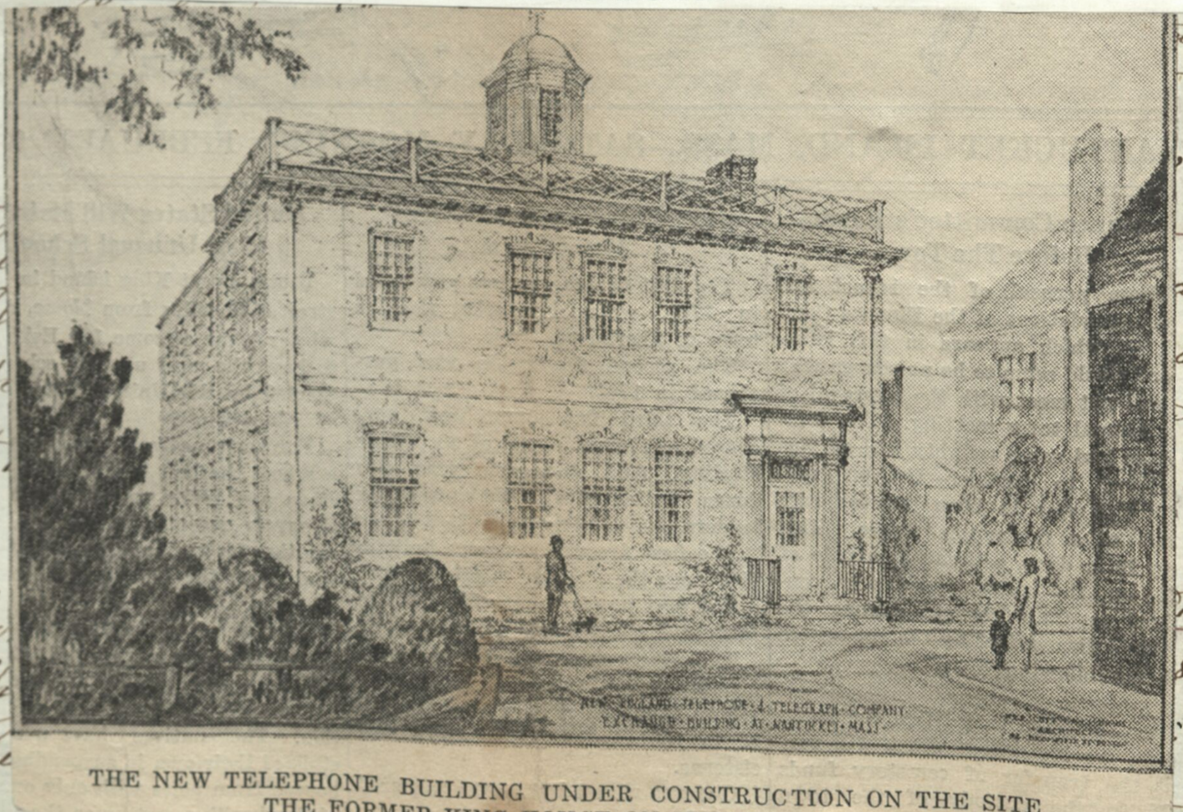
" ✓ 131 38 00



NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY
EXCHANGE BUILDING AT NANTUCKET MASS

THE NEW TELEPHONE BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION ON THE SITE
THE FORMER KING HOUSE ON UNION STREET.

118.62 91 49 386 98

1952

The Death of Gilbert Manter A Great Loss to Nantucket

In the sudden death of Gilbert Manter in Boston on Tuesday, Nantucket has lost one of its most prominent business men and a man to whom the island's interests were of major importance. Both as president of the Island Service Co. and as chairman of the Nantucket Transportation Committee, Mr. Manter worked faithfully and tirelessly for the welfare of Nantucket and its people.

No other one man on the Committee understood so well the problems faced by Nantucket with regard to the transportation situation, both steamship and airline, or worked so hard and selflessly to make sure that the island received its share of attention from the mainland authorities. Only as the weeks lengthen into months will this island realize completely just how much he and Nantucket's well-being were intertwined. His death is a serious loss to the community.

Mr. Manter had gone to Boston Tuesday morning with Town Counsel Roy E. Sanguinetti and Selectmen George Burgess, James K. Glidden, and Allen W. Holdgate to attend a meeting to be held at the State House Wednesday morning.

Having attended a preliminary meeting there Tuesday afternoon, he had started to walk from the State House with Mr. Sanguinetti and Mr. Burgess when he complained of a pain in his side. After resting for a few minutes on a bench on Boston Common, the men had proceeded to the Hotel Statler, where Mr. Manter collapsed in the lobby and died.

He was born in Nantucket March 6, 1899, the son of Mrs. Grace Manter and the late Everett Manter of Nantucket. He attended the Nantucket Schools, graduating from Nantucket High School in June, 1917. He entered the Student Army Training Corps in World War I, having his training at Harvard University with several other young Nantucket men.

Following the war he returned to Nantucket and entered the office of the Island Service Co. about 1926, where during the intervening years he held the position of bookkeeper, assistant treasurer, treasurrer and vice-president, becoming president of the company following the death of Mrs. Henry Lang in 1943.

On May 16, 1928, he married Miss Carrie M. Flemming, of Westchester, Nova Scotia, who passed away in June 1951.

In addition to his chairmanship of the Nantucket Transportation Committee, Mr. Manter was a trustee and a corporator of the Nantucket Institution for Savings; a director of the Pacific National Bank; a past president of the Nantucket Sportsmen's Club, of which he was one of the original members, and treasurer of the Nantucket Boy Scout Troop Committee. He was also a member of Union Lodge, F. & A. M.; the Pacific Club; the Maddequet Admiralty Association; Byron L. Sylvaro Post, American Legion; the 40 & 8; Nantucket Firemen's Association, and the Old People's Home Association.

He is survived by his mother, Mrs. Grace Manter, a daughter, Mrs. Bertha Arnold, a sister, Mrs. Marguerite Barrett, a grandson, and by several nephews and cousins.

Funeral services were held at 2:00 o'clock Friday afternoon, from the vestry of the First Congregational Church, the Rev. Clayton E. Richard officiating. The Masonic service at the Church was conducted by the members of Union Lodge, F. & A. M. Interment was at Prospect Hill Cemetery, the Rev. Mr. Richard conducting the committal service.

The pallbearers were Messrs. J. Allen Backus, Eugene Collatz, Oscar Eger, Harry Gordon, Reginald Hussey, and Ormonde F. Ingall. The honorary pallbearers were Sidney W. Thurston, Island Service Co.; Thomas Griffin, Socony Vacuum Oil Co.; William Cartwright, Norfolk Paint Products; Dr. Frank E. Lewis, Pacific National Bank; Ralph I. Bartlett, Nantucket Institution for Savings; William C. Brock, Old Peoples' Home Association; Herbert P. Smith, American Legion; George M. Lake, Pacific Club; J. Sidney Conway, Nantucket Sportsmen's Club; Earl S. Ray, Maddequet Admiralty Association; William L. Mather, Nantucket Transportation Committee; C. Ray Morris, Union Lodge, F. & A. M.; Archibald Cartwright, Nantucket Firemen's Association, and Norman P. Giffin, representing the Steamship Authority.

Lee Anderson. 1955

Lee Anderson, for more than thirty years a prominent figure in advertising and selling, died at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital on Saturday, July 9. He, with his family, had arrived at their summer home, "The Crow's Nest", in Wauwinet, only two weeks ago, hoping that the summer months in Nantucket would restore him to good health.

LEE ANDERSON

He was born in Laingsburg, Mich., on February 13, 1883, and began his career as a newspaper man as a feature writer on the Sunday "News Tribune" in Detroit. He became a sports editor of the "Morning News" and assistant managing editor of the "Detroit News". While a newspaper man, he wrote short stories published by Collier's Weekly, by Cosmopolitan, by Red Book, and by lesser publications.

In 1910 he became advertising manager of the Chalmers Motor Company, commercial and sales manager of the Hupp Motor Car Company, and later, vice president in charge of sales, service and advertising, in 1915. During World War I he was a "dollar-a-year" man with the Bureau of Aircraft Production in charge of public and labor relations. He was credited with having raised the production of Liberty aircraft engines from stagnation to an output which produced the 10,000th Liberty engine in late July, 1918.

Mr. Anderson resigned from the vice-presidency of the Hupp Corporation in 1919 to become the chief creative man for the Theodore F. MacManus Advertising Agency. While vice president of that agency, he handled such accounts as those of Cadillac division of General Motors, Packard Motor Car Company, National Aniline and Dye Corp., Gabriel Manufacturing Co., and Maxwell Motor Car Company. He was a close friend of Welton P. Chrysler and introduced Mr. Chrysler and the first Chrysler car to the American public. In the mid-1920's, he devised the emblem and the slogan "Body by Fisher", which have ever since been used by the Fisher Body Corp. In the development of the Chrysler Corporation, he also gave the names to the present Plymouth and DeSoto cars.

In 1928, Mr. Anderson left MacManus, Inc. to form his own agency, which in two years grew to one of the largest agencies in the country, handling all divisions of the Chrysler Corporation, and numerous accounts in other lines. He handled the advertising of Chrysler cars for more than twenty years.

With the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, he retired from the advertising business, except for a period of consultative work for New York agencies, among them Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborne. Upon retiring from active business, Mr. Anderson became executive head of the Michigan branch of Navy Relief, making Michigan the first state to attain its quota in this importaant field.

In 1931 he became Michigan Commander of the Crusaders, and was an important figure in the repeal of both the Michigan Prohibition and the National Prohibition Amendment.

Previous to World War II Mr. Anderson retired to Nantuucket, where he and Mrs. Anderson owned the property at 102 Main Street. With the coming of the Second World War he was called from retirement to become civilian assistant to the Deputy of Ordnance of the U. S. and Chief of the Tank Automotive Center.

After the war they lived in Woodstock, Vt., for several years and presently have a winter home in Cambridge, Mass.

In between his other activities he was the publicity chairman of the first Red Cross drive preceding the entrance of the U. S. into World War I, and of the First Liberty Loan drive in Michigan.

He was greatly interested in amateur theatricals and was a life member of The Players, was president of the Fine Arts Society and on the board of Les Varieties, all in Detroit. He wrote more than 200 one-act plays for these and other amateur organizations, some of which were published in a book of "Ten One-Act Plays" and "The Players' Book of One-Act Plays". He also published articles on advertising in 'Printers' Ink" and "Advertising and Selling", and on other subjects in "The Atlantic Monthly".

Among his other interests, Mr. Anderson made a hobby of collecting, acquiring a notable collection of prints from the earliest of the German and Flemish masters to the moderns. He was for many years a member of the Founders Society of the Detroit Museum of Art. His collections of Georgian silver, of early American pine and 18th Century furniture were distinguished. He was an inveterate reader and owned a notable library, his collection of the works of Aubrey Beardsley being one of the best in America.

He was an extremely generous man, donating, always anonymously, to many worthy organizations, among them the Nantucket Cottage Hospital and the Nantucket Boys' Club.

He held memberships in The Detroit Club, Detroit Athletic Club, Detroit Country Club, Bloomfield Hills Country Club, Grosse Pointe Club, The Players, the Witonagomote, all of Detroit; the Pacific Club of Nantucket, and many national organizations. He was an Episcopalian and a member of St. John's Parish in Detroit, Mich.

In addition to his wife, Mr. Anderson is survived by his daughter, Mrs. Beard Adams, and two grandchildren, Anne and Lee Adams.

Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at St. Paul's Church in Nantucket, the Rev. Bradford Johnson officiating. Interment will be held at a later date.

Death of James Barker, of The Eagle's Wing Studio.

James F. Barker, of Rochester, N. Y., and Nantucket, well known summer resident and proprietor of "The Eagle's Wing Studio," on Union street, died at his home at 565 Harvard street, Rochester on December 10, 1950. Mr. Barker was in his 78th year. He had been in failing health for the past few years, and had been confined to his bed since last April.

Born in Keokuk, Iowa, James F. Barker was a grandson of Captain James Barker, of Nantucket, who went out to the Great Lakes a century ago to command lake steamers. It was for the island steamboat, the *Eagle's Wing*, which Capt. Barker once commanded, that the late Mr. Barker named his studio.

The deceased was proud of his island ancestry and could trace back to 11 of the original first families who settled Nantucket.

Following his graduation from Cornell in 1893, with a degree of mechanical engineering, Mr. Barker spent a year during graduate work in architecture. He then became associated with the firm of D. H. Burnham and Company in Chicago.

His entry into the educational field took place in 1897, when he left the Allis Chalmers Company to become Superintendent of the Manual Training Department of the East Division High School, Milwaukee.

For six years, Mr. Barker was in charge of industrial work at the school, later to become supervisor of instruction in chemistry and mathematics. He occupied similar positions at Grand Rapids High School and later at Hackley School, Muskegon, Mich.

In 1906, he went to Cleveland to plan the layout and equipment of the East Technical High School. On the completion of that building in 1907, Mr. Barker became its first principal, a post which he held for nine years.

Mr. Barker went to Rochester to assume the Presidency of Mechanics Institute of Technology in September, 1916, and three years later was appointed Assistant Superintendent of Rochester Public Schools, in charge of vocational training.

In addition to his work as vocational superintendent, Mr. Barker was also general supervisor of evening schools, summer schools and continuation schools in the city. In 1933, he became President of the Eastern Arts Association and chief officer, under the Board of Education, for the direction of some 300 teachers and 30,000 students enrolled in the federal and state financed ERA program.

Mr. Barker retired in December, 1936, after 40 years in the field of education. He is credited with having been largely responsible for the excellence of the city's present vocational system.

Following his retirement, Mr. Barker devoted time to his other interests. He was an avid artist and an expert photographer, and he was also interested in pottery making, metal working and cabinet making.

Opening his photographic studio on Union street a dozen years ago, Mr. Barker's "Eagle's Wing Studio" became a popular rendezvous for all camera enthusiasts. He made many friends and his colored, framed photographs of island scenes were very popular. On several occasions he held exhibitions, and the Nantucket Neighbors called upon him on numerous occasions to give illustrated talks on his Nantucket pictures. For many seasons he exhibited notable oil paintings at the annual Sidewalk Art Show in Nantucket, where is waterfront blues never failed to attract attention.

He was a member of St. Paul's Episcopal Church and of the Masonic Order. Survivors are his wife, Florence Barker; a daughter, Mrs. Horton L. White, of Auburndale, Mass; a sister, Mrs. Stella Knapp; and a grandson, Lewis C. Cooper, of Troy, N. Y.

Funeral services were held at his late home in Rochester on Wednesday, Dec. 13. Interment will be at Nantucket at the convenience of the family.

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YOUR OWN HOME SUNDAY NEWSPAPER

2/24/57

Nantucket Fireplaces

10

Any architect or contractor can prove easily a fireplace isn't necessary or even particularly convenient in your new house. And any architect or contractor knows that, regardless of what the slide rule says, most home-buyers want a fireplace.

Why?

Ask and you'll get such replies as "It doesn't seem like home without a fireplace" or "It's so cheerful and light" or "I like to watch the flames" and so on and on.

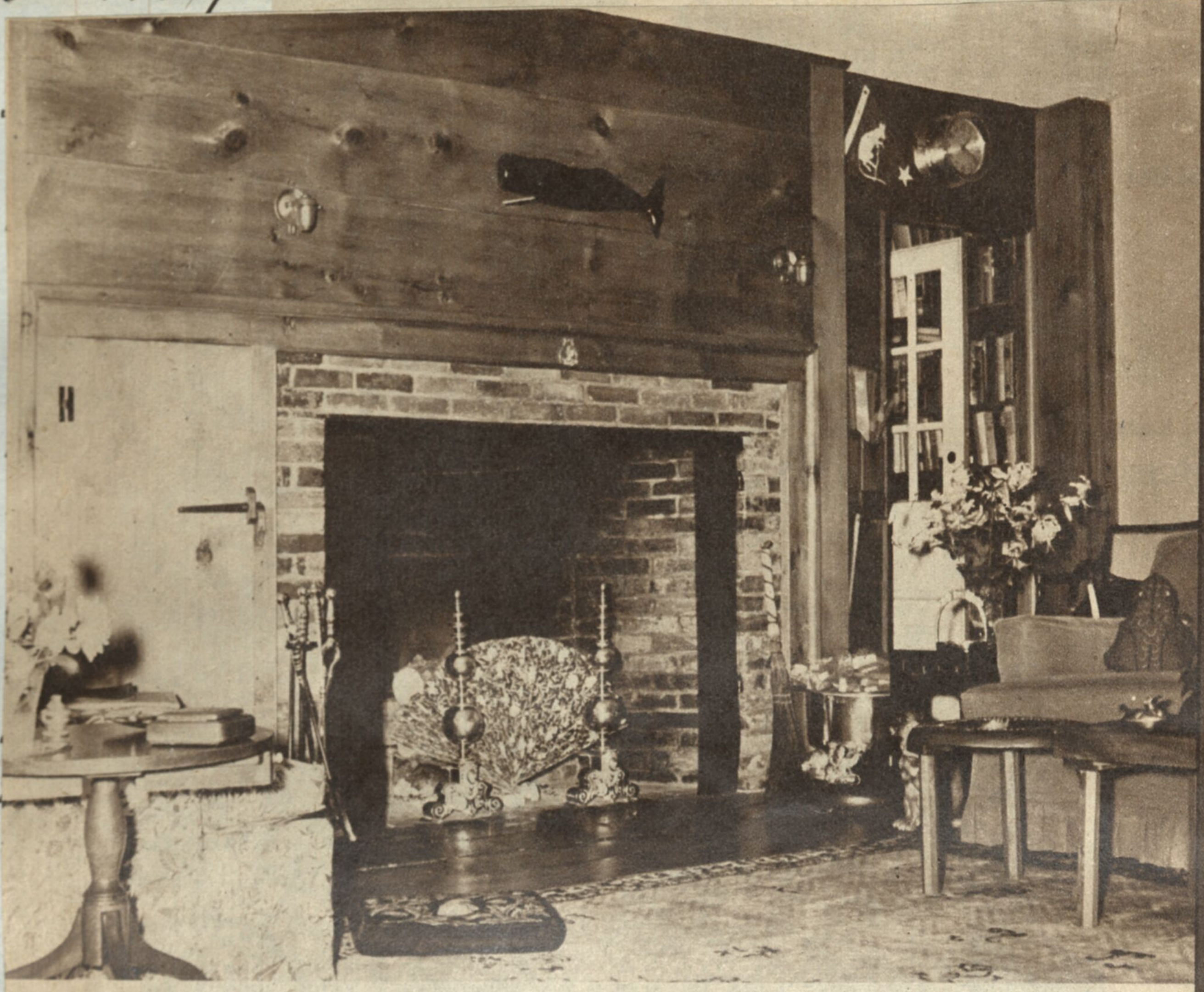
Behind such glib replies lies, perhaps, the real reason 20th Century men and women still want fireplaces . . . a dim racial memory of man's countless eons when only the gift of fire distinguished him from the wild beasts of the forest . . . the uncounted centuries that the flickering flames held off the darkness of the prehistoric night, frightened away wild animals, kept man warm in Winter and cooked his food the year round.

Less remote in time are our own colonial days when big fireplaces like the ones shown here in the homes of Nantucket kept our forebears warm against the subzero blasts of New England Winters, cooked the game they shot in the forests around them, lit their cabins and cottages during the long Winter nights.

Prehistoric or historic, men and women today remember and cherish the debt they owe to fire. And so in modern ranch houses or ramblers or new equivalents of old Cape Cod cottages, you'll usually find a fireplace . . . but not quite so large and handsome as these outstanding examples photographed by Paul F. Whitten of Attleboro on Nantucket.

4 26

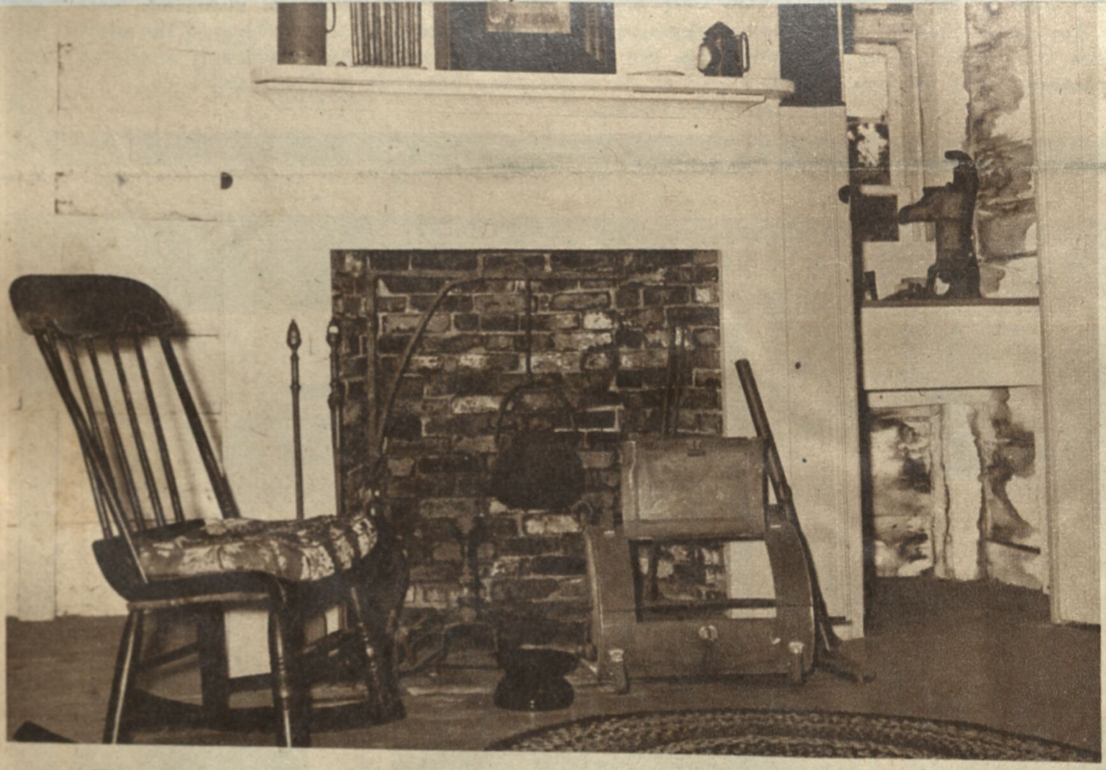
2 40



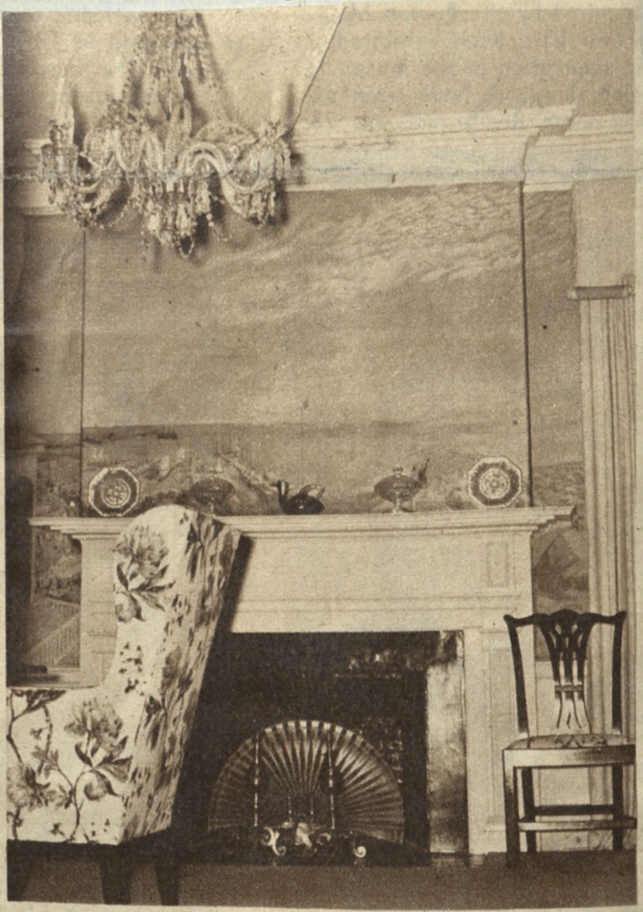
TO THE REAR OF THE MACY HOUSE is rather an informal living room. With its small fireplace, it is a very pleasant place to spend a cozy evening, when the Wintry gales are sending a chill-laden spray over the lonely moors. The fire sends out a radiating warmth into the room, and the dancing flames and the odor from the driftwood seems to cast a spell upon the occupants.

Wellcot & Richmond's Store 10/21.

" ✓ 222 Speculation in Sperm Oil pr Ohio for Cartage
3 Casks Sperm Oil from Rotch's Wharf to
Cellar 10/22. — — — — 5 ..



The 1800 House has some fine old fireplaces, but perhaps, the most interesting is the one in the kitchen. The kitchen is more of the old living room type of kitchen, but does not boast a huge fireplace. It would have been rather difficult to cook a great variety of foods on such a small fireplace. The utensil, with a cover, to the right of the fireplace is a very good example of the early roasting-kitchen.



As one comes into the front hall of "Moors' End," Pleasant Street, and turns right into the dining room, a beautiful oil mural of the old Nantucket wharves, as they must have been in the whaling days, is seen over a fireplace. The small fireplace, its plain mantel and the unpretentious andirons do not detract from the painting.

29 44

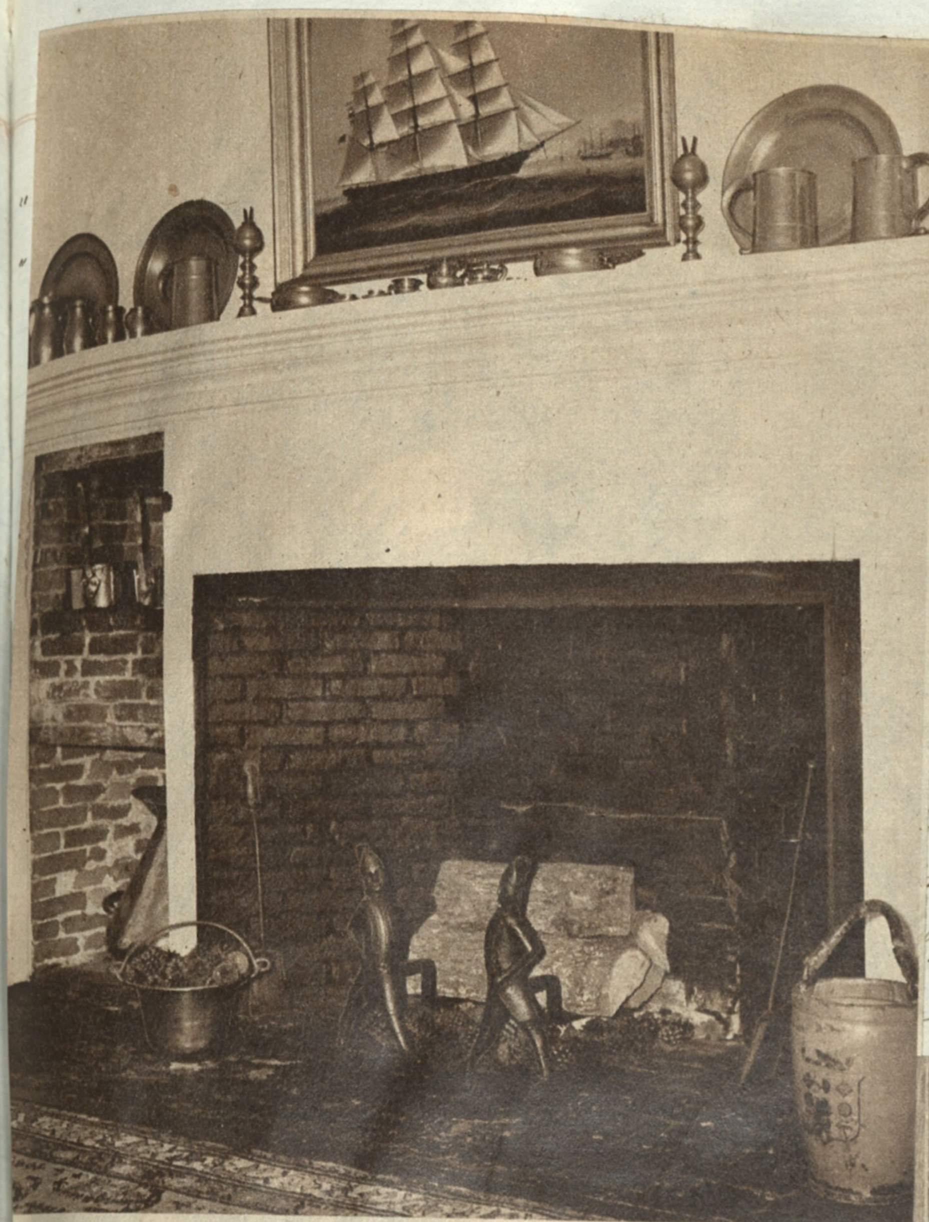
24 7

" ✓ 69 Go Howland Wharf Co pr Storage on 57 1
Bond from 7m 12 to 8m 19 —

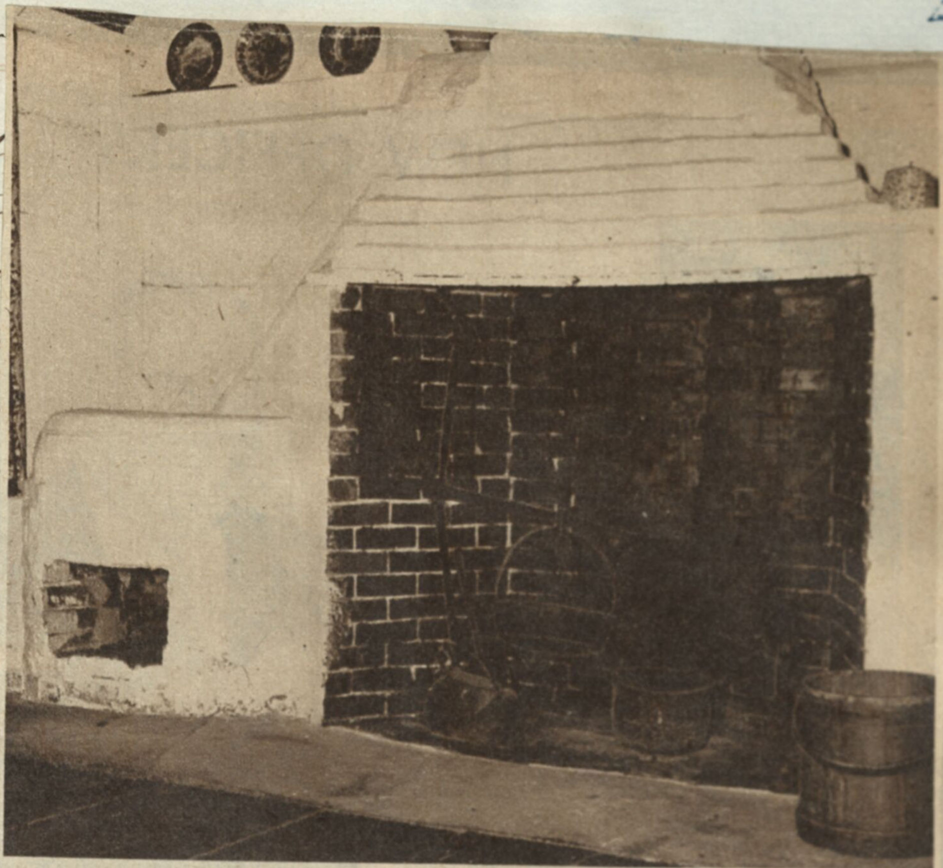
" ✓ 189 Interest A/c for 37 days interest on $3945.42 to

" ✓ 30 Profit & Loss A/c for amt to balance a/c —

38 4



The fireplace in the Potter home, Mill Street, in the dining room, has a brick baking oven, to the left of it. A fire was kept burning for hours until the bricks were very hot. When the wood was reduced to ashes, the oven was cleaned out and made ready for baking. Notice the andirons are patterned after a British red coat. The bucket to the right of the fireplace is an old leather one, such as was used by a bucket brigade in case of fire. On the mantel is a collection of fine old pewter.



The fireplace in the Summer kitchen of the Elihu Coleman House is of special interest. It projects into the room about 6 feet, 6 inches. Beside the fireplace is a place for heating water. It is thought that the bricks for this fireplace were made from clay taken from the pits on the island.

✓ 195 Ship Gazelle Outw^d. p^r W

✓ 131 Bills Payable p^r

✓ 226 Tripp & Bound

✓ 244 Expense A/c p^r Ge

George S.

Bridget

Geo. Mud

Edm^d Ba

Mrs. E. A.

Herbert. T.

✓ 36 Stock in B. C. Ba

Shares

50 00

✓ 228 Sto

0000 7869 68

✓ 210 R

Bound

✓ 226

1140 30

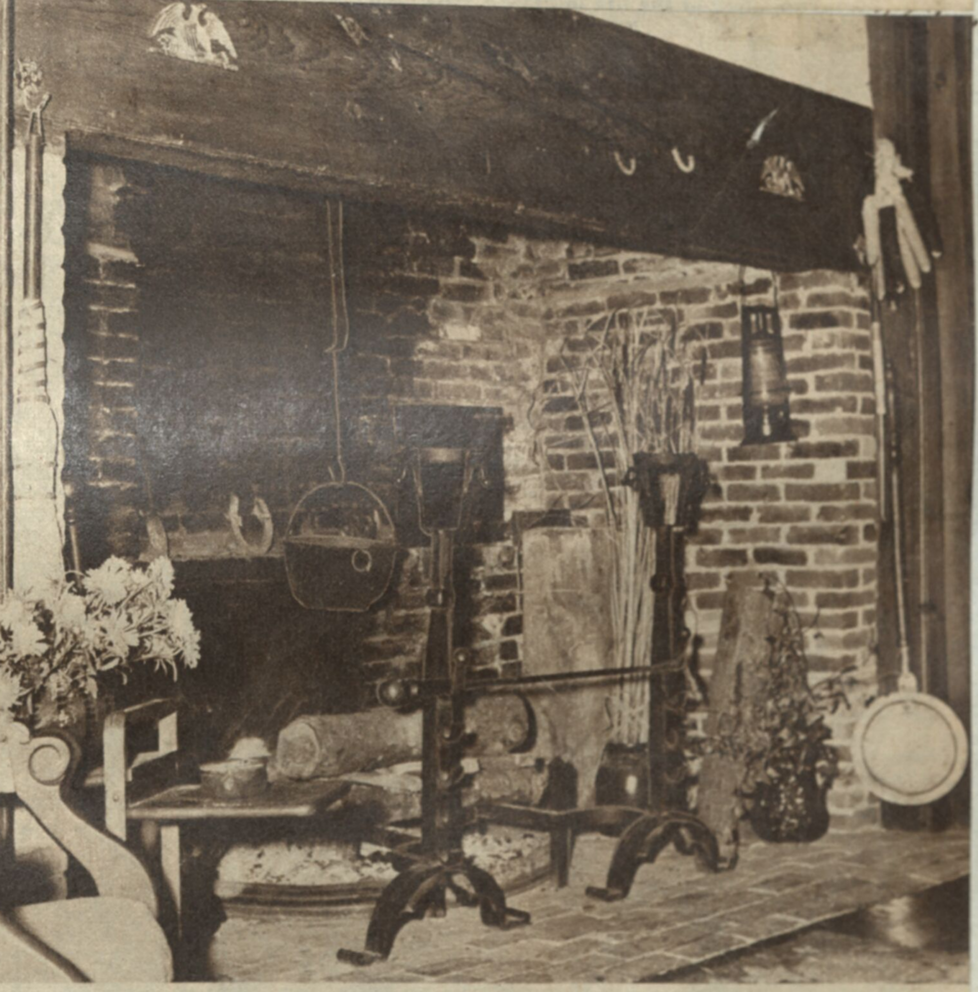
✓ 241 S

93 63

✓ 189 J

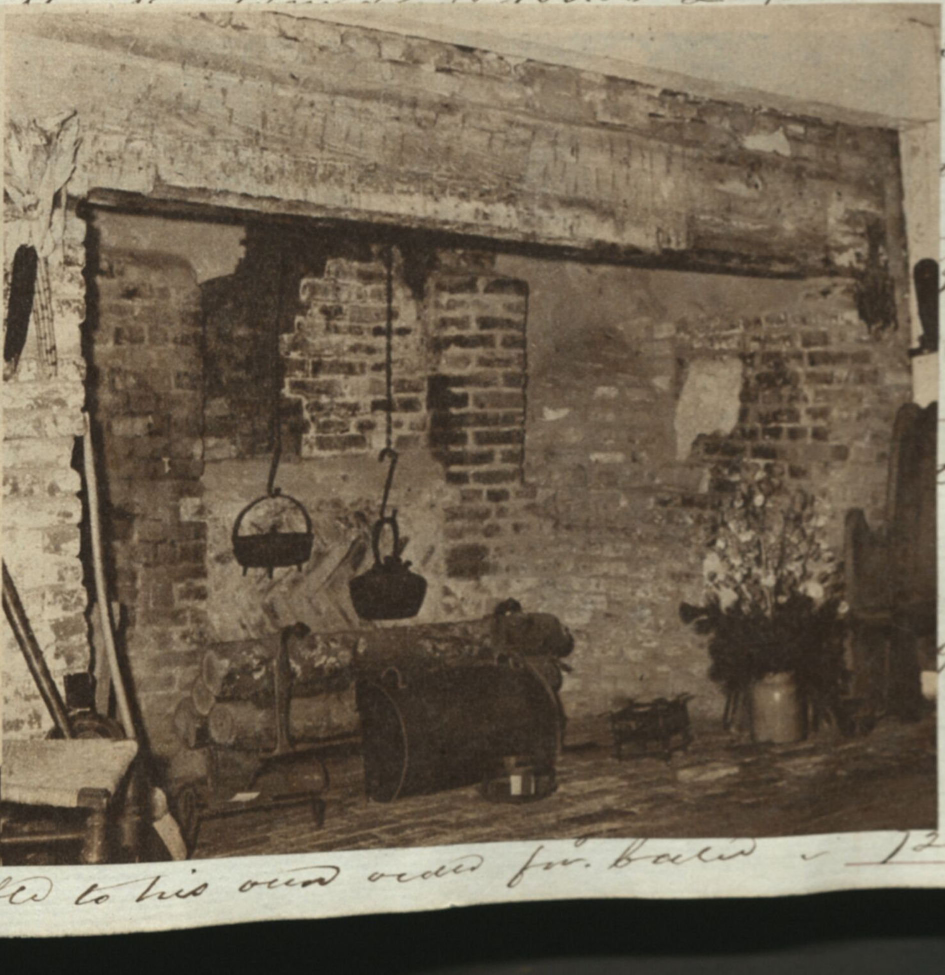
✓ 193 B.

grand payable to his own order for bal^a — 1202 26 7295 89



Notice the huge timber over the fireplace of the Kilvert House, and the handrubbed woodwork. The andirons are possibly the type the early colonists used for torchlights. The upper structure contains bulrushes soaked in discarded kitchen fat. The warming pan hangs to the right of the fireplace.

The Keeping Room of the Jethro Coffin House, 1686, is on your right as you enter the front door of the house. The fireplace is one of the largest on the island and is an excellent example of colonial fireplaces. The width is 7 feet; height 4 feet; depth 3 feet. In front of the fireplace is one of the old roasting - kitchens, which was a great improvement upon the bake-kettle.



THE OLD HOME PORT

Scene 1 1659

A tiny shallop, tossing on the Sound,
Beaten and buffeted by wind and tide.
A sturdy figure, bending at the helm,
Breast-forward, as the seas dash o'er the bows.
A woman, at his feet, with terror-stricken face,
Beseeching hands clasped tightly in despair,--
"Good husband, spare thy children, spare thy wife!
We fear the storm-wind and the cruel waves;
Have mercy! put thy boat about, and speed,
O speed us safely home again."

But Goodman Macy, with unflinching gaze
Fixed steadily on the horizon's mystic line,
Speaks sternly: "Woman, go below and seek thy God;
For I fear naught on earth, nor yet in Hell.
See'st thou yon curving shore, low-lying, to the South?
Yonder I steer my course; yonder my haven lies;
Naught shall deter me, naught shall turn me back,
Till on Nantucket's desert sands,
Free from oppression's iron rule,
I make, for me and mine, a new home-port.

Scene 2 1853

A clipper-ship, full-rigged, her owner's pride!
See how she balances upon the main,
Light as a fairy, graceful as a girl!
From jib to tops'l, all sail set, white-winged she flies,
Like to a sea-gull, floating free,
Its buoyant body borne before the breeze.
How daintily she dips her slender prow
Beneath the sparkling waves, the while
She beckons to the winds that blow,--
Fair winds that fling her billowy canvas wide
And send her scudding on her homeward way,
A thing of beauty for all men to see!

Her master, lost in thought, paces the quarter-deck;
In fancy, sees his Nancy on the house-top walk,
Waiting and watching for the distant sail,
Straining her eager gaze to sight the ship
That brings her teas and silks and spices from Cathay.

What now? --the look-out from aloft sings out,
"Sail Ho-o-o!"

The captain sweeps the ocean with his glass,--
"Where away?" "Two p'ints, Sir, off the weather-bow,
All sail set, an' makin' for us." .... Ah! who knows?
A sister-ship, perhaps, bound home from India--
Now, for a race to port, in goodly company!

The stranger-craft looms near. Oho!--no merchantman--
Only a whaler--by her rig. Oh well, here in mid-ocean,
She must be hailed, at least.
"Ahoy there! Ship ahoy! Who are you? Where y' from?"

Across the intervening waters comes the cry,
"From the Pacific--Ship Venture--Captain Coffin."

"Where's y' port?" "Nantucket Island."

"How long out?" "Three years, four months."

"What's y' cargo?" "Oil--sparm-oil--two thousand barrels."

"Where y' bound?" "Home-port--Nantucket. Say! who are you?
Don't pass us, mess-mate--WE WANT NEWS--heave to, can't ye?
Come alongside--~~drop anchor~~--have a gam! ..... God! she's gone!

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Between the jetty-lights, at eventide,
Marking her course with rippling wake of foam,
A stately steamer ploughs her rhythmic way,
Crowded, from stem to stern, with "summer-folk"
Who hail the island as their pleasure-ground.

The watchers on the wharf set up a shout,
"The boat!" "The new boat!" "There she comes!"
"She's whistling--hear her?" "It's the NANTUCKET!" "Sure!"

The steamer forges on--comes swinging round the Point--
A ghostly gull glides gracefully athwart the bow,
Where stand two figures peering through the dusk.
And one speaks heartily, his weatherbeaten face
Aglow with friendliness: "Well, stranger,
Cruisin' down along, I 'spose, to rig y' summer-home.
That's right! No finer spot in all God's universe.
Look yonder! -- There! -- across the hills--see that?
That's Sankaty--she winks a welcome--see her flash?
Lord knows Nantucket needs you, stranger,
And the island's yours; but don't forget,--"
(Blue eyes still keen, in spite of years,
Compel the other's glance) "the men who made it."

"Forget!" (quickly the answer comes) "Not I!--
I could not, if I would. Why, man, my people
Were of those who crossed the Sound, in 1659,
To find asylum here. They were of those
Who sailed the seven seas and chased the mighty whale.
They were of your breed, Cap'n, I feel sure,--
My name is Folger. Not many of you fellows left,
You old sea-dogs who made Nantucket's fame,--
I'm proud to know you. Coming home, you say?--
Back to the old home-port? -- to stay?--that's fine!
We'll surely meet again,--till then, Good Luck!"

The two grip hands. The landing-bell booms out
To guide the steamer creeping to the dock.--
The call comes, "All ashore!"

A taxi claims the stranger--whirls him off
Amid a cloud of dust and traffic-din,
Honking of horns and reek of gasoline,
The sign and symbol of a restless age.

The twilight deepens--through the gathering mist,
The curious crowd departs--men seek their homes,
Forsake the steamer rocking at her berth,
And quiet reigns, once more. But, still aboard,
A lonely figure lingers in the bow,
His gaze intent upon the grey-roofed town,
Whose friendly lights gleam faintly through the fog
That wraps it round, as with a mantle soft.

No one is near to see the gesture that enfolds it all,
The light that kindles in the keen, blue eye,--
No one is near to hear the whispered words
That echo, softly, on the evening air:--
"North'ard o' sixty--time to shorten sail--
Time to heave to an' make things snug an' taut.
Praise be! I've found my moorin's, once again,
And come to anchor in THE OLD HOME-PORT."

Helen Cartwright McCleary

Read at the thirty-fifth Annual Meeting of the Nantucket Historical Association, on the occasion of the dedication of the Whaling Museum, on Nantucket Island, July 24, 1930

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Review of Edouard A. Stackpole, *The Sea-Hunters*

The following review was published, in Portuguese translation, in the *Boletim* of the Sociedade de Geografia de Lisboa, Série 72ª — N.ºs 1-3, Janeiro-Março, 1954, pp. 127-130. Because the *Boletim* does not furnish offprints of reviews, I am taking the liberty of sending you a copy of the English original.

F. M. R.

EDOUARD A. STACKPOLE - The Sea-Hunters: *The New England Whalemen During Two Centuries 1635-1835*, Philadelphia and New York: J. B. Lippincott Company, [First Edition, 1953], 510 pp. $7.50.*

The Pacific Ocean belongs to the saga of United States history as the waters around Africa and those of Southern Asia belong to Portuguese history.

On the one hand, Yankee merchant ships ventured from the American Atlantic Coast around the Cape of Good Hope to the western portions of the Pacific, and around the Horn, up to the American Northwest, and out into its broad expanses from the east. On the other hand, Yankee whalers, sailing ever farther out to sea, combed the Atlantic (North and South), the Indian Ocean, and the seas around Antarctica, and thoroughly explored the Pacific.

A recent book about the early days of the American whale fishery has, in my opinion, a two-fold interest for Portuguese readers, and especially for Portuguese scholars. It discusses the American exploration of the one area which the Portuguese had, perforce, to leave untouched and, therefore, forms a logical sequel to the tale of the Portuguese pioneers. It also provides the indispensable background for an understanding of the Portuguese emigration to the United States, because many Azorean, Madeiran, and Cape Verdean emigrants participated in American whaling.

South of Boston on the Massachusetts coast, Cape Cod juts out into the Atlantic. Slightly farther south lie two graceful islands, what might be called Massachusetts' *ilhas adjacentes*. They are Martha's Vineyard and — a few miles nearer Portugal — Nantucket.

It was the people of Nantucket who developed American whaling and dominated the industry for two hundred years. In the 1830's the center of the industry, for a variety of reasons, passed to the Massachusetts coastal port of New Bedford. Mr. Stackpole, in a thoroughly scholarly fashion, documenting every statement, tells the story of the Nantucket phase of whaling.

Mr. Stackpole is a native of Nantucket and a direct descendant of the whalemen of old. He was associated for years with a newspaper on the island and in 1951 resigned this position when he was awarded a fellowship of the Guggenheim Foundation. This award, made possible by the generosity of the family which has given the United States its present ambassador to Portugal, enabled Mr. Stackpole to complete *The Sea-Hunters*, his sixth book. President of the Nantucket Historical Association for many years, he had access to log-books, private correspondence, and other materials, and his study reflects mastery of these sources. Just recently he left Nantucket to become Curator of the Mystic Marine Museum, in Mystic, Connecticut.

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*Editor's note: The writer of the present review is a Professor of Romance Languages and Literatures at Harvard University and Dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences of that institution. A member of the Sociedade de Geografia de Lisboa since 1952, he is the grandson of an emigrant from Horta, on Fayal, in the Azores who eventually became a whaling captain.

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In thirty-one chapters, Mr. Stackpole gives a detailed chronological account of the Nantucket whalers, with information on whalers from other ports as well. The story, as it unfolds, is the narrative of evolving American geographical knowledge. Specifically, in 1792 a Nantucket vessel, the Beaver, was the first whaler out of an American port to round the Horn and sail into the Pacific (p. 152), and the earliest voyages of American ships into the Indian Ocean were made by whalers (p. 194). And then, in 1807, an incident takes place which recalls events of the early days of Portuguese exploration: the Favourite, returning to Nantucket, brought back two Chinese merchants, among the earliest of the native Canton trading princes to visit Americans (p. 235).

Just as Zurara follows Dom Henrique's skippers ever farther down the African coast, so Mr. Stackpole accompanies the men of Nantucket ultimately to the remotest corners of the earth. A sampling of the chapter headings gives an idea of this expansion of the industry:

I Whaling Alongshore
II The Whaleman Sails Out Into "Ye Deep"
XI The Whalemen Round Cape Horn
XIV The First American Whalers to Desolation Island [Kerguelen]
XX Into the Uncharted Central Pacific
XXV The First Recognition of Antarctica

An underlying thesis, or perhaps assumption, in The Sea-Hunters should be of interest to Portuguese scholars. It is that the religious faith of the Nantucket whalemen, who belonged to the Protestant sect known as Quakers, or Society of Friends, prepared them in ideal fashion for the rigors and the long months, and eventually years, at sea. "It was as if the islanders, creating as they were the headquarters for American deep-sea whaling, found in the Quaker faith the perfect union of the elements of living" (p. 24).

The author stresses the role of the Nantucket whalemen as explorers, an incidental role, to be sure, but significant for Geography. It was the whalemen who, from their repeated cruising on the same "grounds," mastered local conditions and corrected the positions of remote islands, places which merchant seamen may have noted only in passing. The author also emphasizes the role of the whalers as oceanographers and reproduces, on one of the sixteen pages of illustrations, Benjamin Franklin's well-known chart of the Gulf Stream, a chart based on information provided the distinguished scientist by the Nantucketeers and, specifically, by his cousin, Captain Timothy Folger.

Of great interest to American readers is the account of the migration of Nantucket whalemen and their families to Nova Scotia, to Great Britain, and to France during th trying days of the American Revolution. Of universal interest is the story of William Rotch's petition to protect the Quaker whalers in Dunkirk. It was presented before the French Assembly in Paris, of which Mirabeau was President.

> Mirabeau replied in kind, but remarked carefully: "My Brother, if thou hast a right to be free, thou hast a right to prevent any one from making thee a slave.... Consider well, whether the defense of yourself and your equals be not also a religious duty." (p. 168)

The Sea-Hunters is not a perfect book. Like so many volumes treating of travel and exploration, it is lacking in adequate maps to aid the reader. Nowhere is there a satisfactory description of the ships whose wanderings in quest of the sperm are discussed. Portuguese readers, ever interested in the transmission of geographical lore, will be disappointed at the lack of information on this point. They will, quite naturally, wonder whether the Yankees built on the knowledge first acquired by the Portuguese. Mr. Stackpole does not say. He merely whets our appetite, as when he discusses the whalers going

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up the Madagascar coast:

> As they surveyed this virgin coast, what must have been the thoughts of these whaling nomads, who could fully appreciate that this was the legendary land of the Roc that carried Sinbad the Sailor to the Valley of Diamonds in distant India. (p. 198)

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Only a few other hints are given concerning the passing on of geographical information. On p. 199 we learn that Kerguélen-Trémarec discovered Terre Desolation in 1772, that Captain Cook visited it in 1776, and that in 1792, the whalers were there. On p. 208 we read that Captain Cook's description, printed in 1784, induced the British sealers to sail to South Georgia, and on p. 267 that

293

> The tremendous sweep of the great Pacific had challenged the foremost navigators of Europe for three centuries, and yet only Captain Cook, Admiral Bougainville, and a few others had penetrated and written in detail of those portions of the mighty ocean which the whalemen were to explore so thoroughly...

Continuing in the same vein, the author writes on p. 275:

> /The sea-hunter/ was no longer a mere blubber-hunter, a pursuer of whales; he was also an explorer, whose voyages were now supplementing those of the great navigators of all nations: Cook, Roggeveen, Bougainville, Tasman, La Pérouse, Dampier, Magellan, and Drake.

The latter statement will hardly satisfy a Portuguese! Nor will a Spanish scholar be content with the little mention of the Spanish contribution in the Pacific, activity which is so evident from island names and which has been duly noted by Melville in his classic Moby Dick. Spanish scholars will be interested, however, in the activities of the whalemen on the west coast of South America in the early days. Certainly someone should develop the challenging suggestion on p. 302 that "It is fair to presume that the influence of the whalemen had much to do with the initial phases of the revolution of the Spanish-American colonies against Spain."

37.000

The Sea-Hunters merely outlines the background for the emigration to New England from the "Western Islands," Madeira, and the Cape Verdes, for the bulk of this emigration took place after the date at which Mr. Stackpole necessarily had to terminate his fascinating book. Yet here again he whets our appetite.

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First of all there are the activities of the famous Aaron Lopez of Newport, where he arrived from Portugal in 1750. (p. 71) And then the vessel Braganza is mentioned in connection with the year 1834 (p. 346). On p. 405 Antoine Roger, seaman, is mentioned as on the Harvest in 1844, the given name showing the insular Portuguese pronunciation of António, a pronunciation carried to the United States and eventually acclimatized as Antone, as in the name of Captain Antone Prada of Edgartown on Martha's Vineyard (António Pereira). Finally, on p. 440 Manuel da /sic/ Sousa is mentioned as on the Meridian in 1830.

Mr. Stackpole draws a line between the early period of whaling, dominated by the Quakers of Nantucket, and the later period, after the 1830's, when New Bedford took over. It was the New Bedford activity which attracted the Portuguese, who migrated "cá para

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baixo," as the Portuguese in the islands so charmingly call New England to this day, eventually to move on, with the Gold Rush and other influences, to "lá para cima," to become "calafonas" in the etymological sense. In view of the enormous contribution of the Portuguese to this phase of whaling, let the Portuguese scholar ponder the following statement, which is patronizing ... and insular:

> No better illustration of the dividing line between the "golden age" of whaling and the "age of gold" in whaling may be given than the difference between the crews of the ships before 1830 and after 1835. While the first full century of deep-sea whaling was characterized by the quality of the experienced whalemen who captained, officered and manned the ships, the period, after the first years of the 1830's, was marked by the influx of greenhorns, waterfront toughs, *foreign adventurers and unsavory characters, who shipped to escape the law or to a planned desertion.* Too few whaleships had officers with patience enough to train such a heterogeneous crew. (p. 470, italics mine)

The American side of the New Bedford period has received considerable treatment in American books. It is now time for the scholars of Portugal, both continental and insular, to step in. Here is an opportunity for them to collaborate in reconstructing the circumstances of the departure of the islanders for the New World, to provide the background for a definitive account of the contribution of the nineteenth and twentieth century Portuguese immigrants to that New World. Some interesting work has been done in recent years on the islanders in Brazil. Leo Pap has written an interesting little study on the Portuguese language in the United States. I am delighted to learn that a distinguished philologist, Professor Paiva Boléo of the University of Coimbra, is now making long overdue detailed dialectological studies in the Azores. Much more remains to be done, on both sides of the Atlantic and in the middle. It is to be hoped that more scholars will devote their energies to the islands and to the expansion of the islanders in the New World.

Harvard University

Francis M. Rogers

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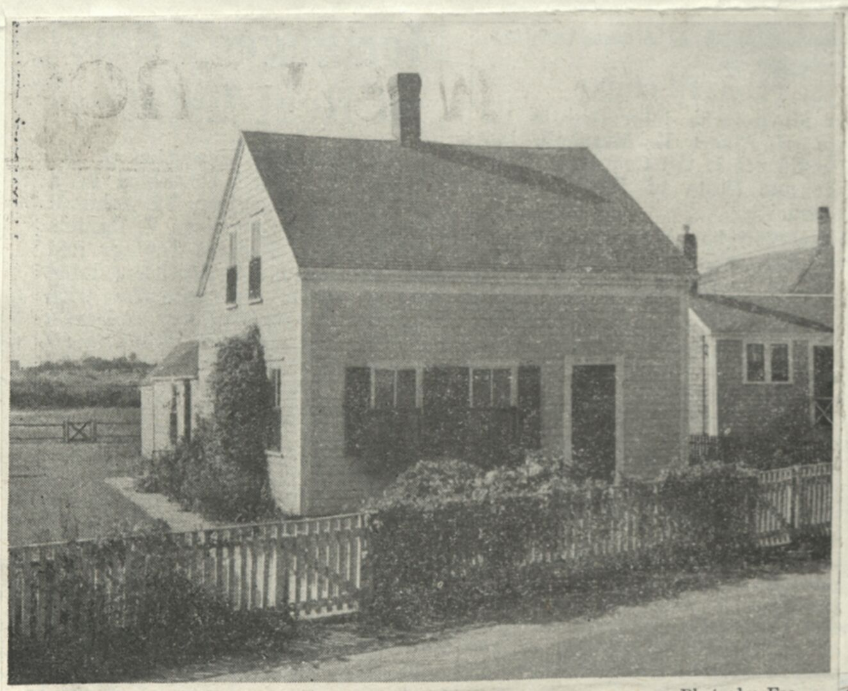

Photo by Fee

Mr. and Mrs. Paul F. Whitten, of Attleboro, Mass., have sold their property at No. 42 West Chester street to Mr. and Mrs. Warner G. White, of New York City. Mr. and Mrs. White expect to live on the Island permanently in the near future. The sale was made through Elias J. Lyon & Co., Realtors.

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Death of Benjamin H. Ticknor.

Benjamin H. Ticknor, for many years a summer resident of Nantucket, died here on Saturday last of a heart ailment. He had just returned to the island after an absence of several months, having spent considerable time in California since last fall.

He was a devoted admirer ot Nantucket and he was always keenly interested in maintaining the traditions of his adopted island home.

A number of years ago he purchased one of the town's fine old houses on Pleasant street, restoring and renovating it, and it was here that he planned to spend much of his time. His mainland home was at 46 Carlton street, in Brookline, Mass. Last year he retired from his post of Vice-President of the Houghton, Mifflin Co., having entered the firm as a young man shortly after his graduation from the famous Roxbury Latin School. He retained his position as a Director of the Company after his retirement.

Col. Ticknor was in his sixty-sixth year. He was born in Hingham, Mass., the son of the late Benjamin Holt Ticknor and Caroline (Cushman) Ticknor. His grandfather was William Davis Ticknor, a founder of the widely-known publishing house of Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, which firm published the books of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Whittier, Longfellow and other of the famous authors who made New England literary history.

During World War I, Mr. Ticknor was commissioned a captain and regimental adjutant of the 101st Field Artillery, which fought at Chemin des Dames, Tours, the second battle of the Marne, St. Mihiel and Verdun. He was awarded the Silver Star for gallantry. Later, he was appointed a Lieut.-Colonel on the Staff of Gen. Erland Fish, of the Mass. State Guard.

He was a member of the Union Boat Club, St. Botolph's and Odd Volumes Society, the Sons of the Revolution, the Society of Mayflower Descendants, the Loyal Legion, the Sankaty Head Golf Club, Nantucket Yacht Club, Wharf Rat Club and the Pacific Club.

During his Presidency of the State Chapter of the Sons of the Revolution, he welcomed contingents of islanders from the Nantucket Chapter on the occasion of the Franklin Day annual banquet in Boston. He was a regular speaker at the annual banquet of the Thomas Turner Chapter of the Sons of the Revolution in Nantucket.

Col. Ticknor was offered the Chairmanship of the local Veterans' Housing Authority this spring, but he declined because he felt he could not devote the necessary time in its organization period.

Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Theresa Marcus Ticknor, and a sister, Mrs. James M. Hunnewell.

Funeral services were held in the Church of Our Saviour, Monmouth street, Boston, on Tuesday afternoon at 3:00 p. m.

1949

Walter Swain Hinchman.

Walter Swain Hinchman, who died Wednesday, July 6, at his home in Milton, was one of Nantucket's sons.

His mother was a Mitchell, a cousin of the famous woman astronomer, Maria Mitchell. Among the many inheritances which Walter Hinchman possessed, the Mitchell traits of honest thinking, brilliant and witty repartee, and devotion to the universal were clearly evident.

Though born in Burlington, N. J., and giving the best of his life to teaching boys in Groton School and Milton Academy, Massachusetts, he devoted a large part of his thought and energy to the interests of the Maria Mitchell Association of Nantucket which was organized and endowed by his mother, Mrs. Lydia Swain (Mitchell) Hinchman.

Haverford College, Penn., Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., and a period at the University of Berlin, Germany, were the educational institutions where he got his look at the universe. Probably from his own point of view, the universe was revealed to him more effectively by his many years of research in the backgrounds of English literature and the adventure he had in helping boys to be captured by what captured him. To this should be added that much came to him from a few years as a contributing editor of Forum Magazine and from the writing of a dozen books and more than two dozen magazine articles and pamphlets on many literary subjects.

It was during the years of teaching that "there was a growing interest in writing" but the temptation to make writing his major was resisted because his teaching was more intriguing. He could not have been deaf to what was happening. Frederick L. Allen, editor of Harpers Magazine, writes: "It was Walter Hinchman more than anybody else who got me interested in books". Arthur B. Perry, headmaster of Milton Academy says: "Students remember him for the opening of their minds and imaginations".

But during all the years of his teaching, the Mitchell inheritance of loyalty to Nantucket, received from his mother, was constantly calling him to responsibilities which he added gladly to his already full life.

His mother, with the help of her sister, Mrs. Mary Ann (Mitchell) Albertson, had made plans to establish in Nantucket, a memorial to their celebrated cousin, Maria Mitchell. They wanted it to be a "living memorial" to aid in the advancement of science.

This desire took definite form by 1902 in the organization of the Maria Mitchell Association and the purchase of the house on Vestal Street where Maria was born. During the early years of the association, Mrs. Hinchman, as first vice-president (she refused to be president) was very active in all projects and constantly aided by her husband and her older son, Russell. After their deaths she turned to her younger son, Walter, and he became one of the three vice-presidents and on his mother's death in 1938, succeeded her as first vice-president. In this office he became one of the most influential members of the Board of Managers and worked to make the Association on Nantucket a contributor to the advancement of science in memory of his kinswoman, Maria Mitchell.

After his retirement from teaching and during life in his pleasant Milton home, he wrote "The Perfect Paradise", an honest and bright book with much wit and humor. He said, frankly, that he wrote the book for his grandchildren and also for himself, commenting that no longer working for the publisher, "now I shall write what I please". Here are the events of his life adroitly put in the background, and stories and incidents and friendships of college and teaching days made to reveal his own attitudes toward friends and literature and life. Here, too, he has preserved the romance of his visit to Ludlow, England, and his meeting the Hendersons and his future wife, Julia, at "The Castle" —the old gate house of Ludlow Castle much enlarged.

Walter Hinchman was in his 76th year; he is survived by his widow, Mrs. Julia Henderson Hinchman, two sons, Richard and John, four daughters, Mrs. Harwin Schaefer (Hildegarde), Mrs. Joel L. Bowditch (Mary), Mrs. J. Malcolm Barter, (Dorothea), Mrs. Richard S. Slawson (Margaret), and sixteen grandchildren.

7/16/1955

Nantucket's House-top Walks Still Survive.

1937

The following article on Nantucket's house-top "walks" appeared in the New York Herald-Tribune last Sunday. It was written by Louise Langdon and in the main is a very good description of Nantucket, although the writer has erroneously referred to the walks as "widows' walks" instead of "house-top walks".

Cobblestones pave Main Street, Nantucket, and the 165-year-old red-brick building of the Pacific Club, formerly the warehouse and office of William Rotch & Sons, leading whaling merchants of their day, still stands at the foot of this delightful old street. Tall elms cast their shade across it, and benches line its curb.

As the visitor wanders along the sidewalk he might think Nantucket hadn't changed in a hundred years. There is even a surrey or two drawn up to the curb, the horse drooping sleepily in the noonday sun and flicking flies away with a desultory tail.

If you wander up the street further, past the Pacific National Bank that stands at the other end of the cobbled Main Street, you might begin to believe that the thirty-mile steamer trip from the mainland had carried you back into time instead of out on an island in the Atlantic. The houses that line upper Main Street have a quaintness and charm unrivaled in the East, and the pure Georgian architecture of some of the places remains unspoiled. Standing flush with the sidewalks, with stone steps mounting steeply to a small square door well, these houses are almost perfect examples of how our forefathers lived.

Built of red brick with white trim, the houses have silver knockers on the front doors that bear the names of the families who built them more than a hundred years ago. Quaint sloping roofs slant back until they seem to disappear in a tangle of garden. Box hedges that line brick walks send forth fragrant odors. If you stand quite close to a high white board fence and crane your neck over it, you can glimpse a riot of color in the old-fashioned gardens that flank many of the houses.

Most of the roofs still retain their "widows' walks", indicative of Nantucket and reminiscent of the days when whaling was the chief industry. From these queer little roof-walks atop the houses, it is said, earlier families would scan the surrounding waters to watch for the incoming whaleships. If the visitor climbs the stairs of the south tower of the Unitarian Church, where for a hundred years a night watch was maintained, and looks down on the town below, he will see scores of these little white-railed platforms, mute evidence that many sturdy Nantucketers went down to the sea in ships and that their families never ceased watching for their return.

Nantucket was the center of the whaling industry in 1840, and at that time the largest whaling port in the world. In 1830 the largest cargo of whale oil ever taken was brought home in the ship "Sarah". The load was 3,497 barrels and the cargo was valued at $98,000. Small wonder the stately houses on upper Main Street show signs of solid and enduring wealth. Such returns explain how the Starbucks, Macys and Husseys could build themselves and their families substantial homes, glistening with polished mahogany and silver and stored with treasures from beyond the China seas. Whale oil was precious and expensive then. All the oceans were the Nantucket whaling grounds and many a city fortune of today has its foundation in the whaling industry of Nantucket.

To learn more about this vocation you may visit the whaling museum down by the Wharf, or better yet, visit the Pacific Club and inspect the Captain's Room where relics and souvenirs are displayed, and where books and pictures and harpoons add to the lore of this maritime art. In the old whaling days the shipmasters would meet in the Captain's Room of the Pacific Club to discuss the news of the day, probably much in the manner of the frequenters of a London coffee club.

From the land-locked harbor of Nantucket, whalers set forth on long and perilous voyages. By 1791 Nantucket shipmasters were known as the pioneers of the Pacific whale fishery. The first whaler to round Cape Horn was the ship "Beaver", out of Nantucket, commanded by Captain Paul Worth. In 1773 three whale ships of the firm of William Rotch & Sons (whose warehouse is now the Pacific Club), after discharging cargoes of oil in London, were chartered by the East India Company to carry tea to Boston. Arriving in Boston harbor their cargoes of tea were thrown into the river. Thus the famous Boston tea party was held on the decks of these Nantucket whalers—Dartmouth and Beaver and Bedford.

By 1822 more than eighty-five whale ships hailed from the port of Nantucket, and carried back wealth to the little island, which is only fourteen miles long and three miles wide.

Among the historic buildings on the island is the old Jethro Coffin House, built in 1686. The fireplaces in it are constructed of large bricks laid in mortar from lime obtained from sea shells. Ship-knee braces secure the corners, and there is a little opening near the door through which the cautious householder might observe the visitor who sought admittance—just in case he might be a marauding Indian, earliest inhabitant of the island, from whom the pioneer settlers purchased the rights to the land in 1665.

Southwest of the town of Nantucket stands the Old Mill, built in 1746, probably from ship timbers taken from sea wreckage cast upon the storm-swept outer shores. Corn is ground here still in the old-time manner and is sold at one of the grocery stores on Main Street.

For all its quaint charm and unspoiled beauty, however, Nantucket has kept pace with modern demands. With the invasion of the automobile, excluded from the island until 1918, has come the development of hard-surfaced roads that lead to wind-swept beaches. The visitor also may drive for miles over single-track sandy lanes through moors redolent with Scotch heather and Irish broom, to come suddenly upon a bluff facing the wide Atlantic. There he may watch the surf rolling in from Spain, some 3,000 miles distant and the nearest land to the east.

Nantucket, meaning "at the land far off to sea," was discovered in 1602 by Bartholomew Gosnold, English navigator. Now the vacationist may fly there from Boston or New York in less than two hours or sail there from Wood's Hole in three hours, but he will still have the feeling that it really is a "land far off at sea."

The flavor of "down east" lingers along the Main Street, in the back-yard gardens, down the crooked little side lanes. You can always discover something new in Nantucket, something so old and quaint that it actually is new.

Everywhere one sees evidences of Nantucket's days of whaling spendor, when Moby Dick, the white whale, captured the imagination of sea-faring men, and today you still can taste the same brand of quohog chowder that Herman Melville immortalized in his salty tale.

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"Whim-whams and Opinions" Aboard a "Whaler."

A young man's journal of a whaling voyage on a Nantucket ship over 100 years ago, presented in instalments.

Chapter One.

12/11/37

I was born—no matter where; my parents were—no matter who. My disposition to roam having carried me to Boston, I resolved to take once more to the salt pond, without informing my parents of my destination. There being no ships at this place that were going on long voyages, I proceeded to Nantucket where I was confident they could be obtained.

This (Nantucket) is an island almost adjoining Cape Cod and partakes a little of its nature—being all sand. The latest history of its origin and the most probable is: Manshae, the Great Spirit, came on a visit to the Indians of Gay Head and, after partaking of a hearty meal, they collected all the tobacco on the island to fill his pipe. After he had finished smoking, he put one foot over on Naushon and, in this position, emptied the ashes of his pipe, which formed this island. With few exceptions, the inhabitants were avaricious, ignorant and superstitious. As they are all employed in the whale fishing, it does not entice much commerce nor intercourse with other parts—neither does the place (which is a dreary waste) have any charms for the invalid or stranger. In a national point of view, its benefits are many. Their enterprise and industry have carried our flag to nations and latitudes all over the globe. Their oil supplies our cities with light, their shipping employs a great many green hands who seldom go the second time but which, of course, supplies our shipping in other ports with hardy and able seamen. In a few words, it may be called the nursery of American seamen.

At this place, without counsel to aid or advise, I entered in the capacity of mariner on board the South Sea whaleman, the ship "Hero", of Nantucket.

On the 8th of November, 1821, she sailed in ballast to Old Town for our provisions, boats, etc. This employ detained us until the 1st of January, 1822, when we weighed anchor and proceeded to Tarpaulin Cove. The wind being unfavorable, we were detained until the 4th, when we finally took our departure from the land of liberty.

Most all our hands being unaccustomed to the motion of a ship, those countenances that before had been expressions of pleasure and health, in a moment became dejected, pale and terrific—such a scene is difficult to describe. Literally, it was a floating hospital. Some would lay prostrate on the deck, as regardless of the spray as it was of them. Others were lying on their chests, sighing to be home where some friendly hand would administer to their wants, instead of which their shipmates, more accustomed to the boisterous elements, stood and laughed at their calamity. Our passage through the Gulf of Mexico was cold and boisterous. After arriving in the trade winds, all hands once more mustered to duty and in a few days their countenances resumed their former vivacity and their stomachs their former appetites.

On board these ships it is customary to have a man at each masthead for the purpose of looking out for whales. This, instead of being a disagreeable berth, is, on the contrary, the most agreeable for, without neglecting your duty, you can recall to mind your past conduct, plan your future pursuits and consider your later end, without any annoyance save the chirping of the sea birds over your head.

Here, active fancy travels beyond
sense,
And pictures things unseen.

The boats employed in chasing the whale are constructed of light materials, 18 or 20 feet in length, sharp at both ends so as to be propelled off and on. The apparatus attached to them includes: a line coiled a la mode Flemish, in a tub seated near the stern, at which place there is a loggerhead. Around this the line is taken, the end carried to the bow and the harpoon fastened to it. With this, when sufficiently near, the harpooner rises and trikes the whale.

The moment he feels the instrument the whale feels with his flukes for the offending object, but the boat, by this time, is sterned off. He then takes to sounding and goes under sometimes the length of the line, which is from 150 to 170 fathoms. His speed at this time may be judged by its requiring one hand to wet the line to keep it from firing the loggerhead, while the other hand is employed in holding on. After staying under from a quarter to a half hour, the whale then rises to the surface to "blow". The boats are then hauled on and the officer with his lance kills the huge animal—though sometimes with difficulty and considerable danger. Our boats were fortunate in being stove only three or four times.

Nothing occurred worthy of note (breaking out the hold every day excepted) until our arrival in latitude 28° S, when the man at masthead sung out "There she blows!" There was considerable confusion as most of us were ignorant of the manner of catching whales and, not being accustomed to a small open boat, it added considerable toward retarding the pursuit. After rowing a half mile we came up with the school and soon laid two of them dead or, as whalemen say, "belly up". They were then towed alongside, their hide (or blubber) cut off and hauled in, where there are two pots erected for the purpose of trying. These two whales made seventy barrels of oil. Until this critical juncture my spirits and ambition had been at its height, but the filthiness and fatigue of the work, both day and night, made my high spirits leave this tenement of clay through every avenue in it.

We are now shaping a direct course tó Cape Horn and, as we approach it, are taking every precaution in our power to withstand its boisterous shores. From what I had heard of it I anticipated considerable disagreeable weather. On the voyage I had read Commodore Porter's narrative which, in his description of the Cape, corroborated all I had heard.

After 60 days of buffeting the boisterous elements, accompanied with hail and snow, we finally succeeded in getting round. Such were my fears that I had anticipated more than was realized—though I admit we suffered considerable. In my opinion, Porter made a Judas of himself in his description of this place. He was only 15 days off here, with a fine, well-manned frigate under him. Yet thousands of his countrymen, in worse times and ships, seldom make mention of it—though an author must be allowed to say something (right or wrong) to make a book. We ran south as far as 61° but found no wind or weather to favor us. I should say Porter's directions concerning the route are correct for if you keep in sight of, or near to, land and a favorable wind should happen (which lasts but a short time, at best) you can take advantage of it. On the contrary, if far to the southward, it is of little benefit. We saw here a large whale, but it was, and always is, too rugged here to catch them.

We ran as far as Conception, and then commenced cruising. Formerly, at this latitude, ships could fill in a short time, but whales are seldom seen here in these days and, when found, they are so wild that they are caught with difficulty.

As we did not go into any of the ports on the coast of Chili, I can form no idea of the country, but I am informed that the soil is fertile—producing wheat, rye, corn, etc.; with all kinds of fruit in abundance—and very cheap. Valparaiso is the principal seaport and city on the coast, from which there is considerable commerce carried on, principally by Americans.

We proceeded along the coast, occasionally catching whales, until our arrival at Payta, a small town in south latitude 5°, on the coast of Peru. Nothing could induce any civilized people to reside here were it not for the good harbor, which attracts whale ships to stop here to repair and recruit. The town contains about 200 houses or huts. Both public and private buildings are constructed of bamboo and mud, one story high. The household furniture consists principally of an oak bench which extends around the room and answers a twofold purpose of chairs and bedsteads. In the center of the room, a little elevated, stands an iron pot which, when they have provisions, is used for cooking. Let their poverty be ever so great, still the house is filled with half-starved domestic animals which make it dangerous for a person to eat anywhere near them without first securing them.

At this place there is no vestige of vegetation, nor any water fit for drinking purposes within ten miles. The town is situated at the foot of a high bluff to the top of which I climbed after great difficulty and, for my pains, saw nothing but a dreary waste. I am informed, however, that the interior, from whence they procure their substance, is very fertile.

At this place we were allowed one day's liberty—after being at sea for 150 days. While we were quietly seated in a private house, partaking of fruit, what was our astonishment when we were saluted by a raggamuffin Spaniard carrying something that had the appearance of a musquet.

He addressed us with the words "largo boardo" ("go on board"). At first we hesitated to obey the summons, but, none of us understanding much of the language so that we could not ascertain the cause of the order, and seeing others come to assist him, we concluded that he was obeying orders from higher authority, and we tamely submitted and marched to the pier.

Here we found 50 or 60 seamen from other ships who had been escorted in the same honorable manner as ourselves, and here we also heard the cause of our being held in durance vile. The case was: an Indian belonging to our crew had become intoxicated and had engaged in a skirmish with four or five of the Spaniards. The masters of the ships in port had become fearful of serious consequences ensuing, so they had an order issued from the Commandant for us to be sent on board.

At the time my blood boiled with indignation to see a parcel of young men deprived of our liberty when we were peaceably enjoying ourselves (and that civilly) and molesting or injuring no one. To make the circumstances more aggravating we were ordered and guarded by a domineering and lousy Spanish soldier.

Had we been unanimous, the masters and the Spaniards would have paid dearly for their presumptuousness. Our guard at the pier amounted to three, with musquets destitute of locks or bayonets. It was the wish of many (and it could have been done with ease) to knock down the guard and finish our liberty. Under all my chagrin, I could not refrain from laughing to see a small Yankee lad offer one of the guard a shilling to view his musquet and, after he had inspected it and found that it could not injure anyone out of arm's reach, calmly throw it down and make off. Others who were resolved to have their liberty out, bribed the guard for the sum of twenty-five cents and quietly departed; while others peaceably submitted and went on board.

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CHAPTER TWO.

Continued from Last Week.

The air at Payta is dry and serene. The vast mountains (Andes) that run through here are very beneficial in that they send refreshing breezes from their snowy caps to the valleys below.

It is very remarkable that it never rains in this country. This defect is supplied, however, by heavy night dews which sufficiently refresh the vegetable creation. Amongst all the inhabitants pride, laziness, avarice and jealousy are the most predominant passions. The lower orders are addicted to theft and often for trifling things murder is committed.

At present, all the sea ports, where Lord Cochrane could bring his guns to bear, have submitted to the Patriot cause. When his avarice is satisfied away goes the conqueror and leaves the natives to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling. My Lord Cochrane made these poor devils a visit uninvited and unexpected. He landed a handful of men along the coast, about six miles above the town, with directions to guard the roads leading into the interior, while he made his appearance before the town with a frigate and demanded its surrender to the Patriot cause. Supposing their retreat sure in the event he made an attempt to land, they refused. He then opened his ports, fired a few guns and then landed and marched into the town. In the meantime, the citizens had mustered all their valuables (most of which belonged to the church) and made for the country.

What was their surprise to find a band of men in their front and others at their rear. Without further opposition they surrendered and became Patriots.

Not finding much booty, Lord Cochrane decided to strike terror into the natives so had the town fired, which consumed most all the buildings and their contents. As they have to procure all their furniture from the whalemen, it will be some time before they regain their former level.

Having procured a supply of potatoes, we weighed anchor and went to Tumbez, in south latitude 3° and west longitude 81°. Here, for the first time in six months, we were greeted by the pleasing sight of vegetation. This is a point of land extending into the sea for 5 or 6 miles and being about 2 miles wide. In the center is a small fresh water river extending inland for 9 or 10 miles, at the head of which stands the town of Tumbez. The soil on the banks of the river is fertile (equal to that of Louisiana), but it was with difficulty that we obtained a few vegetables. Would that ere long the industrious Yankees may become masters of this fertile region! Then the sea-worn mariner may let go his anchor with the hopes of procuring nourishment and being made welcome to the fruits of the land. Such a day, in my opinion, is not far distant, for, with their indolence, church tithes and wars, they are going to destruction on eagles' wings.

I was on shore but one day and had no desire to go the second, for the only thing worthy of attention is their fruit. This they raise in abundance and, as it requires but little labor, it is their chief sustenance.

The town is irregularly laid out and the buildings are similar to those of Payta, but there is a wide difference in the splendor of the furnishings. I dined at the mansion of the Commandant's son, in company with five or six of my shipmates, on a table "4 x 6" without cloth. At my plate, or piece of one, was an absence of knife or spoon but, fortunately, my jack-knife was in my pocket and it answered every purpose. Others were destitute of forks also, and even plates. However, as the good people took pains to carve before cooking, and as the food was quite dry, these implements were unnecessary. For the sake of dispatch, our dinner consisted of one dish—made up of goat, potatoes, cabbage, carrots and beans—all boiled together.

After the above was consumed, a few songs followed and, to change the scenery, our beverage consisted of cold water. The only disadvantage I had to labor under was being forced to make motions with my hands while transporting the food to my mouth, or else the dogs (who were hungry to starvation) would save me the trouble.

Had I had any desire to tarry the night, it would soon have been satisfied by casting my eyes on the place of rest, where every bone would have to bear an equal strain. It consisted of four crutches at right angles, driven into the ground, with parallel poles across on which were laid soft oak boards, and, for fear of hiding the ornamentation and workmanship of the bedstead, a narrow mat was spread. Others, more opulent, sleep in grass hammocks.

Though nature has beautifully bestowed her treasures and given everything for the convenience and comfort of man in most parts of this extensive region, notwithstanding they are as a nation the most degraded of any people extant. The Spaniards, like the Irish, have not that love of country at heart, nor that union, which is so necessary in attaining the independence and freedom they crave. Although they have made rapid strides towards the accomplishment of that freedom which is within their grasp, in my opinion that day will never come, for inbred despotism and avarice will be the means of holding them in bondage.

After procuring some fruit and vegetables, in addition to water, we weighed anchor and proceeded to Albemarle Island. After cruising at this place for two days, in company with several other ships, and finding no whales, we stood off for the north Galapagos Islands. These consist of a cluster of fourteen or fifteen in number, being in south latitude 21′, west longitude 91°. We visited Hoods Island and were so well entertained by the inhabitants we tarried there, free of expense, for seven days. On our first landing, when none of the inhabitants made their appearance, we travelled in the country for three or four miles before I discovered one of them regaling himself under a tree. At first his size and uncouth figure startled me. Supposing from the shortness of his legs that, were he disposed to attack, it could not be affected easily, I boldly advanced and without much difficulty seized him by the legs and secured him. As natives of other countries cause considerable speculation as to their origin, etc., I think there is a large field offered here, for they do not appear to resemble any of those of which we read as having been scattered over the face of the earth from the Tower of Babel. On the contrary, they go on all fours, which are short and have claws like a bear. Their body is covered with a shell, from 6 to 12 feet in circumference. The neck and head is two or three feet long and, to give themselves a more stately and formidable appearance, they carry their heads erect. Their speed is from one to four feet an hour and they seldom exceed this rate unless they are pushed by hunger. Though their appearance startles, yet they are as harmless as doves. Their flesh when cooked is the most delicious of any I ever ate. Their quality of surviving without any sustenance for nine months, and still retaining their fatness and flavor, make them of great benefit to those ships which are on long voyages. We obtained three hundred of them, from twenty to one hundred and fifty pounds each, and though thousands have taken the same quantity, they are yet quite plentiful. They are a species of the land turtle, called Terrapins. The labor of bringing them four or five miles, over ledges or rocks with nothing to shelter you from the rays of the sun, with no water to quench your thirst, makes it difficult for one man to obtain more than one or two.

From this place we cruised between 3 and 8° south latitude and as far as 150° west longitude for four months, during which time we secured 1000 barrels of sperm oil. The weather in this ocean at all times of the year is mild and serene, which makes the voyages in this ocean (though long) quite agreeable—in consequence of which it obtained, and that justly, the name of "Pacific".

Our supplies of vegetables and water becoming short, we commenced edging to the northwest toward the Sandwich Islands. On the route we made Christmas and Fannings Islands in 3° 45′ N., 158° W. They are of no great consequence, producing only coconuts, but they afforded wood and water. At Fannings, we found the ship "Lyon", of Nantucket (on her first voyage), commanded by Albert Clark, a complete wreck. While they had been attempting to get into the harbor the wind had died away and the current had carried her onto the rocks. Every exertion was made to get her off, but with no effect. They had sufficient time to save most of her provisions and tackle, but could save only 200 barrels of their cargo of 1200 barrels of oil.

On the third of February we made the largest of the Sandwich Islands, Owhyhee, in 22° N., 157° W. On the fourth we made Mowee and on the fifth, Woahoo. A favorable wind offering and the pilot coming on board, we ran in and came to anchor in the outer harbor. As we had been deprived of the good things of this world for some time and considerable hard labor had been its companion, we anticipated some relaxation from duty and considerable privileges. Our sails were soon furled, the decks cleared, and every precaution made for the reception of visitors. In a few minutes our decks were filled with females (or Whyhunas). Unlike females of other nations, they required no assistance from man, nor the usual conveyance on water, to bring them on board. Without any ceremony or fear they plunged in and, porpoise-like, came breaking towards us. Nor did their modesty forbid their appearing in nature's garb.

A smile or nod by the men was sufficient to win their affections and obtain them for the time being for a wife. In one instance that I saw myself, a finger was pointed at one, to observe her form, whereupon it was considered by her as binding and irrevocable as one of ours would to the words "I promise to take, etc.". At small expense and little trouble it will not be astonishing that every man took unto himself a rib.

The soil at this island is fertile, being chiefly in large valleys and producing corn, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, etc., with all kinds of tropical fruits.

The inhabitants are of a copper color. Their features, in the females especially, are regular and handsome. Their figures are a little inclined to corpulency, owing, I presume, to their indolent manner of living. The men do all the work, both in and out of doors, while the Whyhunas have nothing to do but to eat, smoke and sleep, in which they indulge to excess. As to their constancy and modesty, nothing can be said in their favor, for after you have given a proof of your affection and esteem by presenting them with a check shirt or an old handkerchief, they will, without any provocation, elope from your bed and board and fly into the arms of another lover. In our own country this would be an irreparable breach in the poor man's heart, but here you have only to signify your wish to be wedded and ere the setting of the sun your wants are all supplied.

I have known instances of one man being wedded and divorced seven times in one week and before the eighth could be accomplished the anchor was aweigh and the ship departing for other climes, leaving the broken-hearted maid weeping at the deception of her lover.

One of our men who was more particular than the others in choosing a bride, as to beauty and modesty, remained a bachelor for three or four days when, having been introduced to one whom he thought would partake of his joys and sorrows, he married one of the natives. Being a kind and indulgent husband, he granted her every wish. He presented her with a check shirt, a handkerchief and one dollar in cash. If she remained true and loyal she was promised that she should have her wish even though it be half his fortunes. On the morning the above covenant was made she desired leave to visit her parents, which he cheerfully granted. The weather being stormy, she asked him for the loan of his blanket to shelter her from its rude blast. This small boon could not be denied, and with attention and tenderness he escorted her over the side of the ship to the boat. She kissed him, with a promise of a speedy return, and took her leave. At the time appointed, the anxious and longing husband watched every boat that put off from shore but, alas, in this situation darkness overtook him and, no wife or blanket arriving, he retired to his berth dejected and alone.

Days—nay, weeks—elapsed and no tidings of his love. A thousand fears beset him for her safety. As to her proving inconstant—he banished the thought. That sickness or death was the only cause of separation was his firm belief. The first opportunity that offered itself he went in pursuit and, after considerable difficulty, found her on board another ship, in the arms of a Negro!

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Continued from Last Week.

CHAPTER III.

The men, or Kanakas, dress the same as the females. They are a friendly race of people, though avaricious and addicted to petty thefts. The harbor, which is good, entices all the whale ships to resort here to recruit and repair. The town is situated in front of the harbor, on a level piece of ground three miles in extent near the entrance of a large and fertile valley. The buildings, or huts, which are about 200 in number, are built of sticks stuck at angles in the ground and thatched with grass. There are no windows nor flooring (save the earth) and only one small door. The King, Heo Heo, resides on this island. He has absolute power over all—to create or destroy—but, owing to his intemperance and pusillanimity, the helm of state is guided by William Pitt, a chief of considerable sagacity.

The only commerce that is carried on here is from island to island—a distance of 50 miles. In days of yore this was done in large canoes, but now the king has two or three brigs and each chief has a schooner. These they have purchased with sandalwood from Americans. The only distinction between the royal palace and the other buildings is in height and length. I had a great curiosity to view the inside but, not being acquainted with any of the family, I was fearful that it would never be satisfied. One day, while I was on shore on duty, dressed a la mode fisherman: tarpaulin, hat, bare shirt and oily trousers, I marched, without any invitation, into the royal apartments. His Majesty not being at home, it gave me a fine opportunity to view the decorations—even to the bed chamber, which contained a stained bedstead with a canopy and ornamented with blue chintz furniture. It being closed and not wishing to be too particular, I guessed at the inside of the canopy. On one side of the setting, or drawing, room is suspended some old mutilated pictures representing: our naval victories, Cupid, Hope, Charity, and some obscene caricatures. There was also a full-length portrait of the king, by a Chinese artist, miserably executed. On the other side of the room was suspended a large pleasure boat, to protect it from the weather, underneath of which was allotted space for the repose of his suite. For the flooring, large mats were laid without any order or regularity. I was twice laid prostrate by ends of them sticking up in my path. On this excursion I was escorted by the Prince himself—in his shirt tail.

At Woahoo, hogs, vegetables and all kinds of fruit can be obtained at reasonable prices for cash. Formerly ships could procure their supplies for old iron hoops, and to this day they are current at Owhyhee and others of the islands. The most of our spending money, while ashore, consisted of the old standard files and jack-knives. As they are getting more refined in Woahoo, old hoop is uncurrent and files, knives and beads are a little below par.

On the Sabbath after our arrival we went on shore and found that there were three missionaries, with their families, stationed at this island. They had been here for three or four years, had made considerable progress in the education of the natives, built a comfortable church, a framed dwelling house for themselves, and had gained the friendship and esteem of the natives. In the morning I attended divine Worship in the native tongue. The king, with his wives and chiefs, attended, in addition to a large number of other natives. There appeared to be considerable attention paid to the discourse, and decorum was observed throughout. When the Psalm was sung all joined in with devotion, but with little melody.

At eleven o'clock the English service commenced. Mr. Bingham, the principal of the establishment, a man of piety and zeal and considerable literary accomplishments, delivered the discourse to upwards of one hundred who understood the English language.

After church, in my perambulation through the town, I observed the natives—both male and female—all employed either in reading or writing, in which employ they take great delight. No other recommendation is necessary to gain their friendship than to inform them that you are acquainted with either.

Mrs. Bingham, the wife of the Reverend, stands high in estimation among them. She has been sedulously employed in teaching and improving the manners of the females. It is a proof that whatever station or situation a sensible and amiable woman is in, she can make herself useful. Mrs. Bingham is a convincing proof of this for she is as well calculated for spiritual as temporal instruction, and is a great acquisition to the missionary corps.

I did not ascertain whether there were many true converts to the faith, but from the little observation and intercourse I had with the natives, I am sensible that they have done much good in reforming and instructing them. In dress, manners and customs they endeavor to imitate Europeans. This is especially true of the chiefs, who dress with as much neatness as any nation known.

* * * * *

March 22, 1823—After procuring an excellent supply of goats, hogs, vegetables and water, we weighed anchor and proceeded to sea, leaving in port 40 or 50 sail of whalemen. We shaped our course to the westward and ran down to 19° N., 179° W., then hauled on a wind to the northward.

In latitude 25° N. we saw the first whale and found them from that place to latitude 37° N. and as far west as 160° east longitude, capturing them as fast as we could take care of them. To give the labor of trying out a zest we had fogs and squalls or rain continually. In four months we filled the hold, amounting to twenty-two hundred barrels of sperm oil, worth one dollar per gallon.

* * * * *

July 4th—This being the anniversary of our independence, at the close of day we met in the forecastle to celebrate it—so far as was in our power. In the course of the evening one of the tars mounted a chest and delivered the following oration to an attentive audience.

"Shipmates: Though we are far distant from the land that witnessed our birth—that land of sweet delight—that land of liberty—America—yet still we are not forgetful of the joys and rejoicings that this memorable—this ever to be cherished day—produces in the hearts of all true-hearted Yankees. We have been these two years tugging on the briny deep, worn out with fatigue and reduced by the usual nourishment that seamen have to take up with, yet we are not forgetful of the blessed day—the Fourth of July.

"We have met in a social manner to express our feelings that this day produces in our hearts. Short of the means we have been accustomed to celebrate it with, still I can perceive a smile of joy on all your countenances that convinces me that it does not require those superfluities and privileges that many have to make it a day of rejoicing. Our situation, though confined and disagreeable, might be made comfortable on a day such as this and our means more enlarged were our officers as patriotic as they are avaricious. But, shipmates, cheer up, our situation is not half so bad as thousands of our countrymen and fellow mariners have met yet they celebrated it with the greatest of glee. I allude to those Americans who were prisoners in the late war with England. Though on board the enemy ships, and in their dungeons, they did publicly before them in their decks, express joy by every demonstration in their power. It makes my heart dilate with joy when I think of that enemy suffering the Yankee stars and stripes to be furled on board their ships and allowing them all the privileges that any prisoners could expect—with double rations of grog. And this by those with whom they were at war and whom our fathers had conquered. They were our enemy, but on this day their generosity cancelled, in a measure, their former cruelty.

"Though we are on board an American ship, commanded by American officers, we cannot expect, from their general conduct towards us, as much as those prisoners of war received. Let them act or do as they please, they cannot deprive us of contemplating the benefits of that all cheering and inestimable blessing—liberty. Shall we say, who have had it given to us without struggle or danger, that the day that gave us freedom and independence shall be forgot? Heaven forbid! Or shall we say we have no means with which to commemorate it? God forbid! For we have abundance of means without the aid of any. We can call to our recollection our fathers' first attempt to accomplish this emancipation from royalty and despotism—their struggle with the gripping hand of poverty and the want of discipline, with foes at home as well as abroad. If this is not sufficient to raise a flame of patriotism in our cold bosoms, let us invoke the shade of the immortal Washington to descend among us and kindle those dead embers within our breasts. With this prize — our independence — so dearly bought, let us cherish it as the apple of our eyes and when we see those who attempt to rob us of it, let every arm be nerved to annihilate him in an instant. And should our country call upon us to defend her rights, may we all say: 'So I come—and that quickly.'

"As a nation, we enjoy the greatest blessings of any in existence. At peace with all, respected by all, rich in all the abundance of the earth. Our fields, white with the harvest; our boards groaning with the weight of their burdens; our banners unfurled and floating in every direction; our ships protected from the insolent foe and the audacious pirate; our civil and religious privileges protected by government, and our females the handsomest and most chaste of all nations of the earth. So long as we protect them in their present situation they will stand with wide extended arms to receive us and will forever chant:

'None but the brave,
None but the brave,
Deserve the fair.'

"After these innumerable blessings and those that are daily conferred upon us—our escapes from dangers, seen and unseen—our preservation in health—our success in all our undertakings—and the promise, if we live soberly, honestly and godly here, we shall live happy hereafter. Do not all these blessings cry aloud to us: 'Serve thy God'?"

"Whim-whams and Opinions" Aboard a "Whaler."

A young man's journal of a whaling voyage on a Nantucket ship over 100 years ago, presented in instalments.

Continued from Last Week.

Once more we shaped our course for Woahoo. The winds being contrary to our wish and we being anxious to tread on terra firma again—having been for 150 days deprived of this luxury—it made progress slow and tedious. To make our misery more complete, we did not go into the harbor upon our arrival. Added to this there was a "taboo", or embargo, laid on all supplies to ships by the natives. Of course, we were deprived of fresh provisions and vegetables. The cause of this was the absence of the king to the other islands. In a case of this kind, it is the prerogative of the protem king (or chief) to lay taxes and monopolize the trade. The natives are compelled to bring him all their produce that is saleable, under penalty of severe chastisement if they sell one cent's worth for their own gain. The king often goes on one of these excursions, merely to gratify the avarice of his favorite. What was my surprise when, having had one day's liberty, from ten to four, the captain came on board and ordered the anchor to be weighed. Such was my chagrin and disappointment that, had there been any chance of earning a livelihood, I should have sacrificed my voyage and tarried. With considerable dejection I lent a hand to get under weigh. Never did I leave land with so much regret as at this time—and never had I more cause to rejoice, for, from a land of heathens, we were going to our favorite land and our countrymen—to our affectionate and anxious parents, and, lastly, it would be our liberation from a whale ship.

* * * * *

Nothing occurred worthy of note until the 5th of September. While all hands were busily employed seated on the quarter-deck sewing on sails, the cry of "land" by one of the men who had had occasion to go forward was so unexpected and it being so near that it threw us into considerable confusion. Without any regard to the situation of the ship, the helm was put alee and brought on the other tack. As soon as reason had resumed her seat, we found that there was no danger, for the land was three or four miles away—although at first it had presented the appearance of being close at hand. It proved to be an undiscovered island, 8 or 10 feet in height and 2 miles wide by 10 miles long, with a very white beach. It lay in the form of an angle, running north and south, in the latitude of 5° 32′ S, and west longitude 155° 55′. We made an attempt to land on the west side near the north end, but at this place it was inaccessible on account of rocks. As it is indented with bays there is no doubt there are many places where boats could land. We made but the one attempt, merely through curiosity, as it has no other temptation, being a dreary waste. It is the abode of nothing save sea fowl, although its situation is such that if soon made known may save the lives of thousands as a refuge in time of need. I am confident it will never cause contention among nations, unless the Emperor Alexander extends his claim of latitude from the northwest to include this as a park.

* * * * *

On the 6th of October we made the island of Manuie, one of the Society's in latitude 17° 44′ S and longitude 151° W., being distant about 60 miles from Otaheite. On our near approach a canoe came off with a letter from the resident missionary, Mr. Bueoff, requesting a passage to the island of Bola Bola, if not out of our course. The captain went on shore and stayed five or six hours. Finding an abundance of wood, he initiated his wants to the natives, with a promise of payment on delivery. With dispatch the wood was cut and brought to the place of delivery. As they had been cheated by a vessel touching here before, they demanded payment before delivery. What was our surprise when they demanded 150 dollars for about five cords of wood. This exhorbitant price may be imputed to their ignorance of the value of money. If the proper measures had been pursued at first, it would have been procured for a trifle, for they made but little distinction between a dollar and a gilt button.

After making every reasonable offer of clothes and money and finding they would not abate a cent, we made all sail and left them on the beach to carry their wood, coconuts, hogs, etc., from whence they had brought them.

At this place there is a petty king ruling over about 300 males and females. They are of a lighter color than the Owhyhenians, with handsome features, and are stout, hearty-looking fellows and are individually very hospitable. The missionaries are held in high esteem among them. They are quite proficient in reading and writing. They have built a handsome, airy church in the native style, to which they all resort in time of worship.

The females are very coy and will run from a stranger if far from their huts. Others, more forward, will indulge you in a few liberties. For anything further, marriage is necessary. Prostitution and bastardry is punished by death. On the whole they have arrived at considerable perfection.

From the renegade conduct of some masters of vessels, who are compelled to touch here, may be apprehended some difficulties arising, as they will be the means of giving the natives a poor opinion of the doctrine and morals that the missionaries inculcate, and in a degree retard their progress and perhaps, if repeated, will be the cause (as at other islands) of shedding innocent blood.

* * * * *

On the 8th we made the island of Otaheite and, the wind being ahead, we stood to the southward.

On the 12th we made the island of Ohitatoora. Seeing no good place to land, and the wind blowing fresh, we stood on.

* * * * *

We are now 4000 miles from Cape Horn without wood sufficient to cook one meal a day for that distance.

O Tempera! The greatest beverage to sailors in cold and stormy weather is warm tea. Of course this luxury must be dispensed with and I am of the opinion that ere many days our diet will consist of raw beef and pork. God forbid! Though what must be, must!

* * * * *

All hands are now employed in repairing the ship and stopping the breaches in their clothes to stem the chilling blasts of Cape Horn. Trousers that in moderate climes had been condemned are brought forth. Many who have not the same quality for patches, stop the break with canvas. Skirts that would have disgraced Falstaff's soldiers, that have been kicking under foot and have supplied the place of foot mats, are washed and receive first place in our chests.

Ships sailing from warm to cold climates generally carry thermometers to give notice of the approach of ice, land and the variation of the atmosphere, but this article can be disposed of in a whale ship, for the actions of the crew give timely notice of the same.

* * * * *

November 15th—Not yet arrived at the Cape, though in a fair way if wind and weather hold as they are at present. Clear and warm, wind northwest, steering east by north, distant 400 miles. Yesterday being extremely pleasant, we lowered the boat and took an excursion for pleasure and game. In half an hour the boat returned loaded.

Without any material change in the weather we passed the Cape. The Diego Rameriz bearing north by west, distant 40 miles.

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November 25th—Latitude 53° S, longitude 45° W. At the close of this day, without any apparent change in the atmosphere, we discovered two large islands of ice directly ahead. They were about 200 feet in height and ten miles long. On the following morning we discovered another off our lee bow. At its first appearance we took it for land, until the rays of the rising sun discovered its hoary soil. Well may we exclaim with the Royal Psalmist: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters. These see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep."

* * * * *

November 28th—It is now 40 days since we were deprived of warm breakfasts and suppers, and in a fair way of soon losing the cheery steam off our duff. Alas, alas, the day that I came a-whaling. For what profiteth a man if he gain the whole world but in the meantime starveth to death?

"Happy famine" might the prodigal son have said, when it was so sore that he was glad to eat husks—that it opened his eyes to see his former happy estate and caused him to return to his father and acknowledge his disobedience and prodigality. "Happy sufferings" may I say, if they compel me to follow the example of the prodigal.

* * * * *

December 6th—Yesterday spoke the ship Constitution of Norfolk, which generously supplied us with some wood. They also furnished us with New York papers, from which I learnt of the death of my brother-in-law, Marcellus M. Van Gieson. As a father, his family has met with an irreparable loss; as a friend, I have lost my only and best one (my mother excepted) that this earth affords; as a citizen he was well-known for his honesty, integrity, sobriety and humanity. He was a "man"—take him for all in all. I shall ne'er see his like again.

* * * * *

Nantucket, March 1st—This day, by letter from New York, I was informed of the death of my two sisters—Catharine Van Gieson and Hannah Booraem. Oh, my God, may this dispensation of thine be the means of making me prepare to meet thee when thou doth send thy summons forth.

* * * * *

Nantucket, March 4, 1824.

Miss Sarah Snow,
Dear Girl:

As you requested me, I lend you this Journal and, as it is probable the wind will be fair for New York before you peruse it, it is my wish you would immediately destroy it, as it was not written for the inspection or amusement of any one but myself. There are many errors, but consider it was written by a poor tar.

With sentiments and respects
and esteem, I remain, yours,
Moses E. Morrell.

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Nantucket's Passing Whalemen.

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The "great store" builded with bricks brought from England in 1765 by William Rotch, the Quaker, stands besides the lone elm tree which marks the spot where the grass-grown cobbles on Main street meet the crumbling timbers of Straight wharf. In its sunny, southwest corner is "The Captains' Room," the old, sheet iron stove in the centre of the sanded floor, the faded house flags on the wall, exactly as it was in the days when Nantucket, then the foremost whaling port of the world, spoke of it in derision as "The House of Lords," but took off its hat and carefully wiped its feet as it knocked with something of trepidation to request speech of the dignitaries within. Once the "Captains' Room" was the centre of Nantucket's life, the strategic commanding point of its world-wide importance. Now it is only the weakened bulwark of a lost cause. Then it served as a clearing house for reports of new islands found in the South Pacific, as a working place for Capt. Timothy Folger, charting "The Gulph Stream" for B. Franklin, Postmaster-general of the United States, as a theater for young Midshipman Reuben Chase to tell of the Bon Homme Richard's fight with the Serapis, as a common ground to rejoice with the master of the Horatio, home with 2,500 barrels of the finest spermaceti, and to condole with Billy Carey, sole survivor of the Oeno, with all his shipmates killed and eaten by the Fijis. Then it filled each day with the sea lords, proud of their island, proud of their ships, proud of themselves and confident of the future. Today it is the last fortress of the old Nantucket, stubbornly defended by a scant half dozen graybeards, deaf, infirm, heavily laden with years, but grimly determined that their self-respecting, self-accomplishing island shall never sink to the low estimate of a mere summer resort.

No other club in America boasts the aristocratic exclusiveness of "The Captains' Room." No other club clings to its existence with common bond in so hopeless a purpose. To gain membership one must have been master or mate of a Nantucket deep water ship—and the last ocean craft luffed round Brant point in 1869. Five hundred men may scrawl a card to open for you the doors of the Union or the Metropolitan, but to gain the privilege of sitting beneath the tattered old colors in "The Captains' Room" you must come with one of the six survivors of another time and be bowed in with all the ceremony of a call on the quarterdeck. And you must not be a summer tourist. For "The Captains' Room" is the sole institutional survival of the old Nantucket aristocracy, finer than most of us will ever know, because admission to its circle was gained only by achievement, and membership was to be retained only by the continued exercise of good courage, unswerving loyalty to the island home and strict adherence to the code of honor of the sea.

To the captains who keep the room, Nantucket, for all its neglected wharves and empty sail lofts, is still the Nantucket of the '50's, whose stout ships scoured the seven seas to garner light for half the world, and whose sailormen brought her, for all her isolation and barren soil, to a point of wealth and independence which made her an important unit in the marshalled forces of civilization. That the island should be turned into a summer playground, its harbor a pond for tiny sailboats and its stately mansions shelters for idle visitors with nothing better to do than play tennis or bathe to the music of brass band, is to them as ill in accord with the proprieties as would be a picnic party's intrusion into a gentleman's home. Therefore, in spite of the indignant modern Nantucket, which clamors for "the development of the island," they fight for the old order. When the last Nantucket master mariner dies—and that will be but a brief time—"The Captains' Room" will end its century or more of existence and the opposition to modern, exploited, picknicking Nantucket will cease. But until then, the captains will fight their fight to be left alone with their tall brick houses and their quiet gardens to fill out their lives in the quiet estate of retired master mariners in their own harbor and not as a side exhibit to a gimcrack cottage and postal card summer resort.

To understand this bitter opposition to what most of Nantucket regards as progress, this determination to preserve a materially unprofitable insularism, one must remember that for more than a century Nantucket fought as an Ishmael in the face of battle, not only from the sea and its great fishes, but from foreign nations and even from her own countrymen. And the men who sailed the first little square topsail sloops, who died on the English prison ships, who fought with French privateers, ran the blockades of 1812, chased the whale around the world and defied the Congress of the United States, bore the same names as the men who now sit in "The Captains' Room." Their reverent devotion to their island, their bold defiance to the Outlander survives with undiminished spirit in the lonely veterans of today. The originals loved their island so greatly that they defied even the plans of nature. With only five feet of water on the shallow harbor bar, they careened their whaleships of 15 feet draught and dragged them over by main strength. With the nearest market for their oil 50 miles away, they brought bricks in schooners to build their great warehouses, and shipped the oil back by cartel, parting defiantly with half their profit to undersell their mainland competitors. On the southern shore of Brant point they built ships with lumber fetched from Maine, and they reared a town whose wealth and beauty they boasted exceeded those of any other port. In Nantucket they were born and from Nantucket they would clear, although nature was against them from the start, and although both the King of England and the Congress of the United States sank their vessels and pressed their crews for their men-o'-war. Old log books in "The Captains' Room," the oily, thumbed journals of the seamen, bear entries at Misketo Bay with the sorrowful, concluding sentence that "thus we are five weeks from our beloved island"; and more joyfully when homeward bound on St. George's Bank: "We shall soon see the land—even our dear land of Nantucket." The present holders of "The Captains' Room" are the direct descendants of the Peleg Folgers and Uriah Bunkers, who sailed the ships and made the log entries, and whose womenkind, enrolled in "The Daughters of Nantucket," took solemn oath to wed no man save a Nantucketer, who had "killed his whale." So because of the blood that is in them they love the land and live in the memories of its greatness. Against its belittlement they make war. They are of a piece with the Confederate cavalry officers, who, stripped of their lands and their vocations after Appomattox, went to Mexico and to the Amazon, where one may find the stars and bars flying over rubber plantations to this day.

Continued on Third Page.

Nantucket's Passing Whalemen.

Continued from First Page.

But the captains of Nantucket do not betake themselves to other lands. They hold their ground, and their resistance is not of the passive kind. A recent incident displays their readiness for contest even against powerful odds. In the story above "The Captains' Room" is the custom house. Its last real duty was to clear the whaling bark Oak for the South Pacific in 1869, but because a busy government has forgotten its existence, a venerable deputy collector has hoisted its flag and taken station behind its desk every morning ever since. A few years ago an enterprising treasury department official, with a befitting sense of economy in the public business, was shocked to discover that it still continued, at an annual expense of some $600. Forthwith, the treasury department promulgated an order for its abolition. Then there was action in "The Captains' Room." Abolish the Custom House—the Custom-House of the only port that dared keep a whaling ship afloat during the Revolutionary War, the port that produced Reuben Chase and discovered the Japan whaling grounds and carried the first American flag into the English Thames! As well abolish Sankoty light; as well abolish the government at Washington; as well abolish "The Captains' Room" itself! The captains tramped the sandy floor and shouted into each other's deaf ears and declared it should not be. They appealed to the customs officials in New Bedford—a humiliating thing, this appeal to this raw new whaling port on sheltered Buzzards Bay—and were referred to Boston. They appealed to Boston and were told that the order was irrevocable. Then, Capt. Charles Grant, Capt. Billy Bowen and Capt. Hussey, as "a committee representing the shipmasters" of Nantucket, put on their best double-breasted blue coats and started for Washington.

Dealing with the representatives of high government was no new thing to the captains. In truth, some of them in their day held earnest speech with kings, and before the coming of Porter to the Pacific with the Essex, they stormed a Peruvian capital. Yes, and held it as its rulers until the frigate came. Capt. Hussey's grandfather was one of the committee of three which went by sloop to New York in 1771, and there obtained from Robert Digby, Esq., rear admiral of the red and commander-in-chief of His Majesty's forces afloat, permission for the Dolphin, brig, to leave on a whaling voyage. A little later the same ancestor helped to make Nantucket's peace with the Continental Congress, which had not taken kindly to this trucemaking with the enemy. Capt. Billy Bowen's great-uncle was one of the three representatives who persuaded Commodore Hotham to refrain from sacking the town in 1813, and afterward won President James Madison's consent to Nantucket's neutrality. Assuredly, Capt. Hussey and Capt. Billy were qualified for any diplomatic mission. "They're the boys to set 'em on the right course in Washington," said "The Captains' Room."

But in Washington the committee found unseamanlike bookkeepers, who knew little of Nantucket and cared less. "Take away our Custom House!" exploded Capt. Bowen. "Are you aware, sir, that we used to have 150 ships hailing from that harbor?"

The unimpressed under secretary knew vaguely that at some time in a remote past Nantucket had been the home port of whaleships, but as a man of affairs he was unable to discern what bearing this had upon the maintenance of a custom house for which nobody had practical use.

"Do you know, sir," went on Capt. Billy, with his choler rising, "that we represent the people that charted your gulf stream for you when there wasn't a man in Washington that knew enough to do it, and that we discovered 30 islands in the Pacific ocean for you to put on your maps, and that back in 1746—Brant point it was—we gave you the first lighthouse these United States ever saw. Yes, sir, built it and kept it alight for you 50 years, too, because you were too tarnall mean to light it yourselves. Do you happen to know any of these things, sir?"

"And don't you know," broke in Capt. Hussey belligerently, "that the Sandwich Islands are just a suburb for Nantucket—or were before we got a little on in years?"

The official was interested, but unconvinced. He said he must really take the time for some research concerning Nantucket voyages. However, the fact remained that at the present time the Custom House—

Gen. Grant, very tall and straight, despite his 90 years, very white of head, his blue eyes far from sightless, secured attention. "They used to call me the Gen'ral Grant of the whalin' fleet," he said. "That was when I was almost through. But I had six boys born in the Pacific Ocean. I brought home more'n 20,000 barrels of oil and averagin' it up at 4 knots an hour, I've sailed a mite more than 1,000,000 miles. I callate you'll admit I know what I'm talkin' about."

"We don't blame you for feelin' the way you do about the Custom House. Not being sea-farin' men down here, you can't be expected to understand. But, let me tell you, Nantucket whalin' ain't dead yet. Oil is bringing as much as it ever did and there's Nantucket men aboard New Bedford ships to this day. What's more, there's some of us that's beginnin' to feel the need of a little sailin' exercise ourselves. Of course they're tryin' to trim us into a pink and white summer place, but we've got the harbor, we've got the wharves, we've got the money, and who's to say we won't start in again? Who's to say it?" Capt. Grant glared challenge to all who heard. "We're still a port," he concluded, "and a port we're goin' to stay."

The Custom House of Nantucket remains. Every morning its flag goes up and the ancient collector takes station at its desk. Some of the moderns say that it was continued on the advice of the life-saving service which maintained that it paid for itself in its clearance of wrecks along South Shore; others hinted that a hated summer resident of position extended influence to save pain to certain old men, but "The Captains' Room" knows where the credit belongs. It celebrated in royal fashion when the news came that the mission of the committee had been successful.

Of the men who saved the Custom House, few now make the afternoon visit to "The Captains' Room."

In the little shingled house over at Siasconset, seven miles away from the old town, with a second mate who served him well in three Pacific cruises, Capt. Billy hides his head, ostrich fashion, that he may not see the transformation of his home port. Siasconset has its summer colony, too, but Capt. Billy explains that in such surroundings the affliction is easily to be borne. In his philosophy, Siasconset, being but a strip of beach, running out of the shoals and having known no previous activity save as a dwelling place, for mere dory fishermen, is eminently fitted to serve the whims of hot weather idlers. Nantucket still has its harbor, its wharves and its empty warehouses. He has no mind to witness its further downfall. So he sits in the doorway of his tiny house, smokes his pipeful of navy plug and regales himself with the acid issuance of orders to the obedient ex-second mate.

The mate, it appears, never possessed the true spirit of the whaleman. Indeed, according to Capt. Billy, he took to the sea only at the earnest instance of his wife. She was a masterful woman of good Nantucket family, who felt shame coming upon her, when, with the passage of years, her husband showed no disposition to adopt the island's only honorable calling. The husbands of other women made the Pacific cruises, rose to positions in the cabin

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and built for their families the stately homes with the polished brass knockers and the gladiolas blooming over the walls. Her husband was content to stay ashore, muddling with farming and other inconsequential things. Shipmasters patronized him. Men who had been his schoolmates on Academy Hill jeered at him. Their wives, wrapped in shawls from the Indies, and exhibiting wonderful specimens of scrimshon work, sympathized with his wife. The ignominy became unbearable. The necessity for an ultimatum arrived. ‘‘Well, John,’’ she announced, ‘‘time one or t'other of us went around Cape Horn and I ain't a-goin'.’’

So John shipped with Capt. Bill, who says he did his best to make a seaman of him and who honors him with a share in his exile with him now.

Capt. Billy never visits Nantucket. ‘‘They might,’’ he explains, ‘‘catch me and treat me the way they did Grant. Grant, he was master of his own ship at 28. He was the first whaleman to take his wife to sea, and he brought more oil around Brant point than any man that ever lived. He helped save the Custom House, too. He was a man the town ought to have been proud of. But he had a lot of money and he thought it would last forever, so he hoisted a big jib—for the town's good, mind you—and let it go. Then see what he had to do in his last years. He had to stand up in that wind mill that's a couple of hundred years old and never did anything but grind corn; he had to stand up in that old mill that's a fool relic and collect 15 cents apiece from the fools that came here in the summer time. That was the last of Grant—Grant that beat us all, bringing oil into Nantucket in the days when a man and his oil counted for something. Think of a shipmaster—a Nantucket shipmaster—coming to that. No, John and I'll stay over here, where we don't have to see things we don't like. Most of the brains in Nantucket are over in Gardner's burying ground already. We'll wait our time here.’’

Not even the battle which the captains fought last winter against the automobile could drag Capt. Billy from his self-imposed retirement. They had to fight without him and though he smiled in grim fashion when he heard the news of their victory, he shook his head sadly at the attendant rejoicing. The old spirit may win an occasional last engagement, but Capt. Billy knows the end that must be. They may bring their automobiles as soon as they please for all the objection he will make. Of what use to contend against them?

However, there are no automobiles yet. ‘‘The Captains' Room’’ has thus far kept its island free from these destroying corsairs of the land, although it had to journey clear to the State House at Boston to do it. The struggle began in town meeting week, last October. There had been an occasional automobile on the island, frightening the gray rabbits as it sped along the state road to Siasconset, bumping riotously over the great cobbles of Main street, and the captains had sniffed in high disdain. But when it became rumored that a family, claiming Nantucket as its home, a family which had come into possession of one of those fine, old, brick mansions on Captains' Row, was seriously considering the purchase of a car and the establishment of a garage, where the stable had stood for nearly a century, it became evident that the captains must act. There was approaching the annual town meeting, that historic gathering which for more than 250 years has given Nantucket its annual opportunity to declare its policies and voice its indignant protests. In town meeting the test must come. Each afternoon ‘‘The Captains' Room’’ held grave council. Long after the sperm oil lamps were lighted, the townsfolk, peeping through the windows, saw the gray polls clustered closely about the sheet iron stove. ‘‘Reminds me of the times we used to get together up Behring Sea way and figger out how long we could stay without getting nipped in the ice,’’ said Capt. Hussey.

The situation demanded a leader of courage, resourcefulness and—since annual meeting has been famous these 200 years for its vigor in debate—of high oratorical ability. In the absence of Capt. Billy Bowen, self marooned at 'Sconset, who could meet the requirements more ably than Capt Joseph Clapp? Capt. Clapp had commanded a 400-ton ship and taken her through northern whaling waters unknown to the chart makers of the hydrographic office. That fixed his standing as a skilled and fearless shipmaster. His craft in strategy had been demonstrated as far back as the eating of the Oeno's men, for it was Capt. Clapp who hit upon the scheme of painting gun ports along the old Washington's flanks, whereat the islanders of the Pacific made sure she was a war-boat, and held respectful distance whenever she called for wood and water. Also, Capt. Nathaniel Pollard had always maintained that his life had been once saved by Capt. Clapp's ready resourcefulness. Capt. Pollard lay desperately ill in Honolulu harbor with an illness, the symptoms of which, by ‘‘The Shipmaster's Book of Medicines,’’ called for Remedy No. 13. But unhappily the entire supply of No. 13 had been exhausted. Capt. Pollard was likely to die for lack of aid, when good fortune brought the Washington past Mokulo, and Capt. Clapp, hurrying to the side of his brother commander, met the emergency by the immediate compounding of remedies Nos. 6 and 7.

And as for oratorical power! Capt. Clapp's supporters joyously reminded themselves of that celebrated incident in '52, when Capt. Clapp was first mate to Capt. Hezekiah Barnard, master of the Dionis G. It happened in a bit of a blow off the Falklands, when a surly crew, many of them inferior seamen from somewhere ‘‘off-island,’’ sulked shamefully during Capt. Hezekiah's watch on deck. Capt. Hezekiah was among the foremost of the Nantucket Friends. He wore his broad brimmed hat to sea, and declined to doff it, even when asked to a glass of wine with a full admiral of the blue in Nagaski Bay. He gave no titles, he sedulously avoided combat and never by chance did he use ill-advised speech. He labored with his worthless lot before the mast, but he labored in vain. The wind freshened; he was close to losing a royal yard, but still his sullen seamen mistook lee brace for weather brace and moved about the deck like snails. That Capt. Hezekiah, who was shipmaster before he was a Friend, was able to remain steadfast to the tenets of his faith, was due largely to the competence of Mate Clapp, then shaving in the stuffy little cabin.

‘‘Friend Joseph, Friend Joseph,’’ bawled the captain down the companion, and as Mate Clapp, one side of his face all lather, came bounding on deck, the Quaker mariner disappeared below with the parting command: ‘‘I wish thee to speak to these men in thy language.’’

Nantucket's annual town meeting is no slight thing to be dispatched in a single evening or even in a single day. There are the appointments of the hog reeves, the fish wardens, the field drivers and the cullers of coopers' stuff to be considered, there is the matter of the sheep commons and there are many other things of serious moment to be treated with proper deliberation. Annual town meeting lasts the better part of a week and because it mingles entertainment with importance at a time when other activities are at a low ebb, it is attended by all the populace, including many contemporaneous with the captains. Therefore, the captains are not entirely without support. They may safely count on a bench or two of old men in black broadcloth, who will sit stolidly through every session and accept the word of the captains as law. There are also some few representatives of the present in whom inherent deference to the captains is not yet stifled. Because they are worthy sons of their fathers, they know what is due and their reward for its rendering is the gracious recognition of their superiors as they pass to and from ‘‘The Captains' Room.’’ The captains of Nantucket are growing pitifully few, but they still hold a following.

A local poet has celebrated the meeting in which Capt. Clapp made his fight.

Then all the orators arose—
I swan! I thought they'd come to blows,
As they stood there in dress-up clothes—
Right there in annual meeting.

As Capt. Hussey afterward declared, ‘‘Cap'n Clapp never luffed a p'int.’’ In his trim pilot jacket, with his white torpedo beard, newly trimmed to an aggressive point, he held the floor day after day, arguing, exhorting, insisting, commanding the exclusion of the automobile. Behind him were his fellow shipmasters, the patriarchs of the faithful benches, and the few reverent youths, together with a spare man or two sent over by Capt. Clisby from the Surfside life-saving station under instructions to ‘‘do just as Cap'n Clapp tells you.’’ Against him were all the owners of possible hotel sites, the inconsequential scallop fishermen, the keepers of the small shops which have sprung up since the summer visitor contamination and the other representatives of the new Nantucket.

‘‘The whales are all dead,’’ yelled the opposition. ‘‘Forget 'em.’’

‘‘There's other blubber to look after,’’ rasped back Capt. Clapp and proceeded with his arraignment.

At first his argument was both modern and conventional. He pleaded the extra expense for road repair, the danger to pedestrians and the disastrous effects upon the nervous systems of the said island horses. On these grounds he asked an ordinance prohibiting the operating of motor cars on the island highways. The opposition only jeered. Objections such as these were easily overcome. The island must be developed, they said. It must be developed that they might get the business of the summer people. The moderator nodded his approval. Even the occupants of the faithful benches shifted uneasily. Horace Folger, the ice dealer, who thrives at the back doors of cottages and hotels, smiled his confidence. ‘‘We aren't living in the dark ages any more,’’ he cried. ‘‘Sit down.’’

Then Capt. Clapp hurled aside the carefully compiled notes from which he was speaking. Simultaneously he parted with his cherished discretion, his careful logic and his parliamentary courtesy. His torpedo beard bristled and the quarterdeck fire burned in his eye as he thundered for the old Nantucket.

‘‘You Hub Folger,’’ he roared, ‘‘your father and your grandfather were masters of their own ships, and you stand here whining that you want to be a peddler. You other people, let me tell you, Nantucket's something more than a place to rent and make money out of. It's a place to live in. And those that made the money for Nantucket when Nantucket was Nantucket, have got a right to live here in their own way. That way was good enough for you when your fathers were with us around the Horn and it ought to be good enough for you now. If you want automobiles and such like, why don't you move to the Vineyard and live in Oak Bluffs? They've got plenty of 'em there—an' I'm told they need more peddlers.’’

The graybeards on the faithful benches were pounding with their canes; the members of the opposition were all demanding recognition; annual meeting was in an uproar. Capt. Clapp, now angrily tramping the weather side of the aisle, continued:

‘‘Nantucket was Nantucket before ever summer folks landed here,’’ he shouted, ‘‘and Nantucket will be Nantucket when they're all dead. We don't need 'em and their automobiles. Automobiles, indeed! Do you know what these machines are run by?’’ He paused to give effect to the horror of his revelation, then cried it forth. ‘‘Rock oil! Rock oil, if you please! The stuff that cost us our fleet! And you think that if you get 'em here, you'll develop the island.’’

‘‘No, sir, we don't want any automobiles. We aren't asking much of you these days, even if we did amount to something there once, but we don't want to be killed by some rock oil machine if we happen to take a walk ashore. No, sir, we don't want to be, and, what's more, we ain't going to be. I say no automobiles.’’

Capt. Clapp concluded in a turmult. Thunders of applause mingled with laughter and the catcalls of the new Nantucketers. It was a full 10 minutes before the chair could secure order for a vote, and even then Elisha Pope Fearing Gardner, who conducts ‘‘The Poet's Corner,’’ for the sale of salt water taffy and his own Nantucket verses, urged that it be postponed ‘‘until we can hear some more from Cap'n Clapp.’’ The vote showed a narrow victory for automobile exclusion, and, with the meeting again breaking into uproar, Capt. Clapp was borne away in hilarious triumph to ‘‘The Captains' Room.’’

It has since become known that the same ‘‘off-islander’’ with the summer home on the cliff, who is reported to have aided in the matter of the Custom House, threw in his lot with the captains on the issue of the automobile. It is known that he made representation to the selectmen and certain tradesmen that the unique advantages of an island where one might walk or drive without care for the honking horn were more than sufficient to offset any loss of patronage when it came to a question of development. But the captains believe the automobile was beaten by the power of Capt. Clapp's philippic, and by that alone. As proof they point to the fact that the summer resident volunteered no aid in the subsequent proceedings, when two automobile owners went to law, securing from the courts a decision that the islanders had acted without right in their exclusion of the motor car.

For a time after this, indeed, the captains were in sore distress. Not only were they threatened with invasion by the rock oil machines, but there were smiles from the people who passed them in the street, and one night some miscreant hung upon the door of ‘‘The Captains' Room,’’ an outrageous sign which read ‘‘Gasolene for Sale Here.’’ Their extremity might have become unbearable, but for a New Bedford lawyer, who finally discovered that while Nantucket might not utterly exclude the automobile, it certainly possessed the power to restrict a limited number of designated streets. At this the captains smiled, called a special town meeting, and forthwith proceeded to restrict the three streets leading from the three surviving wharves. ‘‘If they can run their darned rock oil machines ashore on the beach anywhere, let 'em,’’ said the captains. They had not learned to overcome the stealth of the great fishes without acquiring a readiness of wit.

And, later, when the General Court of Massachusetts was in session, Capt. Clapp and Capt. Hussey journeyed to Boston by steam packet with the town's representative, made assurance doubly sure by securing the passage of a special act conferring upon Nantucket the right to keep the automobile without its borders when the will of its people was inclined. With the annual meeting vote behind them, this was comparatively easy. For that matter, the opposition made but small objection. The argument of the influential ‘‘off-islander’’ had convinced them, some people said. ‘‘They didn't want any more of Cap'n Joe,’’ said Capt. Hussey.

So the captains still keep their old town, their dying old town, with its ancient houses stained by the wind, until from the harbor's mouth it seems but a patch of soft gray nestling between the purple moors and the thin line of yellow shingles. With all their remaining strength they strive to keep it as it was, and as they sometimes dream it may yet be again. If it must die, let the end find it in good order and not as the fragments for a ghoulish revel. Thirty miles out at sea, with only two months of noisy summer to disturb one's reveries, it is not difficult for a grown man to defy the existing and dream his dreams—if he has been a shipmaster and is 80.

Up Tuckernuck way, an old guard still cares dutifully for a small house on the beach, in which is sheltered a lean, well painted whaleboat. Last fall a whale spouted in the sound and there was prodigious activity about that small shanty. But Nantucket is an island of pathos. While Uncle Henry Lamson was still fumbling tenderly with the tub gear, the leviathan sounded and disappeared. Nantucket never garnered it for its store, although the skipper of the Fabre liner, Roma, sighting a dead whale with a harpoon in its side, as he passsed South Shoal lightship a few days later, reported by wireless to New York: "The Captains' Room has gone to sea again."—Roland Franklyn Andrews, in Waterbury American.

1947

Charms of Nantucket.

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Nantucket, the "Far-away Island",
So named by the Indians, I'm told,
Where whalers would start their sea-journeys
In search for the sperm and its "gold".

The island of Quaker and Tory
When Freedom was struggling for birth,
Where the Quaker survived for a period
But the Tory was crushed to the earth.

The island of breezes and sunshine
And flowers from springtime till fall,
And mists sometimes so concealing
That vision is lost over all.

Your Coffins, your Chases, your Folgers
And others whose praises are sung,
Your Starbucks, your Motts and your Mitchells
Made history when our country was young.

I hail you, famed Isle of Nantucket,
The place for vacations and rest,
Your beaches, your moors, your museums
And people who are of the best.

Nantucket, hold fast your traditions;
Yield not to commercialized greed
Your quaintness, your customs and manners—
Rare virtues that most of us need.

Fair Island, hold fast to your heritage;
Change not the old for the new;
The present has little to offer
In exchange for the spirit that's you.

Yield not to the lure of the modern
The charm with which you're endowed;
Once lost it can't be recovered,—
Your despoiler will sneer with the crowd.

I greet you, fair crescent-shaped island,
Your arms opened wide like a maid
Awaiting the return of her lover,
Whose coming has long been delayed.

Again to your arms, dear Nantucket,
I'll come with the roses in June,
And live for another brief moment
Where heaven and earth are in tune.

Nantucket, the "Far-away Island",
So named by the Indians, I'm told,
Say: How could the whalers forsake you
To search for a ship-load of "gold"?

The Curfew Also Rings In Nantucket.

1953

A recent issue of the "Salem Evening News" contained an article called "Curfew Rings Tonight in Marblehead". The article read in part as follows:

"Promptly at 9 every night since 1877, when the 2100-pound bell was placed in Abbot hall belfry, curfew has sounded in the Harbor town. . . .

"Of course, curfew is not the only demand on the bell, which measures four feet in diameter. Besides striking the hour it is rung by Custodian Stephen Fagg and his assistants at noon, as well as to announce town meetings and elections, and to observe July 4 and Washington's birthday. . . . .

"As far as is known it is the only bell in the land rung from a town hall both noon and at 9 p.m. daily (except on Sundays and holidays). It is customary for the bell to sound 24 bongs—and according to Fagg it is no cinch."

We don't doubt for a minute that Nantucket's bell-ringer, Jay Gibbs, would chuckle at that last statement, since he has the task of pulling the bell-rope 52 times, three times daily in the Unitarian Church tower.

While we are not questioning the fact that the Marblehead bell is the "only bell in the land rung from a town hall," we wish to point out to Salem and Marblehead that Nantucket has had a curfew for a much longer period.

The custom of ringing the bell at 7:00 a.m., 12 noon and 9 p.m. was started permanently on February 12th, 1849—104 years ago—by order of the Selectmen. William H. Coffin was the first bell ringer hired by the town.

The book "One Hundred Years on Nantucket", published in 1921 by The Inquirer and Mirror, contains the story of the famous old bell. We are reprinting portions of that story herewith.

One hundred and eleven years ago the sweet-toned bell which strikes the hours for the people of Nantucket and sounds the curfew at nine each evening, was cast over in Lisbon, intended to be one of a set of chimes for a Portuguese convent. Somehow—nobody knows why or how—the bell has for years been called the old "Spanish" bell. Nantucketers have called it Spanish and summer visitors have called it Spanish—yet as a matter of fact it has no connection at all with Spain. Instead, it is thoroughly Portuguese, for it was cast in Portugal and bears an inscription in the Portuguese language.

But it is a remarkable bell, possessing a tone sweeter than present-day bell-makers are able to bring forth, and for over a century it has been perched in the tower of the Unitarian chuhch—the pride of all Nantucketers and the interest of all summer visitors. . . . .

Many strange stories have been told about the bell. . . The facts about the bell are sufficiently interesting in themselves without the garniture of fiction.

The bell is not Spanish but Portuguese. It was cast in Lisbon in 1810, intended for a chime, to be installed in a Catholic church, but was bought before its consecration, a duplicate probably being cast for the chime.

The buyer of the bell was Captain Charles Clasby of Nantucket. He was either commissioned by the new church society to secure in Europe a bell for its new edifice, or purchased the bell as a personal venture, with a view of selling it to the church society.

On this point no satisfactory evidence can be obtained. Neither is it known today in what ship Captain Clasby went to Lisbon or what business took him there.

That he was there in 1812, two years after the bell was cast, and purchased the bell in the usual business way, is vouched for by indisputable evidence. . . . . . .

In Lisbon, at the time Captain Clasby bought the bell, was the Nantucket schooner, William and Nancy, Captain Thomas Cary. . . . . Captain Cary was with Captain Clasby when he bought the bell, and gave Mr. Easton the facts about the purchase, which Mr. Easton wrote out in 1879. Captain Cary said:

"Clasby invited me to go to the foundry with him and assist in selecting a good-toned bell. They had in the yard where the bells were, a lever for raising them from the ground when they were about to ascertain their tone.

"They applied the lever to one, and struck her. 'That will not answer' said I. Then they raised another, with the same result. When they raised the third one, and struck her I said, 'Ah, Clasby, you need look no further; that's the bell you want; she is a beauty; she sounds on B.' 'Well, sir,' remarked the gentleman of the foundry, 'we consider that to be the sweetest-toned bell that we have in our yard.' "

It appears the bell does not strike on B, however, but on A.

As Captain Cary was homeward bound the bell was put aboard his schooner for transportation to Nantucket. Before sailing he heard of the declaration of war between Great Britain and the United States. on the passage home the William and Nancy was spoken by a British sloop of war, whose commander had been at sea some time and had not heard war had been declared.

He asked Captain Cary the news. The Nantucket captain was careful to say nothing about the war.

By the time the William and Nancy arrived home the British had several cruisers off this coast. . . . Nantucket was at the mercy of the enemy, and its people were careful not to make a display of valuable movable property. It was no time to install a large and handsome bell of foreign make in the new church.

The bell therefore was very wisely stowed away in Samuel Cary's store cellar, and there it remained three years.

With peace an opportune time came for paying for the bell. Subscription papers were passed around, and $500 was collected for the purpose. The society raised $350 among its own members, the remainder coming from other subscriptions. Among those who subscribed was Obed Mitchell, a Quaker, who said: "Friends do not use bells for religious purposes, but as they are very useful in giving fire alarms, etc., I will assist in the purchase." The wisdom of the Quaker is attested today by the varied uses to which the bell is put.

The bell was rung for the first time on December 18, 1815. It chanced that on that day a son was born to a Nantucket captain, who was then at sea. On his return, when told the joyous news, and also that the bell was rung for the first time on the day of the birth, he slyly remarked that he had arranged to have the bell rung for the first time on the joyous occasion. .

The inscription on the bell and its ornamentation consists of a cross with a nimbus, some elaborate scrolls and three lines of lettering, two at the top and one on the rim. The topmost line is as follows:

AO BOM JESUS DO MONTE COMPLETAO SEUS OTOS: OS DEVOTS DE LISBOA, OFFERECENDO LHE HUM COMPLETO

The second line reads on, as follows:

JOGO DE SEIS SINOS PARA CHARMAR OS POVS ADORALA NO SEU SANTUARIO.

The bottom line is the maker's mark, as follows:

JOZE DOMINGUES DACOSTA OFES EM LISOA NOANNO DE 1810.

A free translation of the inscriptions is as follows:

"To the good Jesus of the Mountain the devotees of Lisbon direct their prayers, offering him a complete set of six bells, to call the people and adore him in his sanctuary.

Done at Lisbon by Jose Domingues Dacosta in the year 1810."

Oldest House Partly Redone And Doors Now Open.

A notable start toward complete refurbishing of Nantucket's famed Oldest House, the Jethro Coffin homestead, is revealed now that the building is open for public visits for the season. Painters and carpenters, as well as devoted members of the Nantucket Historical Association, had been working in the place for weeks. Now the secret is out.

The west room has been completely restored and stands as an inspiration to restoration of the whole structure when funds become available. It was in dilapidated condition, with plaster and lathes in bad condition and floor and ceiling in need of repair. Now it is a shining example of the late 17th and early 18th century period, in furnishings as well as physique.

A new floor was laid and the mellow old boards were placed over the new. Old ceiling beams have been brought to view. One difficulty occurred when new boards proved to be the wrong width and had to be sent back for another order. The right ones were eight and 13 inches wide. Part of the walls was redone. Fabrics of the period were used for curtains, beds and trundles. Flowers were placed to make the room more gay.

In order to recapture the atmosphere of the past, research into decoration of the period was undertaken. Old inventories in the Town Offices were re-read. "Everyday Life in the Massachusetts Bay Colony", lent by Mrs. Alice Albertson Shurrocks, was pored over.

White Calico, flowered calico and green woolens were found to be proper "suits of curtains". Hand-woven coverlets for the beds were loaned by Mrs. Howard C. Barber and the hand-woven linen sheets under them were borrowed from Edouard A. Stackpole, past-president of the Society.

Obviously all this restoration and refurnishing is part of a general plan to make the entire house colorful and correct as a symbol of its period. On the opening day, Wednesday, Miss Ethel C. Clark, the custodian, wore an appropriate old-fashioned costume, lent by Margaret F. Wilson, to greet visitors. Mrs. Lewis S. Edgarton, chairman of the house committee, has been aided by Mr. and Mrs. Barber, Miss Grace Brown Gardner, Mrs. Richard V. Gray, Mrs. Ellen D. Chace, and Mr. Edgarton. All believe the house and its rooms will eventually be renewed. But only $500 was available for the work this year. Cost of restoration and furniture needed is estimated roughly at $5,000.

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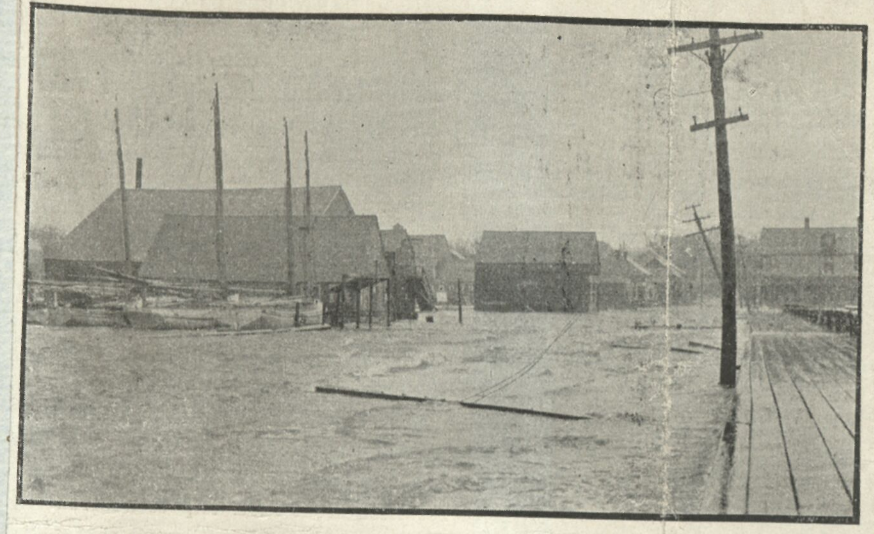
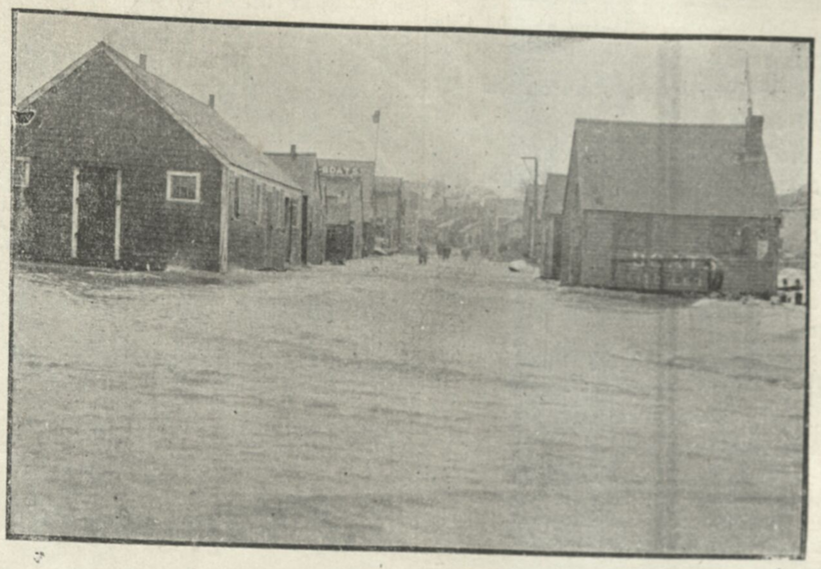
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO --- NANTUCKET'S HIGH TIDE OF JAN. 13, 1915



Steamboat wharf was completely submerged and considerable damage resulted there, as the picture indicates. The water reached up to the corner of South Water street.



Looking up Old North wharf towards South Water street. In the distance several men may be seen wading along with their hip boots on.

Scenes About the Water Front Twenty-five Years Ago Today.

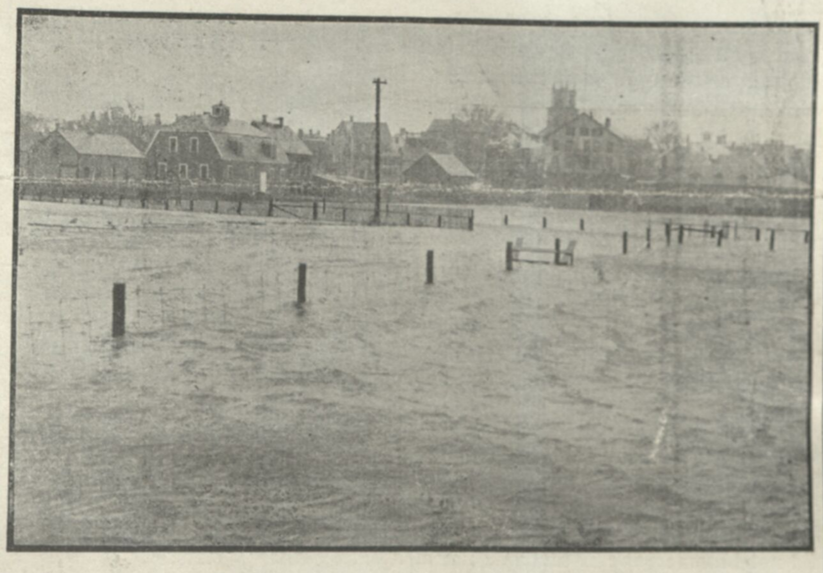
Twenty-five years ago today—on January 13, 1915—Nantucket experienced its highest tide on record. It was a severe northeast storm, from just the right quarter and at just the right time for the tide to rise up over the wharves and create damage along the water front. The accompanying pictures were taken at that time and they will recall some of the incidents of that storm to many of our older residents, and doubtless be of interest to the younger generation who may have wondered what an extreme high tide on Nantucket looks like.

The water inundated the wharves and submerged them to a depth of two to three feet. It came up lower Main street until the water lapped around the front of the Pacific Club building. Further along the Red Men's building was completely surrounded, and at the head of Steamboat wharf it came up to the corner of what is now Pease's garage.

Brant point and Beachside were under water, the tide rising to the corner of North Water street. The meadows below the bluff where stands the Sea Cliff hotel, the Brant Point meadows, and the lot at the rear of Crest Hall were submerged, and the bathing beach road was under water to a depth of two feet.

The wash-outs and damage to and around the wharves were severe and the south beach suffered severely. What was at that time called "the thousand dollar road" (now leading from Beach street to the children's beach) was under water to a depth of three feet in places.

The accompanying illustrations will give the younger generation an idea of what happened on Nantucket twenty-five years ago today—on January 13, 1915.



The "thousand dollar road" and South Beach street were under three feet of water. The rear of Crest Hall (then the Springfield) can be seen in the distance.

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" ✓	249	Ship James. for amt pd Mrs S. J. Dick	"26	10 00	
" ✓	219	James S. Nye. pd his order —	"	20 00	
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" ✓	245	Expense A/c Dr to Ship James. out			
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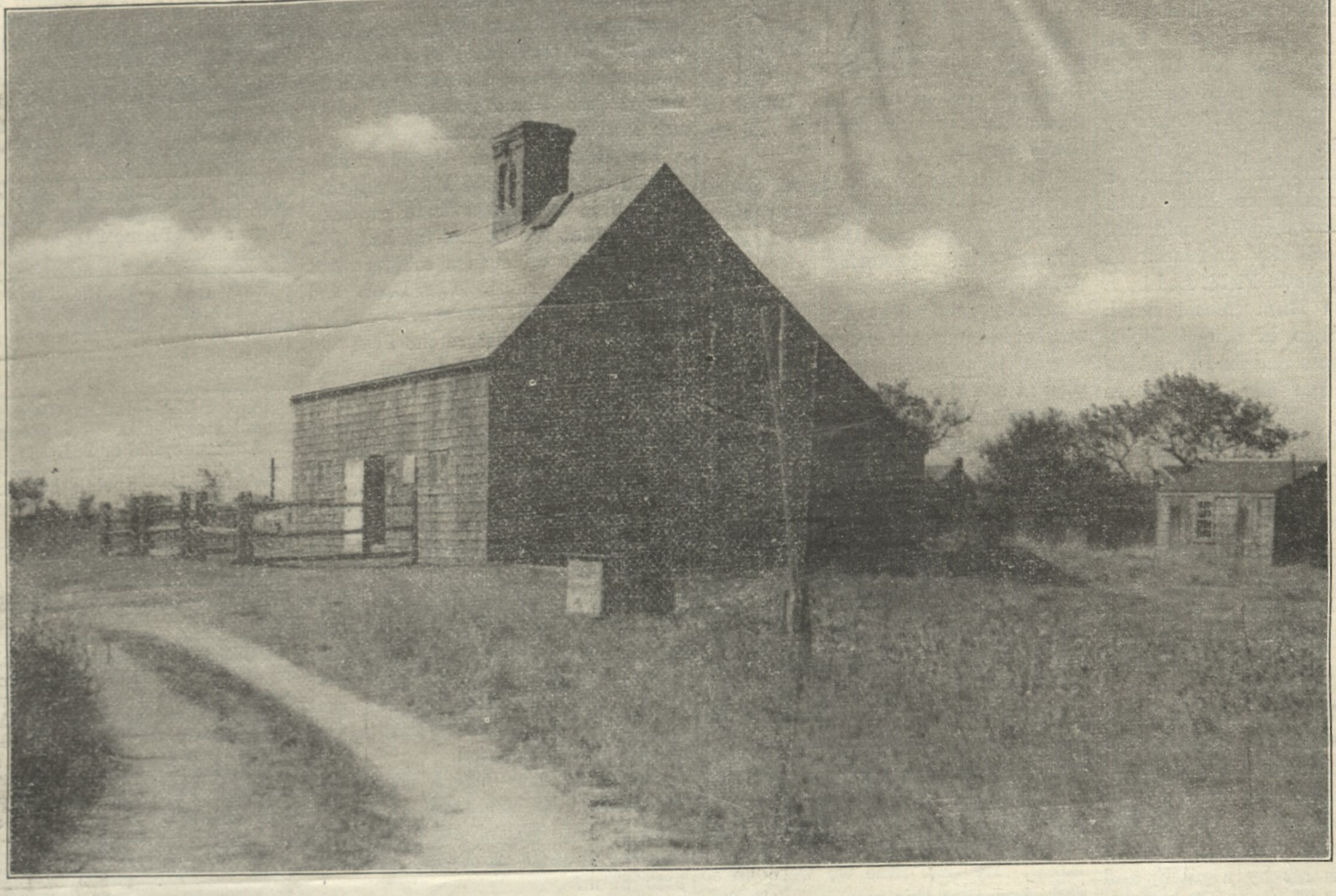
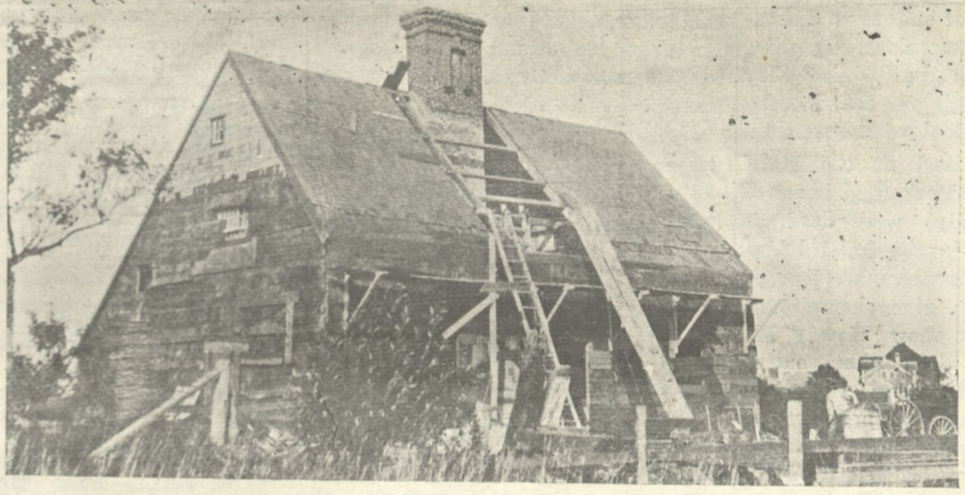
" ✓	252	B. C. Bank Dr to Sundry accounts			
" ✓	256	B & L. A/c for amt recd of John S. Taber. lent him 3m10. — — — —		800 00	
" ✓	189	Interest A/c for interest on above from 3m10. to 5m29 — — — —		10 53	810 53

May 28 - 1949

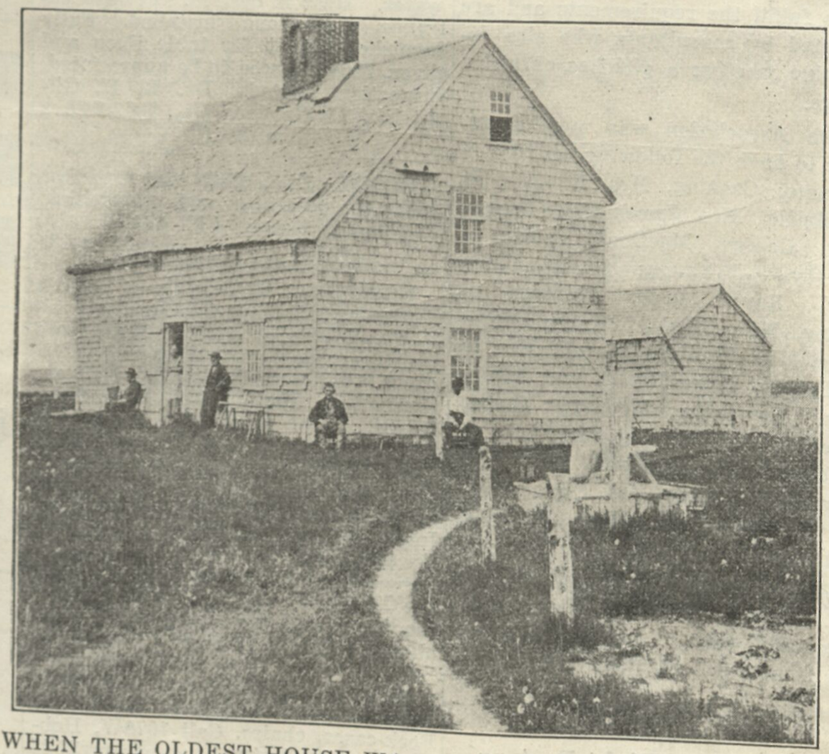


THE OLDEST HOUSE ON NANTUCKET, BUILT IN 1686, AS IT LOOKS IN MODERN DAYS.

Now owned by the Nantucket Historical Association, this ancient dwelling was known as the "Jethro Coffin House" and the "Horseshoe House." this spring it was given a new set of shingles, new frames for its windows and repairs to its floors and old chimney, so that it is in good condition for another busy summer as one of the Association's interesting exhibits. Last summer, over 2,000 visitors were shown through it by Miss Ethel Clark, the custodian, many from distant parts of the nation. The Chairman of the Oldest House Committee is John H. Robinson.



The house has an interesting and a varied history. Jethro and Mary Coffin, the original owners, lived in it 20 years, rearing eight children. In 1708, it was purchased by Nathaniel Paddock and remained in the Paddock family for over a century—until 1840, when it was sold to George Turner. Tristram Coffin, of Poughkeepsie, who purchased it in 1881, repaired it in 1886, and in 1897 it was first opened to the public with Miss Ellen Clisbie Bartlett in charge. Mrs. Anna Starbuck Jenks became custodian in 1899, continuing until 1923. In that year, the Nantucket Historical Association became the owner, and Miss Sarah L. Macy be--came its custodian in 1925, serving until her death in 1934. Through the generosity of Winthrop Coffin, of Boston, the house was restored in 1927-28, with the late Alfred Shurrocks and the late William Sumner Appleton as architects. The view above shows the dismantling necessary in strengthening the big chimney.



WHEN THE OLDEST HOUSE WAS LAST A FAMILY HOME—1866.

The last family to occupy the old house was that of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Turner, whose heirs sold it to the Tristram Coffins of Poughkeepsie in 1881. It was repaired and maintained as an historical exhibit from 1897 to the present time. A complete restoration was accomplished in 1928. It was here that Mrs. Worron wrote "Trustum and His Grandchildren."

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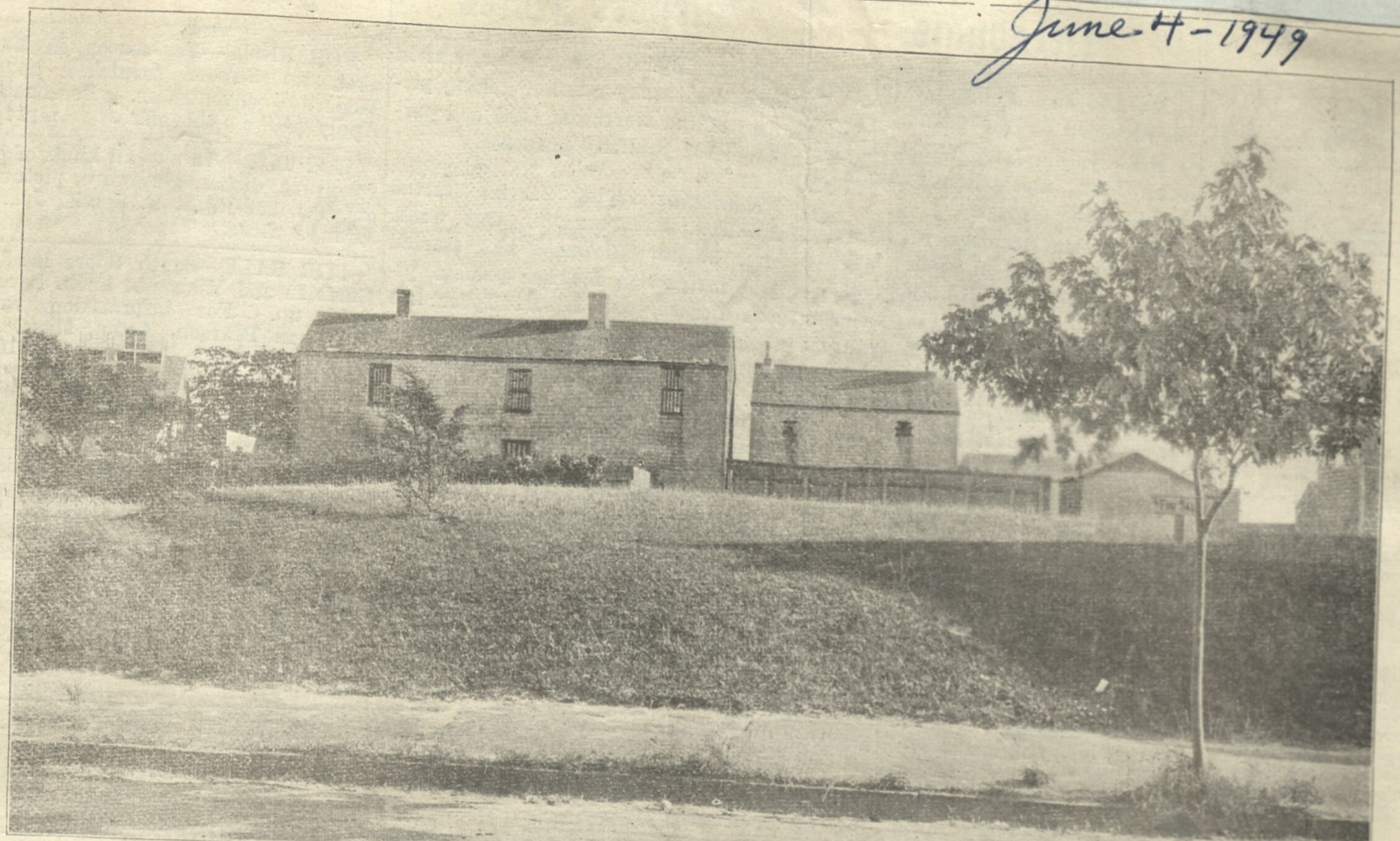
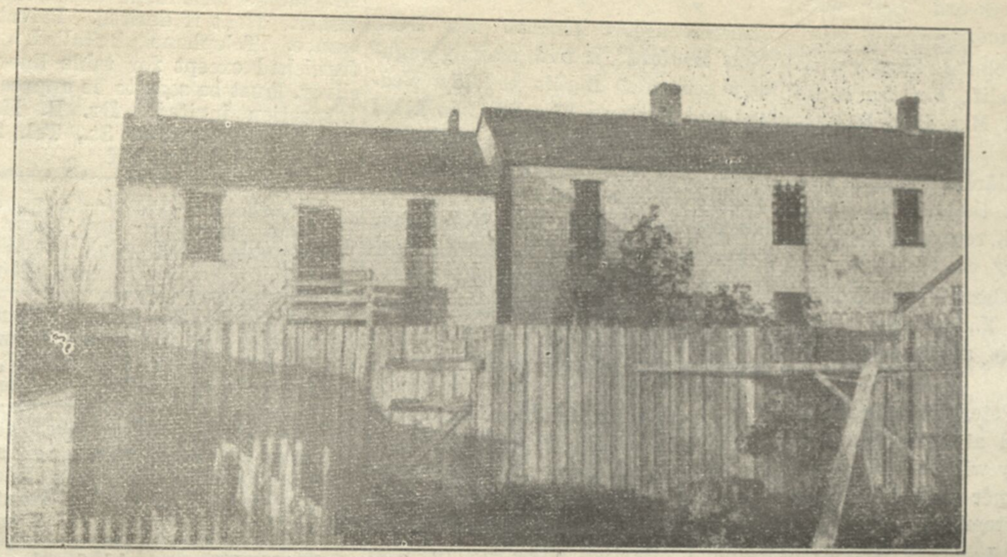


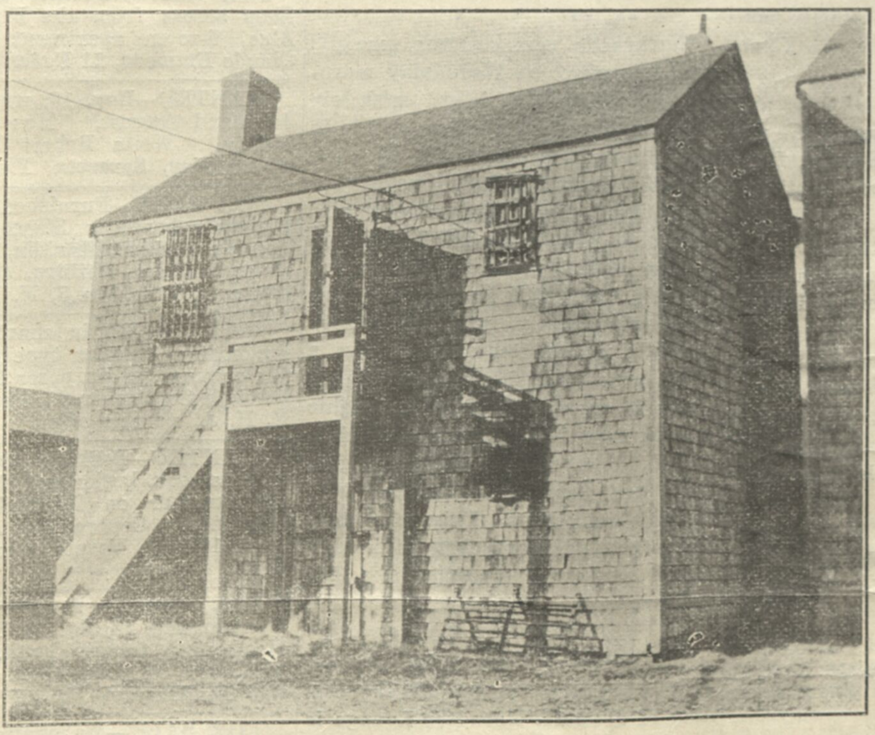
THE OLD NANTUCKET JAIL AND HOUSE OF CORRECTION AS IT APPEARED 30 YEARS AGO.

The view was from Main street, with the smaller building the "Old Gaol," built in 1805, and the larger structure the "House of Industry and Correction," which was originally built at the Town's Farm at Quaise, and moved to its present site in November, 1854. The property is now owned by the Nantucket Historical Association which has restored the "'Old Gaol" completely.



THE OLD JAIL AND HOUSE OF CORRECTION SIXTY YEARS AGO.

The high board fence with its postern-gate and the keeper's hen-yard at the left where as much a part of the Jail as the two buildings.



THE OLD NANTUCKET JAIL AS IT LOOKED BEFORE ITS RESTORATION IN 1947 -- 1948.

The structure was last used as a County Jail in 1933, when it was the scene of a startling jail-break. On October 3rd of that year, Charles Freeman, a young colored man who was awaiting trial, lured Keeper Edgar Ellis into the upper cell, suddenly struck him over the head hard enough to daze him, and then ran out into the dusk. During the next few days, an intensive man-hunt was in progress throughout the town and over the island—but Freeman was never found, nor where is probable accomplices in his escape ever discovered. Five years later, Freeman wrote to the local tax collector, using an assumed name, inquiring as to his mother's property here. Tax Collector Morris turned the letter over to the authorities and Freeman was apprehended—being then an inmate of a California prison—brought back to Nantucket, tried and sentenced to State Prison to from 12 to 15 years.

In May, 1946, the two buildings were deeded to the Nantucket Historical Association by the County Commissioners. Restoration work began in 1947, and the Jail was opened to the public in August of that year. Complete restoration was made in 1948--49, at considerable expense, with the House of Correction repair work also being started this year, so that the two buildings comprise another exhibit of historical interest to the public.

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Historical Association Restores Old Jail Buildings.

The two old prison structures—which have been landmarks between Main and Vestal streets for nearly a century and a half—will be open to the public as an historical exhibit starting the 20th of June.

Three years ago, the Nantucket Historical Association requested the Town turn over the two buildings, so that they could be restored and preserved as examples of an out-moded island prison system. On May 29, 1946, the County Commissioners deeded the property to the Association. One deed was registered on the 3rd of June, 1946, and passed over to the Association by Town Counsel Roy E. Sanguinetti. After a preliminary survey of the property, it was decided by the Council that it would not be feasible to attempt opening the buildings until considerable repair work had been done.

It was decided to first concentrate in restoring the Old Gaol. First, a high board fence, similar to the old style of fence, was constructed in the spring of 1947. During the month of August, 1947, the structure was actually open to visitors, but only one cell had been cleared of its 1907 walls of pine sheathing.

A committee composed of Burnham N. Dell, as Chairman, Howard C. Barber, and Edouard A. Stackpole was appointed to carry out the plans of restoration. Through the interest of Everett U. Crosby, a Vice President of the Association, and a resident who has had much experience in restoring old Nantucket dwellings, the committee obtained the services of Clarence Swift, the foreman for Mr. Crosby's work on various houses.

Mr. Swift worked on the Old Jail during the winter and spring and, after many hours of careful application, completed the job in the spring of 1948. It was necessary to restore wood under the windows on the south side, where the water, seeping in for nearly half a century, had completely rotted away the timbers.

Again Mr. Crosby's interest came to the aid of the Association with a gift of some large timbers which fitted into the rotted sections. Due to the fact that the structure was built of logs, laid cabin-style and bolted together with iron, the workmen used up a startling quantity of hacksaw blades in a comparatively small area.

* * * * *

As a final touch of restoration, the original lock and key to the Gaol were secured and again the big iron lock was placed in the front lowe door. Having learned that the lock and key were owned by Mrs. Robert C. Langlotz, of Florida, the President of the Association wrote to her of the restoration work. Mrs. Langlotz promptly and graciously donated the two to the Association.

The lock had been removed in 1867 by vote of the Selectmen, and replaced by a padlock. Joseph B. Macy, delegated to remove the old lock, presented it to a mainland friend, Dudley Ely, of Norwalk, Conn., the grandfather of Mrs. Langlotz.

* * * * *

The Old Gaol was built in 1805 by two notable island builders, John and Perez Jenkins, being completed in October of that year, at a cost of $2,090.40. The old bill shows that a total of 5,817 pounds of iron was used in the construction, at a cost of $698.04, being billed at $12 a cwt.

The Gaol is of unusual construction throughout, and, so far as is known, represents the oldest type of penal institution in New England. It is built like a colonial cabin, with log walls, floors, ceilings and partitions. These logs are made further escape-proof by being bolted with iron all through the structure.

The floors are of random width oak planks over the logs, and the exterior walls are furred and shingled. The building is 26 feet long by 16 feet wide, and 21 feet 8 inches high from the lower course of shingles to the top of ridgepole.

* * * * *

Of two stories in height, the Gaol contains four cells, two on each floor; the upper being reached by a flight of wooden steps, the lower by a heavy wooden door, of oaken planks, iron-bolted and barred with iron rods. The lock and key, as noted in the foregoing, are of unusual size as well.

The cells are entered from small entry-ways on each floor, with the two doors on either side being two planks thick, of 2-inch bolted oak, with iron cross-bars. Slots for a wooden bar to be wedged from one door across the entry-way to the other, are still in evidence. Cell privies are of strap-iron frame-work covered with plank.

The cells are 14 feet long, but the widths vary from 11 ft. 8 inches in the east upper cell to 11 ft. 4 inches in the west lower. The alcoves were lower and upper, have fireplaces, and for two bunks. The west cells, both the earthern and brick hearths and granite lintels are still to be seen. A chimney of modern construction is in the upper east cell, but the lower east cell was probably for solitary confinement.

* * * * *

Nantucket Town in the early days of the Gaol's existence was a busy seaport—the whaling capital of the world. Despite its domination by the Society of Friends throughout the 18th century, it was natural there should be both civil and criminal cases before the courts, with the influx of business and the waterfront teeming with commerce, and the sailors and whalers from many ports mingling.

Imprisonment for debt was not unusual. Assault and battery cases, and petty and grand larceny cases were occurrences which brought about incarceration for long or short periods.

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In 1855, the larger structure was moved to its site from the Town's Farm, where it had been erected in 1826. Here were housed the debtors, who were allowed to ply their trade to pay their bills. Here also were kept habitual drunkards and mental cases, as well as juvenile prisoners.

Perhaps the most famous prisoner of the jail was Barker Burnell, the cashier of the Manufacturers & Mechanics Bank, who was arrested in 1846 on a charge of embezzling $130,000.00.

The House of Correction's most famous prisoner was Patience Cooper—the mulatto, who was found guilty of assaulting the widow store-keeper Phebe Fuller in November, 1860, and causing her death from the injuries.

* * * * *

Soon after the business reverses, migrations and the Civil War had brought a period of depression to the island, the Old Gaol fell into disuse. During the next fifty years, many amusing incidents are told of the unusual occurrences when a prisoner was placed "in durrance vile."

One of the best of these stories concerns a summer visitor viewing the iron barred windows and remarking to a lady who lived close by:

"Aren't you afraid to live so close the jail? Suppose the prisoners should escape at night? Aren't you frightened at the thought of it?"

"Why should I be?" was the island lady's quiet reply. "They are all our own people and perfectly respectable!"

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OCTOBER 16, 1948.

The Winter Club Held Its 200th Meeting on Tuesday Evening.

On Tuesday evening, October 12, fifteen members and guests of The Winter Club met at the Woodbox, on Fair street, to observe the 200th meeting of its fourteen years of organization.

President Frederick P. Hill was in the chair, and he welcomed the group on behalf of all members, present and absent. William L. Mather, chairman of the evening, was assisted by Douglas Cole and the Secretary. The feature of the evening was the reading by the Rev. Claude Bond of a paragraph or two from each member, entitled "My Most Interesting Winter Club Meeting".

Present were: President Frederick P. Hill, William L. Mather, Douglas Cole, Dr. H. Brooks Walker, Richard V. Gray, John Allen Davis, Roy E. Sanguinetti, Col. Stacy Knopf, Jack Grout, Clarence L. Sibley, Burnham N. Dell, Rev. Claude Bond, Austin Strong, Edouard A. Stackpole.

As a part of the program, and to serve as an introduction to the reading of the paragraphs of reminiscences, Secretary Stackpole read a resumé of the first 100 meetings of the Club. This was, in part, as follows:

The *Winter Club* is perhaps the most unique organization in Nantucket. Its founding, its going forward and its continuance are based on a desire for sharing the warmth of good fellowship and intellectual activities of each other. The members have shown a deep appreciation of the stated purpose of the Club. Article 2 of the eight short by-laws records:

"The purpose of this Club is for the intellectual cultivation and the social enjoyment of its members."

In other words, we are to enjoy the varied experiences and studies, the diversified hobbies and personalized savours of each other. Certainly, we share them from October to May of the old and new years.

The Club has been in existence fourteen years. At a preliminary meeting, held at the invitation of Prof. Louis F. Anderson, then residing here, a group of men assembled at The Woodbox, Fair street, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 31, 1934. In the records of that most excellent secretary, the late Fred V. Fuller, is written:

"After dinner, the matter of organizing an evening club for men was considered and various details were discussed at some length by those present, consisting of Prof. Louis F. Anderson, Rev. Samuel Snelling, Edgar W. Jenney, Hollis H. Bennett, Herbert S. Kellogg, Dr. Charles E. Congdon, Regis H. Post, Rev. Chauncey H. Blodgett, Frederick V. Fuller. Resolutions were offered and acted upon with the following results:

"Voted: That a men's club be organized under the name of The Winter Club; That meetings be held twice a month from October to May, inclusive; That the membership be limited to 12.

"The sense of the meeting was in favor of serving refreshments during the evening rather than providing for a regular dinner or supper.

"Austin Strong and Harold L. Pickett were elected to membership. The following officers were elected:

"President: Louis F. Anderson.
"Secretary: Fred V. Fuller.
"Treasurer: Hollis H. Bennett.

"An entrance fee of 50 cents was established.

"A committee consisting of Prof. Anderson, Rev. Mr. Snelling, Dr. Congdon and Mr. Fuller were appointed to prepare and submit bylaws at the first meeting to be held on Nov. 5, 1934."

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That first meeting was duly held at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Congdon on Orange street. All members were present but Edgar Jenney, who was off-island. William F. Macy was present as a guest.

Rev. Samuel Snelling was elected 1st Vice President and Dr. Charles E. Congdon became 2d Vice President of the Club.

The speaker at this first meeting was Prof. Louis F. Anderson, whose topic was "A Day in Athens". From out his deep scholarship, Prof. Anderson gave a vivid picture of those ancient days. It wac a most auspicious launching.

The second meeting was held at the home of Rev. Mr. Blodgett, and the speaker, Hollis H. Bennett, gave a comprehensive talk on "Tolls—Their Development and Influence on Mankind."

At the home of Regis H. Post, on Main street, the Club held its third meeting, with Dr. Charles E. Congdon providing a most interesting evening with a delightful account of his first voyage to South America, when he was ship's surgeon on board an English passenger steamer in the winter of 1896.

At this meeting there were five names proposed as guests as preliminary to membership, as follows: Everett U. Crosby, Alfred F. Shurrocks, Roy E. Sanguinetti, Dr. Ernest H. Menges, Edouard A. Stackpole.

The fourth meeting, held at the home of Rev. Harold L. Pickett, found the regular membership augmented by the following guests: Alfred E. Smith, George Fawcett, Byron Coggins and Edouard Stackpole. On this occasion, Mr. Pickett spoke on "Perry's Victory at Lake Erie."

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It was at the fifth meeting of the Club, held on Jan. 7, 1935, that it was voted to elect five associate members, after completing the Club's regular membership of 12. (This was further amended a few years later, so that the list of associate members was increased to 12, and the guest list to two.) The speaker at this meeting was the Rev. Mr. Blodgett, and his challenging talk—"Getting the World on Its Feet"—was a studious, keen and witty analysis of the depression. Messrs. Alfred Smith, George Fawcett, Roy E. Sanguinetti, Dr. Ernest H. Menges and E. A. Stackpole were elected as associate members, and Alfred F. Shurrocks was elected to the 12th regular membership.

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George Fawcett's address on "The New Stage and the Old," presented at the seventh meeting, Jan. 21, 1935, was one of the high-lights of its program. With his vigorous presence, his insight and humor, and his rich experience, he gave the Club an evening long to be remembered. Who can forget his memorable reading of Poe's 'The Raven," and his excerpts from "Macbeth."

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"Some Glimpses of The English Cambridge" was Prof. Anderson's second contribution to the Club's enjoyable evenings, being presented on Feb. 4, 1935, at the home of George Fawcett. The tremendous influence of this great university, and something of its traditions and history made a marked impression on the assembly of attentive listeners.

At the second of the February meetings, Regis H. Post gave a vivid acccount of "The Early Days of Our Colonial Experience". From his experiences as a former Governor-General of Porto Rico, Mr. Post was able to give an intimate and important picture of a little-known part of our national heritage.

It was at this meeting that Prof. Andrerson tendered his resignation as President, due to his planned departure from the island. Dr. Charles E. Congdon then became our President as of March 4, 1935. Thus began another chapter in the history of the organization. The regret at the departure of Prof. Anderson was relieved by that gentleman's prophecy that in the hands of Dr. Congdon he had placed a trust of comradeship which he knew would be carefully treasured. It was a prophecy amply fulfilled as Dr. "Charlie" Congdon gave a decade of grand leadership.

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At the March meeting, held at the Woodbox, the following resolution was adopted:

"Whereas, the meeting of the Winter Club is the last one at which our first President, Prof. L. F. Anderson, will be with us:

"Resolved: That we, his fellow members, hereby place upon record our recognition and appreciation of the fact that The Winter Club of Nantucket was initiated at his suggestion and through his action."

* * * * *

At the home of Dr. Congdon, on the evening of March 18, 1935, our Secretary, Mr. Fuller, made one of his rare appearances as a speaker. He gave a talk titled: "Why Worry?" When he had finished he remarked, with a broad smile, "There, you see how little it means to worry? I was scared to death before I started to speak tonight, but you have been such good listeners, all my worry was needless."

Dr. Wall's talk on the "Conquest of Disease," followed by "Recent Developments in Preventative Medicine," presented by Dr. Ernest Menges, was our first evening devoted to scientific matters.

The meetings became evenings of diversified subjects, continuing our enjoyment—Edgar Jenney's "Art For Men;" Herbert S. Kellogg's, "Story of Camden, S. C., an Historic Southern Town;" William F. Macy's, "The Saving Grace of Humor"—these concluded the first year of our existence.

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It was at the meeting of Oct. 14, 1935, that Dr. Congdon read his paper on the work of the Nantucket Historical Association. The Club then voted to appoint Hollis H. Bennett and E. A. Stackpole as a committee on publishing accounts of the Club's meetings in *The Inquirer and Mirror*. A program committee composed of Messrs. Fuller, Walls and Stackpole was also appointed.

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At the home of Dr. Walls, in the fall of 1935, your present secretary gave a paper titled: "The European Situation and the Coming Participation of the U. S. in Another World War." Secretary Fuller recorded: "It was the prevailing opinion of our group that the U. S. would not be drawn into a Second World War."

Another timely topic touched upon shortly after was "The New Deal," as seen through the discerning eyes of Secretary Fuller. In his report of the evening, he wrote these pungent words: "On the whole, the sentiment of the gathering was critical of the New Deal."

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Our President, Frederick P. Hill, made his appearance in the ranks of the Club during our second year, when, with William L. Mather, Col. Louis J. Praeger, Fred H. Webster and Dr. William O. Stevens, he attended a meeting at George Fawcett's on Pleasant street, at which time a spendid talk was given by Dr. Will Stevens on "The Battle of Jutland."

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The 21st meeting of the Club was an auspicious one as, at the suggestion of our President, Dr. Congdon, it was an evening devoted to a study of the town meeting warrant. As chairman of the Finance Committee at that time, Dr. Congdon was in a position to answer any questions concerning town finances. Two other members of the finance board were also present as guests.

It was the first of such meetings, held yearly to discuss the annual warrant. Many individuals outside the Club formed the opinion that The Winter Club was attempting to dictate the policies of the Finance Committee. Nothing could have been so far from the truth. How vividly we recall Dr. Congdon recounting how he had personally dispelled such an idea in his conversations with many people. His wit and humor were put to a test but how ably he arose to the occasion!

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On Feb. 10, 1936, in the absence of Dr. Congdon, our presiding officer was Col. Louis J. Praeger. At this meeting, George Fawcett gave us another of his "Reminiscences," an altogether remarkable ramble into the early days of the movies.

As a process of initiating him into the associate members, Frederick P. Hill was called upon for a talk. His "Suitable Types of Architecture for Nantucket" was received with much interest and pleasure.

Fred Webster's delightful "An American in London" was given at the speaker's residence on Stone Alley. His discourse was closely followed, and a variety of anecdotes, contributed by various members, added greatly to the evening's memory.

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Many of us who are present this evening are acquainted with the Rev. Chauncey Blodgett, but, unfortunately, only two of us here tonight were present when he gave his scholarly paper on "Literature—Old and New." One of his comments will always be recalled: "Modern fiction is neurotic, erotic and damn-rotic!" The meeting was held at Charles Kimball's in March, 1936.

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As a preliminary warning that he would be inducted into membership, Roy E. Sanguinetti was asked to give a talk on "The Nantucket Proprietry." No legal counsel could have had a more difficult assignment, but Roy responded with a comprehensive talk that brought forth one of the best evenings for discussion which the Club has yet enjoyed.

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Col. Praeger's forceful paper on "Our National Defense" also came during this year. His views were vigorously seconded by Dr. Congdon, Col. Stewart, Dr. Walls and Frederick P. Hill. "We can have no new deal in our national defense," observed Col. Praeger, "as politics cannot mix with fundamental military strategy if we are to be prepared for any war." This was only one of his prophetic lines.

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Although host Edgar Jenney was called from his home in May, 1936, by a mainland summons, he insisted the Club meet there as scheduled. The evening was devoted to accounts of any "trips" which the members had enjoyed. Dr. Congdon closed the evening with a toast to the host on his unexpected "trip."

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It was at the 32nd meeting of the Club, in Nov. 1936, that Everett U. Crosby presented his study of Nantucket Architecture. The practicability of carrying on the old-time architectural style of the town was convincingly shown, and at the conclusion of the meeting the Club went on record as voting: "That the Winter Club stand back of Mr. Crosby in his efforts to preserve and continue the old architectural features of Nantucket, and that its members aid him in every possible way."

* * * * *

During the next year, many interesting evenings were spent at Club meetings. Roy E. Sanguinetti gave us an insight in the "Social Security" law; George Grant, one of the last of the old-time whalemen, made us feel again the excitements and faraway voyages of his calling; the controversy over the bathing beach was given a full scope during a meeting on the "warrant;" Frank Congdon gave us an evening on the "Telephone Industry;" Edward P. Tice brought a vivid glimpse inside the "big top'" in his account of "Ten Years With the Circus," his experiences with the Barnum & Bailey and Ringling Bros. companies; Herbert S. Kellogg recounted tales and legends of the Gluf Coast; Regis Post brought us a memorable evening in his personal experiences as Governor-General of Porto Rico.

* * * * *

The passing of Rev. Samuel Snelling, a vice president of the Club, and Herbert S. Kellogg is recorded as of Oct. 25, 1937—the first break in the ranks. During the 1937-38 season, the retirement of Messrs. Pickett and Shurrocks was noted. New associate members were elected to membership: Charles A. Selden, recently returned to his island home after many years as a foreign correspondent for *The New York Times*; Frank E. Congdon, also retiring to make his home here, after a long record as an executive with the Bell Telephone System; and Everett U. Crosby, a resident of many years, whose interest in the island had been translated into his "95% Per Cent Perfect." Regular guests were: Kenneth Taylor, William H. Barney, Lawrence Cummings and Bishop Frank H. Touret.

* * * * *

The 1937 season started auspiciously with a memorable talk on the "Lighting of the Coming World's Fair" by Bassett Jones, one of our members, and the man who had been appointed to plan this difficult job by the World's Fair committee. This was followed by Kenneth Taylor's excellent paper on "The Stock Market;" Carles's Kimball's "Scientific Studies on Nantucket;" Supt. of Schools Chas. Taylor's "Youth;" Harry Turner's "A Cruise to South America—1937;" Dr. Joseph Cochran's "Wintering in Mexico," (to which Col. Stewart gave a vigorous postscript in his recounting on how the Mexicans stole his ranch); Dr. Will Stevens' address on "Old Williamsburgh;" Van Wyck Mason's account of his research for "Three Harbours;" and a "Newspaperman's Night," with Charles A. Selden, Harry B. Turner, Fred V. Fuller and E. A. Stackpole.

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Other meetings featured Col. Louis Praeger's "A Trip to Holland;" Dr. Fred Breithut's "Forty Years in the Field of Chemistry;" Lawrence B. Cummings, "Labor and the Building Service Trades;" G. Lister Carlisle's "Eleven Weeks in a Lion Pasture;" Bassett Jones' "A History of Money;" Austin Strong's "In a Playwright's Workshop; Will Gardner's "Sunday Religion;" and many other diversified programs.

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The 100th Meeting of the Club was held in February, 1941, at the Woodbox, where its first meeting took place seven years before.

* * * * *

Our Secretary, the late Fred V.

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Fuller made his last entry in the Club's books in December, 1941. A few days later he suddenly passed away. At a memorial meeting, held on the 24th of March, 1942, Dr. Joseph Cochran read the splendid address in the memory of that most able of secretaries, and in one place stated:

> "A grave, modest man, just and cheerful, of simple habits, clear intelligence, high principles and judgments."

As the "reminiscent" paragraphs to be read by Claude Bond will carry on the continuity of our history, this recapitulation of our first decade as a Club will end here. In the words of the inimitable man who served as our President for so many years—Dr. Charles E. Congdon: "We have our affection for the good fellowship and pleasure which the Club has given us all."

English Tinkerer Made Folger Clock Run.

1953

The man who made Nantucket's famous astronomical clock work right again, for the first time in about 100 years, told how he did it yesterday. He sat in front of the handsome grandfather piece in the Nantucket Historical Association and admitted that it had been quite a job, taking about six months of what would be work for some but was pleasure for this noted collector and tinkerer.

He is a native of England, Dr. Arthur L. Rawlings, consulting engineer of the Bulova Research and Development Laboratories, Inc., a subsidiary of the Bulova Watch Company that is now engaged in making parts for war material. Like Walter Folger, Jr., the island genius who started creating the clock at the age of 20, Dr. Rawlings began early at tinkering with timepieces for fun. He put his first disabled clock together at the age of 10.

In Walter Folger's time, the clock worked perfectly, showing the movements of sun and moon as well as the time of day, month and year. At the inventor's death in 1849, it fell to ailing, too, and eventually stopped. It became a gruelling challenge to many who tried unsuccessfully to get it working properly. Grenville Curtis, Nantucket horologist, managed to keep the time mechanism going but in the years the astronomical parts had been taken out as impossible to operate.

Dr. Rawlings was suggested as the right man by Brooks Palmer, president of the National Association of Watch and Clock Collectors, who became acquainted with the Folger clock, through William E. Gardner, Nantucket author, while gathering material for a Palmer book on clocks. Dr. Rawlings willingly agreed to try his hand at the task and did the work in his Long Island, N. Y., home, in pursuance of a lifetime hobby.

"Legend had said that the clock told the tides and was adjusted to show leap years," said Dr. Rawlings, who has been brought here as a summer resident with his young wife as a result of the influence of the clock. "That threw me off. I sat down for a month or so and tried to figure out how that could be. Actually, that was not so. You have to set it manually for leap year and it does not tell the tides. But it is a remarkable clock and it was a pleasure to work on it."

The astronomical parts came to the learned tinkerer "like the parts of a jigsaw puzzle that could not fit," in a 50-cigar size box. He soon learned that less learned tinkerers through the years of trying to make the clock work had done more harm than good. Two vital parts had been soldered together that never were meant to be together. The clock has 19 more wheels than most grandfather's clocks.

Some were worn, some corroded by age, some needed new bushings. The striker had died of old age. The Englishman made two or three new parts, which he thinks will resist detection.

"She's three-and-a-half minutes slow now," he said with a slight frown. He took a brass key and made an adjustment in the mysterious works. He and the clock definitely go together. He is a patient, slightly stooped, wry-humored, and painstaking man, aquiline and ruddy. He will speak at the Nantucket Historical Association's annual meeting next Wednesday.

"She may not be the most remarkable clock in the world but Old Folger was certainly original. A very clever piece of work. I had never heard of the clock until last year but now I am surprised that so many did know of it. I made a drawing of the mechanism as I thought it should be, before I worked mechanically, and sent it to Dr. Gardner. He turned it over to Miss Margaret Harwood of the Maria Mitchell Association and she said right away that that ought to work. Eventually it did. It was a lot of fun. It took six months because I don't like to rush in matters like this."

Dr. Rawlings believes that the world's most remarkable clock might be that in the Cathedral at Strasbourg, which stages a parade of religious figures at the hour. However, he agreed that such an affair would be too ornate for the austere Nantucket of Folger's day. He said that a collector might give "almost anything" for the Folger. But it is now among the most treasured possessions of the Historical Association.

The scientist believes that the beautiful mahogany case was made off-island for the clock and there is some evidence that it came with the big brass dial from Boston. He found that some parts appear to be machine-made and some hand-made. Whether Walter Folger, who invented many things, actually constructed all the mechanism, as well as designing it, is in doubt. The important thing is to keep the clock going with changes of sun and moon keeping pace with time.

Capt. William Felix Brown, who died at his residence on North Sixth street, New Bedford, Tuesday morning, 23d ult., was a native of Nantucket, where he was born September 19, 1806. He was a son of Capt. William and Elizabeth (Coffin) Brown, and a grandson of Capt. Hezekiah Coffin, commander of ship Beaver, from which the obnoxious tea was thrown overboard in Boston Harbor prior to the Revolution. Capt. Brown early went to sea, making his first voyage whaling on ship Japan, of this port. His next and two subsequent voyages were on ship Reaper, also of this port, to which he was attached in the positions of boatsteerer, second and first mate, and later commanded ship Peru, at that time owned by David Joy of Nantucket, and since then in the possession of John McCullough of New Bedford. At the completion of this voyage he retired from the sea in 1839 on account of poor health, and has since remained on shore, following for some time the trade of a shipwright. He removed to New Bedford in 1845, and was at one time treasurer and a director of the Central Grocery Store. He has not been in good health for 15 years past, but has been able to be about till a comparatively recent period, when he caught cold by going out when not clothed sufficiently warm, and he died from consumption, to which he had a tendency. He leaves a widow and one daughter, who have the hearty sympathy of their friends in their sad affliction. 1886

7/21 1956

The Challenge Of an Island Heritage.

By Edouard A. Stackpole.

As presented at the annual meeting of the Nantucket Historical Association on Tuesday, July 17.

A legend of the Greeks tells of a wanderer who arrived, weary and aged, at the world's end and stopped to quench his thirst at a clear spring. After one draught of the enchanted water he realized that this was the same spring that had refreshed him in his youth.

In our uneasy American world today there are only a few spots which are imbued with this peculiar quality to refresh — and Nantucket is one of these favored places. They recapture that illusion of past — they wreak a magic in one's memory.

Other seaport towns may compete with Nantucket in beauty. You may find beaches for swimming in a dozen other summer resorts; you may enjoy sailing to better advantage at numerous stretches along the New England coast; you may discover equally well-appointed hotels and rooming houses at other places. But what sets Nantucket apart is something you cannot find in these other places. It is that awareness that in this island-town we are in the presence of a compelling tradition — a tradition unique in the annals of America — a heritage bequeathed by a generation of sea kings the like of which the nation will never see again — mariners who made the name Nantucket known all over the world.

As we wander through the streets and lanes of this historic town we are close to the physical evidences of this past, immersing ourselves simultaneously in today and yesterday. Here we are reminded of the courage, persistence, daring, and self-reliance of that breed of Quaker seamen who evolved a unique kingdom in the sea.

Writers have extolled the quality of Nantucket's peculiar architectural perfection. Artists capture the many appealing vistas of town and harbor. Talented orators have praised the story of the island's past, and the journalists find a variety of material supplying their pens and their journals.

And now, only in recent months, with an inspiring rush of good fortune, the Historic Districts Bill has provided the implementation for a legal protection of the architectural inheritance of the old town.

But tradition so bequeathed to us as islanders is not alone confined to the sturdy houses and winding lanes which make up the so-called "historic districts" of our island. Our heritage is far greater than ancient wood and brick, and locale; it is a human symbol, not a material one.

Suppose a disaster (heaven forbid!) should destroy to a large degree our old town? Suppose a great campaign enabled us to rebuild and reconstruct. Would it be the same? Of course, it could not be so to us, but perhaps another generation would not comprehend the wide difference or realize what had been lost. In fact, another hundred years hence might add the illusion of great age, so that only the historian and the archaeologist would comprehend that the irreplaceable was gone forever.

On the other hand, no disaster can ever destroy the true heritage of Nantucket—that potent force which created the old town in the first place. Those Nantucketers of the 17th, 18th, and early 19th centuries gave of their minds and hearts as well as of their hands. They built something stronger than dwellings and warehouses; they stood squarely and confidently on definite principles whether within their homes or counting houses or on the decks of their ships. Though their empire has vanished, their legacy remains, for it is woven into the history, economy, and geography of the nation.

* * * * *

What Is This Heritage?

History is to a nation what memory is to an individual. In this island town we have a people who are actually living closer to the community's past than any other similar group in America. If we pause to reflect amid these visible evidences of our heritage we are aware of the deeper significance of our relationship with the past. It is like a psychological cocktail.

What is this heritage — this Nantucket tradition? As much as I would like to present the romantic I am afraid that the basic parts are more fixed and less emotional. The several elements are composed of determination, self-reliance and ability on the one hand, and religious faith, devotion to duty, and love of home on the other. These are the component parts of the inheritance bequeathed us by our forefathers.

Tradition is not a documented history. Yet, on the other hand, is it not true that much of written history is merely apparent illogical deductions of what writers may have believed were the facts? Tradition is the tested, tried-out opinions, statements, and beliefs which have been handed down from generation to generation by oral transmission, the knowledge of which is communicated in most cases within written memorials.

It was Hawthorne who said: "Nobody can make a tradition; it takes a century to make it." I may add it takes a living generation to continue to transmit it.

Our Nantucket tradition is unalterably a blending of whaling, Quakerism, and family trees. Such an incongruous mixture was placed in the try-pots of this island, during two centuries and a half of life, and the product, fused by fire of action and cleansed by love and despair, is like the white, crystaline spermaceti wax which made Nantucket famous — a pure substance unlike any other.

Tradition and history are so closely allied that one cannot live without the aid of the other. We cannot handle them as we might the exact sciences, like mathematics or chemistry. There is no series of figures in tradition which we may check for accuracy or hold up as a proven sum. Tradition is like the devotion of a mother for her child, unfathomable and unlimited, and impossible to fully describe.

We who are privileged to live in Nantucket know that this island tradition is as strong as the tide and like the tide always returns. To analyze it would take a longer time than is available this afternoon and so I must give you merely what I feel are the highlights.

* * * * *

Old Ghosts and New Spirits

I once read an article on Nantucket in which the islanders were described as descendants of whaling masters. Somehow, I wish the writer could have met Charlie Brown Cathcart, or Joe Fisher, or Peter Hoye — or some of the other ordinary sailor men that I knew as a child — and made the statement to them. I know what they would have said, but I can't repeat it here. What a ship-master might have remarked, I will never know as they were then all gone, but I do know they would have laughed heartily.

Yes, whaling is so strongly the mainstay of our tradition that no part of the one is without the other. But there were ordinary sailors as well as captains, coopers, and blacksmiths; as well as ship owners, clerks and longshoremen, as well as storekeepers, and there were mothers and sisters as well as fathers and brothers.

To find a way to trace the very origins of our tradition is to thread one's way back through the labyrinth of history. The ghosts of our ancestors—who linger in the shadows of the old houses, whose shapes suddenly appear in foggy patches in the lanes, whose voices are often heard in the surging of the surf, and the howling of the wind—would not like to be considered prim and proper heroines and heroes. They were living people

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with the usual allotment of triumphs and defeats, success and failures. When they came as the first white settlers of this island, well out to sea, they never realized they were founders of a unique and lasting settlement which was to become a virtual kingdom in the sea.

The story of their first years, featured by the subsequent alignment of the family groups into divided political camps, set up the beginnings of the tradition. Can we forget Mary Coffin and think only of her father Tristram? Can we neglect Richard Pinkham and concentrate on John Gardner? Can we overlook Richard Swain and devote all our attention to Peter Folger? We cannot. They were equally the parents of the first generation of whalemen and their initial struggles were as nothing as to their sons'! It was the creation of the second generation which gave the delineation of the character of those ancestors of ours.

I could give you the full story of the whaling eras but that is not to be today. I have written it in "The Sea Hunters". But I must say we can do no better than cherish the whaling tradition as it is so much a part of our nation's past as well as Nantucket's. It brought wealth at a time when both country and island home needed it.

But before I leave it, let me remind you of the great contrasts in whaling:
The necessity of the business —
The excitement of the chase —
The utter boredom of the cruisings —
The courage of officers and men —
The unfeeling brutality of the treatment —
The avarice of some owners and fairness of others —
The rewards for service well done —
Spectacular success —
Dismal failure.

Captain Nicholson buried his child on one Pacific Island and saw his wife ashore at another, to return and find her dead. Lieut. Reuben Chase became a privateersman after he had been forced to become a spectator at the great sea battle of the "Bon Homme Richard" and "Serapis"; then adopted a packet captain's role before returning to invest in an island grocery.

What about those who went away— I could tell you of Richard Pinkham, a prisoner of war at Halifax; Obed Hussey, the whaleman blacksmith whose invention of that vital part made the reaper possible.

(Here Mr. Stackpole spoke of many other Nantucketers who made outstanding careers for themselves, both "on" and "off" island.—Ed.)

* * * * *

There Is a Tide

A few weeks ago I sat in a crowded theatre in New Bedford participating in the audience's share of the world premiere of the new motion picture "Moby Dick". Within a few minutes a deep suspicion became fact — the "Pequod" of this modern version of "Moby Dick" was sailing not from Nantucket but from New Bedford. The director had given the old ship a different home port.

It was like a problem in mathematics. Taking a wrong premise it was impossible for any producer to reach the right answer. Melville had selected Nantucket as the "Pequod's" home port for a basic reason and the whole significance of that was entirely lost.

If ever there was a written document of praise for Nantucket it is "Moby Dick", and yet, incredible as it was, the name "Nantucket" was not once mentioned in the entire picture. What of Starbuck — what of Ahab himself? How could such a staggering mistake occur? And yet, such a decision was made. Can we think of a dramatization of Greek history without mentioning Athens or Socrates? Can we visualizze a picture of Trafalgar without the Victory or Nelson? Give the Hollywood boys time and they will again film the "Ten Commandments" and decide to use only five because the picture should only run two hours and a half.

If a natural claim to fame, so firmly established in an American classic, can be ignored by the experts, think of how quickly the lesser lights can despoil an island heritage!

If we learn nothing else from history we are struck by the fact of its essential continuity. The character which is the old town of Nantucket is founded in its simplicity and in its mellowness of age, and hoverng over it is that heritage of the past.

Nantucket cannot remain static. A community which resists change is an insecure community. There are, after all, only two courses: First, to accept change and to adapt it to Nantucket traditions in a realistic and appropriate manner; secondly, to let things drift along, avoiding the obvious and be suddenly overwhelmed with it. By the first course we may evolve the adaptation through the democratic processes of law, by the second, we invite disaster.

The passage of the "Historic Districts" bill was a major step.

But, with the functioning of the Historic Districts Committee, we cannot sit back and become complacent. By so doing we would look only inward and survey, as it were, a walled town. We cannot turn our backs to what is going on behind us on the other side of the wall. Nantucket's waterfront is too much a part of its history to be relegated to the millstones of so-called progress. These wharves and streets have survived storms, fires, and depression but they cannot cope with that tyrant called "progress". The town once turned its back on an opportunity to preserve one major portion. I hope this will never happen again. There is no substitute for public support. Let the average person know and then appeal to him for help. The true economy of Nantucket is not a matter of new steamboats or new airplanes, neither is it a question of new ramps for old wharves — it is the faith of Nantucketers in Nantucket and the willingness of islanders to invest in that kind of future we earnestly believe is best for this island town.

It is one thing to protect the outward while letting the inner force disintegrate. We can do no better than paraphrase a classic utterance — We cannot consecrate or dedicate Nantucket. The brave men and women who gave it to us as a heritage have consecrated it far beyond our power to add or detract. Once we lose the full significance of this heritage we also lose the value of preserving the physical evidences. But I know that we will not lose it so long as we mind the admonition of a devoted American:

". . . that in this place there has been collected the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle, from which sprang the institution under which we now live."

As the repository of the outward manifestation of this rugged simplicity of our great heritage we have the old town of Nantucket, which glows with the reflection of an "inner light".

As the guardians of that "inner light", which contains the hopes and fears, the triumphs and defeats, the successes and the depressions, of our great heritage we have only ourselves. My friends, let us accept that challenge!

1947

Winter Club Hears Excerpts From Story of the Coffins.

The Winter Club met on Tuesday evening at the home of Dr. William E. Gardner, 33 Orange street, where the members and guests were treated a delightful evening listening to Dr Gardner reading excerpts from his forthcoming book on the Coffins of Newbury and Nantucket.

The title of the evening's discourse was "Let's Enjoy Our Ancestors," and as Dr. Gardner read the chapters he had selected, the Coffin ancestors became most enjoyable. Author of the highly successful "'Three Bricks and Three Brothers," the story of Joseph Starbuck, of Nantucket, the speaker told of his work in writing the present study of the Coffins and of his plans in developing a book about one of the "first" families of the island.

Since his retirement and return to Nantucket several years ago, Dr. Gardner has devoted much of his time to the Nantucket Historical Association. He began his study of Nantucket families as a hobby, which he calls "humanizing history," and his forthcoming book on the Coffins will be the second tangible result of his research and writing.

His opening chapter was a revealing study of Benjamin Coffin, who, for over 40 years, was a schoolmaster in Nantucket, and his father Nathaniel Coffin. Other immediate members of this family with which the story deals is James, the grandfather of Benjamin; Micajah, his son, and Zenas, his grandson. The Charles G. and Henry Coffin, of Main street's brick houses, were great-grandchildren of Benjamin Coffin.

Of course, his listeners were not content until Dr. Gardner had read portions of his chapter which had to do with the redoubtable Tristram—ancestor of all Nantucket Coffins—not to mention the myriad of his descendants in America.

Altogether Dr. "Will" gave his appreciative listeners an altogether different evening. In the keeping room of his century-old house, he read of his interpretation of the past which transformed half-forgotten men and women into warm, understandable human beings.

Those who liked "Three Bricks and Three Brothers," (which includes a quantity of people from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast) will look forward eagerly to this forthcoming volume. It is well worth waiting for.

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NANTUCKET WHALING MUSEUM

1947

The Whaling Museum at Nantucket continued to attract many visitors this Summer. Charles Michaelson, 10, of Brantford, Conn., is shown with a harpoon in upper photo and Mr. and Mrs. William Frank of West Haven, Conn., are shown at left looking over the lower jaw of a sperm whale.

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Island Mourns Death of Herbert H. Coffin.

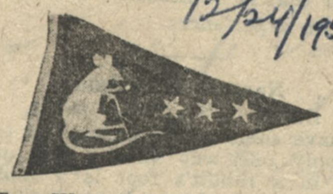
Herbert Hunter Coffin, Commodore of the Nantucket Wharf Rat Club since 1932, died at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital early Sunday morning, December 18. Mr. Coffin had been in failing health for several years, but until last fall had been able to spend a few hours each day at the meeting place of Wharf Rat Club members, his boating supply shop on Old North Wharf.

Mr. Coffin was born in Nantucket on October 25, 1871, the son of the late Charles G. and Sarah K. (Hunter) Coffin. He was a direct descendant of Tristram Coffin, one of the original settlers of Nantucket. He attended the Nantucket schools and then, from 1891 to 1895, went to New York where he was connected with the firm of C. L. Woodbridge. Returning to Nantucket, he entered the party boat business with his brothers, Myron and Fred. With Myron he operated the popular catboat "Lillian", distinguished by the large black "L" on her sail, which ran between Nantucket and Wauwinet. The "Dauntless" was another catboat which he ran, with his brother Fred, making the shorter trip from the harbor around Brant Point to the location of the old Hayden bath house at the beach between the Jetties and Hulbert Avenue. The "Dauntless" carried a large red star near the peak of her mainsail. During the years that these two party boats were in operation, "Herb" Coffin made many acquaintances and contacts which developed into firm and lasting friendships while he was commodore of the Wharf Rat Club.

COMMODORE HERBERT H. COFFIN

At the same time that he was active in the party boat business he became associated with the late Eugene Perry and Frank Nickerson in their quahaug business. When Mr. Nickerson died, Mr. Coffin entered into partnership with Mr. Perry. In 1938, after Mr. Perry's death, he became the sole owner of the business, which he developed into the little shop on Old North Wharf where he sold equipment and clothing for fishermen while the building became the headquarters for the Wharf Rat Club.

12/24/1955

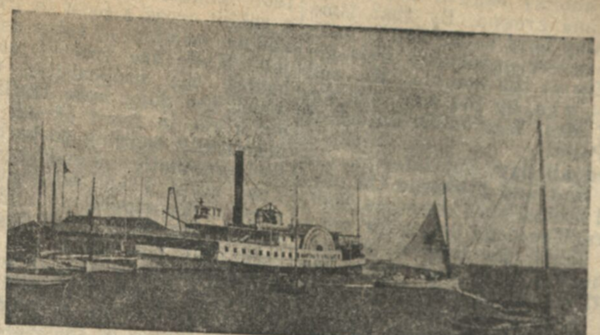

THE WHARF RAT CLUB BURGEE

The Wharf Rat Club was started back in 1915 by the late Charles G. Coffin, "Herb" Coffin's father, and the late Austin Strong. Mr. Coffin became the commodore in 1932, after his father's death. The little club, whose membership is limited to 175, numbers among its members sailing and boating enthusiasts from all over the United States. The late President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who visited Nantucket on his yacht "Amberjack II" in the summer of 1933, flew the Wharf Rat Club burgee from the yardarm.

Mr. Coffin was twice married, first to the former Elizabeth W. Sandsbury, who died in 1915, and later to the former Agnes Bickerstaff, who survives him. He was one of the charter members of Wauwinet Tribe, I. O. R. M., and of Wonoma Council, Degree of Pocahontas. He was also the oldest member of both organizations.

In addition to his wife, Commodore Coffin leaves three children, Lester H. Coffin, of Weehawken, N. J., Mrs. Florence I. Redfearn, of North Dartmouth, Mass., and Thomas Coffin, of Nantucket, three grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren. He is also survived by a brother, Orin K. Coffin, a sister, Mrs. Isabelle Gibbs, and a step-sister, Miss Maud Winslow, all of Nantucket.

Funeral services were held at two o'clock Wednesday afternoon at the Lewis Funeral Home by the members of Wauwinet Tribe, I. O. R. M., assisted by the Reverend George L. Michelson of the First Baptist Church. Honorary pall bearers included Leland Topham, Archibald Cartwright, and Antone Foster, of the Red Men, and Herbert Brown, Harry Gorden, and Richard C. Beer, of the Wharf Rat Club. The pall bearers were Stuart B. Day, Frank Viera, and Clarence Swift, of the Red Men, and Clinton Andrews, George Andrews, and Charles E. Flanagan, of the Wharf Rat Club. Interment was in Prospect Hill Cemetery, where Mr. Michelson and the Red Men conducted a brief ceremony.


AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE CATBOAT "DAUNTLESS".

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THE CATBOAT "LILLIAN", ONCE SKIPPERED BY COMMODORE COFFIN.

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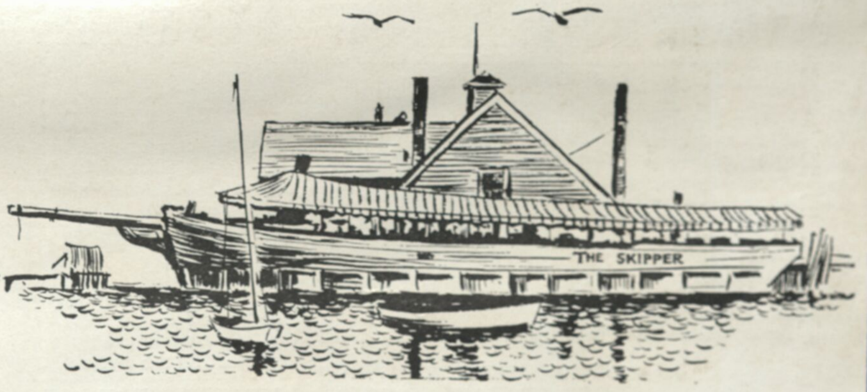

Sketch by Edwin Eberman from his "Nantucket Sketchbook."

The Skipper

ON STEAMBOAT WHARF

NANTUCKET'S MOST UNUSUAL RESTAURANT

Serving Hearty Meals

EACH DAY — 12 NOON UNTIL 3 P. M. and 5 UNTIL 8 P. M.

You May Eat on Deck
or Indoors By The Large Fireplace

THE SKIPPER serves on an old coast-wise schooner moored here to its final resting place 32 years ago. We are famous for our rich quahaug chowder, broiled live lobsters and blueberry pie in season. We serve fresh vegetables grown on the island, native fish and fine meats. You may have a snack or a full course dinner, ranging from 95c to $3.50. A la carte luncheon specials, besides dinners, served 12 noon to 3:00 P. M. We welcome you as you step off the boat — just 100 ft. in on Steamboat Wharf. Come in, set your bags down, telephone and freshen up. If you're hungry, we can take care of you up to 3:00 o'clock — but at night we close sharp at 8:00 P. M.

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The Inquirer and Mirror

Supplement -- Fire of Sunday, July 24, 1949

Nantucket Island, Mass. Saturday, August 6, 1949

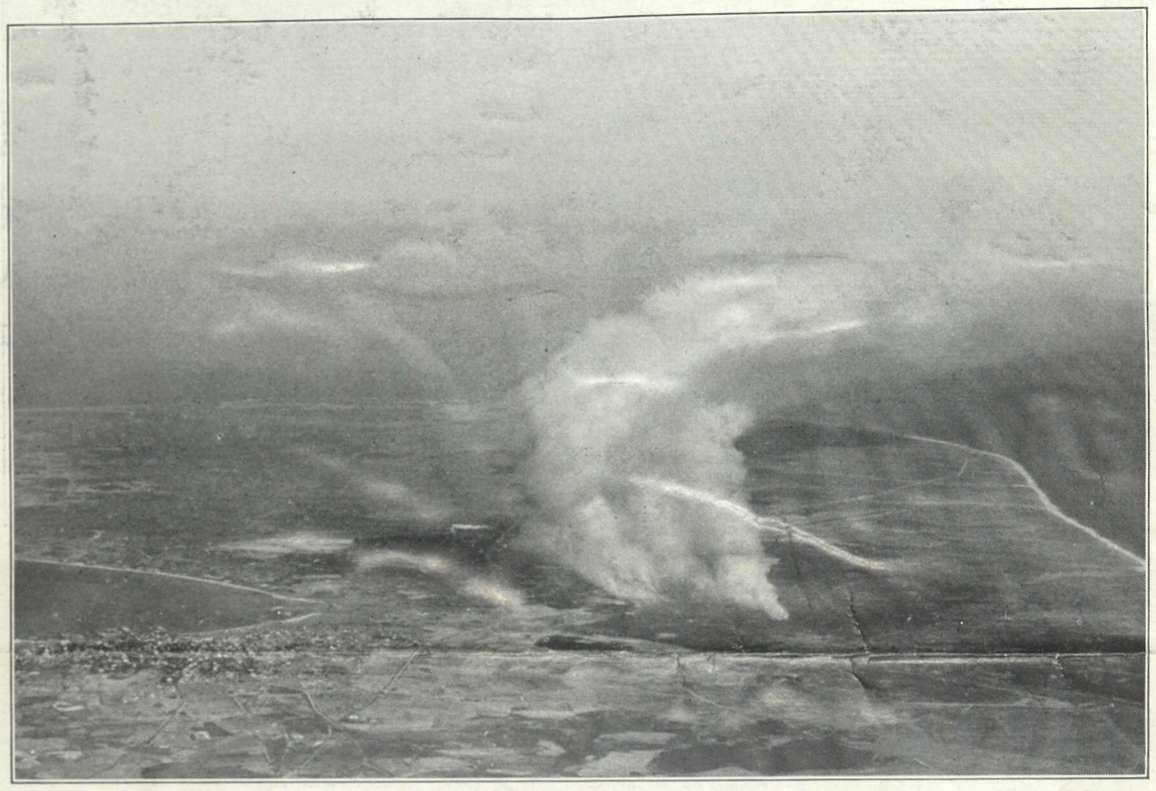

Photo by Dick Marshall

This excellent view—taken from a plane flying from Madaket—shows the fire early in the afternoon of Sunday, July 24, 1949. The flames had raced from the fire's origin, on the Fair Grounds Road, southeast to the Old South Road, threatened the properties of Parker W. Gray, Rupert Warren and Roger Young. The smoke billowing high in the air, shows the path of the flames. The Old South Road is just ahead of the smoke; the 'Sconset Road runs through the center of the pines to the left.

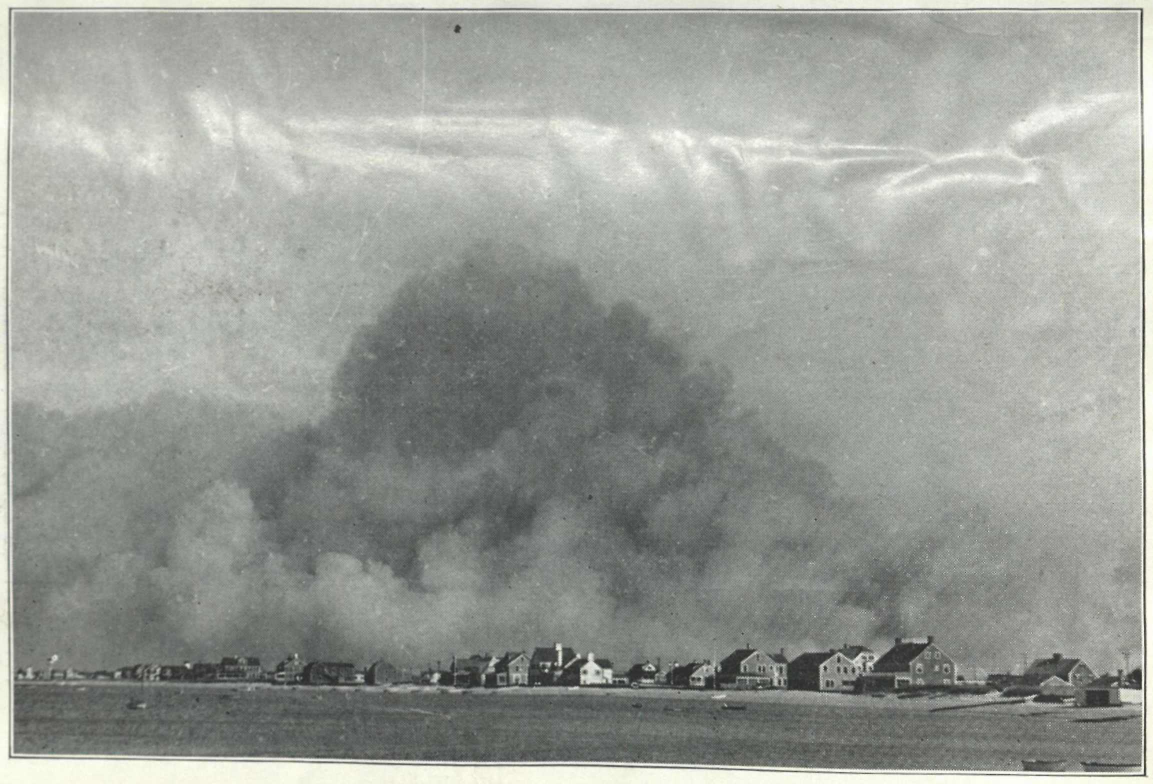

Photo by James "Tiny" Day.

The smoke rising over Beachside, as seen from the Jetties Bathing Beach, shows the full extent of the fire. At this point the flames had swept an area nearly two miles long by a half-mile wide.

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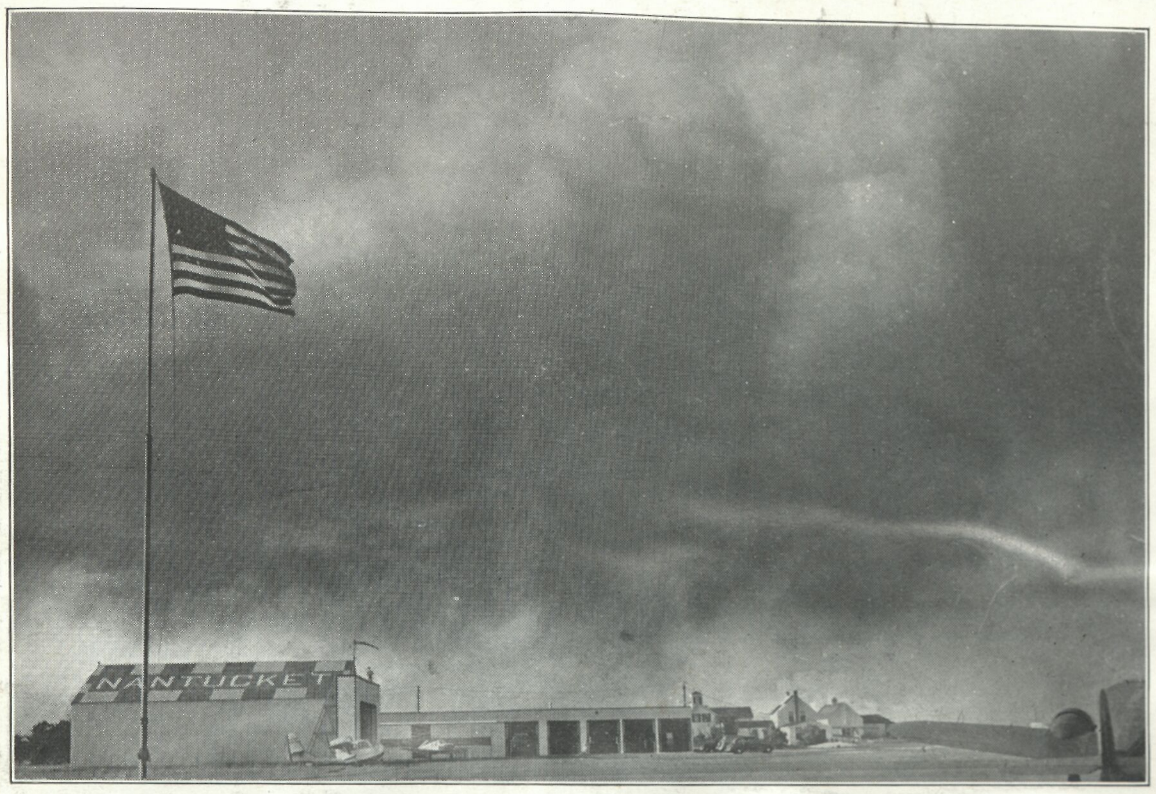

Photo by James "Tiny" Day.

The smoke obscured the sky over the Nantucket Airport, and this picture shows graphically how threatening it had become in mid-afternoon. Calls to Otis Field and Squantum Naval Base for aid brought planes with men and equipment to join the islanders in fighting the largest such fire since 1929.

Photo by Dick Marshall

The "smoke-eaters" going into action. Hundreds of men and boys joined the Fire Department and the "call men" in fighting the rapidly spreading flames. The long drought made the area a tinder box.

not to be removed untill paid for. Oil to be taken as put away without refilling Storage to commence 10m5.1863

26

" ✓	94	N. Leonard & Co Dr to Ship Othello Inc.	
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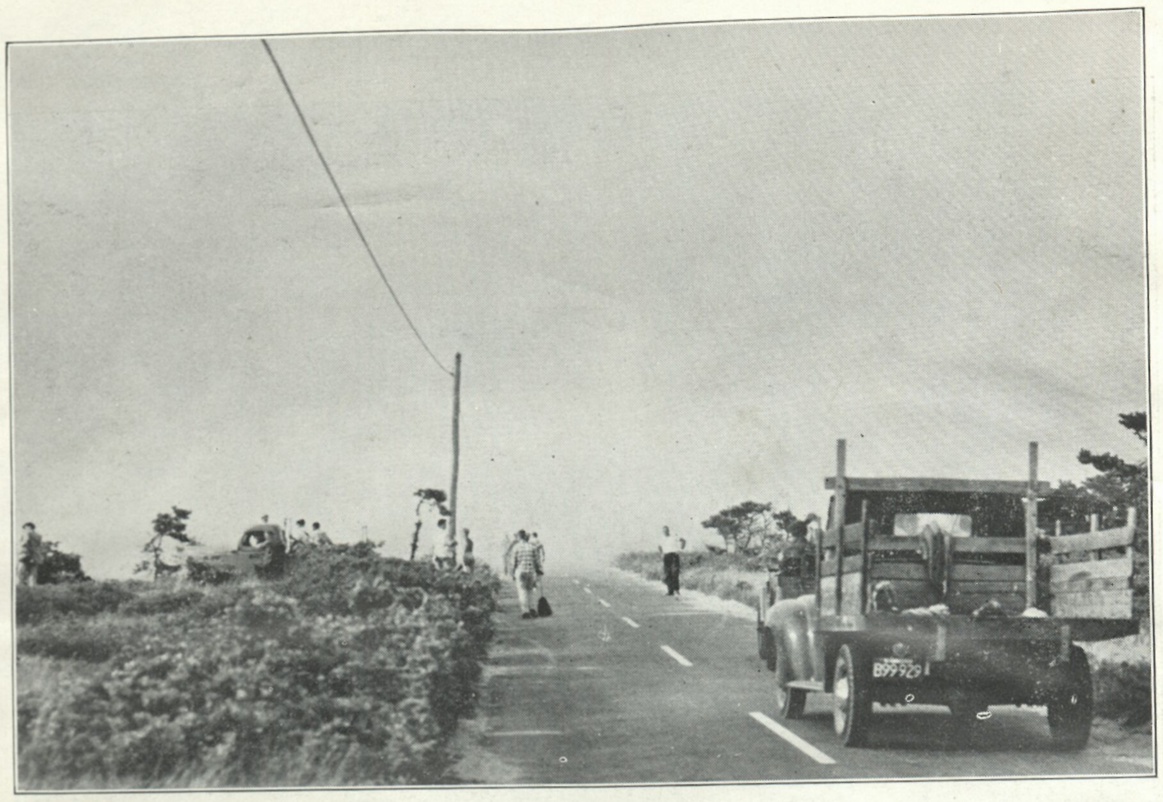

Photo by Dick Marshall

A scene along the road to the Airport. The fire had cut through the heavy pine growth from the Old South Road and late in the afternoon veered in a half-circle to sweep toward the State Road and the Airport Road. The pines thinned out here and aided fire-fighters in checking a spread to the east, but the thick pines in the valley beyond Hinsdale allowed the flames to sweep across the State Road.

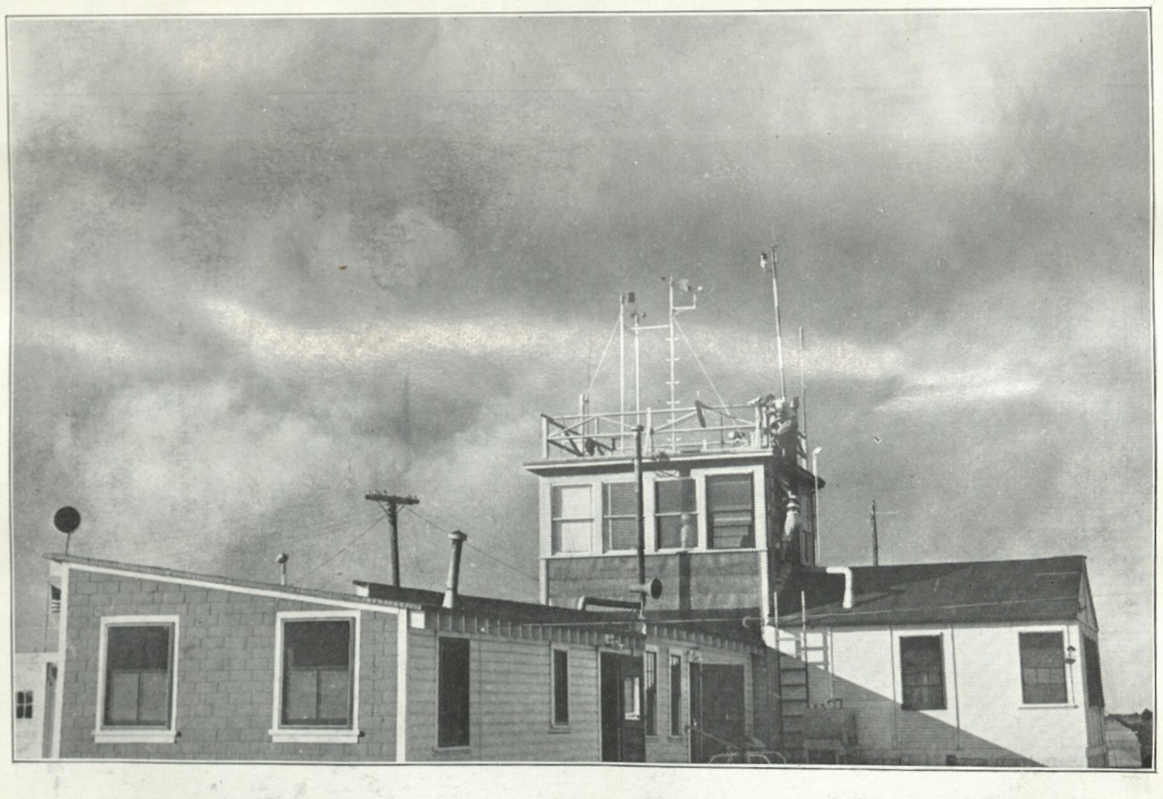

Photo by James "Tiny" Day.

As the smoke looked from the Airport just after the electric power was turned off and a generator, loaned by Mr. Jennings, a summer resident, was rushed into service. Flames were close at this point.

" ✓ 200 Real Estate on Paint and p. Pardon Tabor 14.19.31

do. p.ᵈ for Stone Machine " " 260.00 279 31

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" ✓ 257 Sundry Accounts Dr to Ship Othello Invᶜ

for share of Whalebone in the cellar 10 m. 1. 1863

per Weighers returns viz 205 Bdls 12816 lbs

" ✓ 217 Alfred Kempton for 3/16 of 46 Bdls marked

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" ✓ 127 John A. Beckerman for 1/16 of 46 Bdls markᵈ

O.B. del.ᵈ him 734 1/4 lbs a 1.45. — — 1064 66 4258 65

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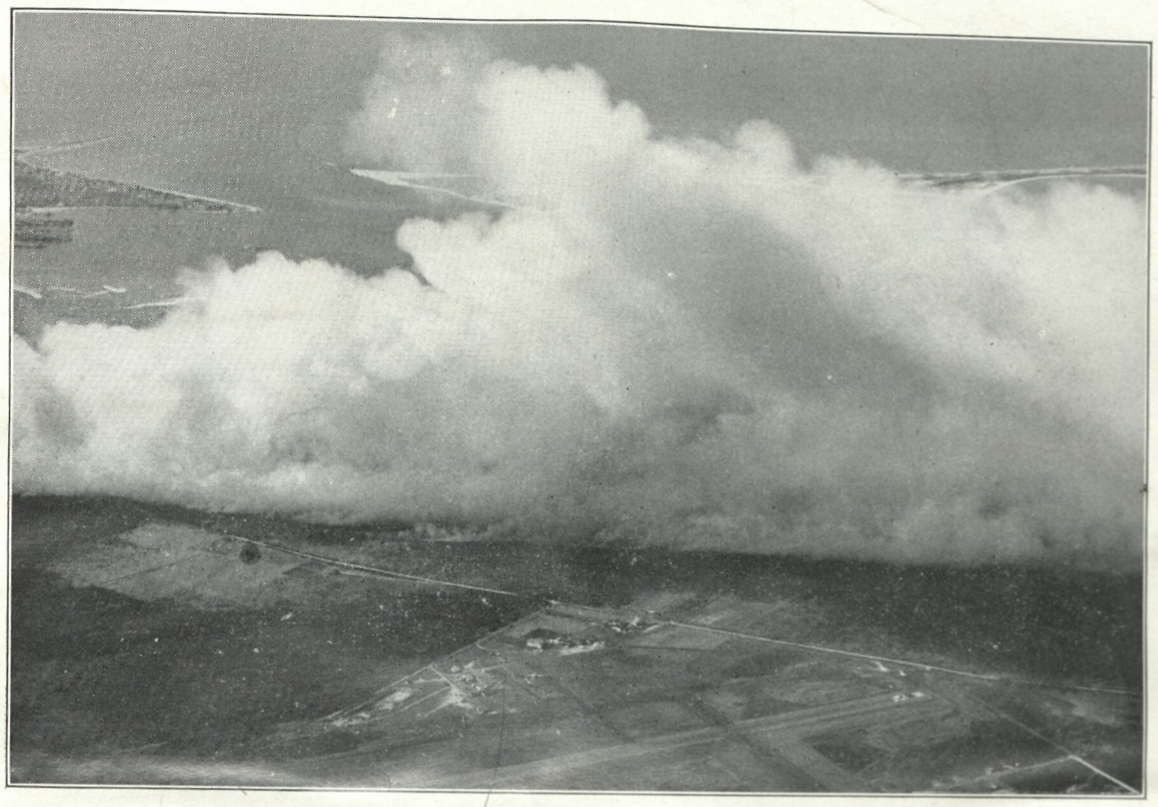

Photo by Dick Marshall

The full sweep of the flames may be realized from this remarkable air "shot," with the camera headed northwest. The Airport is in the foreground, the Town at the upper left corner, and the fire marking a broad path from the Fair Grounds through the pines, across the State road, northeast.

Photo by Dick Marshall

The smoke marking the line of fire as seen from the harbor, billowing into the southeastern sky.

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WHALING MUSEUM

OF THE

Nantucket Historical Association

IN THE OLD CANDLE HOUSE

At the Head of Steamboat Wharf

ESTABLISHED 1930.

2

AS SOON as the preliminary listing and numbering can be completed and the necessary funds are available, it is proposed to publish a catalogue of our exhibits to be sold at the Museum for those who care to have it. Meantime this brief mention of some of the more notable items in the collection is offered for free distribution to our patrons as a souvenir and reminder of their visit.

By no means the least important exhibit is the building itself, one of the few surviving structures connected with Nantucket's whaling days. Built in 1847 as a sperm candle manufactory, and long used for that purpose and as a warehouse and offices for shipping firms, it is especially fitting that such a relic of our maritime period should house this memoral to the whalemen.

THE STREET FLOOR

Entering the Museum from the street, at the left on the first floor is the "Ship Room". Here will be found paintings, etchings, prints, lithographs and photographs of ships and whaling scenes. In a large glass case is our collection of what was locally known as "Scrimshont" work, more properly called "Scrimshaw", the name given to the fancy work in ivory, bone, wood and other materials made by the sailors in their spare time at sea. It is claimed that this is the only strictly indigenous American folk art. It includes carving, etching and inlaying on sperm whales' teeth and bone; also work made from the black whalebone from the jaw of the right whale. There are hundreds of small articles, both useful and ornamental, fabricated with infinite skill and patience in the long hours "off watch" from such materials as were available. When we realize that practically the only tools employed were a jackknife, a small saw and an awl or bodkin, with black, red and blue India inks for coloring, some of the specimens are really remarkable for their artistic conception and execution.

Across the hall at the right of the entrance are old maps of the island and the town, old scales, weights, pictures, and other things of interest. A public telephone booth for the convenience of visitors has been installed here.

UP STAIRS

Ascending the short flight of stairs to the main floor of the building, a broad corridor leads through to "Sanderson Hall", named in honor of the donor of many of the articles exhibited therein.

On the left of the corridor is the "Captain's Room", on the walls of which are hung oil portraits of many of the old-time whaling captains of Nantucket's "palmy days" when this was the leading whaling port of the world. A show case containing old nautical instruments used on the whaleships, another containing a few specimens from our collection of whalers' log-books, and some old sea-chests complete the exhibits in this room.

On the right of the corridor, on the walls of which other portraits are hung, is the "South Sea Room", containing a rare and interesting collection of weapons, im-

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plements, models, masks and ceremonial articles brought by the whalemen from the Pacific islands in the old days. Many of these things were acquired from the natives a hundred years or more ago, before they had learned to cheapen and commercialize their arts to meet the demand from collectors of such curios, and some of them could not be replaced or duplicated today at any price.

Entering the main exhibition hall, the first conspicuous object to catch the eye is the model of the "Camels", an ingenious contrivance used to lift the whaleships, often drawing when loaded fifteen feet or more, over the bar at the entrance to the harbor, where the average depth of water was only from seven to nine feet.

Beyond this is the genuine old-time whaleboat, veteran of several voyages, completely re-rigged and fully equipped, ready to lower away in pursuit of Leviathan on the call from the masthead of "there she blows!"

On the right side of the hall is the famous sperm whale's jaw, complete with all the teeth, believed to be one of the largest and most perfect specimens to be seen on exhibition anywhere in the world. It is nearly 17 feet long, weighs over 800 lbs, and was taken from a sperm whale measuring 87 feet over all, which yielded 110 bbls of oil. Other smaller jaws and slabs of whalebone from the jaw of the right whale and many interesting specimens of marine biology are also to be seen in this room.

The "deck-chaser", a type of steering wheel, if not peculiar to, at least a favorite with the whaleships, together with the binnacle, compass and ship's bell, old-style and modern "patent" logs, etc., occupy a prominent position on this side of the room. Two "gamming chairs" of different types, used to hoist the captain's wife or women guests aboardship, are always of interest to lady visitors.

On the opposite side of the hall are the brick try-works, an exact replica of those on a whaleship, built around two of the great 150-gallon iron try-pots which had made voyages "'round the Horn" before finding their final resting place here. The bailers, skimmers, blubber-forks, "rousing pole", cresset, or "bug light", and other implements used in trying out the blubber, are shown, as well as specimens of genuine "whale-scrap", fed to the fires after the oil has been extracted to keep the pots boiling, and the cooler, deckpot, funnel and casks to be filled are in their proper place.

One of the several old beam spermaceti presses formerly in the building, and actually used right where it stands today to press the oil from the spermaceti, preparatory to the moulding of candles, has been left in place, with the candle moulds and implements used in candle-making alongside.

Near this are the "mincing horse", where the blubber was sliced into "bible-leaves" ready for the pots, and all the various gauges, testers, "oil thieves", etc., used in the refining processes, as well as samples of the different kinds and grades of oil and spermaceti, may be seen here.

Around the sides of the room and on the walls are shown hundreds of harpoons, including most if not all of the many types of both hand and gun "irons" known to have been used from the earliest days down to the present. An exhibit of special

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interest shows the evolution or development of the whaling harpoon from the primitive forms through various experimental stages to the very latest perfected types. Then there are lances of both hand and explosive bomb types, blubber spades, blubber hooks, "waifs", blocks, falls and tackles, tubs, buckets, kegs, and all the hundred and one tools, implements and utensils too numerous to mention included in the general terms "whale-craft" and "whale-gear".

Ship models, both whalers and merchant ships, of various types and periods, complete in every detail, "billet heads", sea chests, belaying pins, fids, marline spikes and other splicing tools, coopers', caulkers', sail-makers', ship carpenters' and blacksmiths' tools, etc., and all the various paraphernalia relating to whaling and shipping, complete a partial inventory of the contents of this room.

SECOND FLOOR FRONT

Returning through the corridor to the front of the building and going up a few more steps we come on the left to the "Admiral Folger Memorial", in memory of the late Rear-Admiral William Mayhew Folger, U. S. N., a descendant of Nantucket stock, who bequeathed to our Association his collection of naval prints and souvenirs exhibited here, and also made us the residuary legatee of his estate.

A small room opening from this is the "Chart Room", containing many old charts carried on the whale ships, on some of which are traced the route of the voyage, with the daily log.

And finally, on the southwest front of the building on this floor is the Library. Here are housed our growing collection of books on whaling, sea stories, books on navigation, pirates and piracy, exploration, etc., including several hundred on the South Sea islands, many of which were first discovered and named by Nantucket whalemen. About 150 whalers' log-books and sea journals are on file here, and the records of the Nantucket custom house are one of the interesting features. It is hoped to make this library in time the headquarters for information on the special subjects to which the museum is devoted, and donations of suitable books will be greatly appreciated.

WHY NOT JOIN US?

In addition to this Museum the Nantucket Historical Association owns and maintains the last of the old Quaker meeting houses on Fair street, with a fire-proof building connected, in which are housed the general historical collections, the genealogical library, etc. Also the old "Horseshoe House", so called, built in 1686, on Sunset Hill, and the Old Mill (1746) on Mill Hill. The Association is supported entirely by membership dues, admission fees to the exhibits, and voluntary contributions. Any one who is interested may join the Association. The dues are one dollar a year and members are admitted free at any time to any of the exhibits.

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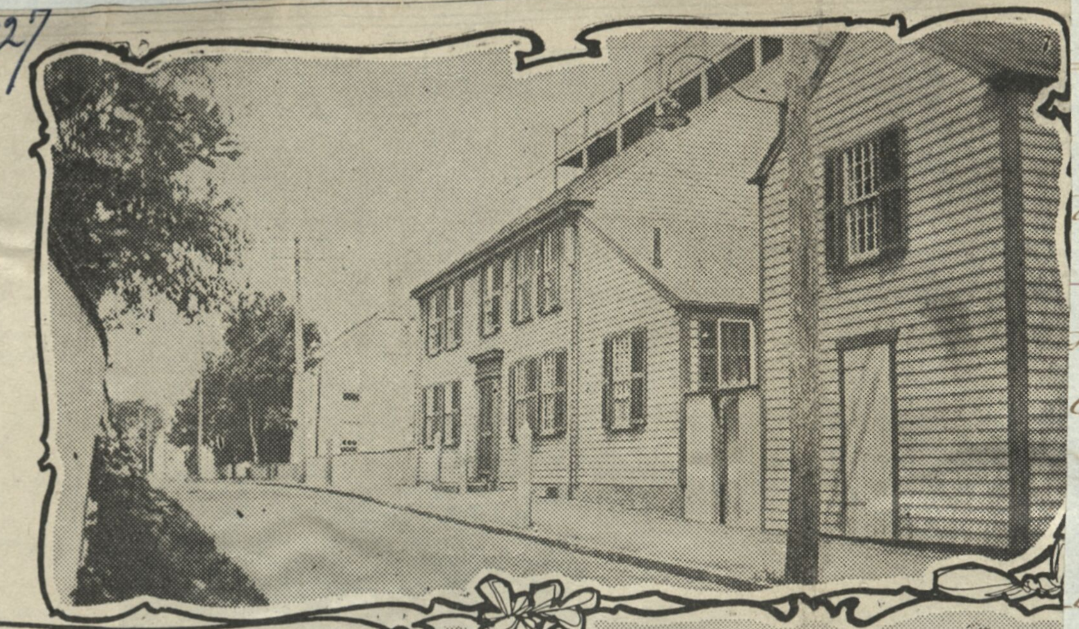
07

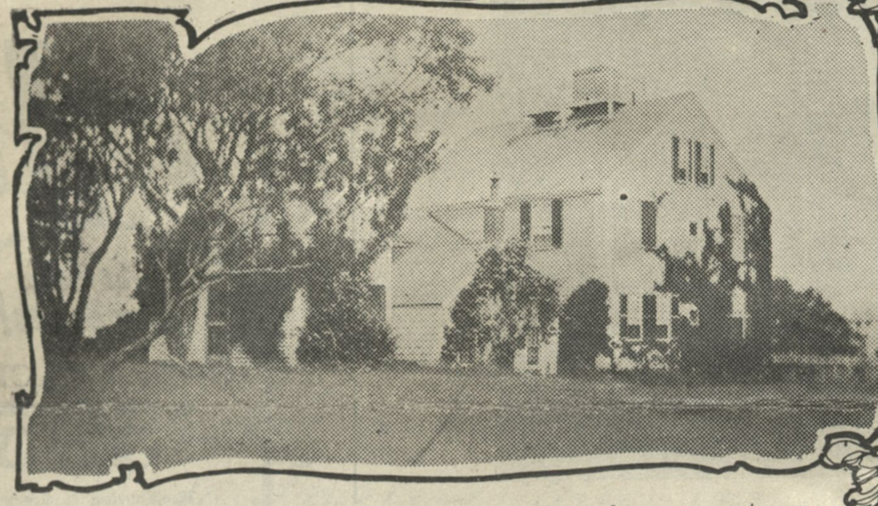
Nantucket's "Walks" Vantage Points to See Sails.

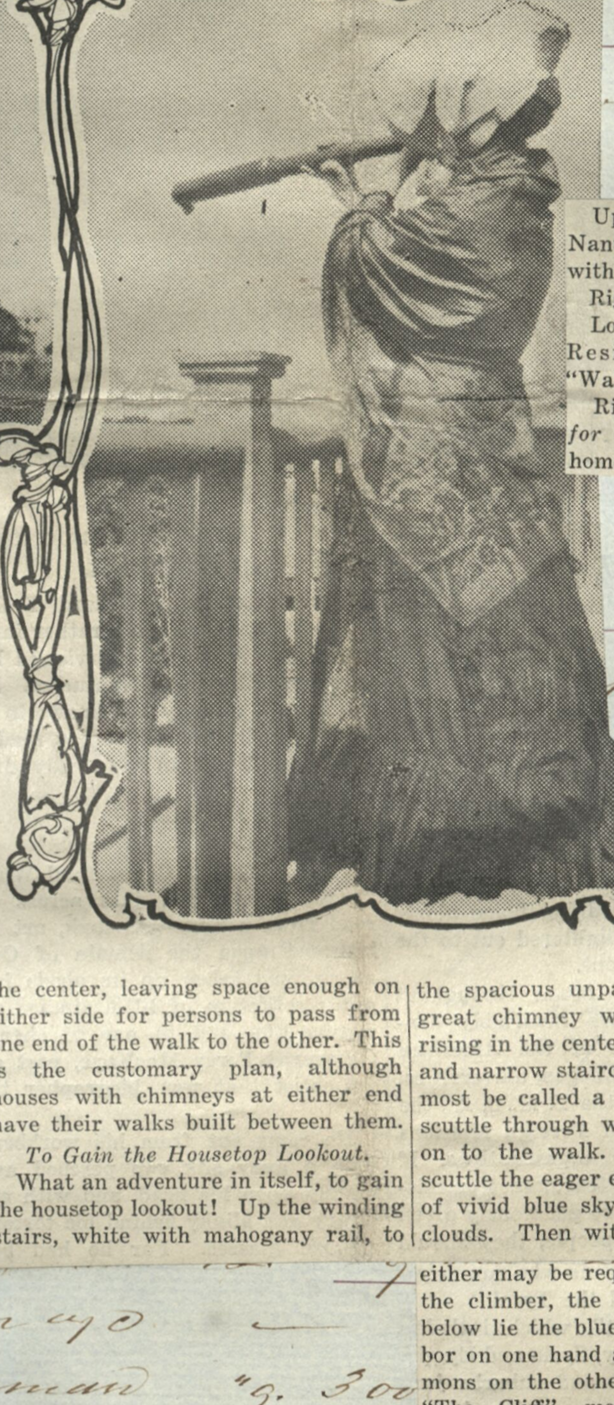
1927

From the Christian Science Monitor.

To Nantucket's summer folk, none of her charms is more attractive and interesting than the quaint "Walks" built on the house tops, a characteristic quite peculiar to "Island" architecture. From these lofty observation posts, many a sailor's family has watched his ship, bound for a three-year voyage in the southern Pacific or the Arctic oceans, until her topsails had sunk below the horizon, and then climbed down the steep stairs to resume the daily tasks and commence the long wait of the passing seasons.







Upper Row, Left—Liberty street in Nantucket, showing house provided with a Lookout "Walk".

Right—Ascending to the House Top.

Lower Row, Left—A Nantucket Residence, possessing a spacious "Walk" round its chimney.

Right—Watching, as in Olden Time, for the precious first sight of the home-coming ship.

Nantucket Island is a patch of rolling moor land set in the Atlantic Ocean 30 miles south of Cape Cod. Its hills are low and rounded. Not anywhere in the town is there a considerable height. Hence the ship owner, taking advantage of his house top, built the walk from which in the olden days, before the elms which line the cobblestoned streets, grew so large, he had an unobstructed view over the harbor across the bar to the open sea. Back of the town he could gaze westward over the Commons; but it was to the sea that the Nantucketer's eye more often turned as he anxiously awaited the return of a long overdue ship.

Through the Long Spyglass.

Every Nantucket captain, when he sailed away, left on the mantel over the great fireplace a silver dollar, the reward that his joyful wife should give to whoever should first bring her the news that her husband's ship had been sighted. Many a Nantucket youngster proudly claimed such coins, as the reward of patient and careful scanning of the watery horizon with the aid of the long spyglass kept on a shelf inside the scuttle opening to the "walk". From the same vantage point, more than one Nantucket belle, thinking not of silver dollars but of the lover that the sea had called from her side, longingly searched the gleaming waters for the ship that should bring him back to her, stalwart and browned from his voyage around "The Horn" after the sperm whale.

Even today the charm and the romance of the walks appeals quite as strongly to the summer visitor as it ever could have to the old-time islander. To the islander particularly during the Revolution and the War of 1812, a visit to the walk to watch for his ship's return, a doubtful event when the British cruisers were considered, was scarcely one of pleasure. Today the varicolored sails of the rainbow fleet, darting like dragon flies over the harbor's blue surface, or the white steamers rounding Brant Point, replace the ships of war.

Most walks, seven or eight feet wide, stretch the length of the house along the ridge pole, the chimney rearing its generous proportions in the center, leaving space enough on either side for persons to pass from one end of the walk to the other. This is the customary plan, although houses with chimneys at either end have their walks built between them.

To Gain the Housetop Lookout.

What an adventure in itself, to gain the housetop lookout! Up the winding stairs, white with mahogany rail, to the spacious unpartitioned attic, the great chimney with its seven flues rising in the center. Beside it a steep and narrow staircase which might almost be called a ladder, leads to the scuttle through which one climbs out on to the walk. Pushing open the scuttle the eager explorer sees a patch of vivid blue sky flecked with white clouds. Then with a push or a pull, either may be required, depending on the climber, the walk is gained and below lie the blue waters of the harbor on one hand and the rolling commons on the other. To the north is "The Cliff", more easterly, Brant Point with its low light, then Coatue, its flat sandy shores stretching up the harbor to Wauwinet. Pocomo's gleaming head stands out a brilliant high light against the calm waters at its base.

The loveliest time of all is at sunset. The glare of the day is softened and over the darkening moors steal shadows of purple and blue, as the sun sinking below the horizon, tints with orange and rose and gold the summer sky above the dear, old town with its memories of bygone days.

NANTUCKET ENTERPRISE.—Quite an establishment as we hear is conducted on Nantucket, affording work to some twenty or thirty girls in making hats for southern "niggers." Northerners hold that slavery is a most wicked institution, but yet are bound to make all the money out of it they can. But work away beautiful dames and maids of Nantucket; keep making hats for the "niggers;" scripture says "clothe the naked."—New Bedford Times.

Speaking of hats, we would inquire of the writer of the above, if he ever disposed of that shocking bad one he wore to Nantucket once, with that *brick* in it? We presume, however, from this squib that he has not. He should have a new one, minus the brick, that he may be enabled to write *understandingly* and truthfully. 1860

Capt. George W. Beebe, formerly of this town, died suddenly of apoplexy at his home in Chelsea last Monday, at the age of fifty-six years. For a long time he had been wharfinger at the New York and New England docks. It was a sad coincidence that at the time of Capt. Beebe's death his aged father-in-law, Mr. Frederick O. Easton, should have been lying at the point of death in the same house. The old gentleman passed away two days later at the great age of 94 years, and the funerals of both occurred at the same time Thursday morning at Capt, Beebe's home, No. 316 Spruce street Chelsea, and the bodies were borne from the house together on their way to the family cemetery at Nantucket. On arrival here they were taken to the house of Capt. John A. Beebe, brother to the first-named, where funeral services were held Friday morning, prior to their removal to their final resting piace.

Capt John P. Barnard, whose death we recorded last week, passed the whole prime of his life on the ocean, making several voyages as first officer, and from 1840 to 1844 was in command of ship Massachuseets of New Bedford. Since his retirement from the sea, he was, for many years, employed in the gas works, until disabled by the infirmities of age. He was highly esteemed and leaves an honorable record. He had two sons in the country's service during the Rebellion, one of whom is now a pensioner having been severely wounded. The other, a most promising young man, was captured and died a lingering death in a southern prison. 1887

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Capt. William Felix Brown, who died at his residence on North Sixth street, New Bedford, Tuesday morning, 23d ult., was a native of Nantucket, where he was born September 19, 1806. He was a son of Capt. William and Elizabeth (Coffin) Brown, and a grandson of Capt. Hezekiah Coffin, commander of ship Beaver, from which the obnoxious tea was thrown overboard in Boston Harbor prior to the Revolution. Capt. Brown early went to sea, making his first voyage whaling on ship Japan, of this port. His next and two subsequent voyages were on ship Reaper, also of this port, to which he was attached in the positions of boatsteerer, second and first mate, and later commanded ship Peru, at that time owned by David Joy of Nantucket, and since then in the possession of John McCullough of New Bedford. At the completion of this voyage he retired from the sea in 1839 on account of poor health, and has since remained on shore, following for some time the trade of a shipwright. He removed to New Bedford in 1845, and was at one time treasurer and a director of the Central Grocery Store. He has not been in good health for 15 years past, but has been able to be about till a comparatively recent period, when he caught cold by going out when not clothed sufficiently warm, and he died from consumption, to which he had a tendency. He leaves a widow and one daughter, who have the hearty sympathy of their friends in their sad affliction. 1886

169 Philip W. Sm

OBITUARY.

Capt. Henry W. Davis, one of our most highly respected citizens, died Thursday evening last at the age of 76 years. He came to the island from Falmouth when quite a young lad and chose the seafaring career, sailing on his first voyage with the late Capt. George W. Gardner, Sr., in the ship Maria of this port, in 1825. He rose rapidly through the several steps of promotion, and in 1838, being then first officer of ship Lexington, succeeded to the command of that ship upon the death of Capt. Alexander Pollard. In 1840 he went out again in the Lexington, but owing to illness was obliged to give the ship up to his mate and return home, remaining on shore for a considerable time, until his health was restored. In 1842 he started to sea again, commanding successively the ships Augusta and Columbus of New Bedford, Clifford Wayne of Fairhaven, Sea Ranger of Nantucket, Adeline Gibbs of Fairhaven, and Bohio of Nantucket, which last-named vessel was sold in a Pacific port, and he closed his seafaring life in 1872. Soon after his final retirement from the sea, he was elected to the responsible office of Collector of Taxes, which position he held for eleven years, withdrawing from it in 1885.

Capt. Davis was a man universally esteemed for his many sterling virtues and nowhere did his noble traits of character shine forth more resplendent than from out the shadow of his domestic affliction. For more than thirty years the wife of his youth has been helplessly prostrated by a severe physical affliction, and he has ever ministered unto her with a tender devotion touching to contemplate. Several years since their daughter, a lovely young woman, passed away after a long illness. And now doubly bereaved the afflicted widow is left to linger on in her helplessness. From the many hearts which go out to her in this hour of severe affliction may there be found willing hands to minister unto her during the time that shall elapse ere she is re-united with the loved ones waiting on the "other shore."

In all the phases of his life, both public and private, business, social and domestic, Capt. Davis has proved himself a noble man, doing his whole duty, respected and admired by all with whom he has been connected, and tenderly beloved by those who knew him best. Besides his widow Capt. Davis leaves two sons residing in a distant state. 1887

Charles Lope

Death of Austin Strong Shocks Community.

9/20/52

One of the great characters of Nantucket has been taken suddenly from our midst.

Austin Strong succumbed to a heart attack shortly after arriving at the Cottage Hospital Wednesday morning. He was in his 71st year.

Mr. Strong was born in San Francisco, on April 18, 1881, the son of Joseph Dwight and Isobel Stuart (Osbourne) Strong. His maternal grandmother, Fanny Vandergrift, was the wife of Robert Louis Stevenson. His boyhood, until the age of fourteen, was spent in Stevenson's home, "Vailima", on the island of Samoa. His further education was had at Wellington Cottage, New Zealand, and at Monterey, California.

He began his professional life as a landscape architect and in that capacity was commissioned to lay out the the National Park in Wellington, which had been presented to New Zealand by Sir John Logan Campbell, one of the first white men to settle on that island. On the recommendation of the Duke of Cornwall, Mr. Strong was offered a title on the completion of the Park but it was necessarily declined, he being an American. This important project was executed during his twenty-second year.

In 1906 he married Mary Holbrook Wilson, of Providence, having already turned for his life work to the field of dramatic production. In 1903 he had produced in collaboration with his uncle, Lloyd Osbourne, the successful play "The Exile", which had a good reception in London.

The "Little Father of the Wilderness" followed in 1905, and was put on in London and New York. "The Drums of Oude" was staged in London the next year. In quick succession were produced "The Toy Maker of Nuremberg", a new version of "Rip Van Winkle", and "Le Bon Petit Diable", an adaptation of a play by Maurice Rostand.

"Three Wise Fools" (1918) and "Seventh Heaven" (1922) are perhaps most widely known and loved by British and American theater goers. Most of the latter was written on Nantucket.

Having become widely known in theatrical circles, Austin Strong was honored by the Vice Presidency of the American Institute of Arts and Letters, leadership in the Dramatist's Guild, membership in the Garrick Club of London and in the Players Club and the Century Association in New York. When the latter named Club celebrated its Centenary, Strong was asked to plan and produce a pageant for the occasion. This he did. It was the final triumph of his distinguished career.

The association of the Strongs with Nantucket reaches back for many years. Austin joined the Masonic fraternity and would refer touchingly to the fact that the man who taught him the ritual was a carpenter. He was a lover of the sea and all its lore. With Herbert Coffin's father he started that quaint organization of old "sea dogs", the Wharf Rat Club. Whenever the Strongs made landfall in the spring they were given a salute by the Wharf Rat's little cannon on Old North Wharf. He was also a member of the Pacific Club.

His boathouse near by was the rendezvous from time to time of yachtsmen and mariners from ports far and near. It is a museum of nautical treasures and mementoes of his boyhood days at Vailima.

Mr. Strong's interest in boating naturally led him to the Nantucket Yacht Club and he was for many years a most active member. The idea of constructing the stage in the Yacht Club auditorium was his and he worked long and hard before he saw his idea become a reality. In connection with the financing of this project, he conceived and executed what was the finest theatrical production ever presented on the island—"The Nantucket Follies of 1927". The production was a trip into Nantucket's venerable past, a series of sketches written, directed, and in several instances acted in by Austin Strong. One of the most effective sketches in the "Follies" was that entitled "The Captain's Return", a story without words, in which the part of Captain Starbuck was taken by Mr. Strong. He was a master of pantomime, as well as of creation and production.

In 1930 and '31 he was Commodore of the Nantucket Yacht Club. One of his specialties was the teaching of teenagers to sail their little "Rainbow" catboats in the harbor.

Another organization on Nantucket in which Austin Strong has always been intensely interested is the Nantucket Cottage Hospital. In 1921 he designed a map of Nantucket Island, of which he had plates made and which he gave to the Hospital. From the sale of these "Austin Strong Maps", the Hospital has received a substantial sum annually in the past thirty years.

The "Main Street Fetes", which were held for many years for the benefit of the Hospital, were synonymous with the name of Austin Strong, who worked many hours in collaboration with various committees in organizing the fetes. Those of us who remember the last "Fete" to be held on Main Street will never forget the sight of Austin Strong standing in the bow of the surfboat as it was drawn up Main Street's cobblestones to the monument at the head of the street. His genial spirit, kindliness, and enthusiasm were in no small way responsible for the success of these Hospital charities.

He contributed articles to the Atlantic Monthly, Saturday Evening Post, the Readers Digest, and other magazines, and had started to write his memoirs when overtaken by death.

Surviving are his widow, Mary Wilson, and his mother, Isobel Osbourne Field, of Santa Barbara, California, who attained her ninety-fifth birthday Thursday of this week.

Funeral services were conducted by the Reverend Bradford Johnson in St. Paul's Church in Nantucket Friday afternoon. Interment will be in Lakeside Cemetery, Rumford, R. I., among Mrs. Strong's relatives.

Old Nantucket Attracts Many Vacationists

Called "The Unknown City in the Sea" by Daniel Webster

The blossoming flowers, the colorful, rolling moors and Gulf Stream-warmed waters are attracting travelers to this island haven thirty miles off the coast of Massachusetts.

Alhough still early for bathing, this unique spot affords splendid opportunities for the horesman, the yachtsman and the swimmer as well as the artist, nature lover and historian.

Old Nantucket, once the world's greatest whaling port, is steeped in the traditions of the sea. Reached by steamer from New Bedford or Woods Hole, one finds the short trip exhilarating. Daniel Webster on his first visit to the island was surprised to see a town of such a size so far out in the ocean and remarked that this was "the unknown city in the sea."

Old and new meet on Main street with its century-old elms and white-columned mansions where box carts and automobiles bounce along side. The cobblestoned alleys and Widows' Walks, the Old Mill built in 1746, which is still running, the Old Jail on Vestal street, the oldest house built in 1686 and the Maria Mitchell Observatory, a memorial to the first American woman astronomer, are all points of interest well worth seeing. The Whaling Museum, located near the steamboat wharf contains many relics of the days when Nantucket was famous as the greatest whaling port in the world. In the museum is the original log of the ship that discovered Pitcairn Island. From this log two well-known stories have been written, "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Moby Dick."

Tom Never's Head and famous Sankaty Lighthouse near the quaint little town of 'Sconset, with its cottages covered with ivy and rambling roses, are eight miles across the island from Nantucket Town. Surfside, where the first radio compass station in the United States is located, and Madaket on the western end of the island are two spots the visitor does not fail to see. The seven-mile sail up Nantucket's landlocked harbor past the hills of Monomoy, Simmo and Pocomo, to the tiny settlement of Wauwinet is delightful. There both still and surf swimming can be enjoyed.

While the traveler will visit many historic and interesting places in New England this summer, he will always remember "the little old town in the sea," which remains unchanged by time and unspoiled by progress.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1952

NANTUCKET TOWN CRIER

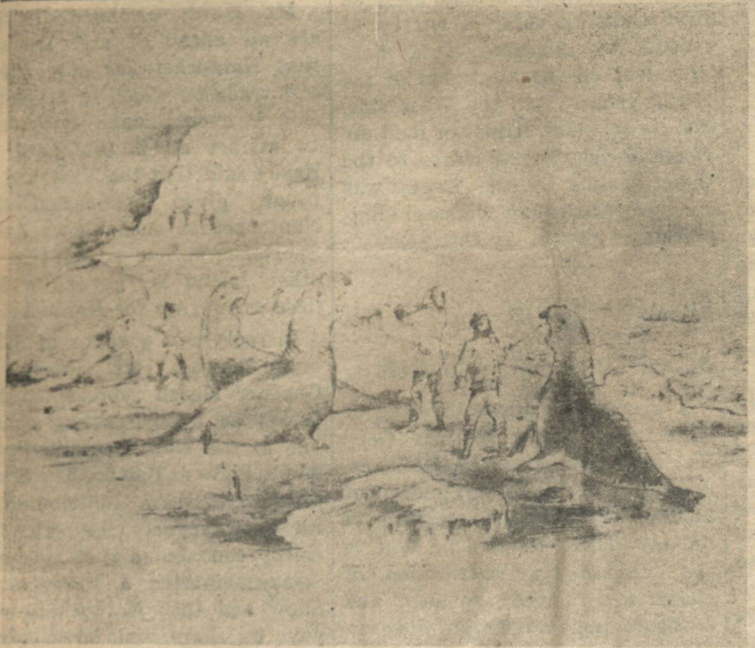
Comprehensive History Of New England Whaling From 1635 To 1835 By Nantucket Historian, Guggenheim Fellow, To Be Published In The Spring

In another era, daring men went down to the sea in ships. They were God-fearing skippers with bold imagination and of an adventurous character, reared in the principles of peace-loving Quakerism. These were men in pursuit of the prize denizens of the deep—the sperm and the right whales—massive creatures who could and did ram vessels which sought their blubber for oil to light up the dark corners of the world and to become an international business for which nations would be in rivalry.

This is the tumultuous story of courage, of long days, months and years at sea, of ships bobbing in storm-tossed tropical seas, of men pitting their skill with a harpoon against a mammoth beast which, with a flip of its tail, could send them effortlessly to a watery grave.

Knew Navigation

These were men who sailed their food-laden ships to the seven seas and the four corners of the earth by the stars and the quadrant without radar or any of the modern navigational aids and could hit their destination on the nose.



Nantucketers were among the pioneers in hunting sea elephants (of the seal family) in the far North when not seeking whales in the tropical seas. The sea elephant, like the whale, produced oil for the world market of that era.

(All photos except Mr. Stackpoles by Fee and Haddon).

These were the men who thrilled to shout of the lookout above: "Thar she blows!. She blows! She blows!" and manned the whaleboats for the chase and kill of the sea beast that was to bring them fame and fortune and misfortune, too. For there were voyages that ended in disaster for crews that sometimes were comprised of evil and good men.

The tale of this other era of which there are few survivors is a tale not only of whale-hunting but of mutinous slayings, of long open voyages and cannibalism, of lost ships, of men marooned on tropical islands.

More than a quarter of a century, a Nantucket lad whose forbears along with Nantucketers pioneered in deep-sea search for the sperm and the right whale, mused and pondered over these tales, some of which he heard, others of which he read in old newspapers, diaries, books and musty logbooks in which whaling skippers meticulously and in fine hand chronicled the account of their long voyages.

Writes Whaling History

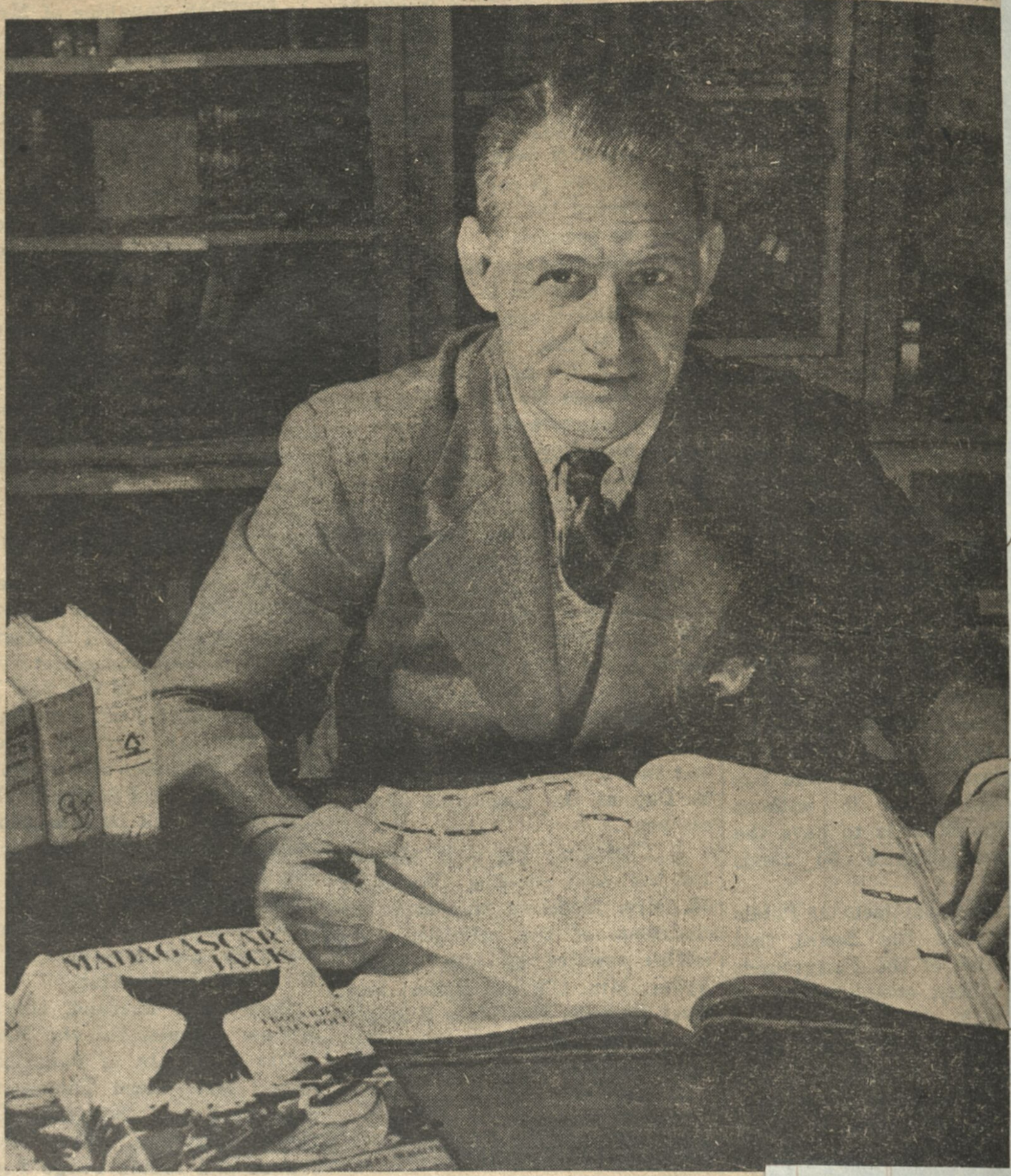
This lad was Edouard A. Stackpole, now husband and father of five, who is about to realize a life ambition. Next Spring, J. B. Lippincott Co., will publish the first of a planned two volume edition of a comprehensive history of American whaling in two centuries by Ed Stackpole, who has inherited the mantle of Nantucket historian, who is author of six other books, a newspaperman, printer and part-time teacher in the Nantucket High School.

The manuscript for the first volume, covering the two centuries history of whaling from 1635 and 1835, embodies months of comprehensive research into old whaling records by Eddie along the Atlantic seaboard and a priceless knowledge of whaling history that he has acquired in more than a quarter of century's study of the subject.

Eddie had long dreamed of placing between book covers this comprehensive history of whaling adventure but it took time and money to leave the Island and delve into records of old whaling ports from Nova Scotia to Washington D. C. A working newspaperman and printer with a family to support, the project appeared to be out of reach. With the encouragement of friends, he applied for a Guggenheim Fellowship to do a history of whaling.

Wins Fellowship

Nobody was more surprised than he when the Guggenheim Foundation announced last year that Eddie, along with prominent names in the scientific, literary, architectural and engineering fields, had been named a Guggenheim fellow and granted $3000 to carry on his project.



Edouard A. Stackpole, Guggenheim fellow, whose first of a two volume comprehensive history of whaling is to be published next Spring, is shown in his Nantucket study. Four of his novels appear in the left foreground.

"I was certainly surprised," he commented the other day in his study at his North Liberty Street home, surrounded by many books of the sea, some of them priceless old editions, and old whaling logs and maps, "because the men usually chosen for the Fellowships are prominent in their particular fields and held college degrees."

Eddie attended Roxbury Latin School and had a year's study of Massachusetts State University Extension courses.

Begins Research

Leaving his newspaper work, Eddie began his treks to the mainland, concentrating his search for whaling data in Nova Scotia, Salem, New Bedford, Providence and the National Archives and Library of Congress in Washington D. C. He jotted down thousands of words and some idea of his extensive research may be obtained from the fact that he lists about 20 sources for each of the 34 chapters of more than 500 pages which will go into his first volume, to be called "The Sea Hunters." One of the difficulties of his hard task has been to condense his findings into about 240,000 words. (The average novel is about 80,000 words.)

The book is in five parts on (1) shore whaling (2) the beginning of deep sea whaling, in which Nantucketers pioneered (3) transition of whaling in between wars (4) salvaging or reestablishing the whaling industry and (5) pioneering into the Pacific Ocean to hunt for whales.

Has Prolific Material

Eddie said that he could have devoted an entire book to the latter subject alone. But publishers have to consider what the book-buying public can afford and will pay for a book, regardless of how good it is. And the more printing and paper that goes into a book, naturally the higher the retail price.

But cutting words and polished phrases over which a writer has spent many hours is like jabbing yourself with pins.

In this particular instance, says Eddie, "It really hurt." The first four fifths of the book were accepted virtually without change by publishers who told Eddie, however, that he would have to delete 15,000 words from the last fifth—a chore in which he's now engaged. The Nantucket historian and author, like most writers, has adapted certain habits in writing.

Eddie finds that his writing chore is easier in the early morning and late at night. In writing his book, he plans the book in advance by chapters and then fills each in. He writes his first draft in long hand, using a pen since he finds his "hunt and peck" system on the typewriter inadequate. The first draft is usually in fairly adequate form except for minor revisions, checking and cutting, and is then re-typed into finished manuscript.

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No New Experience

Writing a book, of course, is no new experience for this versatile Nantucketer who for 25 years received an all around journalistic education in an Island weekly newspaper and printing shop that ranged from reporting and editing to printing, linotyping, and composition. He is an expert linotypist and what's more, he has the ability to pound out a news story directly on the linotype without benefit of copy—no easy task. Eddie also knows the intricate mechanism of a linotype and can disassemble and reassemble one which is the mark of a first-class linotype machinist.

Eddie's book writing work, most of it of a fictional character based on authentic Nantucket history, began 22 years ago when he was 25. In 1931, he wrote Smuggler's Luck, a novel with the American Revolutionary War as a background. This was followed in 1932 by You Fight For Treasure, a tale of Algerian Pirates, and in 1935 by Madagascar Jack, a whaling novel. In 1937, he wrote Privateer Ahoy, another fictional work with the War of 1812 as the backdrop. In 1940, his imagination fired by one of the cruelest mutinies in the annals of the sea—the mutiny of the Whaleship Globe of Nantucket—he penned the novel, Mutiny At Midnight. His last book which was published locally is devoted to Nantucket's old, historical homesteads and is entitled Rambling Through The Streets And Lanes of Nantucket.

Books Out of Print

Although all but the last are out of print, Eddie still gets requests for them. Only last week, an organization in Dallas, Texas, The Daughters Of 1812, wrote him asking for a copy of Privateer Ahoy, the story having the War of 1812 as its background.

Sells Magazine Story

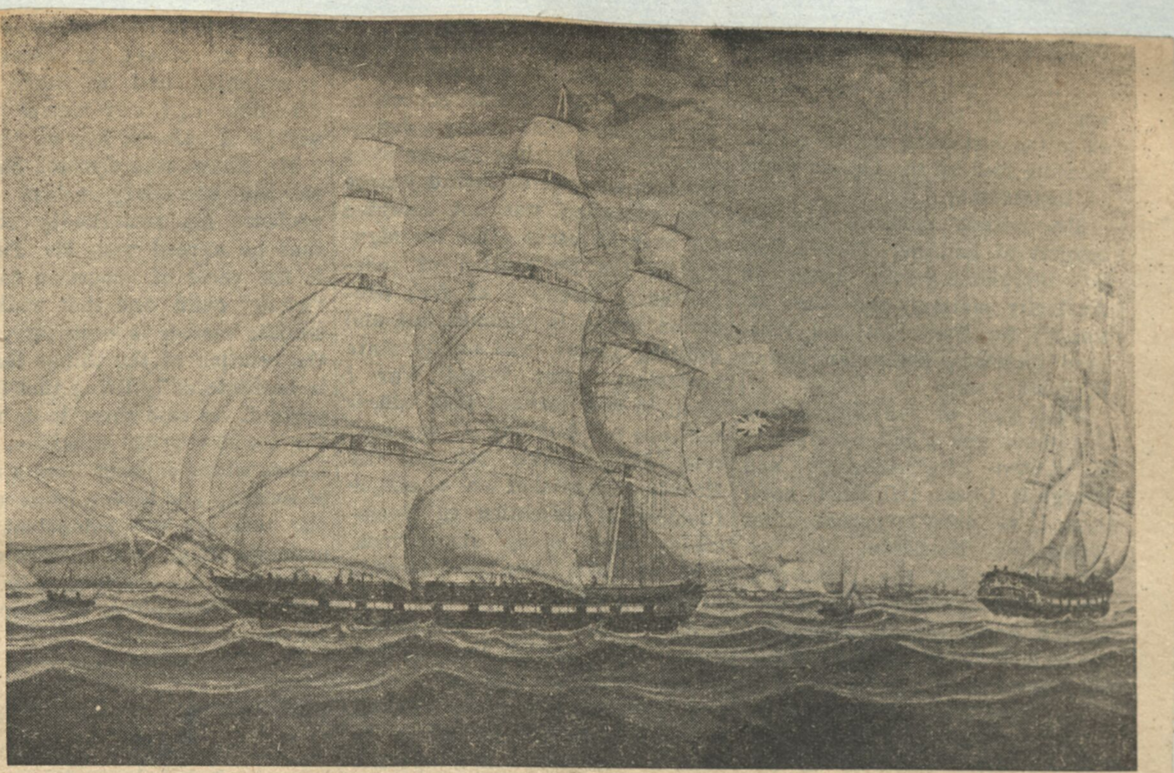
One who gave Eddie great encouragement in his writing endeavors from the beginning was the late Austin Strong, noted playwright, who was a Summer resident of the Island for many years until his death and was equally fascinated by Nantucket's historic past. It was Mr. Strong who encouraged Eddie to submit a story in 1939 to Liberty Magazine which bought it. The Nantucket writer's imagination had been stimulated by a three-paragraph story in an English newspaper of the 1830's which gave only the bare facts of three men marooned on an iceberg. Eddie draped the account in fictional form for a successful story, Mutiny On The Ice.

In his research for the material to go into his comprehensive history of American deep sea whaling which means New England, Eddie said he received complete cooperation wherever he went.

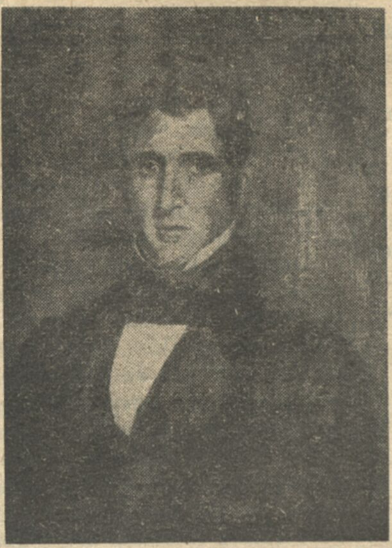
Whaling Logs Researched

Whaling logs before 1800, dealing with most of the period of his forthcoming book, he found scarce. There are only 12 of that period on the mainland, a small number since Nantucket alone has half of that number for the corresponding period. Eddie found 60 whaling logs on the mainland written between 1800 and 1820. Nantucket has 15 of that period. New Bedford has the largest number of logs of the places, the Nantucket historian visited—a total of 515—but most of them are concerned with the period from 1835 on.

Yellowed and dried, the logs are remarkably preserved on a substantial rag type of paper, bounded in some instances by cloth covers. Eddie has become quite expert in reading them but the process is time-consuming for while much of the handwriting is of a fine, legible type, each writer has his own style.



The Syren, a British whaler, skippered by a Nantucketer, Captain Frederick Coffin, was the first of the whaling fleet, to venture into the seas of Japan in quest of the whale. This is a copy of an old drawing found in the late Lincoln Ceely's cabinet shop on Vestal Street.



Owen Chase, first mate of the Whaleship Essex of Nantucket, appears in a copy of a drawing owned by the Nantucket Historical Association. Chase was one of the tragic survivors of the ramming of the Essex by a whale and of one of the longest open boat voyages on record during which the men resorted to cannibalism among themselves to survive.

325 Logs Privately Owned

Eddie came across the largest private collection of whaling logs at the home of Paul Nicholson, retired president of the Nicholson File Company of Providence, who has 325 of them. His research travel took him to Dartmouth, Nova Scotia where a colony of Nantucket whalemen and their families settled after the Revolutionary War.

Almost simultaneously, he and his wife Florence exclaimed at the familiar Nantucket type houses, its rooflines, doorways and shingled exteriors, as their eyes scanned the horizon of Dartmouth. Eddie said he was thrilled by his discovery of an original petition and articles of agreement signed by such familiar Nantucket names as Timothy Folger and Samuel Starbuck, leaders of the Nantucket colony. Governor Parr of Nova Scotia was a signatory to the document which set forth what the Islanders would contribute to and receive from their new found home—including the right for them to establish candlehouses and warehouses.

Has Rare Editions

Eddie has picked up some rare, old editions which have been sources for his forthcoming whaling history. Some of these old books, now resting on his bookshelves, go back 150 and 200 years. For instance, he has William Mavor's Voyages, Travels and Discoveries Since The Time of Columbus, a mouthful of a title, that was published in 1797. Then there's Voyage Round The World By George Anson (later a British Lord), dated 1749, with a Companion Book of Maps. The latter shows only 12 groups of Islands in the Pacific at the time when that ocean was virtually unchartered compared to 50 major groups of 600 good-sized Islands today.

Speaking of the Pacific, in 1938 when the U. S. was laying out air clipper routes there, Eddie was able to help the American government establish joint ownership rights with Great Britain to several Pacific Islands. To two State Department personnel who came here to interview him, the Nantucket historian imparted the valuable historical knowledge of Nantucket whalemen's discovery of those Pacific Islands. As a result, the U. S. and Great Britain share ownership of the Phoenix group, Southern Gilberts and the Ellice group between Hawaii and Samoa. And Baker Island, originally called New Nantucket Island, and the Howland Islands, are U. S. owned today because of the whalemen's discoveries. The Caroline and Marshall Islands, mandated by Japanese to this country after World War II, are two more groups in this chain of Pacific bases.

Navigational Ability Surprising

How Nantucket whalemen got around the Pacific and to other seas and points has never ceased to amaze the Nantucket writer.

"The thing which continually amazes me was the ability of these whalemen to plot their positions and courses and navigate," he said. All they had was the stars, the quadrant and a chronometer for navigational aids in that early period. "The log shows that the Whaleship Asia out of Nantucket went to Desolation Island in the Indian Ocean, to Australia and returned without incident in 1791," said Eddie.

Islanders Pioneer

Before 1740, Nantucketers were going as far South as Bermuda and north to Greenland. In pioneering whale hunting into the South Atlantic, the Islanders set the pattern for other rising whaling rivals for the next century. Whaling companies were to be organized with Long Island taking the lead in this sphere, Eddie pointed out.

Proof of Nantucket's supremacy in the development of the whaling business is her stock of 8260 barrels of right whale oil and 3800 barrels of spermacetti from 1787 to 1790, two-thirds of the national supply of the former and one-half of the national total of the latter. The sperm oil is much finer than the right whale and make smokeless candles. According to Historian Stackpole, users of the sperm oil were in the wealthier class.

It was not all smooth sailing for the Nantucketers in their quest for oil fortunes. This little Island's counterpart across the seas, Great Britain, ever trademinded, was giving the Nantucketers a run for their money. Eddie said the British who were their biggest market for the whale oil, placed a heavy duty on the oil and induced Nantucketers to sail their whaleships out of Great Britain. One of these was Captain Frederick Coffin whose Whaleship Syren, flying the British flag, was the first to enter the Japanese whaling grounds.

French Market Sought

Undaunted by the British's high tariff, William Rotch, leading Nantucket whaling merchant of the day, proceeded to open new markets in France. Between 1825 and 1830, Nantucket hit her peak market making a million and a half dollars a year, a substantial sum in those days, Eddie pointed out.

Nantucketers varied their long voyages by hunting sea elephants as well as whales, Eddie said. The sea elephant is a giant seal whose oil was also valuable and marketable. The Islanders both shot and lanced them, the Nantucket writer declared.

How much of a role did Nantucket women play in these voyages? In this early period of whaling with which his first book deals, Eddie said virtually none. He found that only one Nantucket woman went out on a voyage. She was Mary Hayden Russell who sailed aboard The Emily with her husband, Captain Joseph Russell and her son, William, and watched hubby harpoon a whale. Island women started to go on whaling voyages more frequently after 1840, he added.

Eddie's second volume on whal-

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ing will deal with the period of 1835 to 1890 and will center about New Bedford which eventually succeeded Nantucket as the leading whaling port. And Eddie who has read more whaling logs than any other person is looking forward to that task quite keenly.

Ancestors Were Whalemen

A native of Nantucket, Eddie's interest in whaling is quite natural. His great grandfather, Captain John Stackpole, sailed a whaleship out of Newport, and his grandfather, Charles Stackpole, shipped on the Whaleship Columbia out of Nantucket. The Nantucket author is and has been president of the Nantucket Historical Association for the past 15 years.

His large family includes, besides his wife, five chlidren, Eugenie, 17; Anita, 16; Renny, 15; and twins, Matthew and Christopher, 6.

THE ILLUSTRATION FOR JUNE ON "THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR'S" FAMED CALENDAR. The view was taken fifty years ago by the late Henry S. Wyer and depicts a July haying scene in the Lily Pond meadows. The house in the center background now stands in Gull Island Lane, being moved there a few years ago.

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The Nantucket Historical Association

Extends a Cordial Invitation to

TOURISTS and VISITORS

To Inspect Its Various Exhibits

The Whaling Museum, Broad St., head of Steamboat Wharf
The Quaker Meeting House and Historical Collections, Fair St.
The Horseshoe House (1686) Sunset Hill, off West Centre St.
The Old Mill (1746) Mill Hill, off Pleasant Street

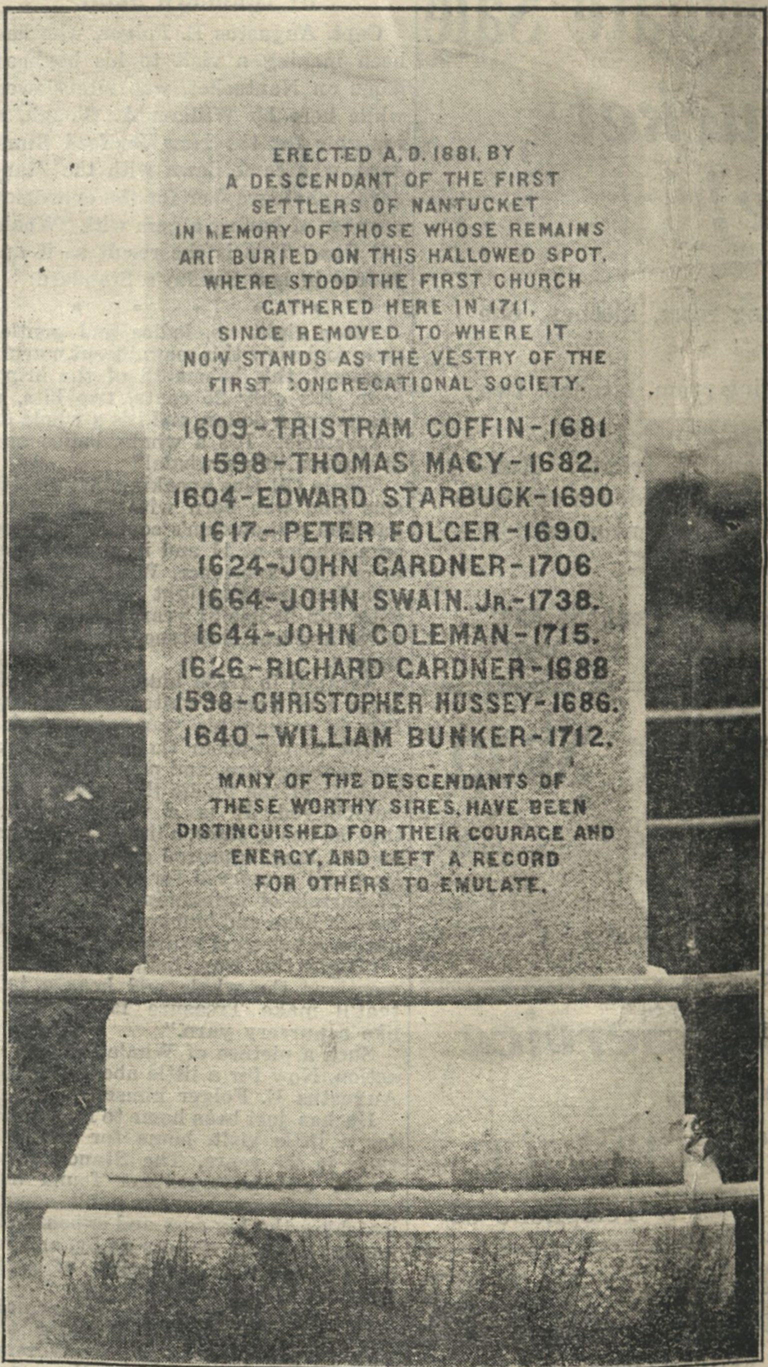
Open Week Days 9:30 A. M. to 5:30 P. M. Whaling Museum open Sundays 2 to 6 P. M.

Admission to Each, 25 Cents

Membership in the Association Costs Only One Dollar a Year
Members Admitted Free to Any of the Exhibits at Any Time

To Understand and Appreciate Nantucket Be Sure and See These Exhibits

ONE OF NANTUCKET'S HISTORIC SITES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1624 - JOHN GARDNER - 1706
1664 - JOHN SWAIN, JR. - 1738.
1644 - JOHN COLEMAN - 1715.
1626 - RICHARD GARDNER - 1688
1598 - CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY - 1686.
1640 - WILLIAM BUNKER - 1712.
MANY OF THE DESCENDANTS OF
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DISTINGUISHED FOR THEIR COURAGE AND
ENERGY, AND LEFT A RECORD
FOR OTHERS TO EMULATE.

THE TABLET ON THE HILL.

This tablet marks one of the historic spots on Nantucket which are of special interest at this Tercentenary period. It is the granite stone erected on the crest of the hill just east of Maxcy's pond, and marks the site of the Forefathers' Burial Ground, which has been set apart by the Land Court, in a tract 300 feet square, with a right-of-way extending thereto from the north road.

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Mutiny on Nantucket Whaleship Quelled by Killing Sailor.

Whenever the word "mutiny" is used in connection with a whaleship, those acquainted with marine history usually think of the Nantucket whaleship *Globe*, upon which occurred the worst revolt ever to take place on any whaler at any time.

But there were other mutinies, some short-lived, others without serious conseqences, and still others with unusual aftermaths. It was natural enough, following the *Globe's* experience, for each whaling master to be on guard at the first signs of revolt, and to adopt stern measures to quickly stomp out any incipient blaze of mutiny.

This was the case with Capt. Isaac Hussey, of Nantucket, master of the whaleship *Planter*, which sailed out of this port for the Pacific Ocean on July 5th, 1847. The ship had a fair voyage until two years later, while off Pitts Island in the Pheonix group of the mid-Pacfiic, when a mutiny occurred. During the disturbance Capt. Hussey shot and killed William Clark, one of the foremast hands. The vessel continued its voyage, putting in at Sydney, New South Wales, where the United States Consul was informed by Mate Fisher of the death of Clark.

The *Planter* was in the Australian port a month, and during that time Capt. Hussey remained at a rendezvous arranged between him and the ship's officers. Soon after the anchor sank into the harbor mud, the master of the whaleship was rowed to another vessel, outside the harbor. He was taken to Howes Island, where he remained until the *Planter* sailed off the coast to meet him. The reason for this unusual behavior was due to danger of having the vessel detained for some time while an investigation was being launched by the consul. In the words of the whalemen, the voyage might be "broken," a disastrous ending for all concerned.

On the voyage home, Capt. Hussey did another strange thing. The ship put in at a South Seas port of call known as Strong's Island. Here, after drawing up a statement in regard to the fatal shooting of Clark, Captain Hussey left the ship. In command of the first mate, Joseph Fisher, the *Planter* resumed its voyage, reaching Nantucket July 12, 1851. Her cargo consisted of 1,150 bbls of sperm oil; 539 bbls. of whale oil, and 40 bbls. of cocoanut oil, which was a fair catch for those days. She was owned by Robert F. Gardner, of Nantucket.

Several days later Capt. Fisher was served with a warrant by Deputy Marshall Riley, summonsing him and members of his crew to appear before U. S. Commissioner Hilliard in Boston, who had received orders from the State Department to conduct a hearing on the shooting of Clark.

The examination of the officers and crew of the *Planter* began on July 24, 1851, less than a fortnight after the ship had reached her home port. It was evident that the U. S. Consul at Sydney had considered the case of sufficient importance to require a thorough investigation. A seaman had been shot by his captain while in an act of mutiny. In the former days this fact would probably have precluded any further investigation, but the government was now slowing awakening to the fact that traditional liberty of an American citizen ashore must also be extended to include citizens at sea, whether a humble seaman or a jack-tar in the navy.

* * * * *

The first man to be examined at the Boston hearing was William H. Chase, 2nd, second officer of the *Planter*. As it was declared in the warrant that the officers of the ship had aided Capt. Hussey in his shooting of Clark, these officers were anxious to defend themselves.

In reply to questions, Second Officer Chase stated that Clark had come on board the *Planter* at Nantucket, during the signing on of the crew of 24. and at that time had declared he did not know where he had belonged and had never been to sea before.

The first commencement of any trouble was when some meat was brought up from the hold, about eight days before Clark was killed. Officer Chase stated that after the cask of meat was opened it was discovered a quantity of it had "been made away with." A rumor came aft that some of the crew had thrown the meat overboard because it was not sweet.

Captain Hussey called the men aft and asked who the guilty parties were, but no one would answer him. He then ordered that all rations of meat would be stopped entirely for ten days unless it was learned who had disposed of the missing beef.

As aboard most whaleships of that period there were three distinct classes. Aft, in the main cabin, were the captain, his three mates, the cook, steward and ship's boy; amidships, the three boat-steerers, the cooper and the carpenter had their quarters. In the forecastle forward were the remaining twelve members of the crew.

Seven or eight days later the ship hove to off Pitts island, in longitude 174° east and latitude 3° north. It was the last day of June, 1849, the *Planter* having been out within a few days of two years. Captain Hussey went ashore, leaving the ship in command of 1st Mate Joseph Fisher. The latter ordered the men to get several casks ashore, and the crew refused to a man.

There being a large number of natives coming off from shore, Mate Fisher allowed only a few of them to board the ship. He then veered the *Planter* off-shore, keeping her off- and on during the rest of the day and night. The next morning a note was sent ashore to the captain, and soon after he came aboard, followed by a large number of natives who came off in canoes.

* * * * *

Upon learning of the refusal of the men to do their duty, Captain Hussey called them aft and asked them to state their grievance. Clark, a young man of eighteen years, called back that the men wanted meat. Captain Hussey replied that they would have no meat until the ten days was up—unless they told him who it was who threw the missing meat overboard. It was the reply of the men that they did not know and so couldn't tell him.

Standing firm in their refusal to obey the order to take the casks below, the crew was ordered below. This they also refused to do, saying they were not prisoners. Captain Hussey told them that they had refused duty and must be punished; but that he did not want to punish all of them. Again he ordered them below or "take the consequences."

The crew, to a man, answered that they would not go below, and that he could punish them and be d———.

Anxious to have his authority respected, Captain Hussey amended his original order by declaring that if they went below and came up the next minute, he would consider the order obeyed and would drop the matter.

Here was a rather strange situation. Captain Hussey had made a concession which indicated his willingness to overlook the insubordination. It was a sensible attitude. Apparently, the crew felt that he was weakening, and rashly determined to face the matter out then and there. It was a sad mistake. Ashore awaited fresh provisions which were well going after, and the deprivation of the meat had only one more day to run.

* * * * *

Captain Hussey called to the steward and ship's boy to pass up his guns. Mate Fisher and Second Mate Chase loaded them with ball shot, the ammunition being passed up with the guns. The crew was gathered forward. Taking up a musket Captain Hussey went forward again and expostulated with the men, telling them again that he wanted them to go below. But the men refused, saying they were willing to go to work if he gave them meat.

Officer Chase said he did not hear beyond this point, other than that the captain repeated his offer about the meat and that the men again refused.

The captain went back to the quarterdeck, spending the next fifteen minutes in watching the men forward. He then called for John Birmingham, one of the crew, to come aft. About a dozen men came aft, leaving the remainder on the forecastle head. Capt. Hussey stated that he only wanted John, that he wanted to talk to John.

It would appear from the conduct of both officers and men at this time that they had grounds to believe John Birmingham had more than a little to do with the disappearance of the beef. One can well imagine the exchange of opinions among the groups, forward and aft, at the time. The action of Birmingham himself confirms the suspicions of his guilt. It was the turning point in the controversy.

Birmingham, who was in the group coming aft, would not answer Captain Hussey, despite the fact that the question was repeated to him several times. He kept with his shipmates all the time, parading forward with them although he was called upon three times to stop and return aft.

To show the men that the guns were loaded, Capt. Hussey had them all discharged once and then reloaded. At the sound of the guns, about thirty of the natives, who had been silent spectators on the deck, jumped overboard in a panic. Some twenty of them, however, although visibly frightened, remained aboard.

Captain Hussey ordered his mates, Fisher and Chase, to go aft and bring Birmingham back with them. The two officers had no soon approached the forecastle head when Clark and a fellow named Knowlton seized Chase by the arms, while two others grabbed Mate Fisher. Clark advised the two to go aft and leave the men alone or they would get hurt.

* * * * *

Clark now became the spokesman for the men, and continued to advise the officers to return aft. Birmingham took up an iron hoop bar, which was about two feet long and an inch and a quarter round, and declared he would open the head of the first man to lay hands on him.

From his position near the main chains, Capt. Hussey called for his officers to bring aft any of the men. Some one of the crew shouted back that there would be blood spilt on the deck before anyone would be taken.

Mate Fisher appeared to be using persuasion with the crew, stated Mr. Chase, and no attempt was made to resort to force in carrying out the orders.

Finally, Captain Hussey called his officers aft and then told the men forward that unless they went below he would have to punish them, which he did not want to do—that he would be obliged to fire on the forecastle, which he was very sorry to do.

The reply was that "he might shoot and be damned."

It was a single voice that called this out, but Mr. Chase was not able to identify it.

* * * * *

"Men," called Captain Hussey, "you have refused authority—this is an open mutiny!"

He leveled his gun, pointing it at the group forward. Mr. Chase, under oath, stated that the gun remained in this position fully ten minutes before Captain Hussey suddenly fired.

The report of the musket had no sooner sounded than William Clark dropped to the deck, and the men ran for the forecastle, tumbling down the hatch and out of sight.

Mr. Chase was ordered to go forward. He did so and seeing that Clark had been shot through the head and was dead came quickly aft. Captain Hussey still stood by the chains. At his command the officers went to the forecastle scuttle and summoned the men to come up on deck. One by one they appeared, and eight of them were promptly put in irons and the rest liberated under the original conditions stated by the captain.

Clark was buried that same afternoon. Although they were in sight of land, it was decided to bury him at sea.

The body was sewed up in canvas. Captain Hussey did not say any burial service over the remains, declaring to his officers that he felt too badly to attempt it.

* * * * *

Loading a few casks of cocoanut oil at Pitts Island, and experiencing no further trouble with the crew, Captain Hussey continued the cruise for oil. It was not until some months later that the ship sailed into the harbor of Sydney in New South Wales. Here began the first in a series of strange adventures for the ship's master.

Leaving the *Planter* in charge of Mate Fisher, Capt. Hussey was taken to a ship outside the harbor. The *Planter* remained at Sydney for a month. Then Mate Fisher took her out and sailed her to Howes Island, where Captain Hussey reappeared and again took command of the ship.

Asked if anything had been done at Sydney by the American consul, Mr. Chase said that before arriving at the port, Captain Hussey had sent a letter forward, requesting the crew to say nothing of the mutiny, for the voyage might be broken up; that the matter remain until the ship got back home. This the men agreed to do.

However, an article was printed in a newspaper out of Hobart Town that Captain Hussey had killed two natives at Pitts Island, and mentioned something about mutiny.

However, Mate Fisher and the steward had given the consul a statement relative to the death of Clark, and it was from this document that the consul decided to notify the State Department, rightfully feeling that an investigation should be made when the ship arrived home.

After rejoining the ship at Howes Island, Captain Hussey remained on board until the homeward cruise was begun. He then hove to off Strong's Island and, handing a sworn document covering the affair to Mate Fisher, went ashore and left the ship in complete charge of the mate for the rest of the voyage.

* * * * *

The testimony of Mate Chase consumed the entire court day on July 24th, and on the next morning William C. Paddock, ship's boy and a nephew of the captain, testified. He admitted that the meat which had been thrown away clandestinely by the men was bad, but stated Captain Hussey had promised the men anything else the ship afforded if they informed him who disposed of the beef.

Young Paddock declared that it was William Clark who was the ringleader among the men, and who shouted out "shoot and be damned." Capt. Hussey had walked the length of the ship to the quarterdeck, after saying that he would fire on any who remained on deck after he had reached the poop, the youth testified, but that he waited four or five minutes before firing. A number of the men were armed with iron bolts and gaffs, while Birmingham had an iron rod. Paddock was positive that, in firing, Capt. Hussey had not aimed at any single one of the group forward.

The young islander further testified that he was the one who had taken the letter forward from the captain, asking that the men say nothing of the mutiny when they made port, so that the voyage would not be broken; that this occurred two months before the *Planter* reached Sydney.

He admitted that his uncle had left the ship in Sydney harbor early one morning and was absent five weeks, coming aboard again at Howes Island, some distance off the coast.

* * * * *

When Captain Hussey drew up his statement at Strong's Island, preparatory to leaving the ship, it was duly signed by the officers and six of the crew of the ship, being a true account of the affair. Three of the signers of the crew were present at the hearing—seamen Chase, Warren and Macy—all of whom attested to the truth of the statements made. Upon arrival home, the document was handed to local authorities and placed in the keeping of George Cobb, Clerk of Courts.

* * * * * *

Charles F. Coffin, a member of the crew forward, testified that the beef which caused the trouble was not good but could be eaten. He "had seen better and some worse," and only one or two bad barrels had been found. It was put to a vote in the forecastle, while off Pitts Island, whether or not to refuse to take the casks ashore while the meat was stopped—and the vote was to refuse duty.

Following the examination of several other witnesses, with nothing added to the testimony, the case was closed.

* * * * * *

Commissioner Hilliard delivered his opinion of the case the next day. The charge against Mate Joseph Fisher contained three counts: 1st—Wilful murder; 2nd—Aiding the captain to commit wilful murder; 3rd—Assault with intent to kill.

There was no evidence to support the first and third counts, the Commissioner stated, and so they were dismissed without comment. As for the second it was necessary to show that a wilful murder had been committed, and that Fisher had aided and abetted therein.

The Commissioner then recapitulated the evidence with regard to the bad meat, and said that the action of the crew in throwing it away was wrong, an evidence of insubordination on their part which it was the duty of the captain to notice. It was important to note that when the use of meat was prohibited, the captain and all aft were included in the order. The fact that the meat was eatable, though not sweet, afforded no excuse for the crew to illegally seize it and throw it overboard. This was a breach of duty.

The laws of the United States refuse to allow a captain to unnecessarily deprive his crew of suitable food. There were, however, during the deprivation of the meat, provisions of other kinds served sufficient to their wants.

The conduct of the crew, from the time they refused duty until they came aft in a body when only one was called, was declared inexcusable by the Commissioner. But when they refused to go below at the command of their captain they were in a state of open mutiny.

The law on this point is that deadly weapons are not to be used by a ship master except in a case of mutiny, or a reasonable apprehension thereof, and the only question was—had the captain acted with due caution before proceeding to fire?

The testimony showed that he spent three hours warning them, expostulating with them; that he repeatedly requested them to go below; and that when he fired he was cool and calm.

There was no evidence to show that Mate Fisher had aided his superior officer to commit a wilful murder. He only obeyed orders given him, and did not offer any advice.

Commissioner Hilliard declared that the conduct of Captain Hussey, in keeping out of the way and not submitting to a judicial inquiry in the matter, was wholly wrong.

* * * * * *

Thus was concluded the case of the murder aboard the *Planter*. From the evidence presented, it was shown that Captain Hussey had acted entirely within his rights. A ship without discipline is nothing more than a piece of drifting wood and canvas, at the mercy of any elemental happening.

There can be no question that the fate of the *Globe's* officers was fresh in Captain Hussey's mind and that he resolved to be firm and resolute. The *Planter* was at an island populated by savages. With savages on board, watching with more understanding than shown by their inscrutable faces, a successful revolt by the crew might well have taken the lives of all the white men.

He stood steadfastedly to his rights, and even beyond the bounds of ordinary patience continued to seek some reasonable bargain with his men. His single shot killed a young head-strong man, but it probably saved the lives of the others.

So certain of his grounds, and remaining cool throughout the incident, Captain Hussey's subsequent leaving of the ship at Sydney, and later at Strong's Island, can not be attributed to a consciousness that he was wholly to blame for the mutiny and thus was guilty in the eyes of the law.

His conduct can be more rightfully attributed to remorse at having to take the life of a man in this manner. He showed it in his action at Sydney. He was ready to face his officers and men, who realized the actual facts, but he could not bear to have some landsman, with a little authority, investigate the affair.

In this attitude he was, of course, wrong. The law has to be administered, no matter how ignorant are a great many of those who are chosen to be the administrators.

* * * * * *

The mutiny on the *Planter* ruined the career of Isaac Hussey. He never returned to his island home. After he left the ship at Strong's Island, he took command of the schooner *Wm. Penn*, of San Francisco, on a trading cruise through the South Sea islands.

In November, 1852, he was again faced with mutiny. This time he was not willing to fire upon the revolters, and he paid the penalty with his own life. A native sailor stole up behind him and killed him with a pike.

THE BOW ANCHOR.

Captain John Dulliver, who sailed a whaling vessel out of New Bedford for a great many seasons, accumulated a fund of experiences which stood him in good use for anecdotes through all the years after his retirement; but perhaps the best of Captain Dulliver's stories, the one of which the recital always caused the most amusement, was one relating to an incident that happened after he left off whaling. The captain and his wife were sitting at a friend's table at supper one evening. The captain helped himself pretty liberally from a plate of cheese.

"There, there," said Mrs. Dulliver, "you're goin' an' eatin' a lot more o' that cheese! You'd better stop right where you be."

"Oh, wal, Maria," said the captain, with a grin, "I guess it'll be all right this time."

"Wal, eat it, John, eat it! It's me that has to suffer, anyway."

"How is that, Mrs. Dulliver?" her hostess asked.

Whereupon the captain, being the story-teller of the family, took up the narrative of his wife.

"Ye see," said he, still grinning, "my wife, she's afraid I'll throw out the bow anchor agin. It wa'n't more'n a month or six weeks ago that we was down to Boston to 'Lizy Jane's, visitin', an' they had jist about the same kind o' cheese on the table 'at you've got here. I eat a little on't. Oh, you needn't look, Maria! Maybe I eat a good deal on't.

"Wal, that night, after we was gone to bed, I dreamed I was to sea in the brig *Priscilla*, same's I used to be. Seem's if we was comin' up past Hatteras. 'Twas my watch, an' all to once there come on one o' the wust squalls I ever see in them parts. The wind blew like the nation, an' the vessel was nigh on her beam ends.

"There wa'n't but one thing to do. Seem's if the mate was the only man within reach, an' I sings out to him:

"'Mr. Coffin,' says I, 'heave that bow anchor overboard!'

"So the mate he ketches hold o' the anchor, an' he pulls an' tugs, an' he can't start it. An' all the time the storm grows.

"'*Mister* Coffin,' says I, gittin' desperate, 'over with that anchor now, an' mighty quick!'

"But he can't budge 'er. The wind howls an' the ship careens. Then I goes for'ard, an' says I:

"'Stan' aside, yer lubber, an' let me heave that bow anchor over myself, or we'll go to the bottom!'

"An' with that I put both arms 'round the big anchor, an' I give a terrible tug an' lift, an' over the ship's side she went. An' as I'm a livin' man, if that bow anchor didn't set up a scream that riz over the whole roar o' the tempest, an' it yelled:

"'John Dulliver, John Dulliver, oh, what be you a-doin'!'

"An' I woke up, an' if there wa'n't Maria on the floor, screamin' an' takin' on! I'd took her fer the anchor, an' heaved her overboard, sure enough."

Mrs. Dulliver's was the only face in the room that remained without a smile throughout this recital.

"Yes," said she, "you throwed me out onto the floor as if I wa'n't no more'n so much old junk. An' there you go, eatin' that cheese as if nothin' hadn't happened!"

Commercial Affairs in Nantucket Fifty Years Ago.

1913

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

With due limitation it may yet be forcefully said that Nantucket once maintained a considerable merchant marine. Prior to fifty years ago and on through continuous years such was emphatically true. The whale-fishery, successfully dominant for so many years as the principal commercial industry of the town, was the promoter and natural stimulant of other lines of trade. Because of this many and varied activities in traffic were conducted within the town. These brought an interchange of trade relations not alone at home, but also extended abroad.

Reviewing boyhood recollections there comes to me a renewed knowledge of inter-domestic and inter-state traffic which was once of considerable volume. This was conducted by packet service, at least three Nantucket vessels being so employed, and in addition there were many other sailing craft regularly in commission to and from the port, bringing wood, coal, lumber, grain, fruits and other products, and carrying away in trade exchange local miscellaneous freights. This packet service comprised vessels once so familiar to me as to now represent themselves from the tablet of memory.

The schooner Robert B. Smith, Capt. Lewis L. Adams, made trips, maintained as near to schedule as weather conditions would permit, regularly to and from Albany, N. Y., conveying large cargoes of varied merchandise. I am not entirely clear in my mind as to that Albany trade in its continuance. My impression is, however, that the schooner Robert B. Smith was, for what reason I do not recall, discontinued from that service about 1862 or 1863, perhaps a little earlier, and the schooner William F. Burden, under Captain Adams, entered upon and continued it for a few years. I may be in error in stating that Captain Adams was master of the schooner Robert B. Smith; if so, I hope some correspondent will correct me. I know that he did command the William F. Burden.

Another of these packets was the schooner Enterprise, under the command of Capt. Henry C. Pinkham, with an excellent commerce to and from Boston. Before I left Nantucket the schooner William O. Nettleton, under the same management, with similar trade, and over the same route, had succeeded the schooner Enterprise. The efficient mate, in continuous service on these two vessels, was Capt. William Fitzgerald, one of the old-school successful mariners, and he was often in command in the absence of Capt. Pinkham.

The third of these packet-craft was the sloop Tawtemeo, Capt. John Ray, plying to and from New Bedford, in like business as the other two vessels mentioned. These craft were well known to Nantucketers through many years, the Tawtemeo, I think, being the last regular in the service narrated.

Many other craft, with differing freights, found Nantucket an excellent place with which to engage in trade. One of the most frequent arrivals noted in the marine column of the local papers in the days under review was the schooner Charles Everson, Capt. Marston, hailing from Cotuit on the Cape. She brought cord wood for fuel regularly through a great many years. All of us boys knew that "wood-coaster" right well. She was a small schooner, and always made her landing at the Straight wharf. On this wharf in those days long piles of cord fire-wood were always in evidence. From early Spring to late Fall this vessel was in port every few days.

Occasionally there arrived a vessel with apples—an "apple merchant" we called her. Then, too, quite frequently in season, there would arrive a vessel with water-melons. It is needless to say that such craft were a keen magnet for the boys. We visited them often and we were about them as longingly as the proverbial "flies around a molasses hogshead."

Another schooner by me well remembered was the Caroline, Capt. Dyer, which had a good trade to and from Fall River. No vessel visiting Nantucket was I more familiar with. The Captain, with his family, lived aboard. Beside he and his wife there were two small boys and a young daughter, and I had a limited acquaintance with them. The two boys were Fred and Charles, and after the lapse of many years I came in contact with them and developed a further and more intimate acquaintance.

I met them scores of times, as men in my adopted home of Providence, and have had pleasant social relations with them. For many years on the Providence river, under the incorporated name of the Dyer Transportation Company, a large business has been conducted by these brothers between Providence, Fall River and near-by towns. The daughter, a girl when on board that schooner Caroline on trips to Nantucket so many years ago, for a number of years has held and still holds the position of matron in one of the noted hospitals in Providence.

Of active affairs at Nantucket in my boyhood days, which are firmly rooted in personal memory, none appeals to me more strongly than the varied lines of industries then pursued. They especially emphasize themselves to me because of the fact that all are now nearly or quite extinct and unknown to the present younger residents. These industries embraced practically every vocation incidental to the building, rigging and equipping of the whaleships, of the maintenance of them in their calling, and of the sales of the oils and by-products produced from the whale-fishery business. Of these several industries I retain a general recollection. I cannot, from memory, specify minutely as to some of them, yet others are most vivid in my mind.

Up Main street, just beyond the line of the compact part of the town, I recall the old rope-walk. Of it I retain but a vague memory. Its activities had really passed in my early days, and I simply recall it as a long building, I think with an apex or slanting roof on either side running from the ridge. I remember to have heard frequently that it was once a material commercial enterprise of the town. Rope and cordage, I have been told, were made there in large quantities.

"Sewing straw," or making hats from straw braid—mostly for ladies' wear, I think—gave employment to quite a number of people in Nantucket during a portion of my boyhood there. How long an existence it had I do not know, but I think that it flourished more or less prosperously for a few years. It was conducted within a building located in a court just off from the south side of Main street, under the name of the Atlantic Straw Works. It stood a short distance back from the street on an eminence a few feet above the street level, with a yard in front. Many girls, as I remember, were there employed, and also there were a limited number of male employees.

That business went "by the boards," and was finally closed out. Standing empty for quite a while, this building, if I mistake not, was taken down in sections, transferred to the outer harbor side of Brant point, and was re-constructed into a hotel called "The Nantucket." After varying fortune in that line, that business was discontinued, and again the building was transported back to the compact part of the town and converted into Red Men's hall. Capt. William T. Swain, for a number of years later a successful merchant of Nantucket, built and occupied a house on the site once occupied by the Atlantic Straw Works.

Blacksmith's shops, of which there were many, pump and block making shops, spar making yards, sail lofts, rig lofts, and other allied trades, cooper shops—so many of them which, in the aggregate, gave to the isolated town of Nantucket a prestige and material standing in business matters. Some of these trades, to some degree, at least, are yet extant, but the flourishing length at which they were once maintained is forever gone.

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Nantucket, an ideal summer resort, besieged and admired by summer tourists from far and near, is, in every business essential, and I may also say socially, quite the antithesis of its past. In my boyhood time there mechanic and artisan, in the trades which have mentioned, vied and cooperated each with the other in the production of their output. It is unnecessary to note specifically these industries, and then, too, it would make too long a story.

I think, perhaps, that a brief review of the business so long carried on by my father may be of interest, because it is now so radically different than when he pursued it. He was born in Boston in 1805, and there received his schooling and acquired his education. His first wife was a Boston woman, and my oldest sister was born in that city. Somewhere about 1831 or 1832 he sought Nantucket as a locality offering superior inducements for a young man to engage in business, in view of the then very prosperous whale-fishery industry of the town. He continued in business there for thirty years or thereabouts.

He was a pump and block maker. To any one familiar with that trade its dependence upon active shipping interests is at once apparent. His finished products were worked from carefully selected white-oak stock and lignumvitae logs. These logs, as I keenly remember, were kept in a closed-in compartment beneath his shop, built of boards with wide openings between, into which the tide water ebbed and flowed.

Those logs, as is generally well known, are a very hard wood. From them were made the ''dead-eyes'', which were firmly secured by iron standards to the sides of a vessel, into which the shrouds were fastened and carried to a further fastening well up the mast, and drawn taut and secure in place. How well I can now mentally see them, quite formidable in size, artistically shaped, with holes through them, each of about an inch and a half to two inches in diameter, finely bored and smoothly fashioned, in every respect work of first-class mechanism.

My father was an excellent mechanic, and no one in his employ was permitted in the least degree to slight his work. From white-oak were wrought the blocks, each with the rolling sheave made from lignumvitae revolving on a central pin, and over which operated the rope which constituted the fall. Each sheave had a copper centre. Later I remember that a new copper ''bushing'' was devised for the centre of these sheaves, which comprised a series of three or four small rolling wheels, which proved a much better scheme for the quick movement of the sheave, as the rope passed around and over it. All this line of work is now wrought from metals.

An important feature of the business of my father was pump making. Some of these for the ships, but more of them for use about the town. The ship pump was crude compared with that of the more dignified pump made for town use. These pumps were manufactured from logs about twelve to fifteen inches in diameter and about about twenty to twenty-five feet long. I do not remember the kind of wood from which they were constricted, but each was hand bored through the centre, the hole being four to six inches in diameter, as I now judge.

A pump consisted of two, three, and sometimes, perhaps, four logs, depending on the depth of the well where placed. In one of the lower logs was a so-called ''lower box''. The upper log, standing four or five feet above the casement about a well and through which it passed, contained the ''upper box'' which was attached to a long iron rod, at the upper end of which was the pump brake operating on an iron pin passing through the log, a groove or slot being fashioned on the side of the it, extending from the top down for about two feet, thus giving free access for the operation of the brake, with a spout for delivering the water on the opposite side from the brake.

These pumps worked by suction and were a most familiar object about the town—many still remaining, having fallen into disuse, yet shadow an active useful past. Boring these pump logs, very awkward in retrospect, was then an interesting process. One log was about the length of father's shop. Placed on its side, for boring, it was needful by open doorway and men across to the far side of the street to thus begin. The augur on the end of a long iron rod, with cross-bar about three or four feet long at the opposite end, was operated by two men.

It was slow work, and for an hour or more stopped traffic on the street. Once started the augur penetrated slowly, further and further, the men following it up step by step, all the while the round hole was being cut through that log, until finally the men were within the shop and the task was done. These pump-log pumps were in use universally in the town in the time of which I write, the water supply then being alone, except for a few springs, from wells.

The length of one of these pumps, naturally, depended upon the depth of the well. In some sections of the town water was reached from a higher level than in others. The two, three or four logs, as the case might be, were placed one above the other —not ''dove-tailed'' together, but rather sat into each other. The log which rested on the one beneath it was fashioned down to an apex which fitted into the bored hole of the under log. Thus the continuity of these old pumps was firmly adjusted.

In the various lines which constituted my father's business he was once constantly busy and very successful. With the decline of the whale-fishery began the decadence of his business, and it worked rapidly in that direction. His work was finally reduced to a little repairing for small sailing craft of Nantucket, and in making and repairing the pumps about the town. Through the years, in anticipation of coming trade, it was customary in dull times to make up ''parts'' in readiness for demand.

Dead-eyes, blocks, sheaves, pump-boxes, and other articles were made ready for quick use, and each kind, individually grouped, were strung together and hung all about the ceiling of the shop. A very material make-up, of first-class construction, these parts ultimately proved worthless from lack of demand and ingloriously became fire-wood. My father ceased to do business in 1863, the last year of my residence in my native town.

And so, too, other business waned in many lines which were once very successful. Only a remembrance of them now exists. Some, perchance, in a limited way, are still pursued. Along Washington street, south of the Commercial wharf, were many shops in active operation. I cannot definitely remember each or the trades conducted. One (I think it was on the west side of Washington street) was the brass foundry of Benjamin Field, which continued much longer than many of the others. The rope-walk, the cordage factory, the sail-loft, the cooper shop, and many other industries which might be named, are practically no longer in active evidence.

David Folger, whose death was quite recent, and who in his later life was an insurance agent, fifty years ago had a large cooperage. I think that I am not mistaken in saying that he was the last in that vocation in Nantucket. Two of his shops I well remember—one on Lily street, near its intersection with North Liberty street, destroyed by incendiary fire, and the other (he at once re-establishing himself in business) was near the head of the Commercial wharf, a little back from the corner of Washington and Candle streets.

He was successful for many years Comparatively he was but a short time in the last location named, and I am quite sure that that building with his shop equipment was also razed by fire. If I am wrong in this last conclusion, I trust some alert correspondent will correct me. With the passing of this latter shop ended that line of trade, Mr. Folger being the last man in my native town in the cooperage business. In each of his shops, although but a small boy, I occasionally worked in ''out-of-school'' hours. What I did was called ''culling'' staves. I do not with any definiteness recall the process. It was a sort of selecting and placing of staves in pairs as they existed in the rough material. Perhaps it might be called ''sizing them up.''

In these cooper shops were made the casks, splendidly fashioned, which were sent to sea on the ships as receptacles for the oil which might be taken on a voyage. These casks, so carefully made, with flagging between the staves to make them positively tight, securely bound with heavy iron hoops, were, many of them, again taken down and ''shooked'' for economy of space in stowage on the vessel. As these were needed they were again put together on board ship, an important person of the crew of such a vessel being the ''cooper.'' Some ''went to sea'' whole, and contained the ship bread for use when far away from home. This ship bread, or large ''crackers,'' was deftly packed in these casks. There comes a fact which at once suggests a continued story.

J. E. C. Farnham.

Providence, R. I.

Gifts From Nantucket Whalemen to Their Women Folks.

From the New York Times.

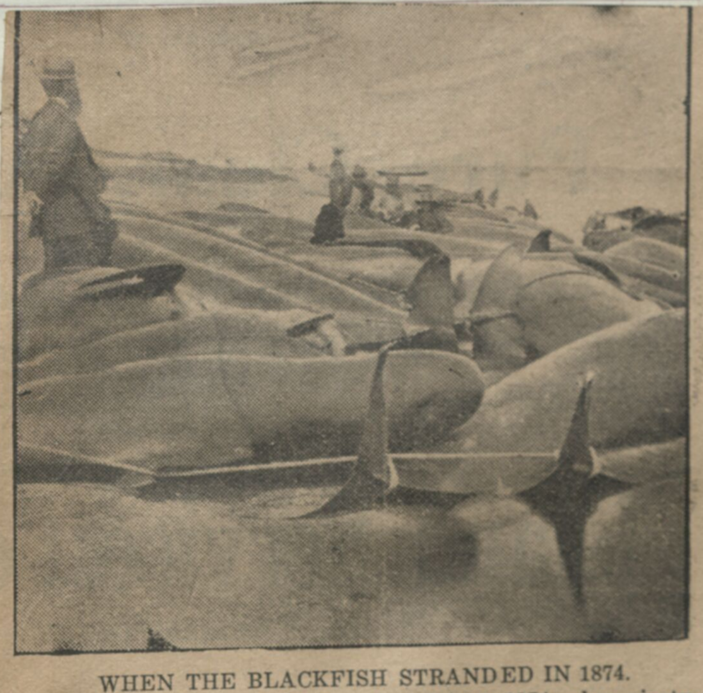
Some of the gifts the Nantucket seamen made for their women folk a hundred years ago when Nantucket Island was one of the world's leading whaling ports, are to be seen at the fourth annual exhibition of American folk arts. The exhibition is sponsored by the National Committee on Folk Arts of the United States at the committee's headquarters, 673 Fifth Ave.

The gifts made by the men on their long voyages include thimble cases, pie cutters, decorated corset bones and even rolling pins. One of them is a picture made of delicately matched pink and white shells with the words "Think of Me" written in the center. It was made by a sailor for his sweetheart. He died before the trip was finished, but his friends, in reverence to his memory, took the picture to the girl, only to find that she had married some one else.

The sea and its life enter into almost all the handicrafts of the island. When the men modeled, they modeled wild sea birds, whales or whaling boats; when they painted, they painted boats and whaling expeditions. Even the women were influenced, and the sea shell motive is to be seen in most of the quilts.

AN HOUR AFTER THEY STRANDED.

A portion of the school of blackfish shortly after they stranded, Wednesday morning, when the big fellows were full of life.



WHEN THE BLACKFISH STRANDED IN 1874.

A scene on the North Beach, Wednesday, July 1, 1874, when ninety-one specimens were captured.

Landing Provisions at Quidnet, February 15, 1912.
J. B. Ashley Lugging Meat Ashore.

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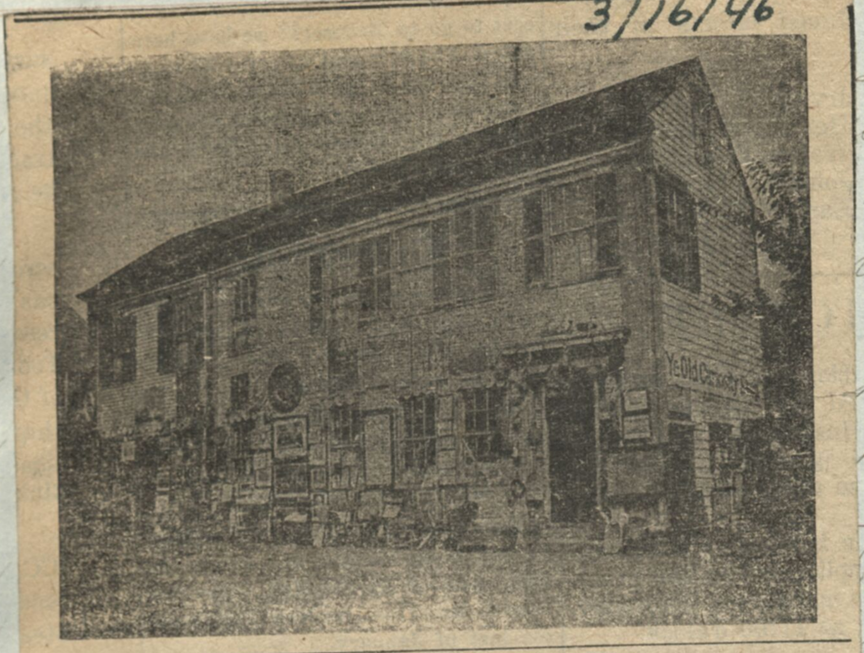

WHEN THE "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP" FLOURISHED.

Originally the home of Mrs. Amelia Coffin, the house was later used by her as a curio shop. The late C. A. Chenoweth made it famous as "Ye Old Curiosity Shop." Twenty years ago a third story was added and the structure was used as a combination apartment house, with stores on the street floor. Now the building is being torn down, having been found unsafe.

"The Poet" of Poets Corner, Nantucket, Mass.

237 Ship Othello Inwd Dr to

Went Whaling on the Bar. 1908

Thirty-two years ago last Sunday, while cruising near Nantucket bar in catboat Mable, Captains John M. Winslow and Heman Eldredge discovered a whale aground on the shoal. Hastening ashore they landed on the Cliff beach to secure assistance, and one of the Jersey wrecking boats was manned by a volunteer crew, with Captains Charles C. Mooers and Obed Swain on board, starting in pursuit of the whale with an improvised whaling outfit. By the time the men reached the bar again the whale had floated off with the rising tide and was bound up into the chord of the bay. The boat gave chase and followed the leviathan about eighteen miles, finally giving up the task and returning to shore. Although the boat came near enough to strike the whale once or twice, it was not near enough to reach a vital spot, and with their crude outfit the men thought discretion the better part of valor. Captain Mooers ventured the opinion that the whale was a forty-barrel fellow, and had the boat been able to put off half an hour sooner they would undoubtedly have succeeded in capturing the prize.

Hundreds of Whales Seen. 1909

Hundres of whales, some of them of enormous size, were passed off Nantucket South Shoal lightship, Sunday, by the United Fruit company's steamer Esparta, Captain Glenn, which arrived at Boston on Monday from Port Limon, Costa Rica.

The great school of whales stretched out as far as the eye could reach. The leviathans were heading north and were evidently in pursuit of mackerel.

Some of them moved right along with the steamer for several miles. The officers of the steamer said they had never in their experience seen so many whales.

The Esparta came from Port Limon, Costa Rica, with a cargo of 45,000 bunches of bananas and a number of well-known persons as passengers.

212 Pardon Tillingha

STRUCK BY A WHALE.—Off Nantucket on Tuesday, 12th inst., a sportive whale nearly caused the destruction of one of the New York pilot boats. The Alexander M. Lawrence, No. 4, was cruising along at the rate of about thirteen knots an hour. When nearly twenty miles east of Nantucket there was a terrific shock that shook the craft from stem to stern. The boat came into collision with a huge black object and was struck on the port bow. It seemed as though the Lawrence would capsize. She dipped until the water nearly reached the hatches, and those below rushed on deck. Looking back, the seamen beheld the whale rolling and tumbling about. No damage was done to the boat. 1885

A Ship-Wrecked Whaler Willed Money to Nantucket Man.

A former Nantucket resident has been bequeathed an estate and sum of money by an uncle who was a victim of a whaling shipwreck in the South Seas. 1947

William H. Coffin, retired paint salesman well-known on Cape and Islands, has been informed by authorities of Perth, Australia, that an uncle, Charles Horton Hall, has willed his estate to the Hooxsie, R. I., resident.

It is a number of years since he has been on Nantucket, but Coffin has two cousins who reside here.

Mr. Hall shipped out of New Bedford on a whaler which was wrecked in the South Pacific. For some time he lived in South America before going to Australia.

Having no funds to return to New Bedford, Mr. Hall settled in Perth. He was 88 at the time of his death.

13 I & A R. Nye

10/32

WHALING AT HOME. 1880

The recent capture of three right whales by boats from our tributary island, Tuckernuck, and the fact that vigilant eyes are on the lookout for more, with weapons ready for the attack, seems to carry us back in imagination to the deeds of the early settlers, our ancestors. In their day, right whales were very numerous about our coast, sporting without fear of danger in waters where they and their progenitors had roamed undisturbed for ages. Rarely had a vessel's keel invaded their favorite feeding-grounds, over which hundreds are now daily and hourly crossing each other's tracks. Britannia might rule the waves, but Leviathan could laugh at her boasted wooden walls, and in these western waters reigned monarch of all he surveyed, until the persistent onslaughts of the Coffins, and Macys and Husseys drove him to more distant haunts, where he was still followed and hunted with the same energy as before.

Our forefathers, from the very circumstances of their situation, took naturally to the business, and they appear to have found valuable auxiliaries in the native Indians who were reported to have been active and skillful boatmen. The stereotyped statement that whale-hunting began here in 1690 may be correct, but we know not exactly on what authority it rests, and incline to the belief that the date should have been placed some years earlier. The old records contain still in legible condition, the memorandum of a contract made with James Loper in 1672 to carry on the business of whaling from our shores, but it is more than doubtful whether such a man ever came here, for the weight of evidence is strongly against it. If he ever took any steps to carry out his part of the contract the old proprietors did not fulfil theirs, for it is quite clear that Loper never owned any lands here, nor does his name ever occur in our records except as already mentioned. One Ichabod Paddock is also mentioned as having been the instructor of old Nantucketers in the arts and mysteries of killing, cutting and trying the whale, but the written chronicles are equally obscure on that point. Whether they were apt scholars under his instruction or were merely self-taught, it is certain that they went into the enterprise with a will, and soon made it a profitable industry. The best single year's work reported is the capture of eighty-six whales, and down to the year 1760, more or less whales were taken by boats from the shores. But their visits had then become few and far between, and meanwhile many vessels had been fitted for Atlantic voyages, and new generations of sea-Nimrods had been born and trained to the hunt of the giant game.

We try to picture in imagination the scenes on our shores in those old days of whaling at home. The rude sheds and try-works near the beach, the boats, armed and equipped for the fight, and the masthead man, at early morn, climbing to the tall look-out or crow's nest. Fancy the rapid and excited gathering of the clans when the cry was raised that whales were near at hand; the bold bearing of the sturdy men of Anglo-Saxon stock among the crowd of lithe wiry Indians as the boats are launched and put forth to the chase; the conflict with the sea-monster carried on within sight of their homes and friends; the triumphant return of the flotilla with the prize in tow, and the cheery welcome from the matrons and maidens, the daughters of Dionis Coffin and of Sarah Macy, and the mother of Ben. Franklin, and the aboriginal squaws, all eager to view the rich spoils of war, and to applaud the conquering heroes. The lives of these women had in them more fresh and frequent excitement and less of long-enduring patience and weary suspense than those of their daughters, the Penelopes of a later period, waiting through the slow years of Pacific voyages with only now and then a stray word of intelligence from husbands and lovers.

Now the long voyages are a memory of the past, the stout ships sold off or broken up, and our old occupation practically gone. But recent doings at Tuckernuck go to show that it would be very unsafe for the right whale to revisit his old haunts, for we have still young men who can wield the harpoon and lance to good purpose, and even old men, as we have seen, cannot quite forget the craft of their younger days.

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Exhibits of Whaling Implements Wanted.

Mr. Augustus Folger of Nantucket, now residing in New Bedford, who has obtained space at the World's Fair in Chicago for the exhibition of whaling apparatus, etc., has received the following letter from the superintendent of the Fisheries Department:

CHICAGO, Feb. 18, 1893.

Whale Oil Gas, 100 Pleasant St., New Bedford, Mass.

DEAR SIR—It is my desire to have some general decoration around the main dome of the Fisheries building, but since the Exposition has no material illustrative of fisheries, I am compelled to appeal to the generosity of the exhibitors in this department and invite their co-operation to the extent of lending such material relating to fisheries as they may have available and which will be useful for decorative purposes. It has occurred to me, however, that it is very desirable to have the decorations, so far as practicable, typical and illustrative of fishing in the various parts of the country. and thinking that you might have certain things relating to whale fishery I venture to call your attention to this matter and to request that you will notify me to what extent, if any, you can aid me in this direction.

I have already promises of considerable material such as nets, seines, etc., but I find that we can make good use of whaling implements such as harpoons, lances, spears, gaffs, oars, paddles, and in fact all kinds of apparatus, particularly those mounted on staffs. Such material can be entered in the catalogue, and I see no reason why they should not be placarded and mention made of the fact that they have been donated or loaned by you.

I hesitate to send you a list of anything of this nature, since I do not know what is available to you. I will only say that almost anything you can send will, I am sure, prove useful.

Yours very truly,
J. W. Collins,
Chief, Department of Fish and Fisheries.

This is made public by Mr. Folger in order that all who wish to exhibit articles of the kind referred to above may do so and have the material entered in the catalogue and placarded with the owner's name. Mr. Folger will be pleased to receive any thing from his Nantucket friends that can be made available for the purpose indicated.

306 Charles D.

"There She Blows!"

—OR—

THE LOG OF THE ARETHUSA.

BY W. H. MACY, (Blind.)
(ILLUSTRATED.) . . . PRICE $1.50.

Call on the author at the Nantucket Registry of Deeds, and see the "BLIND WRITER," an apparatus of his own invention for writing in the dark. The author is also agent for the sale of

STARBUCK'S 1878
History of the American Whale Fishery!
Price $5.00. Call and examine as above.
Either book sent to any address on receipt of price.
j22 W. H. MACY.

FOR SALE.

The ship Edward, as she returned from her last voyage, 340 tons burthen, will carry 3200 bbls, is well found in sails, anchors and cables, has a large inventory, casks, boats, whaling craft, &c. This ship was thoroughly repaired about 7 years ago, is every way calculated for a N. W. whaler and can be sent to sea at a small expense.

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TO LET.

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For terms apply to
WILLIAM MITCHELL.
Nantucket, 3d mo 8, 1854.

219 James S.

The transiton to the higher life of Capt. Alexander Gardner occurred yesterday at his residence, 37 Avenue B, Vick Park, aged 76 years. Capt. Gardner was born on the island of Nantucket. His ancestors were among the first settlers of that island, who were driven from Massachusetts and other states during the "Quaker persecution." He commenced his sailor life at the age of 13, and from that time followed the sea as a "whaler" or in the coast service for more than fifty years. He was at Honolulu when the first installment of missionaries arrived from this country, and saw King Kamehameha as he appeared in full dress costume of boots and stove-pipe hat, minus other toilet accessories, His fund of anecdote was inexhaustible, as neighbors and friends can testify. His religion was strictly humanitarian. His widow and only child, Mrs. James Whitbeck, with whom they lived, and their children survive: also his only brother, Latham Gardner, a well-known resident. The other members of the family reside at Nantucket and Boston.—*Rochester Union, May 31st.* 1887

Origin of Whaling Industry.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

In the "Did You Know Column" of "This Week in Nantucket" it is quoted that the whaling industry began in 1673. Now the Indians, before the advent of the white man, were accustomed to "persue the wales with a rude wooden harpoon." Waymouth's journal of his voyage to America in 1605 and the Purchas account in 1613 mention this fact. In 1647, at a meeting in the general court in Hartford, May 25, the most involved whaling laws were made. Whaling as an industry in the colonies commenced about the year 1650. In 1672, the Nantucketers recorded a proposed agreement with James Loper to come to the Island and teach them the art of capturing whales. I suggest the correspondent of "This Week in Nantucket" do a little reading before writing!

Mrs. John W. Throckmorton.
Nantucket, Sept. 2.

The case of Robert Ratcliffe, the English sailor who went through such a remarkable experience in his early life, but who is now an inmate of the poorhouse at Nantucket, has been again brought to the attention of the public through a communication to a New York paper, extracts from which have appeared in the Boston press. The public became acquainted with Mr. Ratcliffe's romantic history last March, through Mr. F. C. Sanford, of Nantucket, and his case was immediately taken up by the British Charitable Society of this city and others. A sum of money was forwarded to Mr. Sanford for Mr. Ratcliffe's relief, and the society voted to allow the worthy old salt $5 per month for the purchase of tobacco and such little luxuries as he might fancy. Mr. Sanford writes the society that the old gentleman is quite contented with his lot. He can no longer live on salt water, but he can see it and hear its lappings on the shore, and is happy.—*Boston Traveller.* 1879

Stern-board of Eunice Adams.

Col. Edward H. R. Green has presented to the Old Dartmouth Historical society the stern-board of the whaling brig Eunice H. Adams, which is now on display in the rooms of the society. The Adams began her career as a schooner, in 1865, at which time she was owned in Nantucket. In 1867, her rig was changed to that of a brig. She was sold to New Bedford in 1870, sailing from that port until 1883, when her hailing port was changed to Edgartown. She was withdrawn from the whaling industry in 1896.

The Eunice H. Adams was the last whaleship to arrive at Nantucket. She came in June 14, 1870, under command of Capt. Zenas Coleman.

FOR SALE.

ON Wednesday, June 17th, at 3 P. M., at Public Auction, at Commercial Wharf, the ship Peruvian, of 334 tons; was thoroughly repaired in 1848, at an expense of $7000 was new planked from keel to planksbear, and all bad timbers taken out, new stern po t, part of new keel, copper fastened, has a large lot of casks and shooks, Chronometer, Copper Cooler and a good inventory.

☞ New Bedford Mercury please copy.

Eckerman New Ac

SUDDEN DEATH.—We reget to record the sudden death of Capt. Israel Morey, which occurred on Thursday last. Capt. M. came into town in his usual health, and while standing opposite the store of Mr. J. B. Macy, fell in what was supposed to be a fit. He was taken into the store of Mr. M. and from thence canveyed to his residence, where he soon after expired. A post mortem examination was made of the body, but the physicians could find no cause for his disease. Capt. Morey was an active and popular shipmaster, a worthy, esteemed citizen, and his sudden demise is a matter of deep regret.

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First Temperance Whaleship From Nantucket. 1931

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

The Phebe, 379 tons, sailed for the Pacific Ocean May 28, 1830, and arrived back November 25, 1833, with 2131 barrels of sperm oil. This ship was the first ship to sail from Nantucket with spirituous liquors in her stores. The captain took liquor aboard on his own account, but he died of consumption caused by hard drinking.

Personally I do not think the close-fisted Quaker owners cared a rap for temperance, but in their trifling way it saved money—and they seemed not to have the slightest objection to the skipper furnishing his own rum out of his pocket. But as the Phebe brought in a good cargo of oil every thing was lovely, even if the captain did die from drink.

Those old oil firms from Nantucket sure were thrifty until it hurt.

Capt. H. Percy Ashley,
9 Liberty street.

May go Whaling Again.

Whaling captains and vessel owners of New Bedford are desirous of again securing the services of James C. Lumbert of Nantucket, who is considered one of the best whalemen of today. Captain Chase of the Platina came to the island this week to confer personally with Mr. Lmbert and endeavor to prevail upon him to sail with him as mate when the Platina makes her next voyage. Although nothing definite has been settled, the offer made Mr. Lumbert was such a good one that he is giving it serious consideration and will probably go up to New Bedford today to confer with the owners. 1906

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—OR—

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amt of Prem. note

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Aug 23—tf or EDWARD W. GARDNER.
New Bedford papers please copy and send bills to this office.

OBITUARY.—Capt. Oliver C. Swain, whose death at Oakland, Cal., was noticed in our last issue, was a native of Nantucket, Capt. Swain early followed the sea, and became a ship master in the whaling service, commanding ships Potomac and Mohawk, in which he made successful voyages, in the employ of Thomas Macy & Sons, of this port. He removed to California about thirty years ago. He has been employed in the Custom House at San Francisco many years as Chinese interpreter. Capt. Swain was a genial gentleman and leaves a widow and wide circle of friends. 1877

WHALE BOAT RACE.—Among the attractive features of the celebration of the Fourth in New Bedford, there will be a boat race, which will take place in the harbor, in the forenoon. Whale boats are to be used—each boat to be pulled with not more than five oars, and a sixth oar for steering; the crew to consist of not more than six persons, including the steersman. Four prizes will be awarded to the four most successful competitors, viz.:—A Silver Pitcher, valued at $55, to the first; a Silver Pitcher, valued at $42, to the second; a Silver Goblet, valued at $35, to the third; and a Silver Pitcher, valued at $30, to the fourth. The list will be open to all persons, whether belonging to that city or to other places, who shall enter their boats on or before Thursday noon, the 2d of July next. Cannot Nantucket be represented in the race? 1857

318.51 57183

☞ We see that Dr. Tripp of New Bedford is stopping a few days among us. This offers a fine opportunity to the afflicted suffering with scofulous, rheumatic, neuralgic, asthmatic, consumptive, or any malignant difficulty. We know the Doctor to be a man of superior skill in medicine and surgery, and advise the afflicted to avail themselves of this opportunity and call and see him. His *Dynamic Siathen* for examining chest and lung diseases, whereby he can point out the exact locality and the degree of inflammation and ulceration with perfect accuracy, is considered the greatest invention of any age. The Dr. is stopping at Mrs. Cottle's, on Pine street. 1859

Fitted Out Sloop to Search For Sea Serpents. 1937

Many of the old Nantucket whalemen believed in sea-monsters and often a ship would return home from a voyage with notation on her log of some strange sea creature having been sighted. At one time, the Nantucketers were so true to the belief that there were sea serpents that, in 1883, they fitted out the big sloop "Fame" under Capt. Peter Myrick and sent her out on a voyage after sea serpents. Captain Myrick did not have very good luck, however, and returned with a full cargo—of experience.

B. Hussey for Christopher Mitchell & Co., on a Pacific ocean cruise, which ended Feb. 3, 1837, during which time the vessel captured 2,345 barrels of sperm oil. His second voyage was in the same ship with the same master, this time, however, Captain Tice was found in the cabin as third mate. It was another great cut for the 27 months' cruise, for the ship arrived home at Nantucket Feb. 14, 1840, with 2,419 barrels of sperm oil. Then he sailed as mate in the Henry of Nantucket, and on Oct. 27, 1848, was given his first command—ship Harvest, which cruised for sperm whales in the Pacific ocean and returned home March 20, 1853, with 1,446 barrels of oil. The ship had previously sent home a quantity of oil. It was a good voyage, and with this experience as master, Captain Tice gave up whaling and remained on Nantucket, where he has engaged to some extent in gardening. 1903

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☞ The ship Emily Taylor, with oil and bone on freight for New Bedford, put back to Honolulu in consequence of the sickness of Capt. Timothy W. Riddell and several of the crew. Capt. R. remained at Honolulu convalescent. The ship was tight and strong, and sld again Jan. 29, under command of Capt. Nehemiah West, of New Bedford. 1853

OBITUARY.

Capt. Frederick S. Raymond, whose death occurred on Saturday last, had been in feeble health for a number of years, and for more than a year had been confined to the house. When a boy Capt. Raymond learned a printer's trade with the late Charles C. Hazewell, then proprietor of the *Islander*. Subsequently he shipped on a whaling voyage and continued to follow the sea to within ten or a dozen years when he retired. The latter portion of his seafaring life was spent on the lakes where he commanded several vessels. He was a member of Union Lodge F. & A. M., of this town. 1886

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Death of Albert E. Marshall.

Albert Edward Marshall, 67, of Providence, R. I., and "The Cobbles", Main street, Nantucket, died at the Jane Brown Hospital, in Providence, on Saturday, September 15.

Mr. Marshall, a prominent consulting chemical engineer and former president of the Rumford Chemical Works, was born in Liverpool, England, May 18, 1884, a son of Edward and Marie Marshall. He attended Liverpool Institute and University College, and was awarded honors in chemistry and the Guild Medal in chemical technology at South Kensington, London.

After visiting the United States in 1911, he took up permanent residence in this country in 1912, and, after spending a short period as a consulting chemical engineer in New York City, he took a position as works manager of the Davison Chemical Company in Baltimore during World War I.

The late Albert E. Marshall.

In 1921 he opened offices as a consultant chemical engineer in Baltimore, moving to New York in 1929. From 1921 until 1938 he held the positions of director, vice-president and finally president of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers, and councillor and chairman of the American Section of the Society of Chemical Industry.

He became president of the Rumford Chemical Works in 1938, resigning in November, 1950, when the assets of the company were sold. Following this, he opened a consulting office in the Industrial Trust Company Building.

As a director and executive vice-president of the General Aniline and Film Corporation, a firm controlled by German interests, he aided the office of Alien Property Custodian in the reorganization of the company. He also served as the custodian's nominee chairman of the board of directors of E. Leitz, Inc., another German-owned company.

During his career Mr. Marshall also served as the vice-president of the Amino Products Company; vice-president of the Heyden Chemical Corporation; a director of the Investors Trust Company and Rhode Island Hospital Trust Company, American Potash and Chemical Corporation, Niro Corporation of Copenhagen, Denmark, and the Thiokol Corporation of Trenton, New Jersey.

Mr. Marshall was also vice president of the Rhode Island division of the New England Council, state chairman of the Committee for Economic Development and a director of the Rhode Island Philharmonic Orchestra.

His clubs included the Chemists Club, New York; the Nantucket Yacht Club, the Turk's Head Club, Squantum Association, Hope Club, Toledo Club, and Nantucket Wharf Rat Club.

He is survived by his wife, Ruth Hildebrant Marshall, two sons, Albert Edward Marshall, Jr., of Darien, Conn., and Richard Sheppard Marshall, of Mercer Island, Washington, and by two grandsons.

Funeral services were held Monday, September 17, at Grace Church, Providence. Interment was at Swan Point Cemetery, Providence, R. I.

Augustus Chace Lake.

Augustus Chace Lake, one of Nantucket's business men for many years, died Sunday, January 6, at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital after an illness of more than three years.

Mr. Lake was born in Nantucket May 21, 1876, the son of Albert E. Lake, of New Bedford, and Sarah M. (Lewis) Lake, of Nantucket. He received his education in the Nantucket schools, graduating from high school in 1894. In 1900 he married the former Anna W. Nelson, who passed away in 1941.

Following his graduation from high school he worked for the Electric Light Company until 1911, and, in 1912, went into the electrical business for himself. He retired in February, 1942.

For many years he operated the motion picture projectors at what is now Dreamland Theatre, and also at the Siasconset Casino and the Nantucket Yacht Club.

He was a member of Union Lodge, F. & A. M., of the Island Rebekah Lodge, and an honorary member of the Nantucket Firemen's Association. He had been a member of Nantucket Lodge No. 66, I. O. O. F., since March 1, 1898, and was the fifth oldest in length of membership.

He is survived by a brother, George M. Lake, and a sister, Mrs. Effie L. Pond, both of Nantucket, and by two nieces, Mrs. Lawrence A. Miller, of Milton, Mass., and Mrs. S. Winston McCausland, of Quincy, Mass.

Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at the Lewis Funeral Home, the Rev. Bradford Johnson, Rector of St. Paul's Church, officiating. Interment was in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

The pallbearers were Walter Knott and Francis Pease, of Union Lodge, F.&A.M., and Otis S. Nickerson and Alonzo Chase, of Nantucket Lodge, I.O.O.F.

1952

"Archie" Cartwright Custodian Of Whaling Museum. 1955

The Nantucket Historical Association announces that "Archie" Cartwright, the last Nantucket man who has shipped out as a whaler, has agreed to serve this year as Custodian of the Whaling Museum, the position held for many years by Wallace Long, who because of ill health has been granted a leave of absence for this season. It is hoped that a complete rest will help to restore "Cap" Long, as he is known to many friends and visitors, to good health as he will be greatly missed.

The Museum will open for the season on Saturday, May 28th, when "Archie" will be on hand to steer visitors on a steady course through the intricate phases of whaling and the many exhibits. It will not be surprising if once again the walls will echo "Thar she blows" as they did when George A. Grant served as the first custodian.

Mrs. Bernice Foye will serve again at the reception desk where she will welcome visitors and help them to enjoy the exhibits by her pre-tour suggestions of features not to be missed.

It is expected that Miss Helen L. Winslow will again preside over the library and that until her arival about the end of June Mrs. Ellen D. Chace will serve as her alternate.

Albert Egan Jr. has agreed to serve as a member of the Whaling Museum committee of which W. Ripley Nelson will serve again as Chairman. It is anticipated that additional members will be added to the committee before the opening date.

This year is the 25th anniversary of the opening of the Whaling Museum which naturally calls for suitable recognition and celebration in which both year round and summer residents will be participants. The anniversary schedule will be announced before opening date.

Faye Emerson Pens a Eulogy Of Her Nantucket Vacation.

Television star Faye Emerson, who spent her vacation on Nantucket this past August, evidently was greatly taken with the charm and quiet of the island. In her syndicated column which appeared in the New York World-Telegram and Sun, Friday, September 2, she wrote:

As much as I love television, I learned this summer that it is good to get away from it completely sometimes. I spent a week on the beautiful Island of Nantucket off the coast of Massachusetts, and didn't see a television set the whole time I was there. The other vacationers, the islanders themselves, and I therefore were forced to spend our time swimming and sailing.

Youngsters on the island, being deprived of the blessings of TV, gather on the little cobbled main street every night for an old-fashioned sing. The one movie house was jammed for all three shows, and the two summer theatres on the island packed the customers in nightly.

All in all, it was like an older, more peaceful time that existed before the television antennae invaded us like a plague of locusts. The only thing to remind me of the world I'd left was the fact that there were so many familiar faces on the island. Bill Paley, board chairman of CBS, and his beautiful wife, Barbara; NBC's ace newscaster, Kenneth Banghard, and comic Frank Fontaine were just a few that I saw.

Next summer, when television goes into its annual doldrums and you feel you can't stand the sight of one more re-run or replacement show, remember the watchwords: "Nantucket's the place for you."

(Evidently the TV antennae sprouting from the roofs of Nantucket's old houses do not look as out-of-place as we once thought—either that or Faye was so taken by the architecture that she didn't look at the chimneys, for there certainly are plenty of television sets on Nantucket. — Ed.) 1955

Chief "Archie" Retires.

At midnight last night, Friday, March 11, Chief Archibald Cartwright retired as Chief of the Nantucket Fire Department after eight years of faithful service.

Chief Cartwright, who was, incidentally, the last Nantucket man to ship aboard a whaling vessel, was a carpenter and contractor by profession prior to his appointment as Fire Chief. He was named to the position of Acting Chief following the resignation of former Chief William J. Blair, and assumed the office on February 14, 1947. He was officially appointed Chief at a meeting of the Board of Selectmen held the week following the annual Town Election of that year.

Davidson Photo

CHIEF "ARCHIE" CARTWRIGHT

When asked yesterday what he plans to do now that his responsibilities in the Fire Department are over, Chief Cartwright chuckled and said, "I don't know. Sit on one of those green benches on Main street, I guess, and smoke a cigar." Then he added that he guessed he could still hit a nail straight or lay shingles as fast as anyone today. 1955

Honored

EVERETT U. CROSBY

CROSBY'S WORK IS RECOGNIZED

Saving Architecture for Nantucket Brings Special Honor

Everett Uberto Crosby of New York, originator of the "Crosby Plan" for preserving and restoring Nantucket, has been elected an honorary member of the American Institute of Architects, according to an announcement made yesterday by Charles D. Maginnis of Boston, president of the institute.

The election of Mr. Crosby and Nathan Straus, U. S. Housing Administrator, both as honorary members, was announced on the eve of the Institute's 75th annual meeting in Washington, which opens today.

In addition to election of honorary members, two honorary corresponding members and 17 fellows were elected to the institute.

Mr. Crosby, it was pointed out, undertook several years ago to organize a concerted movement toward a restoration of the original character of the old houses of Nantucket, the elimination of inappropriate features which have been added in late years, and a general guidance of prospective builders with a view to preventing the further introduction of exotic and inharmonious styles in architecture.

"It is well known," the announcement says, "that Nantucket is one of the few towns in New England that still retain the characteristic architecture of their earlier days. The period of Nantucket's greatest prosperity was in the decade following 1840, when the sea captains and merchants built for themselves substantial and attractive homes of simple and conservative design. There are about 400 of these fine old homes on the Island but, with the ending of the whaling industry and the development of Nantucket as a Summer resort, many of them have changed ownership and there has been a noticeable tendency to modernize some of them, often with utter disregard of their traditional architectural character.

"Mr. Crosby's interest in the early civilization of Nantucket has not been solely concerned with the preservation of its traditional architecture, but has also led him into extensive research in the field of silversmiths, cabinet-makers and other craftsmen who labored during the period of the town's greatest prosperity. The results of his research will take form in a record that will prove to be a valuable document."

Mr. Crosby was born in Worcester April 2, 1871, the 10th in line descending from Simon Crosby who immigrated to Cambridge from Yorkshire, England, in 1635. He is a former president of the Insurance Society of New York and of the Insurance Brokers Association of New York, former chairman of the board of the National Fire Protective Association, and first author of the Crosby-Fiske-Forster Handbook of Fire Protection.

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William Hart Tracy.

William Hart Tracy, who had been in charge of the U.S. Weather Bureau Service office in Boston since 1945, died at his home in Milton, Mass., on Tuesday, January 29. Mr. Tracy was born in Brockton, the son of Orestes A. B. and Ellen (Jones) Tracy, on March 31, 1882, the family moving to Nantucket shortly thereafter. He attended the Nantucket schools and graduated from Nantucket High School with the class of 1899.

It was while a senior in Nanttucket High School that Mr. Tracy entered the service of the United States Weather Bureau as a messenger boy. Four years later he was promoted to the position of observer. In the intervening years between his leaving the Nantucket station in the early 1900's and 1945, when he tok charge of the Boston office, Mr. Tracy was in charge of offices in Sandy Hook, N. J., Northfield, Vt., Syracuse, N. Y., Grand Rapids, Mich., and Buffalo, N. Y. His transfer to the Boston office in 1945 was his third assignment to that office, having been stationed there when he first left Nantucket and again in 1922. He became meteorologist at the Boston office in 1945 when he was transferred from Buffalo. In 1951 he was made director of the New England climatological section of the bureau.

He is survived by his wife, the former Joyce Weber, whom he married four years ago. His first wife, the former Iva Jernegan of Nantucket, died twelve years ago. He also leaves a sister, Mrs. William E. Gardner, of Nantucket.

On April 1st, 1952, Mr. Tracy would have retired from the U.S. Weather Bureau Service, and, with Mrs. Tracy, was planning to return to Nantucket to make his home here.

Masonic services will be held at eleven o'clock this (Saturday) morning at the home of the Rev. William E. Gardner and Mrs. Gardner, his brother-in-law and sister, at 33 Orange stret. Interment will be in the North Cemetery. 1952

The death of Captain George Crocker on Sunday at the age of 85 years, removes another of the colony of old Nantucket settlers who removed to Auburn many years ago from the sea-girt isle off the Massachusetts coast. It is said that at one time there were thirty-five old Nantucket families living in this vicinity Now, but two of the octogenarians remain—Mrs. Rebecca Cottle, widow of Captian Shubael Cottle, who was 88 last month, and Mrs. Delia Coffin, widow of Captain Joshua Coffin, who will be 88 next month, All have children living here who were also born in Nantucket. When they lived on the island, whale-fishing was in the zenith of its success and Nantucket was one of the principal whaling ports of the east. It was while in command of whale-ships that the title of captain was obtained by this intrepid trio, Captain Crocker for many years owned the large farm in Sennett, where he died, until it was purchrsed by his son-in-law, Frank W. Payne, For many years he was an elder of the First Presbyterian church of this city. Captain Crocker was thrice married and leaves several children.—*Auburn Daily Advertiser, January 25.* 1887

Annual Meeting of Nantucket Historical Association.

1952

The annual meeting of the Nantucket Historical Association was held on Tuesday afternoon, July 29, at the Friends Meeting House on Fair street with some fifty members and friends in attendance. Edouard A. Stackpole, President of the Association, conducted the meeting.

Mrs. Oscar B. Eger, Secretary, gave her annual report, showing that the membership of the Association now stands at 495, with annual members numbering 351 of this total. The report of the Treasurer, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Worth, was read by Howard C. Barber. This report revealed that the visitors at the various exhibits last year totalled 27,759, with the Whaling Museum having a banner season with 16,053 admissions, and the Oldest House establishing an admission record of its own with 5,368 visitors. Fair Street was next with 4,340 admissions.

Mrs. Walton H. Adams, recently appointed to the newly created post as Custodian of Collections, gave a report on some of the outstanding accessions over the past year. She gave an interesting summary of the work of furnishing the newest exhibit of the Association—the "1800 House". From her service of years as Curator, Mrs. Adams brings a valuable experience in her new office.

The report of the Nominating Committee was read by Mrs. Samuel Snelling as follows:

President: Edouard A. Stackpole.

Vice Presidents: Mrs. Walton H. Adams, Everett U. Crosby, Miss Grace Brown Gardner, Dr. William E. Gardner, Bassett Jones, Burnham N. Dell.

Secretary: Mrs. Oscar B. Eger.

Treasurer: Mrs. Elizabeth B. Worth.

Albert E. Marshall's term as Councillor would have expired with this meeting. His death occurred since the last Annual Meeting and has been already covered by the resolutions and actions of our Association. In his place we nominate Mrs. Lewis Edgarton for a four-year term, to expire in 1956.

John H. Robinson, whose term expires this year, is a Councillor who has given valiant service to the Association. Under our By-Laws no Councillor is eligible to succeed himself unless after a lapse of one year. In Mr. Robinson's place, for a term of four years, to expire in 1956, we nominate John W. Grout.

By vote of the meeting, the Secretary was instructed to cast one vote for the election of the above-named officers, and they were declared duly elected.

Dr. Will Gardner, author of "The Coffin Saga" and "Three Bricks and Three Brothers", gave a thoroughly delightful resumé of his research work for his forthcoming book on Walter Folger, Jr. The enthusiastic response of his listeners gave full indication of the pleasure they derived from this enjoyable feature of the afternoon.

W. Ripley Nelson, the new chairman of the Whaling Museum, was called upon for a few remarks and told the meeting of his pleasure in serving the Association, and stated he would have a complete report of progress on his new work at a future date.

As chairman of the Old Mill, Howard C. Barber gave an account of the progress in the work of restoration. Wrecked by the great gale and snowstorm of last February, this historic landmark was not allowed to assume a long term of disfigurement. Through the cooperation of the Island Service Company, the Association was able to purchase a 22-foot new main shaft for the Mill as well as excellent pieces of fir for the cross-arms.

An appeal for public support towards the Restoration Fund has to date brought in a total of $1,950, the President reported.

The Association's newest exhibit, the "1800 House", on Mill street, was described all too briefly by the chairman of the committee on this important work, Everett U. Crosby. Last year this old Nantucket house, built in 1801 by a Coleman, was presented to the Association by Mr. and Mrs. Allen Melhado, whose estate adjoins its property.

To fully appreciate the restoration, completed under Mr. Crosby's direction, one must visit this now beautiful old house, which has been so tastefully furnished in the period between 1790 and 1860. This newest of the Association's acquisitions is a notable one and the committee of Mr. Crosby, Mrs. Adams and Dr. Gardner, with their helpers, richly deserve the many words of praise for this accomplishment.

In bringing the afternoon's program to a close, President Stackpole gave a brief account of his activities this summer at the Whaling Museum, with his schedule of lectures there on Wednesday afternoons and at Fair Street on Mondays. He also told something of his research work this past year, when he has been journeying off-island in search of information on whaling.

He made special mention of the valuable exhibits at the Whaling Museum, the model of the whaleship "Morning Star", loaned by George A. Sanderson, of Howard street and New York City, and the log book of the whaleship "Spring Grove", loaned by Mrs. George C. Rule, now residing in Waltham.

The Nantucket Journal.

THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER, 13, 1887,

OBITUARY.

Capt. Prince William Ewer, passed away on Friday morning last at the age 78 years and 8 months. He entered upon a seafaring career at the age of 15 in the ship Constitution Capt. Isaac Chase of this port, in 1824. His father was second officer of the ship, and was killed by a whale during the voyage, his death being witnessed by the son, who was pulling the stroke oar in his father's boat. On his return in 1826, he shipped as boatsteerer on ship Barclay, of this port, Capt. Joseph Barney, and sailed in thirteen days for the Pacific. He arrived home in November, 1829, and in just three weeks sailed again in ship Susan, of this port, Capt. Frederick Swain, as third mate. Arriving in August 1833, he sailed again in November of that year in the same ship as mate with Capt. Swain, arriving home in May 1837. The following December he sailed as first officer of ship Emily Morgan, of New Bedford, Capt. Shubael Clark, when she brought home nearly 3000 barrels of oil. On his return he was tendered the command of the vessel and sailed in April, 1842, continuing in her until 1854 and making three successful voyages. In 1855 he took command of bark Henry Taber, (new) of New Bedford, making a successful voyage of four years, lacking one day, and on his return retired with a competency.

Capt. Ewer was as fine a ship master as ever sailed from any port. Considerate alike of the welfare of his crew and the interest of his owners, he commanded the respect of the former and the confidence and esteem of the latter. He sailed on his first voyage July 24, 1824, and arrived home from his last voyage July 23, 1859, hence his seafaring career covers exactly 35 years, more than 31 of which were actually spent on the ocean. Since his retirement from the sea he has resided on the island enjoying the fruits of his many years toil. He has been twice married and leaves a widow, also a son by his first mrrriage who resides in Ohio. His funeral occurred Tuesday afternoon, and during the day the flag over the Pacific club room was displayed at half-mast.

The Nantucket Journal.

THURSDAY MORNING. JANUARY 27, 1887.

☞ *Any subscriber failing to receive a single copy of the "Journal" will confer a favor by notifying the publisher immediately*

☞ The JOURNAL is entered at the Nantucket Post Office as second class mail matter.

OBITUARY.

Capt. Isaac Gardner passed away on Monday morning at the ripe old age of 87 years and 4 months. Early in life Capt. Gardner began to "follow the sea," rising through the intermediate grades to the highest station in his chosen profession, sailing his first voyage as master in this ocean in whaling schooner Fame, of this port in 1834, and arriving home in March, 1835 with 280 barrels sperm and 1040 whale oil. The vessel became leaky and on her arrival home was broken up. In July of that year he sailed for the Pacific in command of ship Eagle owned by the late David Joy, of this place, arriving home in April, 1837, with 625 barrels sperm and 1293 whale oil. This vessel was likewise broken up on her arrival home. August 10, 1839 he sailed in command of ship Orbit, of this place and had taken 1200 barrels sperm when the vessel was totally wrecked by going ashore near Payta. Capt. Gardner was on shore at the time having left the vessel in charge of the mate with instructions to "lay off and on." By some means they stood in too near the shore and struck. Of the oil on board about one half was saved and sold for $3,900. Upon his return home Capt. Gardner quitted the sea, but was employed a number of years as watchman and in various other capacities on vessels at the wharves in this and other ports. At the breaking out of California "gold fever" he was among the earliest pioneers to the "Golden State" where he engaged in various pursuits for several years. Returning to Nantucket, he resumed his former occupation and likewise engaged in the shore fishery until advancing years compelled him to relinquish active labor.

Capt. Gardner, or "Uncle Isaac" as he was familiarly known, was a man of strict integrity, genial disposition, bluff in manner, though proverbially kind-hearted, and his fondness for little children never failed to make itself manifest. His long life was busy and active as its close was calm and peaceful, and the news of his death will be received with tender regard by hosts of acquaintances at home and abroad. He leaves six children, twelve grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren, his wife having died some twenty-five years ago, and his descendants are widely scattered throughout the Union. His funeral will take place to-morrow, (Friday) afternoon from the residence of Mr. Hiram C. Folger. Services at 2 o'clock.

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Death of Walton H. Adams.

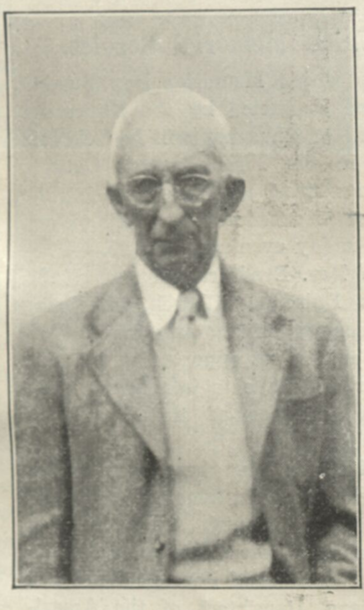
One of Nantucket's most respected and beloved citizens, Walton Hinckley Adams, passed away on Friday evening, May 20th, at the Tobey Hospital in Wareham, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Adams had spent the winter in Florida and were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Grant in Mattapoisett, Mass. Mr. Adams was stricken with a heart attack soon after their arrival and was taken to the Tobey Hospital where he died ten days later.

Mr. Adams had hundreds of friends on the island, who loved him for his genial character and quick wit. He had the rare gift of being able to make people feel happier just by being with them. "Tad" will be missed by everyone who belonged to the organizations of which he was a member as well as by all his friends.

Born in Nantucket on February 22, 1881, Walton H. Adams was the son of Wallace Nelson and Anna Barnard (Cathcart) Adams. He attended the Nantucket schools and graduated from Nantucket High School in 1900. The following year he joined the Post Office staff on the island and remained with the Post Office for 43 years. When he retired, on August 31, 1944, he had been assistant postmaster for twenty years.

On April 19, 1911, he married Miss Nancy Story Grant, of Nantucket, who survives him.

Mr. Adams was a member of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Union Lodge, F. & A. M., Isle of the Sea Royal Arch Chapter, the I. O. O. F., Wanackmamack Encampment, the Island Rebekah Lodge, the Pacific Club of Nantucket, Thomas Turner Chapter Sons of the Revolution, and the Wharf Rat Club. He was Cornet of the Sons of the Revolution, having been elected to that post in January.



THE LATE WALTON H. ADAMS.

He is survived by a sister, Mrs. Minette Adams Furn, of Dorchester, as well as by Mrs. Adams.

Services were conducted at four o'clock Monday afternoon by the Rev. Bradford Johnson at St. Paul's Church in Nantucket. Interment was in Prospect Hill Cemetery, where Masonic Committal Services were held. The pallbearers were Anthony Sylvia of the Post Office, Lincoln Porte of Wanackmamack Encampment, Harry Gordon of Isle of the Sea Royal Arch Chapter, Henry Coleman of the Sons of the Revolution, Randolph Swain of the I. O. O. F., Robert Mack of Union Lodge, F. & A. M., Marcus Ramsdell of the Wharf Rat Club, and Frank Crocker of the Pacific Club.

Relatives who came to the island for the services included Mrs. Furn, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Swain Grant, of Mattapoisett, Mrs. Eugene Faber, of Fairhaven, Mrs. Edwin Peirce, of Fairhaven, Mrs. Jessamine Ronan, of Boston, Malcolm Bunker, of Harwich and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Grant, of Fairhaven.

1949

JULY 21-1956

George W. Jones New President Of Historical Association.

The sixty-second annual meeting of the Nantucket Historical Association was held on Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock, at the Unitarian Church on Orange Street.

President Nancy S. Adams extended a cordial word of welcome to the one hundred or so members who attended before calling upon the secretary, Miss Ethel Anderson, to read the minutes of the last annual meeting.

Since the annual reports of the treasurer, finance committtee, and chairmen of the various exhibits were all published in the July issue of "Historic Nantucket," the Association's quarterly magazine, it was voted to dispense with the reading of these reports and to accept them as presented.

Mrs. Adams then presented to the meeting her report as president. In the course of her remarks she mentioned especially Mrs. Alma Backus, who is now in her twenty-fifth year as receptionist at the Fair Street Museum. Mrs. Backus has, during these many years, served the Association loyally and cheerfully and is in no small way responsible for the interest shown in the exhibits by the many visitors to the Museum each year.

She also spoke of the loss to the Association by the death of Wallace N. Long, who contributed so much to the Whaling Museum, and also of the good fortune the Association had had in securing Archibald Cartwright as his successor in the position of custodian.

There is now a total of 1,063 members in the Nantucket Historical Association. Of these 143 are life members, 63 sustaining members, and 857 annual members.

In discussing the activities carried on during both the summer and the winter months by the Council and also by her in attending meetings of other historical societies on the mainland, Mrs. Adams spoke briefly of her participation in the gala world premiere of the movie "Moby Dick" in New Bedford in June. She, as well as others, was disappointed that Nantucket did not receive due credit as the port from which the "Pequod" sailed on Ahab's memorable trip.

On Monday the work began of removing the corner at the intersection of Broad and beach Streets, as the result of the vote of the Association earlier in the season to grant an easement to the Town in order to relieve the traffic at the congested corner. In mentioning this, Mrs. Adams stated that the workmen in digging at the corner had found ashes and other residue which it is believed are the remains of the disastrous fire of 1846 which destroyed the business district of the town.

In conclusion, Mrs. Adams announced that she had made the decision to retire from her duties as president of the Association and as custodian of collections for personal reasons and with the deepest regret.

She was given hearty applause at the conclusion of her report.

Following her report as president, Mr. W. Ripley Nelson arose to present to Mrs. Adams, in behalf of the Board of Selectmen, the certified copy of the law passed by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts instituting the Historic Districts Commission and the quill pen used by Governor Christian A. Herter in signing the bill creating the Commission. Both the certified copy and the quill pen will be put in the Fair Street Museum.

The chairman of the nominating committee, Mrs. Rozelle C. Jones, was called upon to present the report of the committee, which was accepted by the meeting and voted upon, the secretary being authorized to cast one ballot for the election of the following officers:

President, George W. Jones; Vice-Presidents, Howard U. Chase, Everett U. Crosby, Burnham N. Dell, Miss Grace Brown Gardner, Stokeley W. Morgan, and W. Ripley Nelson; Secretary-Treasurer Miss Ethel Anderson; Auditor, Ormonde F. Ingall; Councillor until 1958, Robert Caldwell; Councillors until 1960, Mrs. William L. Mather and Mrs. William Perkins.

Mrs. Adams then stated that in the thirty years she had been connected with the Association, and especially the three years as president, she had learned to know and love the collections housed in the various buildings and felt that she could almost call them by name. In retiring from active work with the Association, she said she would never lose interest therein and would always be at hand to help in any way she could. She then called upon Mr. Jones to step forward to receive the gavel as the new president

George W. Jones New President Of Historical Association.

Continued from Page One

of the Association and said that she didn't know of anyone she would rather see as president—an island-born Nantucketer who had married another island-born Nantucketer.

Before Mr. Jones could do more than say "Thank you", Mr. Nelson requested the floor and told of his years of close association with Mrs. Adams in the work of the Nantucket Historical Association and asked that the meeting give her a rising vote of thanks. This was promptly done, following which Mr. Jones laughingly said that Mr. Nelson had "stolen his thunder." He went on to say that friends are desirable things to have, but that they can also get one into a "pack of trouble" and it seemed to him that that was what had now happened to him. He stated, in a more serious vein, that he, too, wished to congratulate Mrs. Adams for her years of work so ably performed and extended to her an invitation to attend the meeting of the Council to be held at four o'clock Friday afternoon at the Friends Meeting House.

Snap Shop Photo

MRS. WALTON H. ADAMS

Mr. Jones then introduced the speaker of the afternoon—Mr. Edouard A. Stackpole, former president of the Association, a Nantucketer, former assistant editor of The Inquirer and Mirror, and now curator of Mystic Seaport in Mystic, Conn.

Mr. Stackpole's informal talk to the gathering was intitled "The Challenge of Our Island Heritage" and was given in his own inimitable manner for which he has long been noted here on Nantucket. Mr. Stackpole's speech will be found on page 5 of this issue and we call the attention of our readers to it because of its content and the sincerity in which it was written and presented at the meeting.

President Jones adjourned the meeting shortly after four o'clock, after which those attending had an opportunity to talk with, and congratulate three presidents of the Association—Mr. Stackpole, Mrs. Adams, and the new president, Mr. Jones.

~~4/24~~55

Historical Association President Guest of Harwich Society.

Mrs. Walton H. Adams, President of the Nantucket Historical Association, was the guest speaker at the second annual meeting of the Harwich Historical Society held March 21st at Harwich Center. "Milestones of the Nantucket Historical Association", the subject of Mrs. Adams' address lead to a lengthy and interesting question and answer period on developing an historic society. Only two years old, the society has now over 100 members. Its headquarters, located in the Brooks Library Building, are open twice a week when a receptionist, dressed in period costume, welcomes vistors.

Mrs. Adams, as a Director at Large, attended a meeting held in Boston March 10th of the Directors of the Bay State Historical League. The spring meeting of the League, it was decided, will be held at Springfield, Mass., where the Connecticut Valley Historical Society, a new member o the league, will be the host.

Wallace N. Long. 1955

Wallace N. Long, one of the island's most respected citizens, died at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital on Saturday, September 3, 1955, after a long illness. "Cap'n Long", as he was known to all Nantucketers, had been the custodian of the Nantucket Whaling Museum for the past 12 years where he had made hundreds of friends among the summer visitors who enjoyed listening to his many stories of his life at sea as well as his vivid description of the exhibits in the museum.

Mr. Long was born in Nantucket on March 10, 1891, the son of William and Elizabeth Long. He attended the Nantucket schools and then embarked upon a seafaring career which carried him to all parts of the United States and numerous foreign countries. Among the ships he sailed on were the schooners "F. C. Pendleton," "Charles H. Tricky," and "Emily S. Baymoor". For a brief period he worked on the "Sea Urchin", a private ship. His last voyages were made on the "Alice Wentworth", the famous old schooner which is now plying the sea lanes along the Maine coast, with the renowned old captain, "Zeb" Tilton.

His career at sea was interrupted by service with the United States Army in World War I. He was wounded in action in France and was awarded the Purple Heart. Upon his return from the service he re-entered the career so close to his heart, continuing to follow the sea until about 25 years ago.

He was a skilled cabinet maker and there are many homes on the island containing fine example of his work.

On April 17, 1938, he married Miss Emilie Faas, of Short Hills, N. J., and they have since made their home on West Dover Street in Nantucket. Shortly after his marriage he entered the Whaling Museum as assistant to the late Captain George Grant, then custodian of the Museum. In 1942 he was appointed custodian, a position he held until last spring when he was obliged to retire because of his health.

He was a member of the Byron L. Sylvaro Post, No. 82, American Legion.

In addition to his widow he is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Thomas Rodman, of South Sutton, N. H., and Mrs. Nat Rockwell, of Milford, N. H., a brother, Frank Long, of Westwood, Mass., and by two half brothers, Leland S. Topham, of Nantucket, and Alvin Topham, of Fairhaven, Mass.

Funeral services were conducted at he Lewis Funeral Home at two o'clock Tuesday afternoon by the Rev. Clayton E. Richard and by the American Legion. Interment was in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

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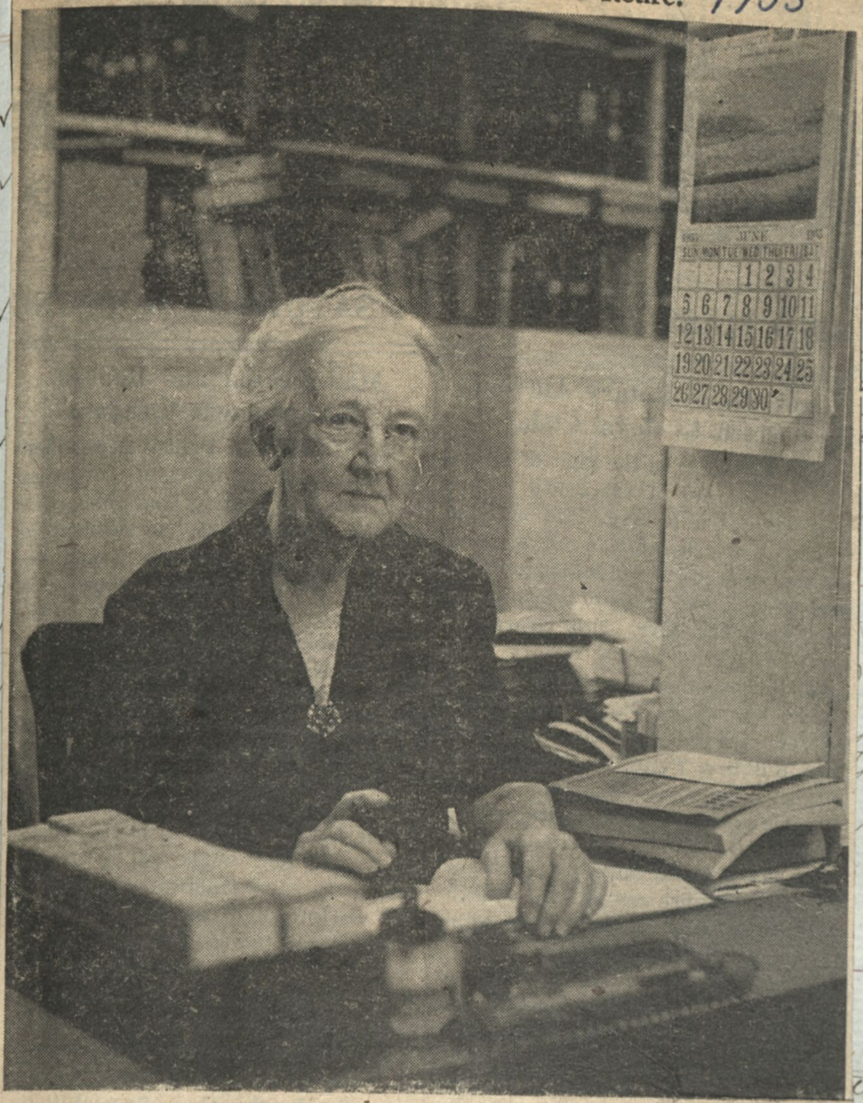
Popular Nantucket Librarian to Retire. 1955



Snap Shop Photo

Probably no person is better known to both residents and summer residents of Nantucket than Miss Clara Parker, the Librarian of the Atheneum Library, who has tendered a request for retirement to the Trustees, the retirement to take place this coming January.

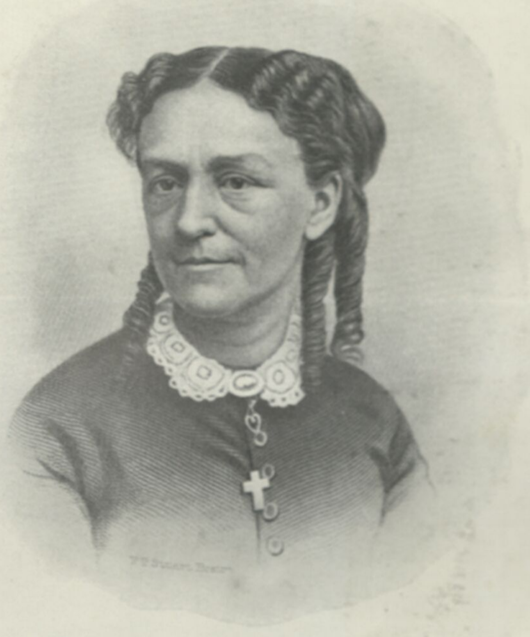
Our Library has a unique record of having only three Librarians in its history of over a hundred years. The first was Maria Mitchell from 1836 to 1856; the second Sarah F. Barnard from 1856 to 1906; and in 1906 Miss Parker, who had been connected with the Library as an Assistant since 1898, was elected to the position. Fifty years of service to one institution is an outstanding record, and Miss Parker has surpassed that.

Through these many years Miss Parker has been at her desk serving three generations of readers. Her influence on the reading habits of the thousands whom she has advised and assisted is beyond calculation. For children who are looking for their first picture book stories as well as for research workers on abstruse topics she has cheerfully searched the shelves for the books desired. She has cooperated with the schools in supplying reference books used in the various academic studies, and her services to the "general reader" have been manifold.

And now Miss Parker seeks a well earned rest, with leisure to follow out new interests. For many years she has been a leading authority on Nantucket genealogy and perhaps she will devote more time to that fascinating study. Perhaps she will enjoy other pursuits which require more time than she has been able to spare from the steady and faithful performance of her library routine. In any event, hundreds of people, both islanders and off-islanders, will regret that after the present year they will no longer meet Miss Parker at her desk, but will rejoice at the new opportunities her retirement opens before her, and will wish her much happiness in the years to come.

For the Trustees,
Grace Brown Gardner, Secretary

MISS EMMA COLEMAN
1841-1929.



Yours cordially
Phebe A. Hanaford

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THE NEW BEDFORD SUNDAY STANDARD-TIMES • JANUARY 27, 1957

NANTUCKET WOMAN

RUTH H. SUTTON is a native of Springfield. She came to Nantucket when a young girl to study oil painting. It was here, in learning to paint landscapes and marine scenes, that she fell in love with Nantucket. After she achieved some fame as an artist, she bought an old factory along the south shore of the harbor. With patience, time, and with foresight to the future, she has converted the rundown piece of property into a perfectly-delightful year around home. From her living room she commands an unobstructed view of the harbor. Attached to the living room is her studio where much of her painting is done. Ruth Sutton exhibits a touch in her paintings which radiates the warmth and quaintness of Nantucket Island. Her paintings have been exhibited, successfully, in the Art Museum of New Britain, Conn., Town and Country Club, Hartford, Conn., and in the Berkshire Museum in Pittsfield.

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NANTUCKET WOMEN --- No. 2

NANCY ADAMS is a direct descendant of a long line of Nantucketers. Her forebears were among those who went down to the sea in ships and chased the mighty whale throughout the seven seas. She has lived on the island all of her life, with the exception of a visit to Florida during the Winter months; her interests always have been centered about her loved ones and the community activities of the island. A delightful person, she radiates a charm and friendliness which is contagious. Mrs. Adams recently retired as president of the Nantucket Historical Association. She gave unstintingly of her time to the association and under her leadership, the good work of her predecessors was both respected and maintained. Now, Nancy Adams is fulfilling the dreams of many years ago. She always wanted to write a book about her whaling ancestors, and that is what she is doing with her spare moments. She has completed a large portion of the story, and those who have been privileged to read some of the chapters, have found pages brimming over with excitement and adventure of an era now long passed.

(Paul F. Whitten Photo)

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THE NEW BEDFORD SUNDAY STANDARD-TIMES ● FEBRUARY 24, 1957

NANTUCKET WOMEN -- NO. 3

Grace Brown Gardner comes from a long line of Nantucketers; from the very earliest of Nantucket's history, one will find the Gardners taking an active part in community affairs. She grew up on the island, and enjoyed a wonderful and interesting childhood. Many Summers were spent at Quidnet, next to the shores of Sasachacho Pond and only a stone's throw from the open ocean. As a child, she collected a wealth of knowledge on the flora and fauna of the island. Her father took an active part in the town government and she was often an able assistant in time of need. Reluctantly, Grace Gardner left the island, but at the same time, began to study for her chosen profession, that of teaching. She never ceased seeking knowledge, and by the time she was elected a professor at the Framingham State Teachers' College, she was well prepared to train young girls for the teaching profession. A few years ago, she retired, and returned to the scenes of her childhood, and the family homestead. Her home is furnished much as it was in the middle 1800's. Miss Gardner didn't seek retirement in a chair by the window, watching the rest of the world go by. She has taken a vital interest in the life of the community. Her wealth of knowledge on island history and folklore is readily shared with those who beat a pathway to her door. During the past few years, Miss Gardner has catalogued clippings on all subjects, from old island newspapers. It is an invaluable piece of work and will be given to the Nantucket Historical Association for those interested in research on Nantucket.

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THE NEW BEDFORD SUNDAY STANDARD-TIMES ● MARCH 10, 1957

NANTUCKET WOMEN NO. 4

MISS CLARA PARKER served for more than 50 years as librarian in the Atheneum Library at Nantucket. She gave freely of her time to the thousands of people who sought help and guidance in the selection of books or information on island history. When Miss Parker retired from the duties of librarian, she did not wait for Father Time to take over and entertain her in a rocker. Well over 70 in years, but not in spirit, she is kept busy each day searching records for people interested in their genealogy.

(Paul F. Whitten Photo)

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Winter Doesn't Halt 'Madaket Millie's'

(Mildred Jewett—mostly known, informally, as "Madaket Millie"—lives at Madaket on Nantucket. She is known far and wide for the help she has given neighbors and for her informal, unofficial and deeply-appreciated work helping the Coast Guard patrol Nantucket's seas and beaches. Self-reliant, independent and forthright, she performs her good works from a deep sense of duty and personal responsibility, without compensation or plaudits save from the men of the Coast Guard and others who are warmly-grateful for the work she has done. Paul F. Whitten of Attleboro has interviewed her at her island home; here is his story.)

3/17/59

By PAUL F. WHITTEN

MADAKET, March 16—On a late Winter afternoon, a furious and shivering nor'wester was blowing a stinging sleet and snow on the little community of Madaket. Down on the misty shore, showing faintly through the wind-driven spindrift, was the outline of two moving objects. The two storm-hidden figures are "Madaket Millie" and her dog, Sultan, patroling the beach.

She Didn't Have to Go

The Coast Guard at Brant Point Station had asked Millie about 7 a. m. to take a patrol walk on the beach. A fishing vessel caught out in the storm had been sending out distress signals most of the night. The Coast Guard thought there might be some signs of the ship or its wreckage strewn along the shore.

Millie didn't have to go. But she did. And between her many odd jobs, she patrols Madaket Beach twice each day. She is always ready to serve the Coast Guard headquarters in Nantucket whenever needed. And she has never received a cent of reimbursement.

Millie has offered to give the Government some of her land on which to erect an observation tower that would help compensate for the now-deserted Madaket Coast Guard Station. Millie is ready and willing to man the look-out tower, whenever the Government constructs it. Between the Coast Guard, Civil Defense and Ground Observer Corps, the tower would be covered 24 hours a day.

Millie would like to have a two-way radio set, to be used in case of emergencies, only; as it is, her own short-wave receivers are always on.

There is a small store in Madaket that is owned by Millie, a sort of a self-service affair about which Millie has often made the remark, "It's just sort of an accommodation for the people in the neighborhood."

Store Is Informal

During the Summer months Millie has a good trade from the Summer folks. If Millie isn't in the store, the customer can make his own purchases and even make his own change from the cash box. If a customer doesn't have any money, he can leave an IOU.

"People are generally honest, and you know, I haven't been gypped yet," She said proudly.

There were several cats running around the yard and as Millie reached down to pick one up she practically exploded with, "I get steamed up, when Summer people leave their pet cats on the island to shift for themselves! They grow wild and become a general nuisance. We don't have too many game birds, but for what we do have, these pesky wild cats are a definite menace."

Sultan, the dog who accompanies Millie on patrols, was given to her by some Summer visitors. She's trained him well and Sultan is always obedient to his mistress' commands. Millie trains, raises and boards both dogs and cats, among other occupations.

During World War II, she trained shepherd dogs for the Government. The dogs were shipped to Millie for their schooling. When the training period was over, the Government had well-disciplined dogs for patrol duty.

Millie would have gone with a women's branch of the armed forces during the war, but had the responsibility of caring for her aged father. Even so, she gave invaluable service to the Government, both locally and nationally.

Childhood Recalled

There were no cars on the island when Millie was a child. Lacking transportation to the village school, Millie reminisced, "My grandmother taught my brother and I the 'three R's'. When it was time for examinations and promotion, Dad would hitch up the horse and drive us the 6 miles to town.

"Grandma would do her shopping, while brother and I took our examinations."

A woman who keeps busy at innumerable jobs, Millie noted that, "During the scallop season, especially if it is a good one, I can make a tidy sum for myself. I can make $15 to $20 a day, easily."

Some of the folk in town claim that Millie can open scallops much faster than most men, including the 'old-timers.'

Not far from the Jewett homestead stands the abandoned Coast Guard building. The building has been moved several times because of the ever-encroaching ocean. Millie showed the writer a clipping that told about a freighter that came ashore the day the Madaket Coast Guard Station officially closed.

Millie was the first one, on the island, to discover the predicament of the Kotor, a freighter, and immediately got in touch with the local Coast Guard. The vessel was freed within a day and much of the credit goes to this intrepid woman of Madaket.

Millie takes her self-assumed duties seriously. No one asks Millie to patrol the beach twice each day. She does it, because she feels she is doing something worthwhile. She loves to

—Paul F. Whitten Photo

"MADEKET MILLIE" AT WORK—More formally, Mildred Jewett, Millie is shown opening scallops, a chore at which she is faster than almost anybody else. Scalloping is just one of a number of occupations she follows at her Madeket home; she patrols the beaches, runs a store and otherwise keeps very busy.

Beach Patrols

listen to the waves breaking upon the shore and the haunting cray of the seagull, as she hikes the lonely beach with Sultan.

Mines Discovered

Every now and then Millie does find things tossed upon the beach. Shortly after World War II, she found two floating mines. She wasn't sure if they were live ones. She checked with the Coast Guard demolition squad and found out they were harmless; today, they may be seen outside her store.

Another find of Millie's was a life raft. Just how it got here, is not known. The island folks have several explanations. One rumor has it that spies were put ashore at Madaket and traveled under the cover of darkness to a secret rendezvous on the east coast.

An exploit which brought Millie fame and publicity was the capture of a shark, 10 feet, 10 inches long and weighing 300 pounds.

Let Millie relate the story:

"I ran to the creek, in the rear of my scallop shanty to see what all the splashing was about. There was some big fish apparently stranded. I shoved off in my skiff and rowed to the middle of the creek. Fred C. Jorgensen, a Summer visitor, got into his boat and joined in the battle.

"We began to attract attention and some woman threw me a pitchfork from the bridge. Every time the big critter came for me and the boat, he'd get a darn good jab from the pitchfork. After battling the monster for an hour and a half we were getting bushed. The big fish turned bellyup and surrendered to the victors. We towed the shark ashore, and man alive, what a shark!"

To the rear of Millie's house is Hither Creek, a narrow strip of land, and then Broad Creek. Between the two creeks is a low-lying peninsula of dunes and marshland. There are about 25 houses on this piece of lonely wasteland separated from the mercy of an angry ocean only by a narrow strip of sand dunes. Beyond Broad Creek is Smith's Point. Several times in recent years storms have threatened to cut off Smith's Point from the island.

Hurricane Threatened

When Hurricane Carol hit the island in September 1954 a mountainous surf isolated the point by cutting a shallow channel. Hurricane Edna followed in the wake of Carol and gouged out a broader and deeper channel. The isolated section of the point became known as "Edna Island," christened as such by Millie.

The night preceding the visit of Hurricane Edna, the Coast Guard and State Police kept in constant touch with Millie via telephone. At 10 p. m., Stuart Mooney and Millie were asked to alert all residents beyond Hither Creek. At 11 p. m., all of them had taken heed and were safely sheltered elsewhere.

At 5 a. m. the next morning the Civil Defense called and asked that the people across the creek be warned of the approaching danger and to evacuate their homes at once.

Chuckling to herself, Millie replied, "Sir, the residents of the area in question were warned last night at 10 p. m. and now that section of the island is completely deserted."

Mildred Jewett is now in charge of Civil Defense for the western section of the island. She is a conscientious leader, a good organizer and her co-workers know that in case of disaster Madaket's unit will function efficiently.

Wires Down

Last Christmas for instance, was no different for Millie than any other day. She was out on patrol duty as usual. When returning across the bridge at Hither Creek, she discovered some live wires had blown down during the night.

Millie hurried home and got two red flags, posted these warnings at strategic points and then called the emergency crew of the electric light company. The danger was taken care of at once and the highway made safe for travel.

Millie has a host of friends among the year-around residents and the Summer folk.

A few years ago a banker from Connecticut addressed a Christmas card: "Millie—The Gal Who Made Madaket Famous."

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			Fountain Ellis "	"	13.90	4270	
✓	307	Ship Louisiana	Ret pd J. Matthews bill	4/30	66.50		
			Charles T. Bonney bill against Henry Higgins Mate	5/2	35.00		
			pd Wm C. W. Swift Bill	"	43.92		
			" Wood Brightman & Co	"	101.35		
			" Zebina Doane bill	5/5	9.25		
			" Joseph Fernando for Alexander Bandero as pr order from him for Flour to be shipped to Fayal	— "	20.00		
			" Fountain Ellis bill	"	1.24		
			" Jos G. Grinnell "	"	27.74		
			" Wm H. James "	"	25.00		
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NING, JANUARY 17, 1931

Death of Capt. B. W. Joy on Wednesday.

Capt. B. Whitford Joy, the last of Nantucket's "square-rigger" captains, died at his home on Liberty street last Wednesday evening, from a heart attack. He had been in his usual health and spirits and the announcement of his death came a distinct shock to all.

He was a Nantucketer in every sense, the last representative of the "clipper ship era" which found so many Nantucket men sailing the deep seas, and carrying the name of their island home into far distant lands. The passing of Captain Joy is a great loss to Nantucket, for it removes the last captain who served in the old days when ships spread their canvas to the winds of many seas, ploughing the waves in all their majesty and with hardy men at their helms who learned navigation through experience and perseverance.

Captain Joy was a man of firm convictions, but a pleasing conversationalist and a genial friend and companion. His visits to practically every corner of the world, his descriptions of life aboard ship, his thrilling tales of adventure, and a most retentive memory, made a combination that appealed to both residents and summer visitors.

The "Cap'n's Room" in the Pacific Club building at the foot of Main street, has lost its last captain. There is no one left who can glance at one of the paintings of clipper ships on the walls and say casually in response to a friendly query: "Yes, I was master of that ship", and thus open the way for a most entertaining conversation.

The son of Captain Samuel and Ann Matilda Joy, he was born on Nantucket, February 7, 1860, and came from a family of sea-faring folk for generations back. When he was but three years of age, his father sailed on a voyage and never came back, his ship being lost at sea. An older brother, William, had "gone to sea" and as he grew older "Whitford" also had yearnings that way, but his widowed mother wanted him to stay ashore, so he learned the printer's trade and served his time as an apprentice.

THE LATE CAPT. B. W. JOY.

But the longing for the sea could not to be mastered and when he was in his eighteenth year he set sail on the ship St. Charles. He made many voyages and sailed on a number of famous clipper ships during his career, among them being the Invincible, Triumphant, St. Nicholas, Lizzie H., J. H. Bowen, Richard Parsons and the S. D. Carlton. He was in command of the Richard Parsons when it was caught in the typhoon near the Philippine islands and was a total loss, and the strain and harrowing experience that he went through at that time unquestionably under-minded his health, for in the years that have since passed he has had several attacks of serious illness, but has always surmounted them until the final summons came for him to "drop anchor" this week.

When he retired from deep sea voyages, Captain Joy did not give up the sea, but for a number of years thereafter was in command of yachts, among them being the steam yacht Florette, and while yachting he made many cruises to distant ports.

Not long after the construction of the Cape Cod Canal, he entered the government employ and served a number of years as "watchman" at the westerly entrance to the canal, making his residence at Wing's Neck, Pocasset. When the World War came he offered his services and experience to the United States Shipping Board and had just received an assignment when word came that the Armistice had been signed.

A few years ago, he retired from active life and returned to Nantucket, taking an active interest in town affairs and entering into the life of the community in every way possible. He served on the Board of Selectmen in 1923 and has also served on the Finance Committee, and in both positions he endeavored to give the best that was in him.

Captain Joy was twice married, his first wife passing away a number of years ago, leaving a daughter, Frances, now Mrs. Arthur Thompson of Somerville. Captain Joy's second wife was Mrs. Anna (Folger) Huff, to whom he was married in Florida a few years ago, who survives him.

Besides his widow and daughter, he is survived by a sister, Mrs. Wallace Eldredge, of Point Independence, Onset, and by two nephews and five nieces.

Captain Joy has for many years been a member of the Boston Marine Society, among the members of which he was highly esteemed. He was one of the few men who held a master's license covering both sail and steam for all waters of the world. He was also a member of the Sons and Daughters of Nantucket, of the Nantucket Historical Association, of Union Lodge, F. & A. M., of Isle of the Sea, Royal Arch Chapter.

Funeral services will be held at his late home on Liberty street, this (Saturday) afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock, conducted under Masonic rites.

* * * * *

Captain Joy's Clipper Ship Career.

Captain Joy's first voyage was made in ship St. Charles, which sailed from New York in July, 1878, bound for Japan ports with a cargo of general merchandise. She brought back a cargo of tea to New York, the voyage consuming 14 months.

On his second voyage, which was made in the same ship, the vessel was totally destroyed by fire in Hiogo, Japan, March 1, 1880. Referring to this voyage, Capt. Joy once said:

"We made the Japan coast on Friday, and Saturday night at 10 o'clock, we anchored in Hiogo Bay. We had a pleasant Sunday, the Captain going ashore to a hotel and leaving the ship in charge of Mr. Kelly, the mate, a man fully as careful and competent as the captain himself. Shortly after midnight we were aroused by a cry of fire from the watch on deck. You may believe we didn't need a second call, when we considered that we had a cargo of kerosene under our decks, and we tumbled out in short attire. Mr. Kelly was as cool as steel. He ordered the hatches battened down, and got the force pump at work pouring water into the hold. 'Twas no use. The smoke was becoming denser every moment.

A boat was ordered ashore to get the news to the captain, and I was sent in her with three sailors and the third mate. And mighty glad I was to go for every one of us expected to be blown sky-high in the air at any moment.

We got a tug and returned to the ship. Men of the crew were still fighting the fire in the hold, but the case was a hopeless one, and we made sail, got out anchor, and ran for shoal water, where the ship was scuttled.

Through a mistake in soundings, however, she sank but a few feet when she fetched up hard and fast on the bottom. The fire shortly after broke out all over the vessel, and we left her with all sails set, a roaring mass of flames. She burned to the water's edge and the fire in the hull was eventually smothered with sand.

We lost all our belongings, and a night or two after, while in a dispute in our boarding house, one of our sailors killed the second mate. Troubles were coming thick and fast, now. The murderer was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to 20 years imprisonment in the United States jail at Kanagawa."

There were no American ships out there looking for sailors, and young Joy found himself many miles from home with only a very few dollars in his pocket. He, with the greater part of the crew, came to San Francisco by steamship City of Peking, where he secured a berth as third mate on the American ship Invincible, and for the next two years he nearly twice circled the globe in that position.

He left her in Liverpool and joined the ship Triumphant of Boston, and sailed for New York in May, 1882.

After a short stay ashore he again sailed in the Triumphant, as third officer, for San Francisco, and while in the Pacific coast port, the ship St. Nicholas, of which his brother was master, arrived, and young Joy shipped as second mate for the voyage to New York.

For three years he sailed with his brother in this position, and in 1886 was promoted to mate. His first voyage as mate was from New York to Hong Kong. In the latter port, his brother, the captain, died suddenly of Asiatic cholera. Mate Joy left the ship as soon as his brother's successor arrived. His old berth as first officer was open to him, but the sad scenes aboard the St. Nicholas were more than he could bear, and he joined the bark Lizzie H., of Newburyport, bound for Boston.

He again went out in the latter vessel as first officer on a trading voyage to Madagascar and Zanziba, and returned to Boston after a most successful voyage.

Caught in a Typhoon.

In April, 1888, he joined the bark Richard Parsons—a handsome ship, with a record for speed. He made a number of voyages in her as mate, to Australia, Hong Kong, South American ports, etc. In 1893 the Parsons brought a cargo of tea to New York from China and six weeks later was on her way to Melbourne, Australia. In relating his experiences on this voyage, Captain Joy said:

"From Melbourne we took a load of wheat to Port Elizabeth, South Africa, and from there went back to Melbourne. On the second night out we encountered a violent gale, one of the heaviest I had ever been out in. All sail was stowed and we running before the gale. Capt. Thorndike was taken suddenly ill and sent for me to make his will. I drew it up the best I could, leaving the ship in charge of the second mate, with all hands on deck and the Parsons being tossed about like an eggshell. The will was signed and witnessed, and at his death, more than a year later, was probated in Middlesex county, Mass. The captain had not improved in health when we arrived at Melbourne, so he left for home, leaving me in command.

My first cargo was a load of wheat we took to Cape Town, making the passage in 47 days. We took in ballast, intending to sail for a home port. On the evening preceding our departure, I received a cable from the owners to proceed to Newcastle, N. S. W. We sailed the great circle track and went down as far as lat. 53 degrees south, circling all the islands in the Southern Indian ocean, and arrived at our destination in 23 days.

We loaded 1,750 tons of coal for Manila, and on July 10th, 1894, we set sail with a fresh northwest wind and pleasant weather. Everything promised well, our ship was perfectly trimmed, drawing 22 feet on an even keel. We held fresh southerly and westerly winds for several days, with beautiful weather, our best run being 275 miles in 24 hours.

We passed up through the Brampton and Chesterfield Reefs, and then shaped our course for the west end of Bongainville Island, the westernmost of the Solomon group, with a fresh southeast trade and as fine weather as any one could ask for.

We sighted Bongainville July 31st, three weeks out, and passed between the latter and New Ireland. This is called the inner route to China and the Philippines. We then hauled to the westward, along the coast of New Ireland, New Britain and New Guinea, finding light easterly winds and a westerly current running about two miles an hour.

We followed the land along, dodging the reefs and small islands, until we reached the Gilolo passage. Here we found the usual current, running strong to the northeast, at this time of year. We also found the same off Molucca Passage, but as we were well to the southward it did not bother much.

August 23rd, we passed around Cape Serangani, the southermost point of the Phillippines, into the Celebes Sea. The wind here left us completely, and for 16 days we drifted back and forth. Up to this time the voyage had been an exceptionally pleasant one, but during the long calm spell the entire crew was well-nigh exhausted.

Nothing could be more monotonous than coming on deck at any time during the day or night and finding the sea like a mirror, with sails slatting against the masts. On the 17th day we took a fresh southwest breeze, but a dense fog accompanied it. However, we kept our course and on Sept. 8th, during the night, we passed through Bassilian straits, shaping our course up the west coast of Mindano.

We had light northeast winds and short squalls. It was here that we experienced the fiercest thunder squall that I have ever been through. It lasted about fifteen minutes, the lightning playing all over the ship. The only damage done was the splintering of the main skysailmast.

Spet 14th—at daybreak, weather thick and rainy—we sighted the west end of Negros Island, and at noon sighted the south end of Panay Island. The latter part of the day was clear and pleasant.

At 4 p. m., Saturday, September 15th, moderate breeze and fine weather, we made the south end of Mindoro Island. Through the night the weather was thick, with a light breeze from the southwest.

Sunday, Sept. 16, at daylight, the scud was flying fast, the barometer was slowly falling and the weather was thick and hazy, with a moderate breeze from the southwest. I made up my mind we were in the vicinity of a typhoon, and as we were on a lee shore, and had the wind so that we could not stand to the southward, we must try to get to the north and west. I took cross-bearings of Mindoro, and shaped a course N. W. by N. to clear the Apo shoal. The weather then came down so thick I could see nothing.

Passed Apo by distance, run by the log, and then hauled out by the wind N. W. by W. 1-2 W., with a good full and all the sail she could carry.

At 3 p. m., wind freshening to a stiff breeze, and beginning to get squally, was forced to take in the light sails, also flying-jib and foretopgallantsail.

At 10 p. m., the glass steadily falling, blowing a stiff gale, with tremendous squalls and very high sea, furled main topgallantsail.

Sept. 17, at 2 a. m., blowing very heavy and sea rising fast from N. W. W. and S. W., wind at W. S. W., ship driving to her foremast. I made up my mind it was no use to drive her any more, as she could not forge ahead against the sea that was running, so all hands being on deck we took in the mainsail, spanker, jib and upper topsails, furled them snug and put extra lashings on them to keep them from getting adrift.

At 3 a. m., as I stood watching the glass, it dropped a tenth very suddenly. I at once told the mate to get the foresail in and furl it as quickly as possible. It was scarcely done when the full force of the typhoon struck us. It staggered the ship for a moment, but she recovered herself shortly and stood up to her work as if she was determined to ride out the storm.

I waited anxiously for daylight, to see if there would be any change in the weather, but when the dawn came the weather was just the same, and I made up my mind the ship was doomed as I knew she would drift to leeward so fast she would go ashore before the weather moderated.

The weather continued the same all day, the ship heading west and the sea running mountains high. At 3:30 p. m., we sighted land, bearing north, which I saw at once was Mt. Calavite, and the ship was in Palawan Bay, on the northwest coast of Mindoro.

I knew it was impossible to save the ship, and as it was getting toward night, made up my mind to put her ashore, and save all the lives I could before it got too dark.

* * * * *

His Nephew Tells The Story.

Captain Joy's nephew, William G. Remsen, who was with him on that disastrous voyage, thus tells the story:

"Capt. Joy called all hands aft and told them the exact position of the ship, and that there was no possible chance of saving her unless a change of wind came at once; that if we let her drift ashore she would strike in the night and all hands be drowned. He thought it best to beach her before dark, in the best place we could find.

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217 Alfred Kempton amt rec on a/c 2000 00 2325 87

The crew agreed with him, so we squared the yards and pointed her for the beach. There was too much sea for the boats, so we got gratings and spars ready to go ashore on.

Just before she struck Capt. Joy again called all hands aft and said, "Now, men, you have done everything you could. Nothing more remains so far as the ship is concerned. I am trying to beach her in order that as many of us as possible may be saved. Some of us are sure to go. A few of us may get to land. You have your liberty now to do as you please, for it's every man for himself."

All listened to the captain's words as best we could, in that howling typhone, and when he had finished there was not a murmur. We stared into each other's faces for awhile, knowing that we were slowly but surely approaching the reefs. The captain beckoned to me to follow him, and we crawled below for a moment. Here he told me to stay by him, and what to do if I got ashore and he didn't. Just before 5 she struck with an awful crash, about a mile from the shore, and immediately started to break up. The men were not excited and did just as they were told. We got the spanker boom over. Twelve of us, including Captain Joy and myself, got on it. The mate and steward refused to leave the ship. The surf was terrible, but the spar floated us, and leven of us reached the shore alive. How we did it God only knows. Two others reached the shore on gratings. We struck in Palawan Bay, on the northwest coast of Mindoro Island, about 90 miles from Minila.

The natives received us when we landed, and took us to their village, gave us dry clothing and food, and a roof to sleep under. We stayed there until Saturday, and recovered the bodies of the mate, steward and three sailors, who were given decent burial. Saturday we left for the other side of the island, for a place called Abredilo. We marched 20 miles that day with an escort of Spanish soldiers as guides and to protect us, as the natives were very treacherous. It was terrible traveling across mountains, through thick, tropical forests, where we had to cut our way, and all in the hot sun. We reached Marnboro that night, where the crew was taken care of by the natives, and Capt. Joy and myself were taken in by a Spanish captain who was a Mason. He was very good to us. We stayed there until Tuesday. Made thirty miles that day, reaching Abredilo just before midnight.

Remained there until Sunday, when we took a small vessel for Balayan, on Luzon Island. There the Catholic priest took us all in and treated us handsomely. Stayed in Balayan until the Manila boat sailed, and arrived on Friday, Oct. 5. The crew was taken in charge of the American consul, while Capt. Conway, of Nantucket, brought Capt. Joy and myself aboard the ship Lucille, of New York, to stay."

* * * * *

Captain Joy Made More Voyages.

Capt. Joy returned to his old home in Nantucket, across the Pacific by steamship and then across the continent. He had been tossed about by many hardships and the loss of his mate and men, as well as the loss of his first command, was a severe blow to him. But he had no thought of giving up the sea, and after a short rest he again shipped, this time as mate of the Bark J. H. Bowen.

The same position on the handsome full-rigged ship S. D. Carleton was his next berth, he having been sent over from Boston to Liverpool by her owners. After a hard winter trip to New York, the Carleton, loaded with case oil for Shanghai, and when near the end of the voyage, brought up one night on a reef in the Straits of Sunda. She was worked off, and was found to be leaking badly. Hong Kong was the nearest port, and all sail was crowded on.

Hong Kong was reached without further mishap. The cargo was transferred to a steamer for its destination, the ship hauled up and made seaworthy, and a cargo taken for New York.

At the completion of the voyage he was given command of the bark Ella of Portland. A voyage to Rio de Janerio, thence to Barbados and back to Philadelphia, and the Ella went the way of many a good ship—to the coal-carrying trade as a barge.

* * * * *

Shifted From "Sail" to "Steam".

Square-riggers were being sold on all sides for use as barges, and steamers were taking their places. The end of the old-time merchant-man did not appear to Capt. Joy to be far distant. He gave up command of the Ella and took an examination for a captain's license for steam vessels. He received his papers "for sail and steam, unlimited tonnage, on any ocean to any port in the world," one of the finest set of papers issued by the examining board.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war he took command of the steamer Eugene Grazelli of the quartermaster's department. After a few months in Cuban waters he was sent to superintend the re-building of the U. S. S. Westover and Roanoke at Wilmington, and sailed in one or the other of them as captain for the following seven years, to nearly every port on the coast from Penobscot Bay to New Orleans.

Capt. Joy passed the winter of 1905-06 at his home in Nantucket. He had arrived at an age when he felt that he would like to remain at home during the winter season, and determined to look for a position as captain of a yacht, which, although a busy and important one while the season was on, at the same time would give him his desired shore leave. He had no difficulty in securing a position, and in the winter of 1906-07 took the yacht Onward for a West India cruise. Two years later he took command of yacht Yaque, and again went cruising in Southern waters, coming north in the spring, and going to the handsome steam yacht Florette of New York as master. This was his last command.

OBITUARY. 1887

Died in this town, on Thursday last, Capt. Nathaniel C. Cary, in the 90th year of his age.

Capt. Cary was one of the veritable sea kings of Nantucket, having in the course of his long and eventful career sailed upon eighteen whaling voyages, (fourteen as master,) the total of which rounded up 40,000 barrels of oil, a record only surpassed by two other men, Capt. Richard G. Luce, with 45,000 barrels and Capt. Clement Norton with 42,000 barrels. He began his sea-faring life in 1815 with Capt. Seth Folger, (whose daughter he subsequently married for his first wife) and five years later at the age of 22. sailed from France in command of ship Georges of Boston, His next voyage as master was from France in the Columbus. He subsequently commanded in succession ships Cadmus, of Boston, Dryade, Franklin of Rochester, Gideon Barstow of Rochester, Cambria, of New Bedford, Gideon Barstow, (again) of Rochester, Montpelier, Charles Drew, (two voyages) Caroline, Charles Drew, (again) and Nimrod, of New Bedford. He was shipwrecked in the Gideon Barstow in March 1839, on Cocos island, in the Indian ocean, and again in the Charles Drew in 1850 at H onolulu. He sailed on his last voyage in the Nimrod in 1851, but left the vessel and came home sick the following year.

Capt. Cary was a man of decided character, though modest and unpretentious, sterling integrity, and universally respected. He has been twice married and leaves a widow, and one son (Capt, Alfred G. Cary) and a married daughter residing in California. He was a member of Union Lodge F. and A. M., of this town, and the oldest resident Mason, having taken his degrees in Urbanity Lodge, of this place, in 1826. His funeral occurred on Saturday afternoon, and was attended by the members of Union Lodge.

7/19/52

Arthur Marshall Barrett.

Arthur Marshall Barrett, a real Nantucketer, died at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston, Tuesday evening, July 14, following a short illness.

Mr. Barrett, who was the son of the late George W. Barrett and Agnes (Marshall) Barrett, now of Bath, England, was born on the old Barrett farm in Madaket on July 3, 1887. He received his education in the Nantucket schools, following which he entered the U.S. Navy, serving for about eight years prior to World War I. During World War I he served in the Merchant Marine as First Officer on Standard Oil tankers.

On December 29, 1919, he married Miss Eda Coleman, of Nantucket, at the "Little Church Around the Corner" (Church of the Transfiguration) in New York City. Returning to Nantucket in 1920, he entered the shellfishery and later became a painter. In December, 1942, he became the night watchman at the Steamboat Wharf, a position which he held until 1946, when he was transferred to the freight house.

During his six years as "freight master" at the Wharf, Marshall, as he was known to everyone on the island, made hundreds of friends among Nantucketers and summer residents alike, all of whom will miss his dry humor and the sly twinkle in his eyes. His patience in answering the myriads of questions tossed in his direction by our summer visitors was exceeded only by his uncanny ability as a weather forecaster and his knowledge of the island and its people. He was a member of the Wharf Rat Club, whose flag has been at half-staff along with those of the island steamers in respect to his memory.

In addition to his widow and his mother, Mr. Barrett is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Henry J. Diotte, of East Braintree and Nantucket; a son, George Ellingwood Barrett, U.S.N., now at sea aboard the S. S. Saipan; a granddaughter, Virginia Diotte, and a grandson, Carlton Marshall Barrett. He also leaves a sister, Mrs. D. A. Benjamin, of Minneapolis, Minn., and several nieces and nephews.

Funeral services will be conducted at three o'clock this afternoon at St. Paul's Church in Nantucket, the Rev. Bradford Johnson officiating. Interment will be in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

It is requested that, in lieu of flowers, contributions be made to the Memorial Fund at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital.

Chief Mooney Retires From The Nantucket Police Force.

Next Wednesday, February 28, Police Chief Lawrence F. Mooney will retire from duty after thirty-nine years of service with the Nantucket Police Force.

Mr. Mooney was born in Nantucket on February 6, 1886, the son of Lawrence F. and Margaret (Donahue) Mooney. He attended the Nantucket schools, following which he worked with his father on the Mooney Farm on the Polpis Road. His grandfather, Robert F. Mooney, of Dublin, Ireland, was shipwrecked on the English ship "British Queen" on Tuckernuck Shoals on December 18, 1851. The quarterboard of that ship is one of Chief Mooney's prized possessions, and occupies a prominent position on the outside of his house on West Chester street.

In 1912 Mr. Mooney was appointed a Patrolman on the Nantucket Police Force, filling a vacancy which occurred in April of that year. In the annual election of 1914 he was elected a Constable of the town of Nantucket, a position which he held until this past week.

In 1930 Patrolman Mooney was promoted to the rank of Sergeant and, in 1934, following the death of Chief Houghton Gibbs, he became Chief of Police, in which capacity he has served the town faithfully for seventeen years.

He married the former Ethel L. Foley, of Taunton, on June 12, 1930. They have one son, Robert Francis, who is a graduate of Nantucket High School, class of 1948, and will graduate from Holy Cross College in Worcester in 1952.

Chief Mooney is a member of St. Mary's Church, John B. Chace Engine Co. No. 4, the Pacific Club, and of the Association of Chiefs of Police (International).

2/24/51

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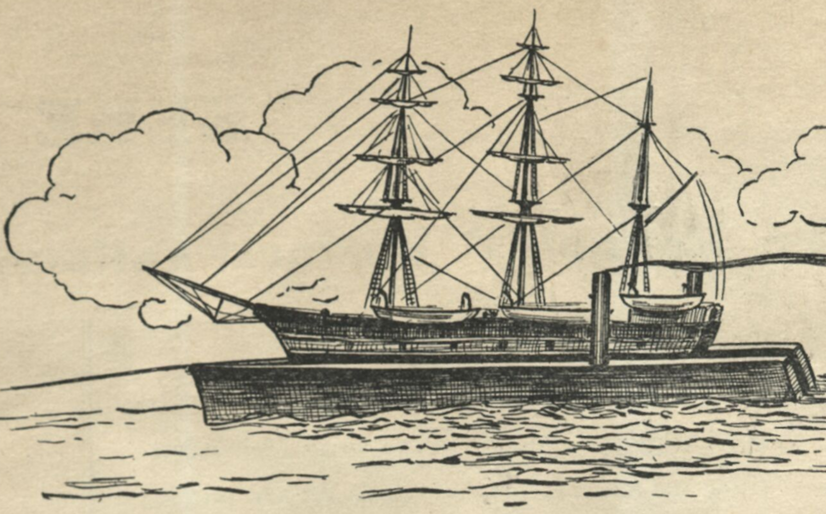

NANTUCKET "CAMEL"

An interesting and typical example of American resourcefulness and optimism in overcoming obstacles that block business, were the old Nantucket "Camels." These were a sort of floating dry-dock, by means of which vessels drawing too much water to cross the bar, at the entrance of the harbor, were lifted bodily and floated over the shoal places. They were built of wood in a shape to fit the hull of a ship, like a cradle, and were in two parts, held together by heavy chains, with water-tight compartments in the hull of each part. When the compartments were allowed to fill, the camels settled low enough in the water for the ship to be floated in, resting on the chains under her keel. The chains were then 'hove taut' and secured, the water pumped out by powerful steam pumps, and the camels, bearing the ship, rose till the whole outfit drew only a few feet of water, and could easily be towed over the bar.—From the Story of Nantucket.

THEIR harbor blocked against larger volume, their trade threatened with depression, their livelihood in jeopardy, the old Nantucket Yankees called upon their native ingenuity to overcome the obstacle that menaced their business.

Faced with buying curtailment and general depression, the business man of every generation has devised a "camel" to float his ship over the threatening shoals. Courage, sane optimism, ingenuity and initiative have influenced the construction of his "camel." The business man of today has an additional ally, a more powerful stimulant that has proved to be the most indispensable unit in the structure of industry—ADVERTISING!

While business cannot be kept at high tide forever, any more than farmers can be assured of regular yearly crops and unfluctuating market prices, yet it does not have to be resigned to a prolonged period of low tide.

The overworked "business cycle," mental bugaboos, pessimism and overdrawn statistics are not recognized by the advertising "camel," yet it does not indulge in Pollyanna optimism nor ignore basic factors that influence the market. Business cannot be stabilized, but it can always be lifted from the doldrums.

Let's start lifting. Let's make an intelligently planned effort to stimulate business. Advertising, like all powerful forces, is simple in principle. "All advertising" says Charles Austin Bates, "is based upon the vital principle that sales are secured by asking for them. Mail advertising is merely the multiplication of spoken words. The advertiser says in print to one thousand or one hundred thousand prospects what he would say orally to one of them. By reason of the printing press many thousands of people can be asked for business to each one who can be asked by word of mouth. By use of pen and ink, the business man can sit at his desk, or stand behind his counter, and be in a thousand places at the same time. That is what gives advertising its power. All the rest is detail."

BER 31, 1952 *

Island Author Named Curator

Edouard A. Stackpole Mystic Museum Head

Special to The Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, Dec. 31—Edouard A. Stackpole, associate editor of the weekly Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror, has been named curator of the Mystic (Conn.) Seaport Marine Museum to succeed Carl C. Cutler, retiring.

In announcing the retirement of Mr. Cutler the Mystic Marine Historical Association, operating the museum, said the 48-year-old Nantucket resident will take over his new duties Jan. 15.

A writer of seafaring stories for many years, Mr. Stackpole also has been president of the Nantucket Historical Association.

Mr. Cutler, now in his 70s, is the only survivor of the three founders of the Connecticut museum which has a large collection of marine memorabilia, models and paintings and four vessels—the old New Bedford whaler, Charles W. Morgan; the square rigger, Joseph Conrad; a walking beam ferry, the Brinckerhoff, and a Japanese one-man submarine.

Philip R. Mallory, president of the Mystic association, said Cutler's retirement was "a source of sorrow to us all. His vision and inspiration have contributed so much to the development of Mystic seaport as it is today."

A native of Nantucket, Mr. Stackpole was graduated from Nantucket high School and from Roxbury Latin School in 1924. He joined the Inquirer and Mirror the following year as an apprentice printer and did reportorial work on the side.

In 1927, Mr. Stackpole published a novel "Out of the Fog," and he since has published numerous books, all of the sea-adventure type with historical backgrounds. Nantucket Historical Association has published his written works on the history of whaling. Mr. Stackpole was named assistant editor of the Inquirer and Mirror in 1933, then under the guidance of Harry B. Turner, now dead. He was advanced to associate editor four years ago. Mr. Stackpole is married and has five children.

Last year Mr. Stackpole received an award of $3,000 from the Guggenheim Foundation to further his aim in writing a book dealing with contributions by New England whalemen to the geographical knowledge of their times. Such fellowships are awarded to scholars and creative workers in the arts "who already have demonstrated higher ability in their fields."

EDOUARD A. STACKPOLE

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216 John A. Kelley 1/32

The smithy at his forge, Aquila Cormie has been a colorful Nantucket landmark for 54 years. People have long been attracted by his anvil ring and crowd 'round to watch a master craftsman work.

Over the Blacksmith Shop is another major Nantucket attraction. An old loft full of gift things from ports 'round the world. As Mr. Cormie says, "There's things upstairs in THE FOUR WINDS that's palatable to every taste and comfortable to every pocket."

THE FOUR WINDS

GIFTS

Straight Wharf on Lower Main Street

Above the Blacksmith's Shop **Open Evenings**

MIRROR

Saw South Shoals Vessel When 45 Miles Away.

In all the years that Capt. George Grant, of the United Fruit Company's steamer San Blas, has been running between Boston and the Caribbean countries, he never encountered such clear visibility on Nantucket shoals as he met last Saturday night when bound up the coast from Santa Marta, Colombia, with a big load of bananas.

The lightship on Nantucket South Shoals, which has a normal visibility of 14 miles, was clearly seen 45 miles away, and Sankaty Head light, on this island, with a normal range of 19 miles, was visible fully 50 miles away, according to Captain Grant's statement.

The San Blas had the lightship on the beam at 6.45 p. m. Saturday and at midnight Captain Grant and Third Officer Valdemar could still make out the flash of the lightship on the South Shoals—the cross-roads of the Atlantic.

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KNOW NANTUCKET ISLAND

Nearness of Gulf Stream gives Nantucket a wonderful climate.

Water temperature 71 degrees average.

Nantucket Architecture called 95% perfect.

Nantucket has a weekly newspaper.

Nantucket began whaling in 1673.

Siasconset was settled about 1690.

The first commercial wireless telegraph station in America was established at 'Sconset in 1901.

Island a rare field for botanists.

Gas was first lighted in Nantucket in 1854.

The first steamboat to run between the island and the mainland was the "Eagle" which made its first trip in 1818.

The last of the old Nantucket whaling masters, Captain Thaddeus C. Defriez, died in 1913.

The highest point of land on the island is 102 feet above sea level.

In 1841 whaling reached its zenith in Nantucket.

The "Great Fire" occurred in 1846 wiping out the entire business section.

In 1815 Daniel Webster visited the island to try a case in court.

In 1837 Main Street was first paved with cobblestones.

In 1874 the Surfside Life-saving Station was established. First on the island.

Water was first led into town in 1879.

In 1880 the ground was broken for the railroad line.

Nantucket was annexed to Massachusetts in 1692.

In 1795 the name of the town was changed from Sherburne to Nantucket.

Work started on the western jetty in 1881.

The eastern jetty cost $375,000.00.

Nantucket's largest whaling fleet left the harbor in 1832, consisting of 40 ships.

On June 15, 1909, letter carrier service was inaugurated.

On April 24, 1918, Gov. McCall signed a bill repealing the law excluding autos.

Motorized fire department.

There are no mosquitos.

Old World Nantucket Colony Mr. Dell's Subject.

1955

Mr. Burnham N. Dell will speak on the subject "Nantucket Plants a Colony in the Old World" at 3 p.m. on Tuesday afternoon, July 12, at the Friends Meeting House, Fair Street. This informal talk is the second in the series being conducted this summer by the Nantucket Historical Association.

The colony, planted by Nantucket whaling masters and their families in the late eighteenth century, was Milford Haven, Wales, which Mr. and Mrs. Dell visited this past winter. His curiosity about the town had been aroused by the diary of Abiel Coleman Folger, found recently by a grand-niece, Mrs. George Jones of Nantucket. Portions of the diary, kept from 1806 to 1811, appeared in the Association's quarterly, "Historic Nantucket", in April.

Although the historical link between these two communities is well known by each, there has been little communication between them. Mr. Dell's visit was "a voyage of mutual discovery".

Mr. Dell, an ordained minister and a retired faculty member of Princeton University, is extremely interested in Nantucket and its historic background. The talk which he will give on Tuesday is the continuation of his talk of last summer which emphasized the important part played by members of the Society of Friends in the history of the Island and in the maritime history of the nation.

Both members and the public are extended a cordial invitation by the Council of the Historical Association to attend this informal talk to which admission is free.

, JULY 9, 1955

Will Gardner First Speaker In Historical Series.

"Nantucket Heroes of the Sea" was the subject of a talk given by Will Gardner, author of "Three Bricks and Three Brothers", "The Coffin Saga", and "The Clock that Talks".

Dr. Gardner told his audience that the public knows very little about these men "who saved life or gave life" on the sea. The explanation rests in the fact that few of the heroes of shipwrecks around Nantucket are alive today, and in the past those involved did not care to discuss the incidents or were themselves more interested in salvage rights than in the human factors.

His own interest in the men who ventured against waves and weather to rescue stranded crews began on January 10, 1886, when he witnessed the wreck of the "T. B. Witherspoon", of Rockport, Maine, Capt. Alfred H. Anderson, near the head of Little Mioxes Pond. The schooner, bound from Surinam to Boston with a cargo of molasses, sugar, cocoa, limes, and spices, was drawn off course in a severe storm. A fearful sea made it almost impossible to launch a lifeboat, and all but the mate and two members of the crew perished within speaking distance of hundreds who watched from shore.

Now, nearly seventy years later, Will Gardner is tracing other Nantucket heroes whose deeds he collects in scrapbooks. He showed the audience a volume which contained pictures, newspaper clippings, and citations of Walter Nelson Chase and Lieut. Commander John Franklin Walling.

Walter N. Chase, keeper of the Coskata Life-Saving Station and his crew were awarded Congressional medals of honor for rescuing the crew of the "H. P. Kirkham", of Liverpool, Nova Scotia, Captain McCloud, which struck off Rose and Crown Shoals on January 20, 1892. For twenty-six hours the crew in an over-loaded boat battled wind and sea without nourishment and under circumstances of extreme peril.

Lieut. Commander John Walling, son of Mrs. Georgie Walling, is a recent Nantucket hero of the sea. Commanding a group known as "Walling's Whalers", he was reported lost on submarine patrol in the Pacific during World War II.

Other men named by Dr. Gardner were: Reuben Chase, who served under John Paul Jones on the "Bon Homme Richard" and was the model for Long Tom Coffin, hero of "The Pilot" by James Fenimore Cooper; George "Ed" Coffin, who tied a line around his waist and jumped to the rigging of a stranded vessel at the precise moment it rolled and pitched toward his lifeboat, and Reuben Coffin, who towed the "Monitor" to Norfolk, Va., in time to fight the "Merrimac" in the famous battle of the ironclads of the Civil War. He stressed the fact that the deeds of these men and of many others should be preserved. He asked that anyone having such material should contact him.

Featured during the afternoon was a tape recording of B. Chester Pease's description of the wreck of the "Vulcan", of Rockland, Maine, Captain Gilbert, on the bar at the end of the jetties in 1891. Both rescuers and rescued were thoroughly whitewashed, Mr. Pease said, when the sea got into the cargo of lime. The recording, edited by Bob Stark, included several amusing anecdotes related by Mr. Pease in which salvage tugboat skippers were as cooly outwitted by wily Nantucketers as any in fiction.

Mrs. Nancy Adams, President of the Historical Association, served as chairman for the afternoon and introduced the speaker.

Lawrence Dame Tells Herald Readers About The Rats.

By Lawrence Dame in Boston Herald.

1945

"Hello, you rat."

Hardly anywhere in the land, excepting Nantucket and the Virginia Military Institute, is this considered other than a fighting salutation. But on Nantucket it inspires no fisticuffs. Rather, the title of rat is one of honor and high praise. In its purest form it signifies membership in one of the most unusual organizations in America—the famed Wharf Rat Club.

Brother rats of Nantucket Island are 175 strong. They come from all over the United States. They include millionaires and fishermen, bankers, politicians, journalists, playwrights, clerks, cab drivers, handy men and a wider range of those who work for a living and those who have others work for them.

President Roosevelt was an honorary Wharf Rat. Twenty-seven women are sister rats. Regardless of the state of their fortunes and their social eminence, up or down, they have one common category of qualifications for membership. They must have a good sense of humor, be able to tell a good story and get along with their fellow creatures in the best sense of democracy.

The Wharf Rat Club has its national headquarters down near the end of Nantucket's Old North Wharf, behind the well-laden counter of an unpretentious ship chandlery presided over by a salty, jolly and keen-as-steel quidnunc named Herbert H. Coffin.

Bossing Without Boss

He is the Commodore. Nobody ever ruled a fleet with a firmer hand than Commodore Coffin. Nobody ever got into the club without passing the test of his bright blue eyes and his quick intelligence. He is a merry martinet who would rather have a "gam" or gossip session with members of the club round the shop's cannonball stove or on the open-air deck than do business over the counter.

"There aren't any bosses in this ship," he will tell you. "Of course, if any cash changes hands, I take the cash."

Commodore Coffin hates to talk about himself. However, it is a matter of record that he was born on the island, and his father and mother before him. "I was a cuss of a boy," he revealed in an ungarded moment, after firing the traditional salute from the club cannon to a member on the incoming steamer.

"Praise the Lord!"

"They used to ask my mother, 'How did you bring that one up?' and she would answer, 'I didn't, the Lord did it.' "

The Commodore's father, Charles G. Coffin, was the first skipper of the club. He founded it with Carl Adams, Revere railroader. Austin Strong playwright and author of "Seventh Heaven", a summer visitor, suggested the club name. The late lamented Tony Sarg designed the distinctive burgee—a white rat, rampant, smoking a church-warden pipe, on a triangular blue field.

The club has no constitution or by-laws. It exists only for talking and sitting at irregular times and hours. It has no formal meetings. Dues and membership fees are non-existent. Members are elected, after a nod from Commodore Coffin, by a board of directors whose names are kept secret.

This board is strangely assorted but typical of the whole roster. It includes a quahog digger, a cab and handy man, a banker, a boatman, a city clerk, a store clerk and a big manufacturer. City and island folk both are represented, but the islanders outnumber the urbanites four to three.

Commodore Coffin, whose father died in 1932, keeps a log of the club's doings every day in the neatest of whaling hands. About three times as many outsiders as members drift through the shop, sit on the outside deck in sun or fog, and "gam" away with the regulars. Often their names get into the log.

Waiting At The Deck

Many of these outsiders actually are candidates for club membership. As Commodore Coffin puts it, "they're on the anxious seat." Usually they go through a probationary period of three summers on Nantucket. Woe to the candidate if he brags too much, interrupts a story-teller or indicates a feeling that he is superior to anyone else.

More than once it has happened, after a visitor started boasting, that the blue-eyed Commodore would stiffen and say with a steel-lined drawl, "Wal, mister, if you know so much, I guess you don't belong here with such a brand of ignoramuses."

Yet Commodore Coffin is one of the kindest of men to those he likes—and he likes almost everybody at first sight. He loves his little joke, too. Often, when someone refers to his high rank and station, he will humorously open his jacket and announce. "You see, I haven't any vest I busted all the buttons off with pride."

He refers to club members, certainly the most democratic aggregation in New England, as the "snootiest crowd on Nantucket." It is not safe. though, to call him snooty.

"Salty Flavor"

Admiral Byrd took a Wharf Rat burgee to Antarctica as a member and another Rat, Skipper Bob Bartlett, went just about as far north, came back with the pennant and said to the Commodore, "Hang her up in the shop and let her weather." Weathering there, too, in the fumes of good tobacco and salt air, are ancient name boards of bygone schooners—the Lorenzo, the Marie Louise, the Laura M. Mangam, the Forest Prince, etc., as well as a stalactited collected of pictures, mugs, flags starfish, dungarees, odd bonnets, printed whistle signals, and bits of old wood.

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The "Wharf Rats" Complete A Quarter-Century.

Nantucket is a community with a quantity of clubs and fraternal organizations, and many of them have observed special anniversaries at one time or another. As a general rule, these anniversaries call for celebrations, most of which are attended by considerable ceremony.

It is unusual, therefore, to find an organization so well known as that of the Wharf Rat Club completing an anniversary without some form of celebration. It was just a quarter-century ago that the group of men founding this unique Club decided to launch it. In the small building of Charles G. Coffin, father of the present Commodore, down on Old North Wharf, the Club took upon itself to establish a headquarters and, like true waterfront "rats," it was natural that it should locate in a building which belonged to someone else.

And so it came into being, most unpretentiously. During the quarter-century since that time it has continued to follow the pattern set by those founders. Many types of men have joined the "crew"—fishermen and bankers; merchants and sailors, playwrights and carpenters; mechanics and actors; greenhorns and old salts; old men and young men; even feminine members. Its crew-list runs the gamut from the President of the United States, who holds the tremendous job of guiding the destinies of this great nation, to a humble island fisherman, who is faced with the serious task of providing a living for himself and his family.

It was typical of the Club that no fanfare announced its 25 years of existance. There is no Club routine; no meetings of the board of directors; no assessments and no dues are required.

There are 175 regular members of the Wharf Rat Club, but its waiting list numbers thrice that number. No one knows who decided that the total membership should not exceed 175—but the unwritten rule has been adhered to without exception. A board of directors, comprising four Nantucketers and three "strangers," is the unit which decides whether or not a prospect should be invited to membership. Whenever the group happen to be together, the name is brought up and admission usually follows. Nevertheless, the waiting list grows and only by death does one cease to become a member and so leave a vacant chair in the abstract.

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As has been already noted, the Wharf Rat Club is yet further unique in that it owns no clubroom in its own right. True enough, the little business establishment on Old North Wharf operated by "Perry & Coffin" was utilized by the Club as the meeting place for its members. The store offers a wide assortment of boatmen's and sportsmen's supplies (selling by mail or in person) but there are as many Wharf Rat mementoes, keepsakes, pictures, etc., taking up space in the shop as there are the variety of goods on the counters and in the cases.

Nothing concerning the Club would be worth reading without something about its Commodore Herbert Hunter Coffin—that particular genius around whom the past, present and future of the Club revolves. It was not so long ago that Commodore Coffin was on the ways for repairs, but now he is back in his accustomed place, looking as fit as ever.

A few years back, Austin Strong, the playwright, presented the Commodore with a rosewood gavel, as an emblem of his undeclared authority. The gavel rests secure in the logbook case; it is never used to open or close meetings—because sessions of the Wharf Rats are never started nor stopped, but are merely a promulgation. However, it is a nice keepsake, this gavel. It means a good deal in a manner of speaking that needs no oral utterance, no declaration of the esteem in which the Commodore is held. It is a sceptre and a standard, carved into one.

The Commodore also keeps a daily log, noting weather, Club happenings, and some of the members who have dropped in during the day. Events of more than ordinary interest are also carefully set down; for instance, when President Roosevelt came into the harbor and was elected to membership; or when Charlie Selden returned to his

The "Wharf Rats" Complete A Quarter-Century.

Continued from First Page.

Nantucket home after years in London; also, such wharf events as when a well known playwright fell into the dock.

* * * * *

There is a Wharf Rat flag, too, that attracts considerable attention during the summer months. In reality, it is a pennant, which has a white rat and a white star on a blue field. The white rat sits on his haunches, wears a high hat, smokes a clay pipe and sports a cane. Whether intentional or not, the designer allows the impression that the rat is aloof from its fellows.

But there is a wooden sign in the Old North Wharf clubroom that reads: "No seats reserved for the mighty." It is a kind of motto—and it means what it says!

Equality in the eyes of its members is no empty gesture. A digger of quahaugs and a Wall Street financier are members with the same privileges, the same welcome, the same right of debate.

* * * * *

Life in the summer is always quite moving. Actually, it flows in and out of the Club's doors, for it is during the summer that most of its members are on hand each day. Island boatmen, fishermen and white-collar workers; summer yachtsmen, vacationists and week-enders—all pass this way some time during the summer hours.

Outside, on the wooden planking of the wharf, the members recline in canvas or wooden chairs, watching the seasonal life ebb and flow through the dock in front. The arrivals of the steamers are watched carefully. Whenever a member arrives, a little cannon is unlimbered and a salute fired by the Commodore. Habitués of the waterfront have been accustomed to the sound of that cannon. "There comes another Rat!" one will exclaim, and will hardly notice if a green newcomer looks a bit alarmed at the remark.

* * * * *

Fall and winter and spring find the members gathered about the good old stove. Here the heart of the Club is revived with alternating temperatures from that stove. The glow of a chestnut coal fire will revive many an old story; the rattle of door or damper will inspire many an old joke; and, if frost and cold demand some hardihood in venturing forth, old memories will thaw out with the member soon after he arrives.

* * * * *

Each morning is typical at the Club; yet every day finds some change. For instance, take a morning early this week. A wet, dark morning, with every indication that a nor'wester was brewing. Commodore Coffin starts his fire with customary ritual and soon has the night's damp winging away.

A car rattles up to the door and a young man appears: "Want a pair of gloves," he states. "That last pair I got here wore out 'n less than a week."

"Good," chirps the Commodore, handing over a similar pair. "Here's some just like 'em—the quicker they wear out, the more you'll buy."

The purchase is made without further comment on that score.

"Where you headin' this morning?" inquires the Commodore.

"I dunno," was the reply. "Might take a look at 'Sachacha. Got some whistlers there yesterday."

"Seen any geese yet?"

"Nope—nothing bigger than a red leg."

No sooner has the sportsman departed when a young fisherman comes in. "Got any rubber pants?" he inquires.

"Let's see—I think I have." He goes into the next room and reappears with the pants. "Here, try 'em on. I don't keep many on hand; they cost a lot."

"Aye," said the young fisherman, trying them on, "but they're worth it." A few tugs.."Just a fit—how much?"

The transaction is completed within the second: "Be back some time." And the ready reply: "All right; I guess I won't have the Sheriff after you."

* * * * *

One by one, several of the old charter members come down, and are soon joined by those who have signed on comparatively recently.

One of the features of the room is that no two chairs are alike—but they are all comfortable. Arrivals drop into the handiest one, for all are within range of the stove's warmth.

"Nice and warm in here," remarks a younger member.

"Well, if it isn't there'll be enough hot air before long to do the trick." The Commodore surveyed the circle with his infectious grin.

"Last night at No. 4's it was plenty hot," spoke up another. "I'll swear it was 90 there. When I came there I hollered 'What've you got it so goshdinged hot for?' and Larry hollers back, 'If you don't like it go on back outside—it's cold enough out there'."

"Say, how old is No. 4's, anyway?" asked a greenhorn.

"Let me see," mused the Commodore, "I should say it was started in the early 1870's."

"Wasn't that when the first steam fire-engines came to the island?" queried the greenhorn.

"Oh, no—steam fire-engines came much later. First one arrived here in 1896, the same year the 'opening' up harbor broke through."

"That was the year of the Portland storm, wasn't it?" piped up a young member.

"Oh, no," replied the Commodore; "the Portland storm was in '98."

A fisherman looked out the window: "Al's putting in his new motor, eh?"

"Aye," replied another, "he's taking his time, but it'll be done right when he gets through."

* * * * *

And so it went on, throughout the morning. Weighty arguments concerning the mosquito control work on Coatue; the value of work done by certain town officials; the prospects of the winter; propagation of shellfish, with especial emphasis on old conditions in the harbor and modern seed planting.

Conversation drifted from town affairs to British victories in Egypt. A lull every now and then was succeeded by friendly quips and the inevitable reminiscence. Commodore Coffin puffed at his pipe (which is of remarkable construction) and followed the remarks keenly; an arbiter one minute, an oracle the next.

So long as the hallowed length of Old North holds secure there can be little doubt in the continued reign of the Wharf Rats. Be it summer or winter, fall or spring, no day passes without the throwing back of the door in the morning and the hearty greeting. Formality never dedicated the opening of the quarter-century of its existence; and it is duly prayed that it will be a distant day, indeed, that will even witness its adjournment.

Showing of Miss Sutton's Drawings of Guatemala.

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Ruth Haviland Sutton's lithographs and drawings of Nantucket are well known to residents and visitors of the island. Her work has been exhibited widely in this country, and has won recognition in England and on the continent as well.

For one week, July 21 to 27, she shows her drawings of Guatemala in the Candle House Studio, corner of Commercial Wharf and Washington street.

More than a casual tripper, Miss Sutton took what became a bus-man's holiday to our neighbor republic in Central America. By choice she bypassed the more obvious caravansaries that cater to the tourist, and arranged to live with Guatemalans in order to get the flavor of the country. In the modern capital, Guatemala City; in the ancient Spanish Colonial capital, Antigua; in the mountain trading center, Solola; and on beautiful Lake Atitlan, she lived with pleasant families and in small native hotels.

7/19/52

Illustrated Lecture on "Old Nantucket".

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An illustrated lecture on "Old Nantucket", using the celebrated Harry B. Turner stereoptican slides, will be given next Tuesday evening, July 22nd, at 8:30 o'clock in the Unitarian Church, by Mr. Edouard Stackpole.

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This lecture is under the auspices of the Women's Alliance of the Unitarian Church, and affords Nantucket summer visitors and their friends an unusual opportunity to become better acquainted with the history and background of our "Far Away Island."

Nantucket Bird Club

The Nantucket Bird Club will have a field trip leaving the Hinchman House, 7 Milk Street at 8 a.m., Sunday, July 20. All are welcome.

The Falkland Islands.

Among the little-known places of the earth that have become important in the world of "news" at this time, are the Falkland Islands, a British crown colony lying in the South Atlantic about 300 miles east of the Straits of Magellan. The colony consists of a group of some 100 islands of which East Falkland and West Falkland are the largest. The islands are mainly rocks and reefs.

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East Falkland Island has two fine inlets, Berkeley Sound and Port William. Port Louis, formerly the seat of government, is at the head of Berkeley Sound. The little town of Stanley, now the government seat, is in Port William. Next to Stanley in size is the village of Darwin, a village of Scottish shepherds, and the main station of the Falkland Island Company, the principal traders of the islands. The majority of the inhabitants, some 2,000 in number, are Scottish and their occupation is mostly given over to sheep raising, wool being the largest export.

The history of the islands dates back to 1592, when their discovery was first reported. In 1594, Sir Richard Hawkins sighted the islands, and in 1598 Sebold de Wert, a Dutch sailor, named them the Sebold Islands and this name appears on Dutch maps.

In 1690, Captain Strong visited the islands and named the passage through which he came "Falkland Sound." From this the group of islands took its name. De Bouganville, a Frenchman, took possession and established a colony at Port Louis in 1764, and two years later the islands were ceded to Spain.

In 1767, Commodore Bron took possession of the islands on the point of prior discovery and formed a settlement at Port Egmont, on the small island of Saunders. They were driven out by the Spaniards, but in 1771 Spain yielded her rights to Great Britain by convention.

In 1820, Buenos Aires disputed the British right, claiming that Great Britain had lost her right by not colonizing the islands. The dispute was settle in 1833 and since that time the Falkland Islands have been a regular British colony.

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Austin Strong. 10/4/52

No matter how many or great a man's deeds, they cannot give a complete picture. The encomiums of Austin Strong's high accomplishments enthrone him, but there is still a tale to tell, for he was a man of heart who touched us with his instant perception and he knew at first sight what most of us miss—and that is the quality of soul in everyone. He never misjudged it. He dug beneath the layers. He knew that a quiet man who sat back and let the others do the talking was hiding a deep trouble and another man who drove himself in the pursuit of his hobby was in reality very lonely. He once said to a young woman searching for the right answer, "Love is as delicate as a butterfly wing. It can die if you touch it with your finger tip." It told her all she needed to know.

Austin Strong loved people and he was keenly alert to the tiniest signal of trouble, love, humor, sadness and the depths and shoals of the human soul. His love for Nantucket was moved by the nobleness of its women carrying on at home while their men spent years at sea. He felt the yearning for the island that the returning whalemen felt, wrapping it in an aura of longing. His delight in living was such that he could glow with happiness at the sun shining through the trees, feel the peace in the infinite stretches of beach and open sea and grasses bowing softly in the wind. He felt the presence of God in everything beautiful and it gave him an eye to see loveliness where most men pass it by. He could sense a moment with his own understanding of its drama so it would shine in the memory of all who shared it. He believed that Immortality is *now*—not something to look forward to. This moment will never come again, so savor of its heights. He never missed an opportunity to make the most of his moments.

With children he knew the secret of keeping them laughing and fascinated. He would have so many tricks up his sleeve at a party for them, not a single child could say he had a dull moment. He never gave precedence to favorites. When it was time to stop he would line them in a row and dismiss them as an Admiral would, demanding a full sailor salute. No child ever wanted to leave him so this was a necessary measure for his own escape. In teaching children to sail, he bred the awe and quick dangers of the sea into them, then taught them how to save themselves, their passengers and their boats in any emergency. His sailors never had a fear of the sea. He made them stand over the water while he sopped their faces with a huge sponge so they wouldn't forget a mistake and repeat it. "Never lose your head and always keep calm" was his order. He knew that hysteria in a tight spot could mean disaster. He made a marvelous teacher as he had the faculty of dramatizing the important things so they'd stick.

Austin Strong saw the greatness behind a person's outward show. He saw the gentle heart behind the shirt and dungarees, the honest character of a worn and wrinkled exterior and if a man were a king in his soul, no matter how humble or royal he looked, Commodore Strong revered and admired him. Who doesn't bloom to such recognition and who doesn't love a man who reads the kingdom of one's heart so well?! No wonder those who were touched by Austin Strong feel a deep hole where he is gone even though he gave them something shining of himself they will never forget. For men see a little bit of Heaven when their hidden nobleness is understood and loved.

Helen Wilson Sherman

Old Nantucket Scenes Shown

Historical Society Given Pictorial Treat

Edouard Stackpole, president of the Nantucket Historical Society, conducted a capacity audience at the Old Dartmouth Historical Society last night on a pictorial tour of the island of Nantucket.

"Looking Backwards in Nantucket" was the title of Mr. Stackpole's talk, which was illustrated with slides. He was introduced by Frederic H. Taber, president of the society.

The pictures, some of which were taken many years ago, were unusually clear and beautiful.

Old Scenes Shown

Starting with a view of the Methodist Church, one of the oldest buildings on the island, scenes before and after the great fire of 1846 were shown. A dispute between two volunteer fire companies, allowed the fire to get such a start, that the waterfront was entirely destroyed, said Mr. Stackpole.

The speaker pointed out the characteristics of the various buildings, including "salt box" types and side steps, porches and fences. What offended Mr. Stackpole most was the modern paving of the streets. A view from a tower showed part of the town which had 400 houses all more than 200 years old. "Millions were spent to restore Williamsburg," said Mr. Stackpole, "but we need only preserve what we have."

Other views included the community pump, once so important to the townspeople; the Old Mill, houses restored more than 100 years ago with the four chimneys of the Georgian type of architecture; the Folger House the first house in the town built with three stories; the Portuguese bell, which had to be hidden during the Civil War to avoid destruction; houses made famous by reason of stories written about them; the open auction in the street and the open-air fish market, nothing more than a cart whose location was governed by the wind direction, so as not to spread unpleasant odors.

Grant, Wilson Paid Visits

There was a picture of the Ocean House, with President Ulysses S. Grant standing in the doorway, and later Mr. Stackpole showed a picture of President Woodrow Wilson arriving at the island. There were pictures of Abraham Perry, the island's last Indian; Captain Charles Grant, who, Mr. Stackpole said, made more money out of whaling than any other man in the industry; the Alice Lawrence, a six-masted schooner; the various steamers and Coast Guard cutters that have served the island.

Pictures showed the passing of the horse and the introduction of the auto, the first of these prohibited vehicles being brought to the island by Clinton Folger. Billy Clark, for 25 years town crier; the coming of the railway engine, (wierdly impressive) and pictures recording the end of several ships on the rocky coast held the rapt attention of the audience.

The late Standish Willcox, a native of New Bedford, former newspaperman in this city and Boston, and later social secretary of Mayor Curley of Boston was shown arriving at Nantucket, wearing one of the two silk "toppers" he always took on his travels.

It was an hour of delight to the audience and recalled some familiar scenes.

Presiding at the coffee table were Mrs. Frederic T. Browne Jr., Miss Eleanor Huston and Miss Rachel Grinnell.

William H. Tripp, curator of the Old Dartmouth Museum at New Bedford, came down Monday to attend the annual meeting of the Nantucket Historical Association. Mr. Tripp is a member of the Association and also of the Pacific Club and the Wharf Rat Club. Commodore Coffin tendered him the customary salute when the boat touched the dock Monday evening, having the club headquarters with all colors flying and the cannon doing its stunt in proper style when a Rat comes home.

8/3/1946

3/16/1940

SATURDAY MORNING,

A Nantucket Sea-Faring Woman In Radio Drama.

The National Broadcasting System recently released a series of programs entitled "Gallant American Women," which was planned and executed under the direction of the NBC's Women's Activities Division, the U. S. Office of Education and the Federal Security Agency.

It was a program devoted to the story of women's contribution to the building of American Democracy. It was written against a background of American history, much of the material being obtained from original sources.

One of the series of dramatized broadcasts had to do with "Seafaring Women" and a portion of this particular broadcast contained a number of tributes to a Nantucket woman, the late Nancy Wyer Grant, mother of George A. Grant, present custodian of the Whaling Museum, and grandmother of Mrs. Walton H. Adams.

The author of this dramatic script is Miss Jane Ashman, who came to Nantucket last summer to secure necessary data. Miss Ashman's dramatization of the part played by Mrs. Grant on board her husband's whaleship, is as follows:

SEAFARING WOMEN OF AMERICA.

A NBC Presentation.

.....2nd Narrator: But most of the women who served America's seafaring tradition, served as *women*—not as men. They helped build the shipping by staying at home.

3rd Narrator: In Nantucket, center of the whaling industry, the whole life of the island depended upon them. While their menfolk were sailing around the Horn in search of whale oil for the lamps of the Nation, the women of Nantucket were raising children, teaching them, curing their ills, herding the sheep, tending the shops, managing the business.

Narrator: Super-women, who became the mothers of great Americans. Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, was born on Nantucket, and Abiah Folger, mother of Benjamin Franklin.

2nd Narrator: Women who stayed home—and watched and waited.....

(church bell tolling slowly, off)

Narrator: Noon on a spring day about 1850. In the clock tower of Nantucket's tallest church, four women sit knitting—and watching the sea—and the gray-shingled houses below, with their widows' walks on the roof-tops.

(Church bell fades in close, stops)

1st Woman: I see Mrs. Swain is up on her walk, watching the ships come in.

2nd Woman: Two years, isn't it, since Jonathan Swain's vessel went down? It must be hard for her, knowing no ship will ever come in for her again.

Nancy: (Age about 30). It's hard for us all—not knowing!

1st Woman: You needn't fear, Nancy Grant. Your man will come back, and with a hold full of oil. Captain Grant always has greasy luck.

Nancy: I wonder what would happen if I were on board.

2nd Woman: If you were on board! Much good it does to wish—and him the other side of the world.

Nancy: (With growing enthusiasm) I could go to meet him—in New Zealand. I know his course.....

1st Woman: (laughing) The way you say that—I'd almost think—

Nancy. I do mean it. I'm tired of waiting here, four years at a time—I'm going!

1st Woman: Nancy Grant! Are you plumb daft?

2nd Woman: How would you get there?

Nancy: Some ship will take me as a passenger. Daft or not, I'm going!

(Sea and ship sounds in, fog horn blows once)

Narrator: Nancy Grant—sailing down the coast—to Panama—

(Sea sounds washed out by rattle of wagon wheels)

2nd Narrator: Nancy Grant—rattling across the Isthmus in a two-wheeled cart—

(Wagon wheels washed out by sea and ship sounds)

3rd Narrator: Nancy Grant taking ship again.

Narrator: And when Capt. Grant, on board the *Niger*, came sailing into Russell, New Zealand.

Capt. Grant: (Amazed) Nancy!—Nancy, how—where? Well, by the Great horn spoon—!

Nancy: (Matter of fact) Land sakes—look at that shirt you're wearing! Not a button on it!

Narrator: Nancy Grant sailed with her husband for thirty-two years—eight four-year voyages. All her children were born in the South Seas—one in the Samoan Islands—one in New Zealand, another on Pitcairn Island. And as to the luck of the ship?

2nd Narrator: A clear day in the South Pacific. The *Niger* is cutting through the waves off French Rock—about 300 miles northeast of New Zealand. In the waist of the ship stands Nancy Grant, hanging out her weekly wash.

(Music—waves and ship sounds)

Nancy: (Humming tune of a song) Zeke, would you please go aft into the galley and fetch me some more clothespins?

Zeke: Now, Mrs. Grant?

Nancy: Well, I don't mean tomorrow. (Laughs) What's the matter with you men today? Why are you all so anxious to stay up on deck?

Zeke: Getting near the whalin' ground, ma'am. Captain promises a twenty-dollar gold piece to the first man as raises a whale and sings out "Thar she blows."

Nancy: Well, if I happen to raise a whale while you're down getting the clothespins, I'll turn my goldpiece over to the sailors—for a treat, the next time we reach port. Is that a bargain?

Zeke: Sure is, ma'am. But I'll be back before you can raise a minnow.

Nancy: (Laughs, then starts to hum—cuts it short) Zeke! Look—there!

Zeke: Where?

Nancy: There—off the port bow! (In true whaler style) Tharrr she blows!

Narrator: Nancy Grant—probably the first woman ever to "raise a whale" And, much to the surprise of the whalers, Captain Grant's good luck continued, until he was known as the luckiest man on Nantnucket—the only captain who never made a poor voyage. Once the old tradition was broken, other men began to take their wives along.

OCTOBER 16, 1937

Mystery of Malden Island In The South Seas.

A news dispatch from Papeete, Tahiti, says that the trading schooner "Denys" ran into a mouldy South Seas mystery recently on a visit to Malden Island, 1500 miles south of Hawaii.

Malden, a prolific source of guano, which reputedly brought fortune to a canny but wandering sea captain, was found deserted under what looked like unusual circumstances.

Large warehouses were filled with merchandise of every description, a pharmacy building bulged with drugs and medical supplies, and there were numerous indications of a hurried departure by persons who supposedly had been harvesting wealth in the guano trade.

An outstanding feature of the island was a well-filled graveyard, resting place of many men who have fallen in the heat and stench of the guano beds.

Malden was discovered in 1848 by an American whaling captain. He noted the wealth of guano and decided to return and exploit it when he finished his voyage.

In the meantime, another whaling boat came along. Her captain got the same idea but instead of delaying he threw his whaling plans overboard, sailed for Sydney and sold his discovery there for a comfortable sum.

The purchasing company worked the island for decades and was said to have amassed a great fortune.

But the "Denys" found Malden inhabited only by pigs and sea birds. The pigs presumably had been living on birds' eggs laid in the hot sands.

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Tells About an Old-time Nantucket Packet.

Philip N. Case, a veteran yachtsman who is familiar with New England waters and some months ago wrote an interesting story regarding the rescue of the crew of schooner Mertie B. Crowley, which was reprinted in these columns, now appears with a tale about the skipper of an old-time Nantucket packet. Some of the bits of humor and anecdotes which he relates about "Captain Sims" may be familiar to our readers already, but Mr. Case's whole article will doubtless be read with interest.

Years ago there lived on Nantucket a picturesque character by the name of Captain Sims who, with the aid of his first mate, one Mr. Berry, ran a packet carrying passengers as well as freight between Nantucket and Hyannis on Cape Cod, on a schedule which was as irregular as the Captain and his mate were erratic. The odd behavior of the pair, especially toward each other, gave rise to many amusing stories at their expense which the passengers and others delighted in spreading abroad with gusto.

Some of these stories I propose now to relate, but I must first give you some insight into the characters of our two heroes. Captain Sims was rather past middle age and as skinny as he was eccentric, but like many another insignificant looking individual he paced the deck with a strut as proud as that of any rooster, and roared his commands in a deep voice of unmistakable authority calculated to impress his passengers and intimidate his first mate.

Mr. Berry, on the other hand, though matching his captain in years, ceased right there to resemble him. He cared nothing for appearances, had no pride of his own and, so it sometimes seemed, had even less regard for his superior officer. Excitable as a wet hen, and with a voice as shrill and hysterical as that of a loon, Mr. Berry spoke first and didn't think at all. So life aboard the packet consisted of frequent outbreaks of guerilla warfare.

Once in a northeaster, the packet, an old-fashioned sloop about sixty feet on deck, entered Nantucket Harbor and rounded Brant Point lighthouse with all canvas set. With the main boom well out she bore down on the steamboat wharf with a rush, bone in her teeth, and a heavy wake rolling from under her stern. Something had to be done, and done quickly, or she would crash into the wharf or pile up on the beach.

Suddenly the suspense was punctured by the captain's booming voice plainly to be heard above the storm: "Mr. Berry, let go big anch."

"Big anch ain't got no string," retorted the mate.

"String or no string," bellowed the enraged captain whose command was not to be disobeyed, "let go big anch."

"All right, consarn ye," shrieked Mr. Berry with righteous indignation, and before Captain Sims had time to repent, "there she goes overboard!"

In addition to being mate, Mr. Berry was cook aboard the packet; and much as the passengers relished the frequent verbal tilts between him and his captain, they had very little appetite for his cooking. For those affected by symptoms of seasickness, all that was needed to bring that disease to a head was to listen to Mr. Berry burst boisterously into song while in the act of preparing one of his rich, but greasy feasts.

"Oh, the cook's in the galley
Cooking up the duff.
Good lord cook
We've had duff enough."

When, as sometimes happened, the packet arrived in Nantucket during the middle of the night, Captain Sims made sure that the craft was safely moored and then clumped noisily in his sea boots, which seemed to be several sizes too large, into the town, stopping directly in front of his home. Instead of unlocking the door with a key which he disdained to carry, the captain was wont to cup his hands, draw a deep breath and shatter the stillness of the slumbering town.

"House ahoy!" There would follow a slight pause, followed by "House ahoy!" at regular intervals, each outburst seeming to be more strident than the one preceding it, as his lungs warmed up.

When the neighbors protested, the captain had a ready reply. "Dogs bark at night, don't they? There's no law agin that that I ever heard tell of. Course they ain't; and what's more there ain't no law agin a man's hollering to git into his own home. Think I'm going to sleep in the street? Not by a dum sight."

A northeaster meant a dead beat to windward from Nantucket to the Cape. At best this was slow work, and with any wind and sea running, there was the added discomfort of facing the cutting spray which the wet old tub was sure to take over the weather bow. In a severe storm the passage was impossible.

Captain Sims had no love for northeasters when they meant head winds, and on one occasion in particular, the packet lay alongside the wharf at Nantucket loaded with freight and ready to make sail for the Cape but with a northeaster breezing on. A handful of passengers waited around ready to get aboard with their luggage as soon as the captain gave the word.

"Tain't fit weather to go today," declared the captain, casting his eye knowingly around the horizon, "wind's northeast and breezing on."

So the would-be passengers went off and returned the next morning only to meet with no greater success.

"Tain't fit to go outside today," insisted Captain Sims, "wind's northeast and blowing half a gale."

This went on for three days, which is the allotted span of life for a regular down east northeaster. So, as was to be expected, on the morning of the fourth day it had cleared off; the storm clouds had dispersed during the night and the sun rose a ball of fire in an almost cloudless sky. Moreover, the wind had hauled to the southwest which meant that on the trip across the sound the breeze would be dead astern. Under such conditions, the main boom, carrying the big mainsail, would be let way out on either side—it wouldn't matter in the least on which side it was set.

Naturally everyone went down to the dock in high spirits in anticipation of a delightful sail,—that is, all except Captain Sims, himself, who for some mysterious reason was in one of his moods. Carefully he studied the weather while the passengers crowded around him waiting for the expected command to get aboard, but it was not to be.

"Tain't fit to go across today," the captain solemnly anounced, "wind's too dum fair. Wouldn't know which side to carry the main boom!"

Scenes in Old Nantucket Stir Visitors

Island Town Opens Tercentenary Celebration; Picturesque Floats in Parade Next Week

Flags are flying in Nantucket, gay bunting surrounds windows and doors of stores and hotels, and the Town Crier, with tall beaver hat, bell and horn, is calling all to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The historic town, on an island of its own, is filled with summer visitors, all of whom will join with the permanent residents in honoring this famous event.

The celebration started today with the annual meeting of the Sons and Daughters of Nantucket. This loyal group was organized over thirty years ago, and has met regularly in Boston, usually at the Twentieth Century Club. This is the first meeting since 1916 which has been held on the island. Miss Alice Bunker is in charge of arrangements for this meeting, which will take the form of a clambake at Weweeder Inn. After the clambake there will be a program and speeches in the inn. The officers of the organization are: President, Charles T. Hall, editor of the Everett Herald and Republican; treasurer, Philip Myrick of Belmont; secretary, Miss Mildred H. Brooks of Somerville.

There will be a general meeting with program in the old North Church on Sunday evening. At this meeting Governor Allen and the Commonwealth will be represented by Secretary of State Frederic W. Cook. The program is as follows:

Doxology.
Invocation, Rev. Evarts W. Pond, First Congregational Church.
Greeting to the People of Nantucket, from the Commonwealth.
Secretary of State Frederic W. Cook.
Puritan hymn, "Coronation."
Choir and Assembly
Address, William F. Macy, chairman of the Tercentenary Committee, and presideint of the Nantucket Historical Association.
Puritan Hymn.
Historical Address, Hon. Breckinridge Long.
Hymn.
Benediction.
America the Beautiful
Choir.
Star-Spangled Banner.

On Monday evening in the Unitarian Church will be shown the talking film, "Three Centuries of Massachusetts." This film was prepared under the direction of Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard. With the picture, Professor Hart himself tells the story of the 300 years of Massachusetts history, from the Pilgrims' first glimpse of Cape Cod to the departure of the New York plane.

Big Parade on Tuesday

On Tuesday afternoon there will be a big parade at 2.30 in the afternoon. This parade will depict chronologically the different periods in the history of Nantucket, from the time of the Indians to the qeust of the mosquito.

The first float will be staged by the Red Men and will represent the purchase of Nantucket from the Indians in 1650. There will be several men on the float and about forty men walking, all in Indian costume. The next float, depicting Indian scenes and customs of the same period, will be sponsored by the Pocahontas, auxiliary of the Red Men's organization.

The D. A. R. will have charge of the next float which will show Benjamin Franklin and his mother, who was born on the island (in 1701?). The chapter is named in her honor, the Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Another float will be one of the old Quaker cent schools, harking back to the days when the children paid a cent a day to be kept out of mischief. Miss Platt, public health nurse, is in charge of this float and the children will be from Camp David Gray.

Representative of the period of prosperity when Nantucket ranked third of the towns in the State in population, wealth and commerce, being surpassed only by Boston and Salem,—and all this in spite of numerous handicaps—will be an old whaleboat, taken from the Historical Building for the occasion. This old boat will bear mute testimony to the heroic deeds of the gallant seamen of whom Nantucket is so proud. In the boat will ride veteran whalemen.

One of the old hand tubs will be drawn by the firemen, to represent the fire of 1846. This fire destroyed the entire business area and waterfront with a loss of over $1,000,000, and was the second big setback the island experienced. The Revolution, with its sad toll of lives and loss of boats and trade was the first real discouragement from which the people of Nantucket had to rise with a spirit loyal and strong enough to carry on the industry so nobly developed. The Citizens Gas, Electric & Power Company will have a float in honor of the first lighting by gas on Nantucket in 1857.

An automobile will carry the three Civil War veterans of the island. These are Josiah F. Murphy, commander of the Thomas M. Gardner Post No. 207; James H. Barrett, James H. Wood, Senior.

The Spanish War will be represented by three men, Joseph Grouard, Herbert P. Smith, Dr. Charles E. Congdon.

The American Legion Post No. 82 will have a float depicting the evolution of a Legionnaire from the first training camp with misfit uniforms and awkward drills, to a machine gun nest on the Western front.

The first commercial wireless station in the country was on Nantucket, and the Knights of Columbus will have a float in honor of this tremendous advance in coastwise protection. This station received the S. O. S. sent by the ill-fated Titanic.

The Boy Scouts and Yacht Club will be represented and finally will come a float of girls dressed in costumes representing mosquitoes. This year an active campaign has been launched against the mosquito, long an unwelcome visitor on the island.

The parade will start at Washington street, proceed through South Water to Broad, to North Water up Cliff road to North Liberty street, through North Liberty and down Pearl street to Center street; from Center to Main street by the reviewing stand, through Union, up York, through Pleasant, down Liberty, up Orange to Union, through Union to Francis to Washington.

On Wednesday evening in the Unitarian Church at 8.15 o'clock, the Nantucket Historical Association will present "The Story of the Early Whalemen," an exposition of forgotten romance—a motion picture with lecture by Chester Scott Howland of New Bedford. This is the third lecture on whaling given under the auspices of the Nantucket Historical Association, and is one of the best in the field.

Dedication of Whaling Museum

Thursday afternoon, July 24, will take place the formal dedication of the Whaling Museum. This museum was opened on June 15 of this year and has been a constant source of interest to summer visitors. Attendance has averaged over 100 visitors a day, and one day the record showed 220. Situated at the head of steamboat wharf, looking down to the harbor and up to the town, this museum, formerly a candle-house, contains a complete collection of relics of the whaling days which occupied a hundred years or more of the richest portion of Nantucket's history.

At these dedication ceremonies the speakers will be Austin Strong of New York city, eminent dramatist and commodore of the Nantucket Yacht Club, and William H. Tripp, curator of the New Bedford Whaling Museum. Preceding the dedication, the Nantucket Historical Association will have its annual meeting with reports and election of officers.

Coming in the midst of the Tercentenary celebration, although not actually a part of it, is the second production of the Nantucket Players—"Uncle Tom's Cabin." This production, on Thursday and Friday evenings, July 24 and 25, will follow the earliest version, and on Thursday afternoon the players will parade in costume in old-time fashion, preceded by musicians. The American Legion Post No. 1 Band of New Bedford has been engaged for the week and will give daily concerts. The town crier, who will announce all events, is Mr. Edgar Myer, Sr., of Nantucket.

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"EAST BRICK"

The big double drawing rooms of "East Brick" run right through the house from front to back, with matching marble mantelpieces, wallpaper and window drapes. The wing-back chair in chintz is an old Nantucket piece; the portraits by the teacher of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

William Starbuck ran the family business from the "East Brick" library when his brothers went to sea. The Chippendale mirror over the mantel depicts the battle between the Chesapeake and the Shannon, with the portraits of the two captains. Beyond is the elegant dining room.

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" Geo Howland Jr for

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Eliza W. hyd 1714 40

" Geo A. Bourne bill 29 00 3576 80 1869 1.05

In the colorfully papered and furnished living room of the Dell house, the pine paneling has the ship-carpenter quality of so many Nantucket interiors, remembered from the more studied and elaborate handiwork in mainland houses.

DELL HOUSE

There is probably no such thing as
a typical Nantucket house, yet all the old houses there are
in some harmonious way typical of Nantucket—
none more so than this picturesquely
austere captain's house on a hilltop at the edge of town overlooking the
ocean, with its widow's walk surrounding
the chimney, its wooden quoins
helping to give it an air of formality, and the curious
dissymmetry of its façade.

Geo Broome & Co bill 120.00
for load of slate 9.62 222.62

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T. Hys &c this day to be paid in two an-
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1937

Nantucket Insurance Case of 100 Years Ago Set a Precedent.

One hundred years ago this month (Sept., 1837) the Supreme Court of this State handed down a decision in a marine insurance case which established a precedent in maritime law. The case had to do with the loss of the Nantucket whaleship *Loper*, and the controversy over her insurance between Joseph Starbuck, her owner, and the New England Marine Insurance Company, the underwriters.

The moot question concerned a vital clause in the policy. Prior to this time it had been considered a fixed principle of law that to secure the validity of a policy a vessel must not only leave her original port in a seaworthy condition but must, also, depart in like good order, if practicable, from every port into which she may put in the course of her voyage.

Joseph Starbuck had effected insurance on the *Loper* to the amount of $12,000, with the New England Marine Insurance Company of Boston. On her passage home in June, 1835, the *Loper* had foundered and the crew barely escaped with their lives. The underwriters refused to pay the insurance on the ground of unseaworthiness at the time of putting to sea from her last port-of-call, Talcahuana, Chili, prior to the disaster. Starbuck immediately took the matter to the courts.

The insurance policy was dated as of the 1st of November, 1832, by which the *Loper* and her outfits were insured to the amount of $12,000, for a voyage from Nantucket to the Pacific Ocean and elsewhere on a whaling voyage and return, with the usual liberties.

The case was first tried before the Supreme Judicial Court sitting at Nantucket, Judge Putnam presiding. After considerable presentation by the various attorneys the jury decided in favor of the plaintiff.

In Judge Putnam's charge to the jury he stated an important opinion adverse to the rule of the law as concerning the ascertainment of a seaworthy condition in the last port-of-call of a ship.

The N. E. Insurance Co. took exception to the verdict and carried the case to the Supreme Court of the State, sitting at Boston, for final adjudication.

The high tribunal, after a full and learned argument, affirmed the verdict of the jury in Nantucket and Judge Putnam's directions, thus providing a startling precedent for future rulings in maritime law.

* * * * *

The whaleship *Loper* had made a number of successful voyages from Nantucket prior to her loss. Her owners, Joseph and Levi Starbuck, had fitted her out during the fall of 1832, and she had sailed from Nantucket on the 24th of November, with Captain John C. Cotton in command.

The voyage to the Pacific Ocean was pursued with untoward incident, and the spring cruise on the "off-shore" grounds in 1833 was moderately successful. In the following November, however, while cruising in mid-Pacific, the *Loper* experienced a severe shock, like a submarine earthquake, which caused the ship to tremble violently, creating much alarm among the crew. She continued fishing, however, occasionally touching at various ports, and in March, 1835, put into Talcahuana, Chili, to prepare for the homeward voyage.

At Talcahuana repairs were made to the *Loper's* upper works, but her bottom was not examined. It was proven by the evidence that the ship did not leak any more than all whaleships do, and that all the repairs that were made at this port were those believed necessary by Captain Cotton.

On March 24, 1835, the *Loper* left Talcahuana for Cape Horn and home. All went well until May, 1835, when on the 19th of the month the ship suddenly began to founder. The crew took to the boats and escaped with a quantity of provisions. The locality in which the ship had sunk was somewhere just below the equator in mid-Atlantic, but nearer land than in any of the latitudes north or south of the position. The ship had a cargo of 1700 bbls. of sperm oil below hatches.

After being at sea eight days in the open boats, Capt. Cotton and his men landed at Maranham, Brazil. Here he was welcomed by the English and Portuguese agents and wrote a letter to Nantucket, which was taken to Para and there put aboard the schr. *George*, of Lynn, bound home. After a passage of 23 days the *George* arrived home and the letter was immediately dispatched to Nantucket.

In order to show some adequate cause for the ship's foundering, the plaintiff, Joseph Starbuck, introduced evidence tending to prove that it arose from a defect in her bottom caused in November, 1833, (at the time when she received the shock mentioned) by the blow of a horned fish. Many witnesses were examined by the plaintiff, who several testified that Sword, Bill, and other horned fish abound in the Pacific Ocean, and that vessels have often had their bottoms pierced by said fish, so that their safety was greatly endangered.

A notable instance was that of the whaleship *Foster*, of this port, which a few years before had been struck by a Bill-fish, which thrust its horn through the ship's planking and caused her to leak 1000 strokes an hour. Fortunately, the *Foster*, being thus made aware of the injury was able to get to port and have the hole fixed.

* * * * *

In respect to this evidence, the insurance company contended that the injury to the *Loper* should have been repaired while the craft was in Talcahuana, where the defect could have been discovered and repaired; and that, this not being done, it showed negligence on part of the captain.

However, the jury was instructed by Judge Putnam that if the ship sailed from Talcahuana with a defect in her bottom which afterwards caused her loss, the defendants (underwriters) were still liable; unless the captain had a reasonable cause to suspect a serious injury to the ship when she was in her last port-of-call, or had reasonable cause to believe that the ship could not proceed safely home without having the same repaired.

The jury returned a verdict for Mr. Starbuck for a total loss.

* * * * *

While it may seem peculiar that the plaintiff should admit that the loss of his ship was due to an unsuspected injury, it was evident that he proved the injury an *external* one—something within the terms of the policy.

The outstanding fact which was was brought out by the testimony was this: The neglect to repair leaves the assured liable for all the injuries; and the obligation on him is the same, whether the master exercised a sound discretion or otherwise.

In other words, the captain's opinion in regard to the seaworthiness of the *Loper* was not at the risk of the owner's insurance policy. If the captain's opinion is to govern, then the insurance would be, in effect, on the soundness of his opinions. And if the ignorance of the condition of the vessel excused in this case, it does not alter the fact that the *Loper* might have been or was unseaworthy when she left Talcahuana. The rule of law was apparently unyielding and preemptory.

* * * * *

The jury, by its verdict, found that there was an adequate cause of the loss by the perils of the sea; that the captain had no reasonable cause to suspect the existence of a defect when in Talcahuana; that he had reasonable ground to believe that the ship could proceed home in safety.

The question came: "Is it evidence of negligent navigation so as to avoid a policy of insurance, if the vessel is lost by a defect—produced by perils of the sea—which is secret and unknown to the master—who sails from an intermediate port with this hidden defect?"

Hardly any whaling vessel during a long voyage but would reveal concealed defects, if hove out and her sheathing removed. But when a ship does not leak alarmingly or betray injury, a captain exercises ordinary prudence by not going to the trouble of heaving his vessel out.

If Captain Cotton's admissions were evidences of negligence no insurance policy for any other whaleship could stand a test, for the voyage of the ship is necessarily left to his judgment where he is of competent skill.

What is not known does not exist as far as the captain is concerned—this was the contention of the plaintiff. To guard against what does not exist is hardly required.

In his charge to the jury, Judge Putnam mentioned these factors. In delivering the opinion of the Supreme Court, Chief Justice Shaw gave as an illustration that where a stroke of lightning strikes a ship many months before, and she exhibits no sign of injury and continues her voyage for a year or more in safety, he would not be called negligent because he did not heave her out at the next port of call and search for an unknown injury.

The Chief Justice asserted that, while it was the duty of the captain to repair the ship so as to keep her seaworthy, this duty is varied by time and circumstances. In the first place, the master must know of the injury. In the next place, he must repair as soon as possible, and this latter also depends upon the multitude of contingencies.

As a rule, the law requiring a vessel to start her voyage in a seaworthy condition, and to go from every port in which she might be made so, must be governed with reference to the exercising of discretion on the part of the captain.

* * * * * *

The loss of the *Loper*, while not a financial catastrophe for her owners, was a tragedy to her crew. After completing a three-year voyage, homeward bound, the whalemen were forced to watch their earnings sink with the ship.

* * * * *

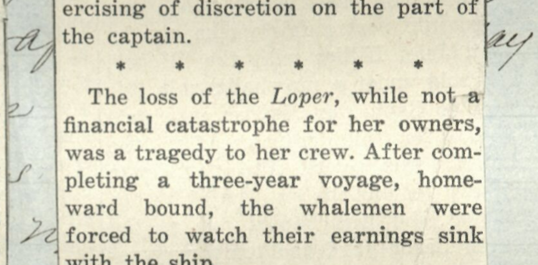
One of the ironies of whaling is contained in a notice in the June 20th, 1835, issue of *The Inquirer*, where the *Loper* is reported "all well" in the marine column by a newly arrived ship which had spoke her in the South Seas, homeward-bound. At this time the ill-fated craft had been lost a full month, unknown to the relatives of her crew as well as her owners.

In commenting on the first direct intelligence of the ship's foundering, *The Inquirer* said:

> "We learn that the owners were insured to the amount of nearly $20,000 dollars—$12,000 in Boston and the remainder in this place. The master and mate were partially insured—and we should hope that the poor seamen, who have been toiling between two and three years, for what their share of the proceeds might produce, may have also provided against the loss which has befallen them."

Ship Desdemona

D pd O. Prescott



Winding Rutted Road to Sankaty.

271 Wm H. Ladwell

15.00

Odd Phrases Lend Color to Speech Of Nantucketers

—o—

Many Words Borrowed From Island Quakers

—o—

By ALICE B. HOWARD

Editor's Note: Following is the second part of an article on distinctive Nantucket speech which started in the Town Crier two weeks ago.

The many other odd words and phases which color a Nantucketer's speech must have been brought from England or other parts of the old world, then handed down from generation to generation. Obviously certain ones were direct borrowings from the Quakers who exerted so great an influence on the Island.

Interesting examples of these are not heard as often today as fifty years ago but, nevertheless, by close listening one or two will still be noticed in ordinary talk. Their occasional repetitions deepens the off-Islander's feeling of the existing difference between himself and the Nantucketer.

Here are a few:

Born in the middle of the week and looking both ways for Sunday — Still quoted by the older members of this generation, although infrequently.

Cannikin tub — A wooden pail. with straight sides, hooped and with a close-fitting wooden cover.

Clip in — A short, hurried visit.

Coof Is Off-Islander

Cock-billed — Away, out-of-plumb.

Coof — An "off-Islander." Mr. Coffin enjoys teasing the Summer visitors by saying, "Well, you're just a coof!"

Cornstarch airs — Stiff, formal manners.

Down along — This does not indicate a special location. It seems to be just an easy way of referring to a general destination on either side of the town.

Figure nine with the tail cut off—Of no account or consequence.

Flax -- To hustle. Also to gad about.

Hooked in — Walking arm in arm. An unmarried couple seen walking this way were said to be engaged

Jadehopper — A vicious or mischievous woman.

Marriageable — An ordinary word used by the old Nantucketer uniquely. She will refer to a piece of furniture or an article of clothing as "marriageable," meaning that it was part of her dower or trousseau. Also used to indicate a wedding present.

Misstay — To make a mistake.

Odd as Huckleberry chowder — To designate extreme eccentricity.

Old Town turkey — The Nantucketer's name for any resident of Martha's Vineyard. Edgartown was formerly called Old Town.

The Pass — People on the street.

Piggin — Similar to a cannikin tub but smaller with one long stave above the rim for a handle and no cover.

Polpisy — Countrified, outlandish, awkward, ungainly.

Rantum scoot — A day's cruise or picnic about the Island to an unplanned destination. Presumably "rantum" derives from random.

Sat in the butter tub — Said of one who has married well.

Scrap Islander — The name the people of Martha's Vineyard gave to the Nantucketer.

Slatch — A period of fair weather in the middle of the stormy season. A rest from labor or duty.

Slurrup — A shiftless, untidy woman. Slurrupy was the description adjective for such a person.

Snivver Is Corrupted

Snivver — Immediately after. Perhaps it is a corruption of "as soon as ever." Mr. Macy and Mr.

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50 00

Hussey in the "Nantucket Scrap Basket" claim to have found no off-Island record of this word anywhere.

Struck with the dry wilt — Used by an older generation for a person who looks seedy from an illness.

Under the window — By, at or beside the window.

When the spirit moves — Taken directly from the Quaker meetings, it says that a person will do something when he is good and ready.

Whick-whack — To dash this way and that.

Whittle — To annoy, to tease, to pester.

Wild as a Tuckernuck steer — Wild, harum-scarum. When the steers from the island of Tuckernuck came into metropolitan Nantucket they cavorted through the streets in such wild fashion the expression rooted itself in common speech.

"Tacking Ship Off-Shore," By Walter Mitchell.

The poem, re-printed below, "Tacking Ship Off Shore", is considered one of the best examples of sea poetry to be found in American literature. It was written by Walter Mitchell, who was born in Nantucket in 1826.

Mr. Mitchell graduated from Harvard Uniiversity in 1846 and became rector of Christ Church in Rye, N. Y. He was editorially connected with "The Churchman" and contributed to other periodicals. He was the author of the well-known polemic "Bryan Maurice".

The weather-leech of the topsail shivers,
The bowlines strain, and the lee-shrouds slacken,
The braces are taut, the lithe boom quivers,
And the waves with the coming squall-cloud blacken.

Open one point on the weather-bow,
Is the lighthouse tall on Fire Island Head.
There's a shade of doubt on the captain's brow,
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel, and with eager eye
To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,
Till the muttered order of "Full and by!"
Is suddenly changed for "Full for stays!"

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays
And she swifter springs to the rising seas,
As the pilot calls, "Stand by for stays!"

It is silence all, as each in his place,
With the gathered coil in his hardened hands,
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,
Waiting the watchword impatient stands.

And the light on Fire Island Head draws near,
As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,
With the welcome call of "Ready! About!"

No time to spare! It is touch and go;
And the captain growls, "Down helm! hard down!"
As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
While heaven grows black with the storm-cloud's frown.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea;
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
As I answer "Ay, Sir! Ha-a-rd a-lee!"

With the swerving leap of a startled steed
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,
The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
And the headland white we have left behind.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse,
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats;
The spanker slats, and the mainsail flaps;
And thunders the order, "Tacks and sheets!"

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the crew,
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall;
The sails are aback from clew to clew,
And now is the moment, for "Mainsail, haul!"

And the heavy yards, like a baby's toy,
By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung;
She holds her way, and I look with joy
For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks flung.

"Let go, and haul!" 'Tis the last command,
And the head-sails fill to the blast once more;
Astern and to leeward lies the land,
With its breakers white on the shingly shore.

What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall?
I steady the helm for the open sea;
The first mate clamors, "Belay, there, all!"
And the captain's breath once more comes free.

And so off shore let the good ship fly;
Little care I how the gusts may blow,
In my fo'castle bunk, in a jacket dry,
Eight bells have struck, and my watch is below.

Written by Walter Mitchell.
Born in Nantucket, 1826. 1949

Nantucket Island Has The No. 1 Easy Street.

Elinor Gene, in her "Food For Thought" column in the Los Angeles (Cal.) *Herald Express* of November 12th, tells the readers that there really is an "Easy Street" and that it is on Nantucket island, but she commits an error in one or two of her statements. For instance, she says that Nantucket is a *four-hour* sail from Woods Hole and that it is reached by a *white-painted ferry.* No little "ferry" would stand the buffeting the island steamers take against a stiff north-easter out in Nantucket sound, or such an experience as steamer *Nantucket* had last week when she was forced to turn about and head back to port after a terrific beating outside of Nantucket bar. There are one or two minor points a little bit off key, but on the whole Elinor Gene's sketch about Nantucket is not so bad as to ruffle the feelings of the islanders the way "The Manatee" has. Here's her story as it appeared in the Los Angeles paper:

There really is a "No. 1 Easy Street"!

Yes, and it's on Nantucket Island, a tiny strip of land off the coast of Massachusetts. At one time, Nantucket was a great Whaling Center, and the early sea-faring folk kept their miniature empire to themselves, in fact, the Nantucket natives still threaten to secede an average of once a year. But too many have discovered Nantucket's summer charms ever to leave it alone again.

To get there, you take a white-painted ferry from Woods Hole and, after a four-hour sail, Nantucket harbor and its silver-weathered houses spreads out before you. Some of the houses are on stilts and seem to walk right out into the water to welcome you. Here live the artists, who flock to Nantucket each summer to paint the dunes, the lovely old homes and the little gay-colored catboats.

The first sight that greets you as you step into a cobblestoned street is a fairy-tale cottage on the corner of a street named "Easy", and the cottage is known the world around as "No. 1 Easy street"!

Outside the town, Nantucket is a wide stretch of rolling heath, with here and there a miniature forest of scrub pine, for the winter winds blow so fiercely over the island that nothing can grow more than a few feet tall. Along the shore, the wide stretches of sand are sparklingly white, and, as far as eye can see, there is no sign of human life, nothing but grass tufted dunes, relieved now and then by a silvery house with scarlet roses around the door.

Though Nantucket's little more than sand and sea, it has a strange and subtle fascination that lures you back again and again.

A Nantucketer in Samoa. 1898

From an article in the New York *Sun* on "The Last Beachcombers," we clip the following account of a Nantucket whaler and his experiences among the islanders:

As old a resident as is to be found in Samoa is Tom Coffin, who for many years has lived in a Samoan town up the coast a few miles from Apia. His whole unkempt history is comprised in the single entry: "Ran away from a New Bedford whaler." That was all of 50 years ago, and he has seen all of the changes which half a century has brought to the islands. He has seen the coming of the missionaries and the coming of some sort of law and order. He has watched the spread of new arts among the people. In all this he has been content to be a looker on. Fifty years ago, when he swam ashore, the chief of the town welcomed his coming and smuggled him up into the hills until the whaler sailed away and the coast was clear. The runaway was an acquisition to the savage state. He knew how to load and fire the one piece of ordnance which was the pride of the community. He could do all sorts of wonderful things, and could help his patron and master to a high position and power among the other rulers of towns which had no white man. For him, then, were wives, was food, were all things just as though he were a chief. Fifty years have brought their changes for him, too. Now he toils in his own yam patch for the food to keep him alive, and as he goes feebly along the steep jungle paths little brown children mockingly call out "Coffee! Coffee!" A traveler gave him news of his native place—no need to ask where that is if a man's name is Coffin—and the only interest he displayed was idle wonder what should be taking summer boarders out 'Sconset way. Not a single chord was touched by talk of old Nantucket. He had actually sunk into content with the thatched huts of Solosolo, which was the village in which he had passed almost the allotted span of man's life. Fifty years had advanced the savage, but he was content to see even his wild neighbors advance beyond him. A tourist in a small-boat trip about Upolo chanced upon this jetsam of adventure, and was profoundly impressed with the sadness of the spectacle.

"A sudden squall of rain and high wind and the tremendous seas breaking on the Fale Aitu reef drove us into Solosolo at midnight," he said in recounting the meeting. "As my interpreter was leading me along a tortuous path to the chief's house he called my attention to one house in particular as we passed it. There an old and white-haired man of my own race lay sprawled upon a mat laid over the pebble pavement with his head supported by a stalk of bamboo for a pillow, and beside him smoked the dim flame of a lamp to keep the evil spirits away. The same sort of sight was to be seen in each of the silent houses we passed, but it was different, for the others were Samoans and this was my first beachcomber. I must confess it was a shock. The next morning the chief sent for him to come to see me, for he was so little interested in the visit of a white man that he had gone about his work. I was surprised to find how little he could tell of the events which had taken place in his time."

That is to be said of every beachcomber; he vegetates; he has no memory. He may perhaps recall how much better times were when they bought the oil itself and didn't have all this bother with this rubbishing copra that shrinks all the profit out on your hands before you can get it down to Apia. Possibly he recollects the struggle which set in at the coming of the first missionary to his town, then sultry language gives proof that the torrid zone is in the neighborhood.

Coffin in these days is rarely seen. He seldom goes to Apia.

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THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 11, 1914

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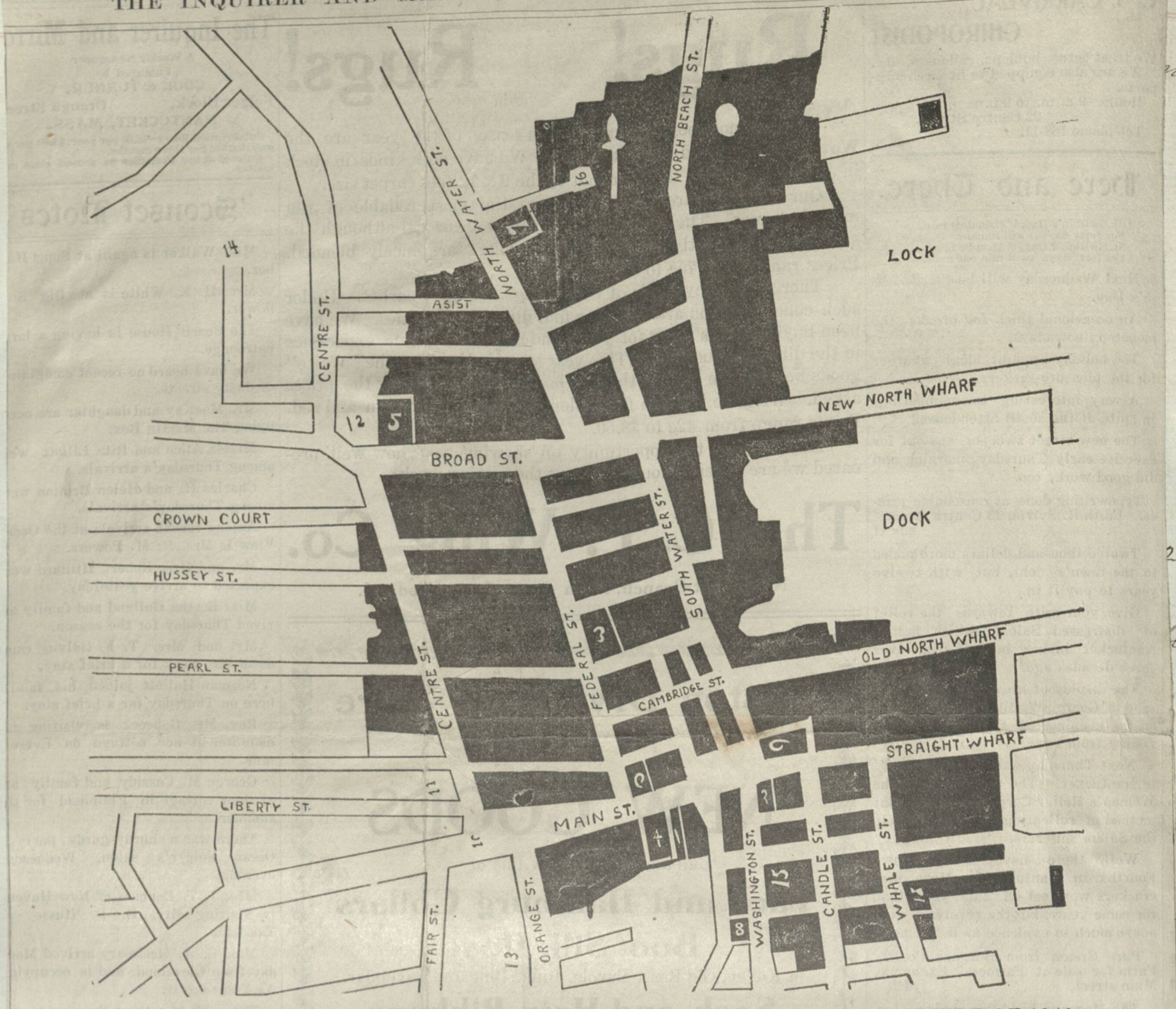

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PLAN OF THE TOWN OF NANTUCKET SHOWING DISTRICT BURNED IN THE FIRE OF 1846.

1—Mr. Geary's Hat Store, where fire commenced. 2—Trinity Church. 3—Atheneum, Library and Museum. 4—Washington Hall, a large building. 5—Citizens' Bank; papers saved. 6—Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Bank. 7—Aaron Mitchell, Esq., brick house and the largest hot houses and garden on the island, every part of which was destroyed. 8—Dwelling House of George Myrick, Esq., which was not burned. 9—Brick Office, Custom House and Commercial Insurance Office, the walls of which stand perfect. 10—Pacific Bank, not injured. 11—Methodist Church, some ijured. 12—Jared Coffin's brick building; saved without injury. 13—Unitarian Meeting House, saved. 14—North Meeting House, saved. 15—Gosnold House. 16—Sea St.

The Great Fire Which Swept Nantucket in 1846.

By FRED ELIJAH COFFIN. 1914

The story of the fire of 1846 has been told and re-told; its incidents are well known. Some lessons of experience drawn from it and some personal memoranda are all that can now be interesting. One positive lesson which the disaster taught is, that on many an occasion of crucial importance in human affairs the man who is willing to humble himself and assume a secondary position for the sake of greater immediate efficiency is the wise man who saves the city; while if a man in his conceit regards himself as all-important, there is no surer way of belittling himself and hastening disaster.

The fire of 1846 started, as ninety-nine in a hundred do, in a small meek way whose single tongue of flame could be shied and squelched as easily as a single wolf; but if the wolf becomes a pack of wolves, and the tiny bright streamlet a glaring volume of many-fanged flames, only vigorous work can conquer them; and sometimes they themselves conquer. It should never be forgotten that fire is a good servant, but a bad master.

When, on that quiet July evening sixty-eight years ago the fierce alarm rang out, there were men and engines enough quickly assembled to protect the town. It was a dry time, and to obtain an adequate volume of water it was imperative that one or two engines should play into and supply one stationed very near the fire; but to simply play into another engine was inglorious work, so at least thought one of the captains, and there was debate and higgling. Time and tide surely wait for no man, nor does insidious fire, when it gets a chance; and the dry, tindery buildings fell before the hot breath of the flames as do moths at the lamp wicks, and tumbled down to destruction as surely, and almost as quickly as the sea-bird who dashes himself against the brilliant glasses of the lighthouse and falls wrecked at the bottom of the tower.

After the fire became well started and was forcing its way in three or four directions, it seemed as though it might at any time start directly up Main street, and if so our house would go. At that time my father came to me—and I never before saw him so seriously in earnest—and said: ''Fred, will you stand by me to-night?'' I said: ''Yes, I will!'' And the old gentleman knew he could depend upon me. We had no horse and it would have been impossible to find one that night, so my father obtained a large porter's push-cart and with that we transferred many loads of household goods to the premises of an uncle in the upper part of the town; but before the early daybreak it was evident that the fire was under control.

One of the peculiar incidents of that wild night was the rare sight of the harbor on fire. Many barrels of whale oil on the wharves had burst, and their contents flowed out over the water of the harbor and there, taking fire, presented the grand spectacle of a sea of fire. I do not give this at first hand, for I saw nothing of it—that night was my busy night. The next day, and many a time afterwards, when the boys would mention the grand sight, I would try by sympathy and imagination, to enjoy the recital, but under the circumstances I never regretted not seeing it.

The people all lived in wooden houses. What if on that night there had been no revenue cutter handily present in the harbor with powder, and men who knew how to use it in levelling buildings in the flames' pathway and breaking the connection? Nor with prompt assistance from any nearby town?

So, habits of carefulness were literally burned into the minds of all the people. A cautionary effect was the establishing of more and stronger engine companies. This was before the days of the steam fire-engine, the chemical extinguisher and the water tower. To make the new movement popular there were parades of the companies, appropriately uniformed, and occasionally the torchlight parade led by a small but vigorous fife-and-drum corps. No presumptuous spark of fire dared to manifest itself in an unruly manner with so many of the fire-lads around, so although there was plenty of fire in those parades, there was no danger.

Stephen Hussey was the fifer—he was great! You remember Steve? No! Then you must be of the younger set. Steve was a character; tall and straight, with his broken leg turned backward from the knee and supported by a wooden stump, after the manner of the surgery of those days—but he could get along on that stump about as nimbly as any one. Few were the parades in which he did not take part, and it was his delight to furnish music for the step. And there is a satisfaction in declaring that he was no roisterer. Steve was good; he was good in more senses than one; firstly he was a good fisherman—it was something to say there was no smarter man aboard the smack; and then Steve was a good fireman, a good fifer, and a good fellow—and all in spite of his broken leg and wooden stump.

And the small boy of those years, what of him? Oh, he had his company and engine—a large soap-box on wheels—and he was lively about town ''after school,'' as many a pestered pedestrian could have testified. We had a unique captain of our company. In our lively runs to ''the fire'' it was inevitable that the running gear or some other gear would get out of order. Our captain had a fertile brain and his words were sometimes too full for utterance—especially when he stuttered most. One of his first commands when we had a break-down was (before attending to repairs): ''Now, all get round and give three cheers for that!'' So the rule was established, after a smash—and they occurred frequently—the very first thing to do was

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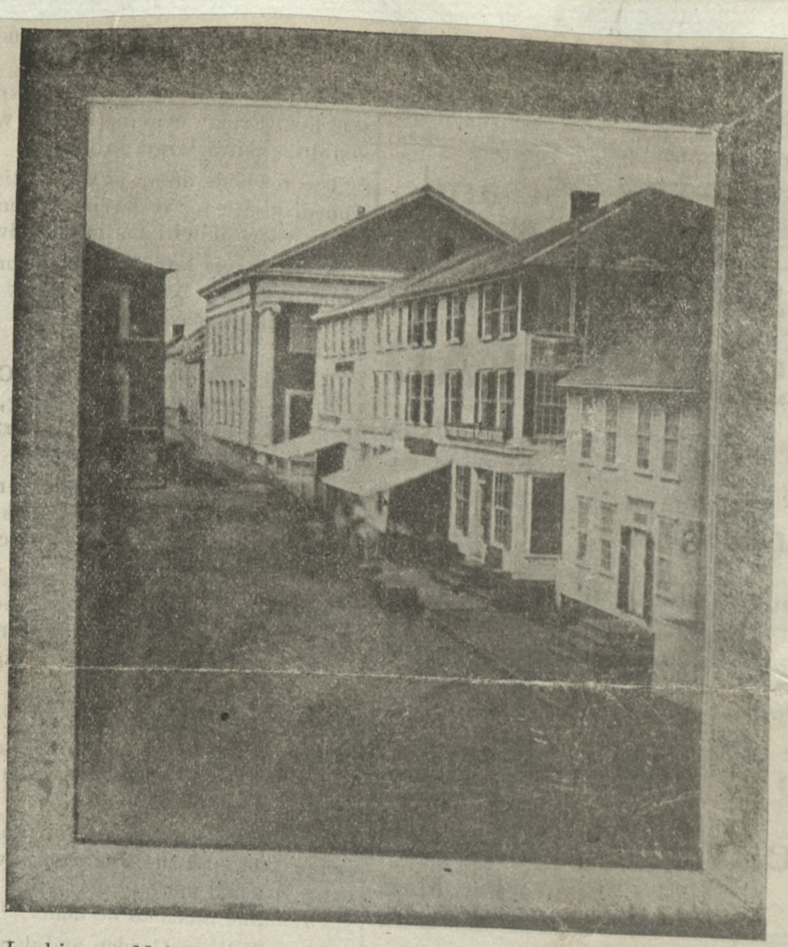

Looking up Main street before the fire of 1846. The Pacific Bank and Methodist Church buildings, which are visible in the picture, were not destroyed by the fire. Photo loaned by Nantucket Historical Association.

Main street as it appears today.

Copy of the Appeal Sent Broadcast by the Selectmen of Nantucket After the Great Fire of July 13, 1846.

Friends:—The undersigned, Selectmen of the Town of Nantucket, have been constituted, by a vote of the town, a committee to ask at your hands such aid as you may feel able to render to our unfortunate and distressed people.

One-third of our town is in ashes. A fire broke out on Monday evening last, a few minutes before eleven o'clock, and raged almost uncontrolled, for about nine hours. The whole business section of the town is consumed. There is scarcely a Dry Goods, a Grocery, or Provision store left standing, and what more particularly threatens immediate distress, the stocks contained in them, so rapidly did the conflagration extend, are almost utterly destroyed. There is not food enough in town to keep wide-spread suffering from hunger at bay a single week. Seven-eighths of our mechanics are without shops, stock, or tools:—they have lost all, even the means of earning bread. Hundreds of families are without a roof to cover them, a bed to lie upon, and many of them even without a change of raiment. Widows and old men have been stripped of their all; they have no hopes for the future, except such as are founded upon the humanity of others.

We are in deep trouble. We cannot of ourselves relieve the whole distress, and we are compelled to call upon those who have not been visited like ourselves, for aid, in this our hour of necessity. We do not ask you to make up our loss, to replace the property which the conflagration has destroyed, but to aid us, so far as you feel called upon by duty and humanity, in keeping direct physical suffering from among us, until we can look round and see what is to be done. We need help—liberal and immediate. If we seem to you importunate, we can only say that could you look upon the yet smoking ruins of one-third of our town—could you walk through our remaining streets filled with houseless hundreds wandering about seeking for some roof to shelter them, or for such remnants of their household goods as may have been snatched by others from the flames,—could you feel, as we do, that not many days can pass before positive want will be knocking at our doors,—our words would appear feeble, our appeal certainly not more earnest than the occasion requires. But we are confident that you will feel for us and with us,—and that you will render us such assistance as is in your power.

Will you take immediate measures to bring our suffering condition before your people, either by calling a public meeting, or in such other manner as may seem to you best? Provisions, Clothing, Bedding, Money,—anything useful which you may have to bestow, will be most gratefully received. Will you move in the matter immediately?

Please to direct anything which you may send, to the Selectmen of the Town of Nantucket, and we pledge ourselves to dispense whatever you may bestow, faithfully, and to the best of our ability, judiciously.

Job Coleman,
Chas. G. Coffin,
Eben W. Allen,
Wm. Barney, Jr.,
Nath. Rand,
Obed Swain,
Alfred Folger,
Selectmen of the Town of Nantucket.

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for all to get round and give three cheers for that, and then go to work and make repairs. How often in later life has the genuine wisdom of that boy's order been apparent! Many a time when things have broken or seemed to be broken, has courage been fortified and hope emboldened by the thought—"First, give three cheers for that!"—and then see what can be done for betterment. Allen, the captain's, life, intensely active from boyhood, is now closed; but three at least of that "company" are still active.

In a good-sized town whenever there is any occurrence of a spectacular nature there will always be a knot of young fellows so entranced with the glamour of what is going on as to forget and ignore all claims of business or social nature and give themselves up wholly to the attractions and enjoyment of the present novelty. These are the thoughtless ones, and the least reliable under any circumstances.

During the height of the fire and excitement, possibly an hour after midnight, a small group of this class were gathered on the extreme outer end of the Old North wharf, so engaged in discussing in their solon-like wisdom the various features of the conflagration as to be utterly unmindful of their own danger and the great loss which might occur to the world through them—for the fire in the meanwhile had swept across the head of the wharf, rendering retreat by land impossible, so that they were practically in a position "between the devil and the deep sea"—not very deep just there, but deep enough to drown a man. However, a boatman discovered and rescued them.

It certainly seems, in the Providence of God, as though there was rarely a calamity without some attendant blessing. After the fire, when there was time for calm expressions of opinion and correct judgment, the statement was made by some wise visitors that the fire was really a good thing for the town. Quite a large section of the burned district along the harbor front was thickly packed with sailors' boarding-houses and a great deal of riff-raff. If the word had been in the dictionary of those days that section would have been known as the "slum" of the town. It was stated by these investigators that there was danger of some sort of epidemic breaking out there. On rebuilding, everything about there was widened; and from the time the flames visited it, was aired out. On the whole, considering the crowded and unsanitary conditions, and the menace of the popular Washington Hall fire-trap, the "Great Fire" may be regarded as a blessing rather than a calamity.

For many months after there remained a definite burnt odor which became so impressed upon the memory that at rare intervals since, after some burning which has caused a similar smell, instantly the ruins of the 1846 conflagration are recalled quicker than by wireless suggestion, and the incidents of that night (minus the harbor blaze) are all brought back to realization.

Only one life was lost as a direct result of the fire. During the first few weeks after, a boy fell, a victim of accident, among the ruins.

Washington Hall, one of the principal buildings destroyed at this time, as it abides now in memory, was a somewhat imposing building on the south side of the lower square. Two stores occupied the ground floor, and between these a tolerably broad stairway led to the hall. My impression, having almost the value of certainty, is that this stairway furnished the only access to and exit from the hall. My only special recollection of the hall is in connection with an entertainment given there one evening two or three years before the fire, which was attended by three or four members of our family—myself, a small boy, being of the number. The entertainment, "The Burning of Moscow," depicted the historic event in an unusually realistic and spectacular manner. The hall was packed to its utmost limits. We had seats toward the front. The rich tones of the Kremlin bell; the deep red fire, with all the appropriate military and histrionic setting, was to me and to all marvellously interesting. But my father was exceedingly anxious, and as uncomfortable as if sitting on thorns. He, like all whalemen, had visited the coast of Chili and its Roman Catholic cities, and he knew of more than one instance where, on high occasions their flimsily decorated churches had taken fire with awful result; and on this occasion the flames on the stage seemed to him recklessly bright and dangerous, and the conditions of the building and crowd such as to accentuate it.

A hall is safe when it can be emptied quickly under emergency conditions. Such was not the case with Washington Hall. A writer in a July, 1913, number of "the Scientific American," discussing the safety of large halls and schoolrooms, says: "The capacity of a stairway, if time is not a factor, and a stream of people pours into it only at the top and out from it at the bottom, is unlimited; but if time is to be considered, the capacity is limited by its cross-sectional area." "A crowd of people does not flow like a liquid composed of round smooth molecules. Their soft bodies are angular in shape, more like pieces of rubber with wires in them, and they therefore interlock." Washington Hall, however, was not destined to witness to the danger of unsafe conditions, for it fell before there was occasion for any such proof.

[Note: Mr. Coffin's next article will be in relation to the old Nantucket "sheep shearings."—Ed.]

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Letter from Nantucket.

NANTUCKET, Aug. 26, 1874.

Through the excellent arrangements of the Old Colony Railroad Company, one is now enabled to reach this isle of the sea from any portion of New England within a radius of a hundred miles, in a day. The two boats that they run between Woods Hole and this island, connecting with their road at the latter place, are a great convenience to the travelling public, which is shown by the liberal patronage bestowed upon the line. Nantucket is

AN ANCIENT TOWN.

The island on which it is situated, and which bears its name, was discovered in 1602, by Capt. Bartholomew Gosnold, an Englishman, who sailed from England in a small bark, with thirty-two persons, bound for Virginia, in search of a proper seat for a plantation. The Indian population at that time was about 1,500. William, Earl of Sterling, was the first English possessor of the island, who deeded it to Thomas Mayhew, and eighteen years subsequently transferred it to the ten original purchasers, the consideration being £30 and two beaver hats. This was in 1659. The first settlers were Quakers, two tribes of Indians occupying either end, and the Friends the middle. The most harmonious relations existed between the Indians and white settlers. There are many

ANCIENT RELICS

that are shown to the visitors. The most prominent among these is a dwelling house 188 years old, having been built in 1686. This house is located near North Shore Cliffs, and was occupied until about three years since, when it was abandoned as being no longer tenable. It is visited by strangers in large numbers as a curiosity. The semblance of a horse shoe built into the chimney above the roof "to keep away the witches," is a noticeable feature of the old place. There are a large number of houses whose age dates back more than a hundred years. The one where your correspondent is located was built in 1724. On the south side are the shingles originally put upon the house, fastened with wrought nails. The mammoth fireplaces of ye ancient times are still retained in an altered form, to adapt them to modern use. The mantel shelves stand five feet above the floors. This house, occupied by Mr. Josiah C. Gardner, contains many interesting relics of ancient times, which are treasured as heir-looms of the family. Among these is a portrait of a female member of the family, painted in 1717. It is still kept as a parlor ornament, and is in a good state of preservation. The original of the picture was born in 1670, and died at the age of 97 years. The family have also a cartouch box bearing the coat-of-arms of king George III., and sword with silver mountings having the same historical significance. Both are believed to have done service in the French and Indian wars of the colonial times.

I was shown at the residence of Captain Nathaniel Carey, a portrait of an ancestor, Samuel Carey, which has a history attached. Mr. C. was a patriot of the Revolution, and as such was obliged to flee for his life when the British took possession of Boston, &c., had such a "narrow squeak," that he escaped through the back door of the house where he was while they were entering the front door. To satiate their vengeance they thrust their swords through the portrait above mentioned as it hung upon the wall. The sword cuts were subsequently repaired, but are plainly distinguishable on the surface. The same family have also a Chinese sword formerly used for the decapitation of criminals. It has a hideous history, having been instrumental in the death of some four or five unfortunates, the rust from the stains of whose blood still remains on the blade. It is about two feet long, razor shaped, and very heavy. It was sent home by a member of the family resident in China. The finest private museum of curiosities probably in the State has been collected and preserved by this family, the head of which is a retired whaling captain. It comprises a cabinet of several hundred varieties of shells from every part of the globe, many of them very rare. Specimens of the coins of the different nations visited by the captain have also been collected and preserved, as also many choice specimens of the handiwork and ingenuity of the natives of China. Japan. &c.

Capt. Albert Wood, also a retired whaling captain, has a lady's work box and writing case combined of native manufacture about 12x24 inches, the principal parts of which are sandal wood and ivory, but which is curiously and intricately inlaid with other materials comprising several hundred separate pieces. It is a marvel of ingenuity. Almost every family of old residents have curiosities to exhibit gathered by members of the family on foreign voyages. But the most noteworthy "relics" are the

RETIRED WHALING CAPTAINS,

of whom there are some fifty or more, all of them past the middle age, and the oldest, Capt. Elihu Coffin, in the 80th year of his age. Capt. Nathaniel Carey, who is nearly 80 years of age, has made sixteen voyages as master of whalers,—more than any man living here. These men having nearly all acquired a competence, are spending the evening of their days at their own firesides, in the enjoyment of those comforts denied them while in pursuit of the monsters of the deep. These ancient mariners have formed themselves into an association which they have named the Pacific Club, and have purchased and fitted up a building for their own use. Here these ancient sons of the sea are wont to drop in and pass the dreary days and long evenings in winter in cracking their jokes, smoking their pipes or recounting the stirring scenes of lives passed on the whaling ground.

The old Nantucketer will tell you of days when streets now grass-grown, and wharves now succumbing to the ravages of time, were alive to the hurry and rush of business incident to the whale fisheries. When eight rope-walks were kept in constant operation supplying the outgoing ships with rigging. When the whole town was permeated with the aroma of whale oil, and the sound of the caulker's hammer and the cooper's adze resounded through the town from morning to night. When "Cape Horn residents" were an institution, and children were not unfrequently born and buried without their fathers having seen them. When lines of packets ran to Boston, Newport, Providence, New London, New York and Philadelphia, freighted outwardly with the products of whaling voyages, and inwardly with articles of home consumption. They will even rehearse the stories told them by their fathers, of anti-revolution days, when lines of packets plied between Nantucket and London and Liverpool, and it was not an uncommon circumstance for persons to come all the way from New York to take passage for these places. Immense storehouses received the goods brought from foreign climes, whence they were shipped to domestic ports.

But the glory of Nantucket as a seaport has departed with the decline of the whaling business. The future hopes of Nantucket are now centered in her admirable adaptation as a watering place, which fact is already coming to be anticipated from abroad. The hotels, of which there are several, have been full all the season, and quite a number of inhabitants of New York own summer residences here. Summer cottages are also quite numerous, and large hopes are based on the sale of cottage sites in eligible places in the future.

NEWPORT.

Writer in Worcester Telegram Presents "Little Gray Lady."

By Leslie Moore. 1943

This story is about a little gray lady who lives in the sea. A widow she is, in a manner of speaking, and of uncertain age.

But both age and widowhood rest lightly upon her, and thousands of people love her for her charm and beauty. White sands are her old lace, moors her lavender, and gay roses deck her silver hair. Clear sunshine is her smile, and drops of heavy fog are her tears.

She is fourteen miles long, some four to five miles wide at one end, and at the other end has a long winding hook like a stretched and twisted harpoon. She is Nantucket, nee Nantukes, and her story is never old.

I am afraid that if you look closely in her past you will find this little old lady of gentle manners and modest ways has had her moments. For countless ages she hid demurely behind her veil of sea mists, so that only the Norsemen and later on, in 1602, Bartholomew Gosnold were privileged to see her through white men's eyes. Save for those explorers, whose visits were brief, Indians were Miss Nantukes' sole guests.

Then in 1659, after someone else had stolen a glance at the lady's charms, and after there had been some official bother about land titles and rights, she was sold for thirty pounds and two beaver hats—and not to one man but to ten. They were the "Ten Original Settlers," and their names have come gloriously down in Nantucket's history until this day. On the town's Honor Roll for the Second World War, for example, you can see three or four Macys, and as many Folgers and Coffins. The little lady has been loyal to those who bought her—and they have been no less loyal to her.

* * * * *

Historians will say those ten original settlers went to Nantucket as a haven for their independent religious beliefs, or that they sought commercial opportunity.

I know better, and anyone else who has met the lady in question will fully agree. The obvious truth is that Peter Folger, Thomas Macy, and their fellows had found, even in 1659, that the mainland was becoming too populous and busy for comfort, especially in the heat of Summer. They heard of Nantucket, and once having seen the place decided instantly that life anywhere else could be nothing more than an interim arrangement.

If the figure of Nantucket's girlhood and subsequent purchase by ten men seems now to become slightly confused, I ask pardon. But the fact is that the lady eventually married an industry. The romance seems to have begun exactly 270 years ago, for we read that in 1675 the first settlers and their sons, with others who had come to their sense and to Nantucket in the meantime, had learned from the Indians the rudiments of whaling.

In those days whales were numerous and unabashed—perhaps even enjoying a little surf bathing occasionally at Surfside or 'Sconset. So the white men, realizing that if they wanted to live on the island they would have to find some substantial means of subsistence, appraised these lolling whales with shrewd eye. Somebody made a couple of crude harpoons, rigged a line, got into a small boat, and the first whale was taken.

Thus did the romance begin. The wooing was swift and intense, and the next century was not far gone when both the whaling industry and the little lady had taken their vows. For more than a hundred years they were happily and prosperously married. The husband, hardy and daring, chased whales around the globe, and her quiet little home which rises only slightly above the sea some thirty miles off the Massachusetts mainland, was transformed into the greatest whaling port in the world.

* * * * *

Came the Revolution, and there was a slight pause in whaling while Nantucket's sons and ships went to war—with magnificent courage and great achievement. But before and after the Revolution, the island fairly creaked and boiled with every appurtenance of the whaling trade. Her boys were mates before they reached voting age. Her whiskered captains discovered scores of islands in the Pacific. One of them charted the Gulf Stream. It was said that a Nantucket eye was more accurate than the best barometer ever made.

* * * * *

Countless whales, taken after perilous "Nantucket sleighrides," yielded millions upon millions of barrels of oil, extracted aboard ship in countless "Nantucket picnics," and oil became gold and gold became houses and schools and bank accounts. Even a great fire in 1836 and another in 1846 could not slacken the drive of this tremendous industry.

There was tragedy. Often and often the little lady of the sea knew lonely and anxious nights, and atop her houses she had walks built so that she might sooner espy her spouses's laden ships, coming home from the world's oceans. But she enjoyed the adventure of her life, and innumerable yarns are told about her fortitude.

Then, about the time of the Civil War, the blow fell. She was widowed. Her rough and dauntless husband, the great industry, who had made history in war and peace and who had broadened the whole world's knowledge of whaling, sea, weather and geography, began to fall.

She sought frantically to help him maintain his strength, but over on the mainland another giant named New Bedford had developed whaling nearer the oil markets. The British and the Dutch had found the gold in whale's heads. So, from nearly a hundred ships, Nantucket's fleet dwindled to fifty, then thirty; and the wharves, yards and lofts grew silent.

At last a new giant came out of the earth, inland, and swiftly and relentlessly seized the oil markets. Petroleum was his name, and the oil industry born of the sea all but vanished.

Nantucket's husband died quietly, and she was left only her inheritance of homes, the natural beauty which the smell and bustle of whaling had sometimes obscured but never erased. These things she had left—and with them a sturdy, straight character and serene dignity.

* * * * *

Well, you say, it's unfortunate that another suitor didn't come along, some handsome lad of the sea, to wed this attractive and well-to-do widow. What of the fisherman fellow who married Gloucester? Didn't he have a brother who would have made Nantucket a fine husband? Surely there must have been someone.

No! Fortunately, the little lady, now growing gray with the mists in her hair, had no more suitors. Widowhood became her, and becomes her still. She will not talk much about it, but I venture to say that life would be easier for her in some ways if she had a husky industry to support her, laden with the world's material wealth. Yet there are no signs of such a thing, and actually she manages very well as she is.

For, curiously enough, the rough and loud age of whaling left Nantucket with her girlhood charms enhanced. It was about 1870 that acquaintances from the mainland began to notice that the peace and coolness, the dignity and grace of the little gray lady were extraordinary. Acquaintances became friends, and very soon the whaling man's widow became known as a delightful hostess. That's what she is today, one of the most charming hostesses in all the world.

It isn't the cool freshness of Nantucket's breeze, nor the cleanliness of the air washed by chowder fogs (as they sometimes call Maushope's smoke). It isn't the miles of sandy beach, nor the surf that roars and pounds with mid-ocean fury on the south shore.

It isn't even the gentle moors, nor the hidden forests. I don't know what it is; and dozens of facile authors have written books about the island without being able to define exactly what it is about the little gray lady that gives her hospitality a unique atmosphere.

For any number of summer resorts have cool breezes. They have sand, and some of it's finer and whiter than Nantucket's. Many have historical background and the New England colonial heritage. They have the same clear sun, the same matchless moon, and are washed by the same crystal salt water.

* * * * *

Nantucket, when you come right down to it, has no more than a lot of other places you can mention. She's different that's all. Whereas, other spots of beauty and summer delight have compromised a little with the present, and have let themselves become modern beyond the point of sheer utility, Nantucket has clung to the simplicity of her past.

Twice a day the steamer from New Bedford and Woods Hole noses past the Jetties, around Brant Point to her wharf, bringing in the visitors. In Summer they come by hundreds—and during the season now waning they have arrived in such record numbers that the Publicity Committee, which used to think up ways of attracting vacationists, had to convert itself into a housing committee to find places for the visitors to lodge.

Well, the visitors arrive. They may have been hotcha and honky-tonk on the mainland. They may never have cared a hoot about anything older than last week. They may have been all for burning the candle at both

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ends. But when they set foot in Nantucket, walk about the quiet streets, and observe the leisurely life about them, the boogie-woogie impetus takes a holiday.

It's the atmosphere. It is the atmosphere of the Whaling Museum, with its priceless relics housed in an ancient candle factory, the atmosphere of the Old Horseshoe House that Old Man Coffin and Old Man Gardner provided for Jethro Coffin and Mary Gardner when they were married in 1686; the atmosphere of the Friends Meeting House and the adjacent museum.

The cobblestone Main Street, its stones set there a century ago....... The Pacific Club, built in 1722...... the fascinating shops where nobody seems to care whether you buy anything or not......the studios along the wharves....and the intense, almost, fierce pride which the islander feels in his island home, and which you can never quite share because you aren't an islander....... the crooked little lanes ....the almost flawless architecture which one authority calls ninety-five per cent. perfect (an understatement) ....the courtesy of the people.

* * * * *

It isn't a matter of a few precious shrines scattered about in a town, so that you have to get a tourist's guidebook to steer you to them. The whole town is a shrine. And the impressive, significant thing about it is that no Rockefeller or Ford adopted Nantucket and restored it. This is no Williamsburg. The beauty and simplicity are not synthetic. They are placid qualities left by a century and a half of rugged and bold prosperity. The boom era has gone, but the character which made that era survives.

It is amazing to find a place thus unspoiled, but not so amazing when you understand the jealousy of the people who can call Nantucket home. They aren't all islanders now, by any means, and of course an off-islander is always an off-islander even after years of residence.

* * * * *

I don't know that there is a special committee of guardians whose charge it is to maintain the town and the island against the encroachments of the worst features of civilization, but there could be such a committee. The best explanation is that everybody of any intelligence on the island automatically becomes a committee of one determined to keep Nantucket as she is, to give the cold shoulder to any found violating her traditions of charm and peace, to reprimand any who dare bruise her houses with gingerbread decoration, and to cherish every natural asset given by God and a great past.

How else explain the gray houses, the exquisite gardens, and the peace which makes a mainland radio program seem like something from Mars?

Nantucket's By-Ways.

By Merle E. Turner.
Read at Annual Meeting of Nantucket Historical Association and printed by request. 8/3/29

On one of my airplane trips over the town recently, I met an old lady who informed me that she used to live on the island and had not been down here for over forty years. She was enjoying her flight immensely and shouted to me every few minutes about something she saw down below.

"You know," she said, "I saw a whole lot of flowers on Rose Lane the other day. Do you know where that is?" Rose Lane. Where did she mean?

It puzzled me for a while until I thought of the lane that runs up to Voorneveld's greenhouses, just north of the Methodist church. My answer satisfied her and I waited, wondering what she would say next.

Suddenly the lady exclaimed: "And there is Break Neck Alley, where I used to slide down hill when I was a child". Again I was all at sea, but she pointed it out to me, and what should it be but what I know as Sunset Pass which leads from the school grounds to Lily street.

I asked her to tell me more of the old streets and she did her best to make me hear her above the noise of the motors. Before we landed I learned that she, as a girl, had lived on Stone Alley, which was then called "Gunter's Alley."

The charming old lady interested me so much that I visited her the following day, when she told me many enjoyable tales about the old lanes, the names of which I had never heard. Whoever would think now that the street opposite the Post Office (now the bus stand) was formerly named "Coal Lane", or that Hillers Lane off of Fair street used to be known as "Nabby Bailey's Lane?"

During the afternoon she asked me if the old asylum were still on Jail Lane. There I was perplexed. I knew nothing of an asylum and had never heard of Jail Lane. After asking her questions about its locality, I discovered that she meant Vestal street and that the "Asylum" was our old jail.

I spent the next day with her, riding around town, and I learned more about Nantucket as it used to be than I had ever known before. I discovered that Gay street used to be Coffins Court; that Mooer's Lane was always known as "Judith Chase's Lane" or Moose Lane; that Quince street was formerly Crown Court. No one seems to know why it was changed to Quince, for about all the fruit trees seen there have always borne pears. Saratoga street, that borders the Friend's burial ground, used to bear the cheerful name of Grave street. But where did the "Saratoga" come from.

We rode down Coffin's Court to inspect the new school building and then down Clay Lane. Westminster street had been called Clay Lane for years and my friend told me that on a rainy day Clay Lane had always held its own.

Coming down Federal street we stopped at "Black Horse Alley" to look at the old shop south of it where the old Quaker, William Hosier, bought old rope and nails from the Nantucket boys. "Black Horse Alley" is the small court between the Killen House and the Hosier property, both of which estates now belong to the town.

Further down the street, the old lady asked me if I had ever heard of Independence Lane. Upon my saying "no" she told me that it used to extend from Centre to Federal streets, north of the Main street stores, and that the town closed up the Centre street end many years ago, when it built the engine house there.

Madison street still exists, but few people know it. It is the narrow way just wide enough for a cart or auto, that extends from Federal street to Coal Lane, between the news store and the Catholic Church.

Further down Main street, below Coal Lane, was Type Alley. This ran between what is now Lester Ayers' shop and the Wannacomet Water Company's office. It is said that it acquired its name from the fact that many years ago the former newspaper office was in the building on the west side of the alley and that type was often thrown out of the window by the apprentices.

My friend told me lots of other interesting things about the old town. I learned that "Hay Scale Lane" was the lower part of Pine street; that Macy's Court is now called Howard street; and that Angola street is now the western end of South Mill street.

Macy's Court! Why I have been told that it was there that Zaccheus Macy lived, the man who was the noted bone-setter of Nantucket. Why was it changed to Howard street? No one seems to know, and if ever a man deserved to have a street named after him, it was Zaccheus Macy.

My interest in the old streets of Nantucket has grown keen as the days have passed. I learn that Main street was formerly called State street, and that Pearl street was originally India street, said to have been given that name because so many of the sea captains lived there and made voyages to India.

Tattle Court still remains the little narrow way on the west side of Fair street. Tradition says that it was given its name because so much neighborhood gossip transpired there. Whether this be true or not, no one has attempted to change the name and Tattle Court still exists.

And there was once Brown's Lane, which extended from Centre to Federal street, and was closed up when the Friends built their meeting house there (now the Roberts House dining-room).

Even in my day I have heard folks refer to North Liberty street as "Egypt". I wondered why it was so called and was told that it was always a place of total darkness, that up to forty years ago there were only four houses there and people did not travel that way very much at night—hence the local application of the expression "as dark as Egypt".

Who ever heard of Easy street in Nantucket up to a few years ago—the place which is this year to be the center of the water-front carnival for the benefit of the Hospital? That was always known as "the dump", yet it suddenly blossomed out into Easy street and Easy street it will remain, for the County Commissioners have accepted the name and placed it on record. Is there another town in the world with an Easy street? Lots of people endeavor all their lives to live there, but do they?

Step Lane, between Centre and North Water streets, was always Step Lane until the steps were removed when Farmer Chapman and his wife started to run a boarding house there fifty years or so ago, and then for some reason or other it was transformed into "Chapman Avenue". It remained an avenue until later residents petitioned that the old name be restored and Step Lane it is today—without any steps.

New Dollar Lane, extending from Milk to Mill streets, is said to have been given that name because it was there the famous whaling merchant, Joseph Starbuck, lived—the man who built the three brick houses on Main street for his sons. The Nantucketers were always skeptical whether Starbuck ever "saw a new dollar for an old one" in consequence of his ventures. But why New Dollar Lane was changed to Risdale street I cannot state, but it was—and for a number of years people were compelled to live on Risdale street who preferred to live on New Dollar Lane. But a few years ago the town voted to change the name back again and Risdale street blew away, never to return.

In passing, let us take a stroll through Ray's Court, starting at Fair street by the Historical Building and extending through to Main street amid the shade of aged trees. John Ray, who was my grandfather several generations back, was a Scotchman named Macrae, but the Nantucketers found it easier to call him Ray, and Ray he and his descendants have remained ever since. He built the house now owned by Dr. W. P. Graves and settled his children around him, some on one side of the court and some on the other. In 1830, Ray's Court was joined to Turner's Alley, which was the name of the little end of the Court which now empties onto Main street. The name of Turner's Alley is no more—it is all Ray's Court.

Who authorized the change of Rose Jenkin's Lane, between Orange and Union streets, to the meaningless name of Flora street? No one knows who Flora was, but there are many people living today who know all about Rose Jenkins and can well recall why it was called Rose Jenkins Lane.

Just for a moment, let us take a peep at Prospect street. Where did that name come from? Possibly because it had such a fine view of three cemeteries. Originally it was called Cooper street and came rightly by that name because a number of coopers lived there during the days when Nantucket's whaling industry was in its prime. Occasionally deeds refer to this street as Copper street instead of Cooper street, but Cooper was its right name until transformed over night into Prospect street.

And, last but not least, I have found Cat Alley—a narrow passage extending north from Stone Alley, which is important enough, however, to have a sign-board announcing its presence. Let us hope that it will always remain Cat Alley and that future generations will not try to improve it. It should retain its name just as much as "Kite Hill", which remains "Kite Hill" today in spite of the fact that the boys have not flown kites there for a quarter of a century or more.

The streets of Nantucket were given names which had a meaning, although perhaps not always melodious in sound. There is no doubt that Grave Lane meant more to our ancestors than does Saratoga street, and the by-ways which were "lanes" years ago are entitled to retain the names which the good people of Nantucket gave them when they built this gray old town that we all love and in which we all take pride.

✓ 289 Treasury
✓ 271 for $2000.
this day @
✓ 317 Herbert P.
✓ 303 for 2 mo
✓ 317 Sunday
✓ 242 Bills Rece
on d
✓ 317 New Ag
✓ 367 Ship Sam
✓ 270 Joseph H. C
34 My ½ Ship

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William H. Cadwell
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267.83 1267.83
Sunday Accts
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241.17
265.13 49206.30
39265.72 88471.42

OLD NAVIGATORS.

There are still living a few, but a very few, of our ancient mariners, who are old enough to entertain us with some reminiscence of the days of hemp cables and wooden-hooped casks for holding their oil on whaling voyages, and of navigation by dead reckoning, with a lunar observation thrown in now and then. In most instances their career of sea service was long enough to take in many of the modern improvements, and they tell us that they witnessed great changes in the build, rig, outfit and management of sea-going craft, but still live to be astonished at the further progress made in the years since their retirement from the ocean.

In the light of the present day, it seems to us that our mariners of the earlier part of this century showed a wonderful degree of nerve and pluck in making such voyages as they did, pushing their way into distant and unexplored seas with such limited facilities for determining their real position on the great globe. Of course the charts of those distant oceans were quite imperfect and chronometers, though not quite unknown at that period, had not come into general use, and most of our whalers were unprovided in that respect. They depended chiefly upon their reckoning by the rude log, line and reel, with a meridian observation for latitude whenever they could get it, and a stout heart and a bright look-out at all times. Some of them had learned the art and mystery of measuring lunar distances, and were thus able from time to time to rectify and correct their reckoning.

We remember having some years ago beguiled an hour in looking over the pages of an old sea-journal, full of crooked orthography and queer phraseology, which had turned up among other forgotten treasures in a garret. It had been written about seventy years ago, by one of our ancient sea-captains now long since gathered to his forefathers, and told the story of a right whaling voyage to the Banks in the South Atlantic. It appeared that a few days after leaving home, he fell in with another Nantucket ship, and as both were intending to touch at the Azores before proceeding southward, they jogged along in company, now and then speaking each other, and comparing reckonings, for neither of them had any chronometer on board. At length the chronicle relates that after they supposed themselves far enough eastward to look out for land, he signalled his consort, who came on board, and the sun and moon being then "on distance," the two old salts worked out some lunar observations. The result placed them a considerable distance,—we forget how far,—northeastward of the island for which they were bound, and both ships at once hauled by the wind on the southwest tack, to be rewarded with the sight of land the next day. Yet, both those old lunarians returned in due time with successful voyages, and doubtless they often congratulated themselves, and each other upon the great progress which had then been made in the art of navigation since the days of Vasco de Gama and Christopher Columbus. A story was current in our own juvenile days of an old fellow here who had started out in a brig for a voyage to Cayenne, but after spending some time in an unsuccessful search for that port, at last brought up at Turk's Island, changed his programme, took in a cargo of salt, and on the whole had made rather a successful cruise of it.

Yet just such men as these, knowing little of what we may call the nicetis of navigation, but full of courage, energy, and perseverance, pushed their keels into every distant sea, and gave to Nantucket the reputation of a leading maritime port. If they sometimes got astray and lost an island now and then, they did not fail to discover many others never before known to the commercial world, and thus did a large share in making the later charts so complete and accurate. A few days more or less on a passage did not so much matter, for time was not measured and estimated so nicely as in these later days of clipper ships and ocean steamers, patent logs and steering gear, and exact calculations. A few of those old heroes have lived to see the day when voyages across the Atlantic and back again may be calculated and predicted almost to an hour, and two steamships may be started out from the opposite continents, with a reasonable certainty of meeting each other in mid-ocean. They say that when such things are done the sea can hardly be called "trackless," as it was in their experiences of it, lang syne.

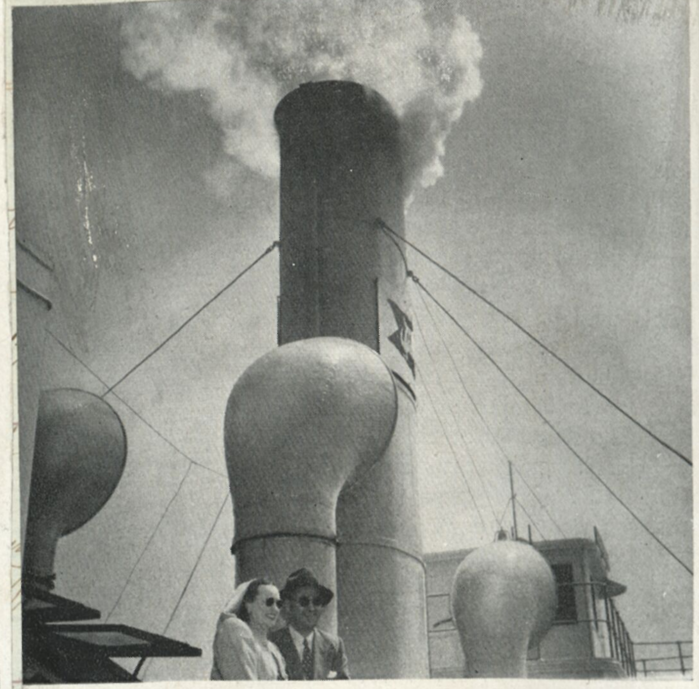
1886

Freight for Martha's Vineyard: P. C. Thatcher, Jr., quartermaster of the ferry *Islander*, gets it moving.

In the *Islander's* wheelhouse at Woods Hole, Captain Joseph Gwodz checks the weather by radio telephone.

Stout fishermen from the Islands: a familiar sight to steamer and ferry passengers at Woods Hole docks.

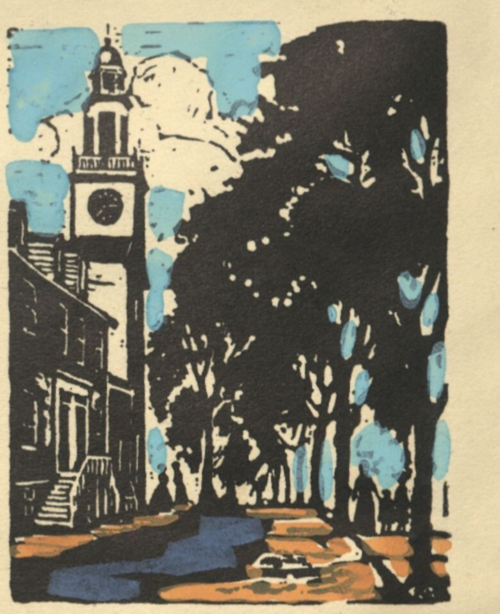
As a strategic supply line to Martha's Vineyard, the *Islander* has lots of headroom for big highway trucks.



When there's fog, the whistle roars its deep warning each minute. Passengers don't mind.

Rounding Brant Point, past the light, you're in Nantucket harbor, heading toward pier.

484.12



ORANGE STREET NANTUCKET

20.00 45.

Dr to Brewster Sweet & Co

700.00

A/c for $5000. of 7 3/10 Bonds 2d series 5006.25 5706.25

Dr to Sunday Acct

A/c for $970. Gold Coupons sold them 1358.55

for $3099 in Gold from Ship Law-

4338.14

pd them Balce of a/c

9.56 5706.25

Ship Gazelle

New Bedford, Woods Hole, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket: steamer *Martha's Vineyard* and her sister, the *Nantucket*, call daily at these historic ports.

MARTHAS VINEYARD

√ 250

√ 364

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√ 290 4/24 114.55

√ 94 ... 7/4 176.00

√ 272 5/5 590.20

il

√ 94 ...66 - 7285.50

ill

7/4 4907.-

ıl

√ 95 Charles H. Lenard for 96 Casks Sperm Oil

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

Nantucket's the home of Captain James O. Sandsbury, master of the good ship *Nantucket*. (His picture's on page 22.) Here's a bit of quiet old harbor.

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

The cobblestone street, the horse and buggy, the widow's walk—still here, in Nantucket.

√ 364

√ 271

√ 154

√ 295 Charles R. Tucker & Co amt recd for bill

√ 296 Gibson & Coville

√ 368 B & L. A/c amt borrowed of Alden G.

be returned to him at call w

weeks notice with Int @ 6

√ 250 Ship Gazelle amt recd of Thomas

Repcds sales 1670 lbs of S. Whalebo

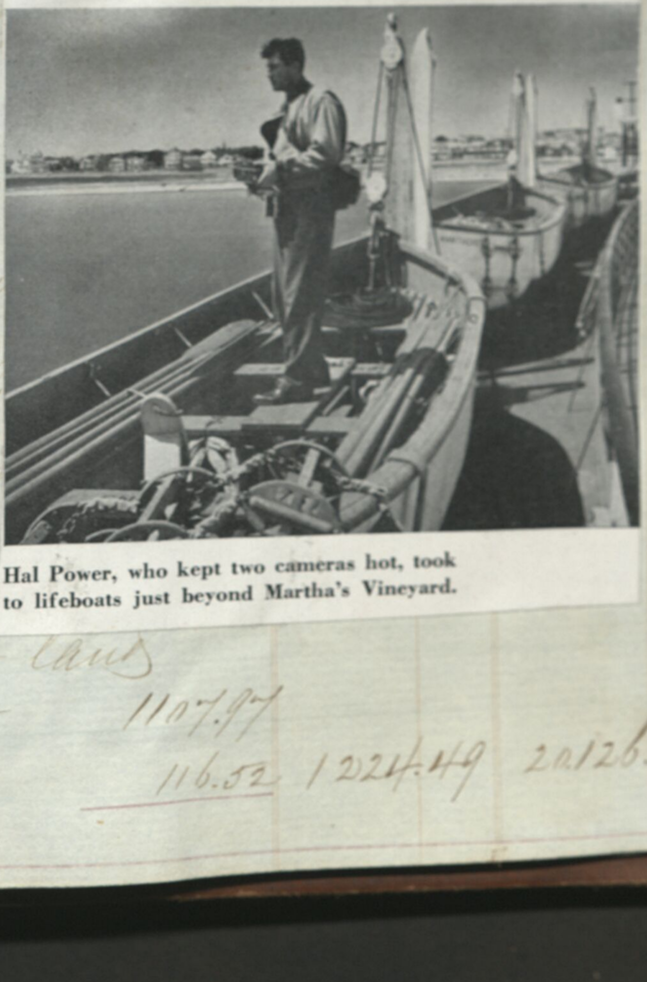
√ 94 W. Lenard & Co amt recd for bill rend

√ 272 Joseph Ricketson 2nd

√ 271 Wm H. Cadwell recd of Geo "A Brune" for cans

sold as per a/c rend 5/5 1107.97

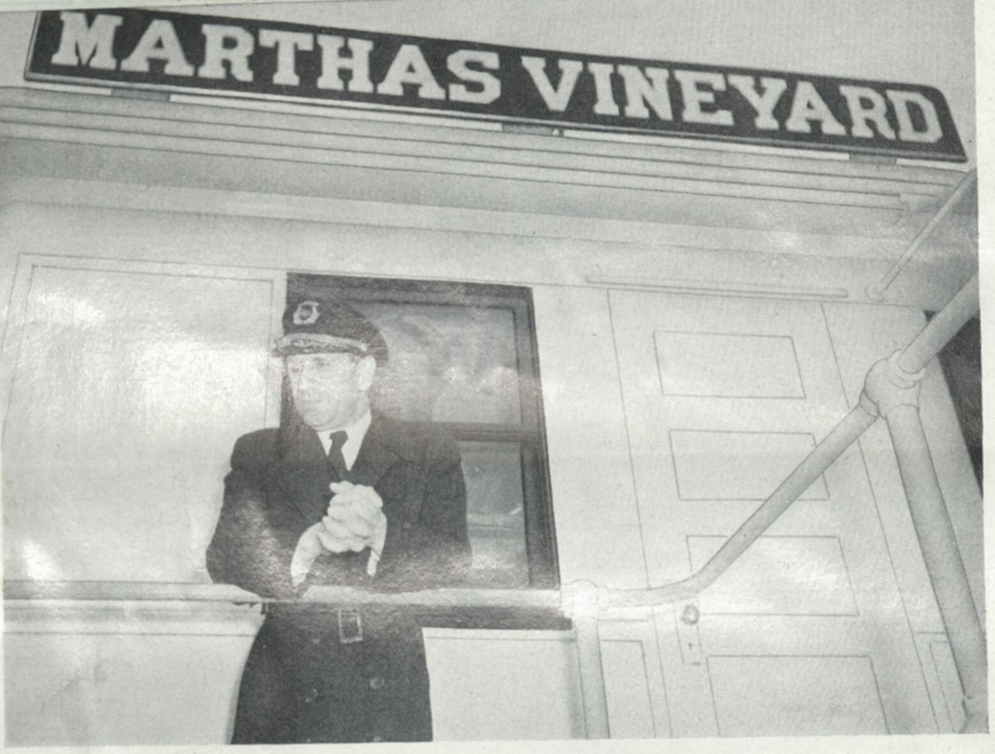
recd of James Henry Howland 5/7 116.52 1224.49 20126.02


Hal Power, who kept two cameras hot, took to lifeboats just beyond Martha's Vineyard.

New Bedford next . . . Captain Sandsbury at bridge, the *Nantucket* puts in at Woods Hole.

Bank of Commerce

4/28	5.34	
	6.75	
"		
5/2	145.35	
"	9.60	
5/3	5.76	
5/4	3.00	
"	27.00	
"	11.55	
"	46.05	
5/7	27.54	287.94
	10.00	
4/30	29.00	
	80.00	
Wm Russell 3/3 $25. Ell 4/5 $30.	55.00	



Captain Charles Leighton, master of the S. S. *Martha's Vineyard*, is an Edgartown man with a solid seafaring background. This wheelhouse is his castle.

317.49

" ✓ 242 Bills Pay 10000.00 10.605.43

✓ 220 My 1/4 ... Note A/c

✓ 342 for my ...

Ins nd ...

Pmd may ...

721.-

✓ 319 Expense ... Sundry Accts

" ✓ 271 Wm H. ... 21.03

" ✓ 289 Treasury ... 688.50

" ✓ 250 Ship Ga... 716.69

And that's that! Captain Leighton signals to the engineroom as his ship edges in to dock.

MARTHAS VINEYARD
MARTHAS VINEYARD

" ✓ 295 Bank ... A/c

" ✓ 128 for 6 ...

" Line ...

" 7 ...

" Cutting ... 21.50

" ✓ 128 Stock ... Dmaule

" ✓ 296 for ... 2.-

" ✓ 95 Charles ... Gazelle

" ✓ 250 for 46 ...

Oil 9214 ... 9127.-

" ✓ 250 Ship Gazelle Do Expense A/c

" ✓ 319 pd H. S. Kirby bill 5/12 $1.71 Stamps for Drafts .10 5/18 1.81

Playwright Austin Strong Dies at Nantucket Home

1952

Special to The Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, Sept. 18—Playwright Austin Strong of New York and Nantucket, author of "Seventh Heaven" and "Three Wise Fools," died yesterday at Nantucket Cottage Hospital here. He was 71.

Born in San Francisco, Mr. Strong spent his boyhood in the home of Robert Louis Stevenson, his step-grandfather, in Samoa. He later lived in New Zealand, where he completed his education and engaged in newspaper work, and in England, France and Italy, where he worked as a landscape architect.

Mr. Strong's first play, "The Exile," was produced at the Royal Theater in London. Another early effort, "Drums of Oude," was produced with two playlets by J. M. Barrie.

His first New York success was "Three Wise Fools." He also wrote "The Good Little Devil," in which Mary Pickford last appeared on the legitimate stage.

A Nantucket resident for more than 25 years and a former commodore of the Nantucket Yacht Club, Mr. Strong leaves his widow, the former Mary Wilson of Rumford, R. I., and his mother, Mrs. Mary Salisbury Field of Santa Barbara, Cal.

Funeral services will be held at 3:30 p. m. tomorrow in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, with the Rev. Bradford Johnson officiating. Burial will be in Rumford.

AUSTIN STRONG

The Unpredictable Austin Strong.

3/17/56

By Richard C. Beer

The following article will be of particular interest to our readers at the present time, in view of the fact that we are printing, from time to time, the series of radio talks made by the late Austin Strong under the caption "Cabbages and Kings".

This article, written by Richard C. Beer of Nantucket, is reprinted with his permission and that of Yankee Magazine, under whose copyright it appears in the March 1956 issue.

"Nantucket—an island to which the continent of North America is adjacent."—Austin Strong.

There are thirteen steps in the staircase leading up to our studio on Old North Wharf. People of three, or less, and people over fifty usually mount these stairs at a moderate pace, making good use of the "hold-fasts", —the canvas-covered, white-painted ropes that serve as banisters. But even when he was well past sixty, Austin Strong literally ran up those steps.

Then the door to our living quarters would slam back, and he would be among us with some such epic yarn as this:

"Hey! I was coming down Main street just now, and I met the Chief of Police.

" 'Well, Chief,' I said, 'how's crime on Nantucket these days?'

"And he said, 'Slack!' "

Try to see a big, smooth-shaven, smiling man with iron-gray hair. His clothes may be anything from paint-smeared dungarees to immaculate white flannels. Generally, as ex-Commodore of the Yacht Club, he wore a yachting cap, slightly raked. His face, for color and contour, always made me think of a benevolent harvest moon—a pinkish-red moon, with bushy eyebrows, round blue eyes and blunt humorous nose.

But it was a remarkably mobile expressive face. Telling a tale, he could twist it suddenly into the ferocious likeness of a Chinese devilmask, or as swiftly reproduce the cold, stony features of a British judge. Occasionally, he would move a hand in a descriptive gesture. His voice was low-pitched and pleasant, schooled by his long association with the theatre. And behind that again came all the weight of his strange background, which will never be duplicated while grass grows or water runs.

His mother and father were both artists, and he was born in old San Francisco, thirty-five years before the big quake. Queue-wearing Chinese boys, hired at a dollar a week, were his baby-sitters. When he was approximately two, his parents entertained Oscar Wilde at an elaborate tea party in their studio on Montgomery Avenue. The next celebrity he encountered was a King.

John D. Spreckles wanted landscapes of Hawaii and commissioned Joe Strong to do them. So, before he had learned to walk properly, Austin was on board the schooner *Consuelo* bound for the Hawaii that has vanished—the legendary Hawaii of Prime Minister Gibson, missionaries and a Royal Court. His arrival coincided with the coronation of King Kalakaua. He met that literate and widely-travelled monarch many times.

Isobel Strong designed the Hawaiian coat of arms, the royal crest and the Order of Oceania, which was later conferred on her. When her husband's health failed, she taught art in the public schools and opened a successful dancing academy. Austin innocently distinguished himself by purloining, via a bent pin, one of the King's goldfish—a crime for which he received a Royal Pardon, in writing. He breakfasted with the king in his palace, informally, on coconut milk. And he was very much present at a reception given for the King aboard the U.S.S. *Adams.* In fact, he nearly stole the show.

Somehow, he had made friends with the crew, and at the right moment, they paraded him on the quarterdeck, rigged, down to a miniature spy-glass, in a uniform they had tailored for him. How old was he? Seven. . . .

Then a yacht named the *Casco* came scudding around Diamond Head from the Line Islands, and he was hauled over its rail into literary history.

He had never seen any of these people. The tall, spectre-thin man with the drooping moustache was his step-grandfather, Robert Louis Stevenson. The diminutive, beautiful woman was his grandmother, Fanny Stevenson. The lean, handsome six-footer was his uncle, Lloyd Osbourne. The elderly, upright lady was his step-great-grandmother, Margaret Balfour Stevenson, adventuring through the South Seas in a white Victorian widow's cap. They changed the course of his whole life.

Four months from that time he and his mother were on the steamer *Mariposa*, passengers for Sydney, Australia. The ship sailed at night, and he slept through his last contact with Hawaii—King Kalakaua giving him a farewell pat on the head. Stevenson, his wife, Lloyd Osbourne and Joe Strong were already off on a crowded trading schooner for the Gilbert Islands. The elder Mrs. Stevenson had returned to Scotland.

A hitch in the banking arrangements—this story has no simple form —left Mrs. Strong temporarily destitute in Australia. She and her son lived in a theatrical boarding house on the edge of Sydney's toughest district. Austin, aged eight, chivalrously fought larrikin children to protect a little girl, and watched the shipping columns with his mother for word of the *Equator.*

After months of delay, Stevenson arrived, meteor fashion, and was lionized by the press and public. Behind locked doors at the Oxford Hotel he read, to his family, the unpublished "Father Damien Letter,"—the result of his visit to the dreadful island of Molokai. Then he grew ill, and the doctors forbade his projected return to England. Instead, he was carried aboard the schooner *Janet Nicholl,* manned by savages from the Solomons and characters who later appeared in "The Wrecker". They were bound ultimately, for Samoa . . . .

The Stevenson drama has been recorded and re-recorded. But to hear it told by an eye-witness was another matter. And during the fifteen years that we knew him, Austin Strong could never tell it all.

He put Vailima into one word—"Paradise". He lived there, barring a brief term at school in California, until he was fourteen.

He saw Stevenson's day-long entertainment of native chiefs and their retinues. He saw candle-lit dinners given in the huge living room—it was sixty feet by thirty feet—to naval officers, consuls and visiting dignitaries. He described the tall, Polynesian servants with flowers in their hair, their bodies shining with scented coconut oil and the royal Stuart tartan twisted about their loins. He remembered vividly being waked in the night by the sound of war-drums, throbbing in the distance. (He was to write later a one-act play called "The Drums of Oudh".) He remembered the color, pageantry, the tropical odours and the sight of the Pacific, "a blue infinity spread across the sky." He also remembered Stevenson's efforts to pound the rudiments of European history into his head. No other boy was ever tutored in that subject by the author of "Treasure Island."

Abruptly, with Stevenson's sudden death, it became Paradise lost. He was shipped away alone to Wellington College in New Zealand, where he lived for a time on the dark side of the moon. An unfinished fragment of his autobiography tells how he arrived there in outlandish clothes bought for him at a German trader's store in Samoa, and how—incomprehensibly to himself—he was promptly set upon and beaten by his civilized young school fellows.

When we met him he was fifty-seven, and a Nantucketer by adoption. He had come to the island first in 1906, on his honeymoon. Diagonally across Old North Wharf from us was his boathouse, an imposing three-storied structure with deck railings like a yacht's, and there his black Herreshoff dinghy hung from davits that were once part of the *Charles W. Morgan.* Down the way a bit was the exclusive Wharf Rat Club, of which he was a charter member. Up in the town, on sheltered Quince street, was his dwelling—gable-ended and built in 1731, with a widow's walk on top. That was where we heard the silver chime of Stevenson's clock, and saw rare items from Vailima—portraits, drawings by Isobel Strong, photographs, and letters to Stevenson from famous people—Auguste Rodin, Sir James Barrie and Edmund Gosse. The attic was Austin's study, filled with books on the theatre, stage models and a conch shell the size of a Hubbard squash, on which he could blow like a Triton.

But none of this, as we shortly learned, had any bearing at all on the way he lived. He had no more idea of time, chronologically speaking, than a cat has of heaven. And he was entirely unpredictable in his movements.

He might appear on the wharf as early as six a.m., singing to himself in the level morning light. And we've met him at seven, perched on a high stool in the local diner, consuming blueberry muffins and coffee along with the Nantucket workmen. Again, we might be at the peak of a north-east storm, when it was "blowing straight out," with rain lashing the windows and pleasure-craft wallowing in the wave-swept slip, and Austin would enter, thumping up the stairs in rubber boots, oilskins, and a sou'-wester.

"Well, children," he would inquire tranquilly, shedding water like a shower bath, "how are you?"

We might hear anything then.

Of David Belasco as he was backstage . . . Of talks with Booth Tarkington down in Maine . . . Of his first interview, in London, with the author of "Peter Pan", during which the little Scotchman never smiled . . . Of an English houseparty at which Paderewski was a guest . . . Of a midnight walk in Manhattan with Feodor Chaliapan when the great basso felt like singing, and sang so that crowds followed them . . . Of his experiences as a landscape architect, which carried him half-way around the world again to New Zealand. He designed and constructed Cornwall Park in the city of Auckland before he was old enough to vote . . . Of—and this is the sort of tale he could make effective—a very small boy taken to see Edward Sheldon, the playwright, when he was blind and bedridden. "But," said the child accusingly, after the visit, "you didn't *tell* me that he was a Prince!"

Then, almost invariably, he would leave us as rapidly as the White Rabbit, alarmed by a glance at his wristwatch or the distant boom of the town clock up on Orange street. And almost invariably, he forgot something—his pipe, his hat or his sketching pad. But he never failed to pause for an instant at the head of the stairs and speak his exit line:

"God bless you, children!"

Talk of age simply bored him. At a time when most men have crawled into retirement, he went over into New Jersey and let a dog lead him, blindfolded, about city streets. Then he made a speaking tour across the United States on behalf of the Seeing Eye. During World War II he served as an air warden in New York City, and did the same thankless job in Nantucket.

The sea and salt water were an integral part of him. He taught a generation of children to sail in his small black dinghy. (One of them afterward became a Naval Commander.) As Commodore of the Yacht Club, he created the Rainbow Fleet, especially for children. Watch the harbor, when you are on the island next, and you will see their bright colored sails strung way down toward Pocomo Head, racing for the Austin Strong trophy. And it was his Norwegian boatsman Peder Pedersen, who evolved this classic definition:

"A ketch," Pedersen would say, instructing the ignorant, "iss a jawl wit' a yigger!"

As time slid along we learned, by degrees, something else—the phenomenal extent and diversity of Austin's friendships, which will one day bewilder his biographer.

"Hey!" he would shout at the foot of the stairs. "May I bring someone up?"

We would have no more warning than that before being presented to a top-ranking American novelist, to an Ambassador, to the Canon of a great Anglican cathedral, to a leading contralto from the Metropolitan, or to a Colonel of the American Army, mysteriously fluent in the private vernacular of the French Foreign Legion. . . Or to a Shakespearian star and his actress wife . . . Or to a Pulitzer prize-winner for plays . . . Or—and this was far back, when a few of them were still alive—to a little, old whaleman, tottering and childish, but able, nevertheless, to give a true rendition of the historic, "Thar she blows!"

Essentially, he was as gentle and gently-spoken a person as ever lived. But he could, when the situation called for it, come down on the scene like a ton of brick. (And here you will have to excuse me.)

I returned to the island once on crutches. I'd been through a major operation and could barely walk. When the steamer docked, I was faced with an up-tilted gangplank, and what was worse, all the jostling turmoil of a mid-season crowd that began to stream aboard immediately, around and past me. I stood helpless.

Then there was a sudden stir at the head of the gangplank, and I heard a familiar voice speaking with curt authority over the confusion:

"Stand back, please! Let that man off! Stand back!"

I crutched my way up the sharp slant in a dramatic hush, and a lane opened on the packed wharf as Austin Strong helped me across it . . .

He came into the studio late one still September afternoon. The summer of 1952 had gone. The harbor was empty of yachts, and we were down, once more, to the year's ebb tide and what the islander's call, "the last run of shad,"—that thin, dwindling trickle of autumn visitors who wander briefly about the quiet streets and then vanish.

Nothing remarkable was said or done. To tell the truth, my wife and I were both painting, and Austin sat and read the New York Times.

Then the town clock struck six, and he left us hastily, as he had on a thousand other occasions. But at the head of the stairs he paused for an instant.

"God bless you, children!" he said.

Three days later, incredibly, the flags of Nantucket went to half-mast.

The Mail Bag

"Cabbages and Kings".

Editors of The Inquirer and Mirror

I would like you to know and perhaps pass the word along to Mrs. Mary Strong that the articles appearing under the caption "Cabbages and Kings" by the late Austin Strong make wonderfully enheartening reading, and would ennoble the pages of any book, magazine, or newspaper.

Mr. Strong lives in his lines as does Stevenson, Damien, and Ira Dutton, and his writings are a beacon in the night.

I honestly hope Mrs. Strong considers publishing "Cabbages and Kings" in book form. Such a volume would serve as a memorial to a very compassionate and upright man, as well as an excellent guide to the living.

Obediently yours,
W. A. Lyons

Nantucket, Wake Up!

Editors of The Inquirer and Mirror

Could it be that Nantucket people care nothing about preserving its beauty? Are there no native born Nantucketers to rise up and defend their heritage from further despoiling?

We refer to the proposed new landing for the new boat. In spite of being an island, we have very little shore line view left. Washington Street is gone, so little by little the water views disappear. The Broad Street view of the harbor is a lovely view with the yachts in the basin. Does no one care if this goes?

There is another possible location for the ferry landing but the decision to spoil another lovely view seems to be going ahead by default. Is there no official group to step in and help save this for Nantucket?

Benjamin Franklin once said:

"In my own private concern with mankind, I have observed that to kick a little when under imposition has a good effect. A little sturdiness when superiors are much in the wrong sometimes occasions consideration. And there is a truth in the old saying that if you make yourself a sheep, the wolves will eat you."

An Adopted Nantucketer

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Miltimore have returned to the island after spending the past month in New York City.

Nantucket Island Official Weekly Guide—"THIS WEEK IN NANTUCKET"

The Nantucket Historical Association

Extends a Cordial Invitation to

TOURISTS and VISITORS

To Inspect Its Various Exhibits

The Whaling Museum, Broad St., head of Steamboat Wharf
The Quaker Meeting House and Historical Collections, Fair St.
The Horseshoe House (1686) Sunset Hill, off West Centre St.
The Old Mill (1746) Mill Hill, off Pleasant Street

Open Week Days 9:30 A. M. to 5:30 P. M.   Whaling Museum open Sundays 2 to 6 P. M.

Admission to Each, 25 Cents

Membership in the Association Costs Only One Dollar a Year
Members Admitted Free to Any of the Exhibits at Any Time

To Understand and Appreciate Nantucket Be Sure and See These Exhibits

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WHALING MUSEUM

OF THE

Nantucket Historical Association

IN THE OLD CANDLE HOUSE

At the Head of Steamboat Wharf

ESTABLISHED 1930.

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, JULY 2, 1955

Dr. Will Gardner First Speaker At Historical Association Series.

On Tuesday afternoon "Nantucket's Heroes of the Sea" will again be honored when Dr. William E. Gardner talks about them in connection with his latest project in preserving the island's heritage. This will be the first of the 1955 summer series of informal talks about "Old-Time Nantucket", being sponsored by the Nantucket Historical Association on Tuesday afternoons from 3 to 4 p.m. at the Friends (Quaker) Meeting House, Fair Street. No admission is charged. Members and the public are invited to attend.

Featured during the hour will be a tape-recorded description, as told by Chester Pease, of the rescue of the crew of the "Vulcan", of Rockland, Me. The schooner, bound to New York with a cargo of lime, stranded on the bar on October 23, 1891. The account was recorded by Mr. Robert Stark.

"Dr. Will's" attraction to the sea is inherited. He is a native-born Nantucketer whose grandfather was a whaling captain and sea-hunter and whose great-grandfather engaged in privateering.

It is plain that people are Dr. Gardner's major concern and interest. After an active life in the Episcopal ministry, he retired to Nantucket to pursue a productive hobby "for searching and scribbling." To date he has written about three island families—the Starbucks, the Coffins, and the Folgers—in books entitled: "Three Bricks and Three Brothers," "The Coffin Saga," and "The Clock that Talks".

Now he is gathering stories, photographs, and authentic documents of the Nantucket men who "saved life, or gave life" on the sea. A small amount of this material has already been collected in a rapidly growing scrapwork which will be the first of several volumes. Dr. Gardner is especially anxious to receive citations, letters, photographs, and manuscripts which should form a part of this series to be called "Nantucket Heroes of the Sea—They Saved Life; They Gave Life."

In the future Dr. Gardner plans to turn this collection over to the Historical Association to be continued. Such valuable material, he believes, should be preserved.

Whaling Museum Featured In "Historic Nantucket".

The current issue of "Historic Nantucket", quarterly publication of the Nantucket Historical Association, features an article by Editor W. Ripley Nelson about the Whaling Museum which celebrates its 25th anniversary this year. The museum stands as a tribute and memorial to the Nantucket whalemen, chief exponents of their calling.

Key figure in establishing the museum was Edward F. Sanderson, a summer visitor from New York. While restoring his estate at Moor's End on Pleasant Street, he became interested in the island history as a whaling port. He made an outstanding collection of whaling material under the direction of such experts as Mr. Frank Wood, Curator of the Old Dartmouth Historical Society's whaling museum at New Bedford, Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy, Assistant Curator of the American Museum of Natural History of New York, and Mr. Clifford Ashley, New Bedford artist and author of the book "The Yankee Whaler".

In the late 1920's the brick candle house at the head of the Steamboat Wharf, erected in 1847 by Richard Mitchell and Sons and later operated by Hadwen and Barney, was put up for sale. Mr. Sanderson, who had already made a gift of his collection to the Nantucket Historical Association as a nucleus, purchased the building and held it until the Association could raise funds to take it over at cost.

The exhibits were set up by George A. Grant, a whaler in his own right and son of Charles Grant, one of Nantucket's most successful whaling captains. Thus in the summer of 1930 the Nantucket Whaling Museum was born with William F. Macy, an island descendant, presiding at the opening as President of the Association with George Grant, ex-whaleman, serving as its first custodian.

In addition to a summary of the Nantucket whaling industry and of the establishment of the Museum, Mr. Nelson's article contains excellent descriptions of the present collection in the form of a tour of the counting room, the scrimshaw room, the portrait room, the South Seas room, Sanderson Hall, and the library. Illustrations include photographs taken by William Haddon and a lithograph by Ruth Haviland Sutton.

Public interest in the museum is evidenced by the fact that nearly a quarter of a million adults and countless children have visited it in the past 25 years and by the expansion of its collection of whaling memorabilia through gifts and bequests.

And what of the future? Extensive maintenance repairs and redecoration will soon be needed. Heating and dehumidification systems are essential to preserve exhibits during the long cold and damp winter season. Almost the entire first floor of the museum is unused and unfinished. To keep pace with the growing and widening interest in its collection as a memorial to the past, Mr. Nelson foresees the need for additional exhibits: a shipsmith or whale craft shop, a cooper shop, the corner of a sail loft, a rigger's loft and even a whaleboat shop.

Another article, "Nantucket's Colony in the Old World", which tells of the link between Nantucket and Milford Haven, Wales, is written by Mr. Burnham N. Dell, a vice-president of the Association, who spoke on this subject recently at the Friends Meeting House.

The July issue of "Historic Nantucket" also contains the annual reports of Association officers, standing committees, and chairmen of exhibits. The diary of Keziah Coffin Fanning is continued from January 1 to June 15, 1782.

Nature in Art.

Nantucket artists will again participate in an exhibition "The Magic of Nature in Art" which will be held at the Hinchman House, 7 Milk Street, beginning Monday, July 18, and continuing through Saturday, July 30. The exhibition is planned to show the relationship between art and nature. Natural subjects and nature have always been a source of inspiration for the artist and it is with this idea in mind that the Natural Science Department of the Maria Mitchell Association sponsors this exhibition.

Included in this year's exhibition there will be a number of choice hand-hooked rugs displaying floral designs and patterns. Mrs. Churchill Humphrey is chairman of the committee for the selection of the rugs to be displayed. 1955

William T. Almeda.

William T. Almeda, aged 58, died suddenly at his home in Framingham, Mass., on Friday, July 8. For the past 28 years he had been employed as a medical detailman for Eli Lilly Drug Co.

He was the son of Mrs. Mary Almeda, of Nantucket, and is also survived by his wife, the former Mary A. Donahue; two sons, William T. Jr. and Paul J.; a daughter, Mrs. Claire Sullivan, of Brighton; a sister, Mrs. Lawrence Ayers, of Nantucket, and by two grandchildren.

Funeral services were held from the McCarthy Funeral Home at 8:15 o'clock Tuesday morning and were followed by a Solemn High Mass of Requiem at St. George's Church in Saxonville, Mass., at 9 o'clock. Burial was in St. Stephen's Cemetery.

John Robinson, Citizen, Dies At Hospital. 1953

John Henry Robinson, retired manager of the Wannacomet Water Company, engineer, surveyor, and originator of the parcel post system of the Post Office Department, died of a long illness at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital at 11 p.m., Wednesday. He had been under treatment for cancer for more than a year and had returned here little more than a week ago from a Boston hospital.

Mr. Robinson was a highly respected and useful citizen, deeply interested in island affairs, a quiet and even retiring man who had scholarly interests and background. His grandfather was Henry D. Robinson, once editor and publisher of The Inquirer and Mirror.

The deceased engineer published a Guide to Nantucket and recently projected another book on the island, not finished.

Mr. Robinson was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., 77 years ago. His parents were Henry J. and Ellen E. Robinson. He attended the Rhode Island School of Design and had degrees in civil engineering and surveying. In the latter field, he did many tasks for island residents.

For 25 years he served the government in Washington, largely as a topographer for the Post Office Department. His idea for the Parcel Post Zone System, still in use, was copyrighted and patented. But despite all this success, he grew tired of official life and about 1925 he determined to get away from it all.

Thus Nantucket gained a new year-round resident who was ever welcome. He entered the service of the water company in January, 1925, and was manager when he retired on Dec. 31, 1946.

He was a member of the Pacific Club, the Civic League, the old Chamber of Commerce, and the New England Waterworks Association, along with other groups. He was descended from Pilgrim Fathers, including Pastor John Robinson. One of his hobbies was photography.

Survivors include a son, Harper, of Nantucket. His wife and daughter died some years ago.

Funeral services will be held at the Robinson home, 57 Centre Street, at 11 a.m. today.

The Oldest House and the Whaling Museum will remain open through the Columbus Day weekend, thereby enabling many of our late-season visitors an opportunity to visit these two popular exhibits of the Nantucket Historical Association. The Old Mill will re-open for that weekend.

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Historic Letters Tell of Raid By Privateer "Shenandoah." 1937

Several weeks ago the Nantucket Historical Association came into possession of logbooks of Captain John A. Beebe, of Nantucket. These "logs" were the journals, or day-by-day accounts of the whaleships *Brewster* and *Xantho*, out of New Bedford, when they were commanded by the late Nantucket whaling master.

During the second voyage of the *Brewster* under Captain Beebe, she was chased by the rebel privateer *Shenandoah* but fortunately escaped. In 1891 Captain Beebe, at the request of friends, wrote an account of his experiences which appeared in Century magazine, and in it told of the incident of his escape. The article caught the eye of Capt. James M. Clark, a retired whaling master living in Mattapoisett. Capt. Clark had also had something to do with the *Shenandoah*—something quite in contrast to the *Brewster's* experience.

He wrote of his experience while in command of the New Bedford whaleship *Nimrod*, in 1865. Capt. Beebe was of course interested and, in reply, requested further information. Captain Clark then wrote letters in explanation, and these two letters have been left in the log-book of the *Brewster* at the Whaling Museum.

Because of their historic interest, a copy of the letters was made. They read as follows:

* * * * * *

Mattapoisett, Jan. 4, 1892.

Capt. John Beebe,
Nantucket, Mass.
Dear Sir:

I received your two letters all right. I should have answered them before, but I have been suffering from an attack of the Grip which must be my excuse for being so dilatory. I am very glad to hear you and your Wife are well. It is a pleasant memory of meeting you both so far from all Home Comforts & Society.

After I was burned by the *Alabama*, I do not know what her career was, only as I would see her name mentioned in the Papers at different times as being off the Southern Coast where she fired into the U. S. Steamer *Hatteras*, and where she was cornered in some bay of the West India islands by one of our Government Ships and escaped in the night.

Of her doings in the Indian Ocean and East Indies I know but little. After I got home in the *Azar* from Fayal in October, 1862, I shipped to go in the *Nimrod*, of New Bedford, to cruise one year in the Atlantic, then to the Arctic.

I thought I should be safe from the Rebel Cruisers in that icy region, but it seems I was mistaken, for on my second season on the 25th of June, 1865, off Indian Point, Bhering Strait, in company with many other ships, at 12 o'clock, midnight, the 3rd Mate, who had the Watch, and who was with me in the *Ocean Rover*, reported a steamer in sight steaming up the Straits.

I replied to him it was probably a Steamer coming up to Survey for a Telegraph across the Straits, as it had been talked of. There had also been a rumor before I got up here of the *Shenandoah* fitting at Melbourne, Australia, for a Raid on the whalemen in the Okhotsk and Artic, but there was not much confidence put in the report.

I had not even thought of the *Shenandoah* when the 3rd Mate reported the Steamer. About half an hour after he had reported the Steamer he came down and said the Steamer was close aboard and acted as if he wanted to speak us.

I went on deck and at the first sight I turned to the Officer and said, "We are gone—that is the *Shenandoah!*"

When he got near enough to hail he ordered me to Heave Aback the Main Topsail—that I was a prize of the Confederate Steamer *Shenandoah*, and he would send a boat alongside us.

The First Lieutenant came in the boat. As soon as he came over the side he recognized me and I recognized him, as he was the same Officer who came on board of me from the *Alabama* as Second Lieutenant of her.

The first words he said were, "Ah, Captain, I think we have met before."

"Yes, I am sorry to say," I replied.

"Well, it is rather hard," he said. "but it is the fate of War."

He ordered me then to take my papers and Personal Property and go on board. When I got on board I was guided to Captain Wordell's (Waddell) Office, where he required me to Sign a Parole. I found him very Social and liked to talk of the affairs of the country.

He gave me quite a history of his own personal affairs, of his Property destroyed and confiscated. In our conversation I told him of the Surrender of Lee. I had a Paper from a Trading Schooner which had got up here from San Francisco with the latest news.

He pretended not to believe it, that it was a "Yankee Lie."

I was taken in charge by a Sentry and ordered down the Fore Hole, where I found other Crews and their Captains and officers of Ships that the *Shenandoah* had burned previously. I had Breakfast and Dinner on board of Hard Bread and Salt Junk, while the Officers and Crew of the Steamer were Feasting on Fresh Pork they had taken from the vessels they had burned.

When my Officers and Crew came alongside, and all others that were taken that day, they were not allowed to come on board but were towed astern. The last ship captured that day was the *General Pike*, which Captain Wordell bonded and put all his Prisoners on board to go where we pleased.

We started for Plover Bay for Water to last us to San Francisco, where we decided to go. It had been very light winds and calms for the last three or four days, which made it impossible for any of the Ships to escape.

In passing down the Straits for Plover Bay, we passed several of the burned Hulks, burned to the water's edge. It was a melancholy sight, I can assure you. Before we arrived at Plover Bay, the *Shenandoah* passed us, steering out of the Straits with several Whale Ships in sight, which he took no notice of.

We left thirty of our Company at Plover Bay, they preferring to stay with the natives for the Winter rather than go in the Ship with our crowded condition. We had to clear the Between Decks by shooking casks and throwing overboard a great deal of material to make Sleeping Room.

On the passage down to San Francisco we offset tediousness by Games of different kinds, as Backgammon, Checkers, Cards, Music. After getting to San Francisco we found the Panama Steamer to sail in about a week, where most of us took passage for home. The Steamboat Company kindly asked us only half price for our passages.

Enclosed I send you a list of all the Ships Captured and Burned and Bonded, with Dates of Capture, the Amounts claimed for damages for each Ship before the Geneva Arbitrators. You will see by the list some pretty large claims.

Names of Ships destroyed and Bonded in Arctic Ocean and vicinity by the Confederate Steamer *Shenandoah*, Capt. Waddell, in the year 1865, and amount of damages claimed by each.

1865	Ship	Claim Value
June 28	*Favorite*	$240,978.44
June 28	*Congress*	184,902.00
June 26	*Gpysy*	152,772.75
June 26	*Isabella*	297,237.00
June 28	*Nile* (bonded)	92,914.95
June 22	*Milo* (bonded)	144,648.50
June 26	*Catherine*	272,108.32
June 28	*Covington*	127,964.00
June 25	*Gen. Williams*	406,934.75
June 28	*Hillman*	158,176.75
June 28	*Isaac Howland*	383,149.00
June 28	*Martha*	303,858.98
June 28	*Nassau*	241,574.50
June 25	*Nimrod* (Capt. Clark)	275,919.87
June 28	*Waverly*	228,513.25
June 26	*William C. Nye*	305,837.50
June 22	*J. Swift*	225,880.75
June 21	*Euphrates*	181,651.50
June 28	*Brunswick*	126,284.50
June 22	*Sophia Thornton*	140,284.31
June 21	*Wm. Thomsan*	290,843.75
June 25	*Gen. Pike* (bonded)	76,148.76
June 26	*James Maury* (bonded)	73,039.43
June 23	*Susan Abigail*	227,848.37
Total Value of Claims		$5,169,471.86

I think claimants did not receive over 25 per cent on an average of what the Gov. received. Many received double their losses while others did not receive what their real losses were. The more they claimed the more money they got. I think I have written all that will be of any use to you and I hope your next venture may be as successful as your first. I read your article in the Century when it came out and supposed you were the writer.

In your first letter to me directed to James M. Clark, So. Middleboro, my Son received it and forwarded it to me. He keeps a General Country Store, Groceries and a little of Everything Farmers use, also the Post Office.

I have another son that is a Professor of Music. He graduated from the N. E. Conservatory of Music, Boston, and resides in Lima, Ohio, but will close with kind regards to Mrs. Beebe. I remain

yours truly,
James M. Clark.

Mattapoisett, Jan. 14, 1892.

Capt. Beebe,
Dear Sir:

I received your letter of Jan. 7th, and will try to answer some of your questions. Although it is almost impossible for me to hold a pen, from weakness from my severe attack of the Grip.

You must have made a mistake in the date of being chased by the *Shenandoah*. Instead of Jan., 1864, it must have been Jan., 1865, for Dec. 29th, 1864. When she was just around the Cape she captured and destroyed the Ship *Delphine* in Lattitude 20 - 20 S., and Long. 69 -00 E. Her last capture previous was off Tristran D'Acunha, on the 5th of Dec., 1864, of the Bark *Edward*, of New Bedford, in Latt. 37 - 45 S., Long. 11 - 50 W.

After the capture of the *Delphine*, she must have gone to Melbourne, where she lay two or three months as there was some trouble about furnishing Supplies. Probably it was the cause of her long detention there. The next we hear of her after leaving Melbourne was at Port Adelaide, New Zealand, where she Blockaded the Bark *Australia*, of Bath, Me.

From there she went North, touched at Ascension Island, in Latt. 6 - 50 N., Long. 168 E., where she burned (on the first of April, 1865) the Ship *Edward Carey*, and Bark *Pearl*, while they lay at anchor.

We don't hear of her again until May 27, 1865, in the Ochotsk Sea, where she burned the Ship *Abigail*. From there she went North to the Arctic.

The *Shenandoah* was a full-rigged Ship or Bark, I do not remember which, calculated to Sail as well as to Steam. If you were chased in Jan., 1864, it could not have been the *Shenandoah*.

I told Capt. Wordell of the surrender of Lee, but he pretended not to put any faith in the report. I think it was (in) the Alta, California, (paper) I saw the report of Lee's Surrender. I think he (Waddell) must have seen the Paper, and made up his mind not to destroy any more Ships, for after leaving the Arctic he made a direct run for the Atlantic and went into Liverpool and delivered up his Ship to the American Consul, with his Chronometers and other valuables taken from different ships.

Capt. Wordell was afterwards the Master of one of the Steamers running from San Francisco to China. There is no doubt of Capt. Wordell had made his appearance in San Francisco soon after we arrived there he would no doubt have been lynched. I think we had near three hundred men when we went into Plover Bay.

I believe I have answered nearly all your questions. With kind regards to Mrs. Beebe, I remain

yours truly,
James M. Clark.

* * * * *

Captain John Beebe Had a Long and Successful Career as a Whaler.

Captain Beebe was one of Nantucket's most prominent whaling master's of the island's latter days of prominence in the industry. He went to sea at the age of 17 in the Nantucket whaleship *Peru*, Capt. Consider Fisher, in 1847. His next voyage was in the *Tropic Bird*, of New Bedford, a ship in which he made two voyages, going out on the second as the first officer. Then came a voyage in the *Mattapoisett*, followed by one in the *General Carver*, both of these being Westport ships.

In Sept., 1857, Captain Beebe went out on the *General Carver* again, this time as master. He made a good voyage to the Indian Ocean and return, arriving at Mattapoisett in June, 1860, at a time when the catastrophe of Civil War was so imminent.

In this same year he took out the ship *Brewster*, owned by J. Holmes & brother of Mattapoisett. He returned in June, 1863, having had a remarkable voyage, during which the rebel privateer *Florida* had all but taken him. Arriving home at a time when the prices of whale-oil, especially that of sperm, had skyrocketed, Captain Beebe's share of the proceeds was the foundation for a moderate fortune.

In October, 1863, he again took the *Brewster* to sea, this time under the house-flag of J. & W. R. Wing of New Bedford, her new owners. This was the voyage of which the logbook now reposes in the Nantucket Whaling Museum.

The *Brewster* was taken to the Indian Ocean and its attendant whaling grounds, Captain Beebe's favorite locality. After spending a season on these "grounds" he would take the ship to the New Zealand grounds, thence across the Pacific and around Cape Horn to home.

Two remarkable events made the voyage the most memorable in Captain Beebe's long career. First, he was chased by the rebel privateer *Shenandoah* and escaped; secondly, he struck a reef off New Guiana, yet took the ship home by way of St. Helena, with the men manning the pumps all the way, and saved the vessel and her valuable cargo. When the *Brewster* arrived in New Bedford harbor in November, 1865, her crew was on the verge of mutiny, due to the "driving" tactics employed by Captain Beebe, but he was exonerated for his fierce discipline because it was only by these means that he saved the ship and the wages of the men, let alone the shares of the owners.

There is no questioning the fact that Captain Beebe was a man of rare courage and daring. Although his second voyage was only a month over two years, he came home with 2,500 bbls. of sperm oil below hatches, clearing $2.65 per gallon.

In taking a "short cut" through the Dampier straits of the Molucca passages, north of New Guinea, the ship ran onto a "wall-sided" coral reef. As she was under a good press of canvas at the time it was feared that she had ripped off her keel. By shifting his cargo, and employing a spare foreyard as a lever, Captain Beebe literally pried the ship off the reef. But she was leaking so badly that the men had to work the pumps in relays.

It was, of course, impossible to get to any port for repairs. The shores were inhabited by treacherous savages, and so Capt. Beebe headed the ship for home. The first part of the almost impossible voyage was reached at St. Helena, where temporary repairs were made. The crew protested bitterly to the American consul that the *Brewster* was unseaworthy, but at Capt. Beebe's blunt insistence that the craft was seaworthy the consul allowed her to sail.

The voyage to New Bedford was a nightmare. No sooner had the ship dropped the land astern than she began to leak badly again. It was only by constantly manning the pumps that the *Brewster* was able to enter New Bedford harbor and make her way up to the dock. She had struck the reef on the 13th of July, 1865, but had not reached her home port until November of that same year.

The *Brewster* sailed again the next year under a new master, but she did not return to her home port. In fact, she never returned to any port, for the last ever seen of her was when she dropped her pilot at Cuttyhunk. No doubt, the damage done by the reef weakened her once sturdy hull.

Capt. Beebe retired after one more voyage, in command of the whaleship *Xantho*. He came home to Nantucket in 1869, residing in his home on Centre street until 1891, when he went to the mainland and took up a residence in Wellesley. When he died in 1907, his body was brought back to Nantucket and interred in the family lot.

* * * * * *

The log of the Nantucket whaleship *Edward Cary* is also in the Whaling Museum. She was one of the ships mentioned by Capt. Clark as being burned by the *Shenandoah*. The *Edward Cary* left Nantucket under Capt. Francis M. Gardner in October, 1858, and put into San Francisco as well as other ports during the next six years of her voyaging. On a voyage to the Arctic. in the year 1865, she was captured by the *Shenandoah*. Her log ends abruptly on October 21, 1865. On the day previous it mentions speaking the ship *Brunswick*, which was later burned by the rebel raider.

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The End of the Commerce Raider "Essex". 1940

By W. Mason Stevens.

One hundred and twenty-six years ago, on March 28, 1814, occurred an incident that was to arouse the whole of the United States. This was the destruction of the American frigate *Essex*, David Porter commanding, by a British force consisting of the *Phoebe* and *Cherub* under Commodore Hillyar. The action was one of the most brutal in the history of naval warfare since the *Essex* was practically helpless after the first half-hour of battle.

When Porter finally struck his colors, the ship's deck looked like a slaughter-house. There were one hundred and fifty-four casualities out of a crew of two hundred and fifty-five. For ten minutes after the ship surrendered, Hillyar continued to pour shot into her. The men went down like ninepins. Porter was about to hoist his flag again and at least go down with colors flying when Hillyar decided that he had had enough.

The action between the *Essex* and the British warships is particularly interesting in light of the *Altmark* incident. There are many points of similarity. The *Essex*, for instance, carried in her hold sailors off captured merchantmen. The knowledge that Porter had these men served to enrage the British. She was in neutral waters attempting to escape from a superior force. In the fight the Americans were for the most part defenseless. The neutral, in this case Chile, was unable to enforce her neutrality.

The chain of events that led to this disaster started when the *Essex*, American raider, put to sea with the intention of disrupting British commerce. She cruised down the coast of South America (through waters where the *Altmark* was active) capturing many richly laden merchantmen and making herself such a nuisance that Great Britain despatched several squadrons in her pursuit. There were about eight ships altogether in this duty, although only the *Phoebe* and *Cherub* found the American.

On the third of February, 1814, Commodore Porter put in at Valparaiso, satisfied that his job had been completed. Shipping in the Pacific was disorganized, and squadrons that Britain needed at home were scouring the seas for this one small frigate. It now remained for him to refit and head homeward. His crew had been so depleted by the necessity for manning prizes that he had only three hundred and fifteen men left. Of these, sixty were on the little auxiliary, *Essex Junior*. Conscious of their duty well done, the men gave themselves up to the pleasures typical of a South American port. They caroused in cantinas, made love to Indian girls, and forgot momentarily the grinding discipline of life aboard a man-o'-war.

On the 7th of February, the Commodore gave a grand party for all important personages of Valparaiso. The ladies wore their richest finery, and the officers donned newly-pressed blue and gold uniforms. All day sailors had worked decorating the warship with gaily-colored bunting. It is easy to imagine the disappointment of those aboard the *Essex Junior* when it was learned that she would have to put to sea on scouting duty.

At about twelve o'clock, just when the party would be at its height, Lieut. Downes of the *Essex Junior* caught sight of suspicious-looking lights bearing in to land. He immediately put back and appraised Commodore Porter of what he had seen. The gay party on the decks of the *Essex* was stilled. The English were coming!

Quickly the pretty ladies and gallant gentlemen were rowed ashore. Few of them slept that night as they watched eagerly for the tell-tale lights of the British ships. Meanwhile, Porter cleared for action. By the time dawn revealed the stately enemy craft working up harbor, he was ready. His ship, still decorated with red, white and blue streamers, made a strange-looking war vessel. But every man jack of her crew was at his station on her sanded decks.

Before long the *Phoebe* came within hailing distance and to his surprise, Porter discovered that her commander was Commodore Hillyar, a man with whom he had long been friendly. After the proper exchange of amenities, Porter warned the other not to let his ship come too close. The *Phoebe* was bearing down on the smaller *Essex* with every appearance of intending to grapple her. Porter shouted through his speaking trumpet that he was cleared for action but would only fight in defense. Hillyar replied that he had no intention of trying to board. But space between the two vessels grew steadily narrower. Every gun on the *Essex* was manned. The gun captains stood stripped for action. In the waist of the ship a boarding party nervously gripped their cutlasses and waited for the command that would send them swarming over the Britisher's sides.

Suddenly the *Phoebe* backed her topsails. Her jib boom swung around until it hung directly over the forecastle of the *Essex*. At this point, if Porter had given the order, he could have raked her from stem to stern. The *Cherub* was well off to leeward. But Porter hesitated. He knew and liked Hillyar and felt that he could trust his word. By firing he would violate Chilean neutrality. It was better to observe international law and hope that the Englishman would do likewise. Afterwards, when the officers met on shore, Porter asked his opponent if he intended to observe the laws of neutrality. Hillyar's answer was, "You have paid so much respect to the neutrality of the port, that I feel myself bound in honor to respect it."

As the days passed, Porter realized that there were only two courses open to him. He must either badger Hillyar into fighting him with the *Phoebe* alone or cut and run for it. Not being the running kind, he decided to give the former expedient a try. The first element of bad feeling between the two forces arose in a strange manner. In those times it was customary for fighting ships to have a motto. This was printed in a huge flag and was hoisted whenever the enemy was sighted. It was considered a deadly insult. Porter's read, "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights." The British were exceedingly annoyed at this slap and evolved one of their own, "God and Country; British Sailors' Best Rights; Traitors Offend Both." Nothing daunted, Porter sent to the masthead, "God, Our Country, and Liberty—Tyrants Offend Them." The chorus of boos and cheers that greeted these efforts can well be imagined.

The bad feeling was given a decided impetus when one of the prisoners escaped. He told the British frightful stories of how the men were being treated. Hillyar was aroused and wrote a letter to Porter in which he said, "....our countrymen are suffering the miseries of close confinement on the American ship of war under your orders; and....the calamity of their imprisonment is aggravated by their being kept in irons." He asked that something be done about. Porter replied that they were in irons and would stay there because, "While on a patrol of honor (they) made a most diabolical attempt to possess themselves of my prize....with a view to making their escape."

A new way to infuriate the British occurred to Porter. He would take his ship to sea and sail rings around them. In this way he could also learn how good were his chances of escape. Accordingly he put out of the harbor one day when the enemy were off to leeward. They chased him over several miles but couldn't come near him. Then, just to show conclusively who was master, Porter nonchalantly towed a British prize to sea and fired her under the very nose of the fleet that was supposed to be protecting British shipping from his depradations. This was too much for Hillyar. He bore up to the *Essex* as she lay at anchor, fired a gun, and hoisted his insulting motto. It looked like a challenge the Americans had been waiting for. The *Cherub* was well out to sea and couldn't get up to the fight unless the *Phoebe* sailed down to her. The Americans gleefully hoisted their own motto flag. What they had longed for was a crack at the Britisher on nearly equal terms. She was a 36-gun ship and they were 32.

Just as they got beyond neutral waters, the *Phoebe* turned towards the *Cherub*. Porter couldn't believe his eyes. He ordered two shots across the other's bow. It had been a clear challenge if he had ever seen one, and now the Englishman was running away. She showed her heels until she caught up with her sister.

Porter now gave up all hope of forcing Hillyar to fight on equal terms. He had learned that the British ships were closing in on him and knew that if he did not leave Valparaiso in the near future he would be trapped. Flight was the only way in which he could save his ship and men. If the *Phoebe* and *Cherub* cornered him, he might have some chance of defeating them. Although his frigate was rated at only 32 guns, he had a total armament of 46 guns. The greatest disparity between himself and the enemy lay in man-power. The *Essex* had two hundred and fifty-five men, the *Essex Junior*, sixty. The two opposing ships had a total complement of over five hundred. If he ran into trouble, he knew that the *Essex Junior* would be worthless. Therefore, it seemed best to let the English trail him until the smaller vessel had been given a chance to escape. His plans were laid, and all was in readiness on the night of March 27.

On the 28th, a strong wind blew from the south. Before proper precautions could be effected for making sail, the larboard anchor chain parted, and the ship began to drag her starboard anchor out to sea. All hands swarmed up the rigging to set sails. They had just succeeded in bringing some control out of chaos, when the ship rounded the harbor headlands and met the gale full force. Her main topmast went like a broken toothpick, carrying its load of sailors to certain death in the raging sea.

Both Englishmen were close behind. They drew off to see what Porter would do. There were two courses open to him. He could either continue his course crippled as he was, or return to the harbor and make repairs. Porter decided on the latter course, depending on Chilean neutrality to protect him. At first he tried to regain his former berth under the guns of the Spanish forts. However, the frigate was too badly injured, and he put into a small bay on the harbor's east side.

Watching the enemy effect an over-cautious approach, Porter was under no illusions as to what they intended. Like a pair of hounds closing in on an injured stag, the *Phoebe* and *Cherub* prepared for the kill. There was feverish confusion on the *Essex*. Broken gear had to be cleared away, gun-crews had to prepare their pieces. Men worked like mad trying to bend a spring on the cable, so that they might warp the frigate around and utilize her broadside.

At 3:50, the *Phoebe* had taken up her position at the American's stern, and the *Cherub* was working up to the starboard bow. Not a single gun could be brought to bear on the *Phoebe*. Several pieces were rushed to the bow where they could command the deck of the 28-gun *Cherub*. At 5:54 the one-sided battle started. The *Phoebe* began methodically to rake the decks of the helpless American. From the beginning, men dropped like flies. But there was no thought of surrender. Captain, officers, men, all felt it was their duty to hold out so long as there was the slimmest chance. The foremost carronades were so effective that the *Cherub* was forced to run under the stern. Here both Englishmen kept up a hot fire that could not be answered by a single American gun gun until Porter ordered 3 long 12-pounders run out of the stern ports. The crews of these guns were so exposed that it was practically suicide to handle them, yet, as each powder-blackened gunner slumped to the bloody deck another jumped to take his place. In half an hour this tiny battery had been operated with such bravery and skill that the enemy ships were compelled to haul off and repair damages.

During this short respite another desperate attempt was made to run springs out to the cable. Just as the British returned to the fight success was achieved, and the frigate was hauled around so that her broadside faced the enemy. For perhaps a minute the Essex hung there, firing with everything she had. Then the springs were shot away, and once more she swung helplessly at anchor.

The British took up a position on the starboard quarter where the stern guns couldn't reach them and out of range of the carronades. Porter's only hope was to maneuver in such a way that a full broadside could be used. The ship was out of control; the gaff carrying the ensign was gone. Only "Free Trade and Sailors' Right" continued to show through the battle smoke. The sole rope not cut was the flying-jib halyard. This meant that the little flying jib was the only canvas that could be hoisted. Porter ordered it run up, but it had no effect on the vessel's handling. By now the decks were strewn with dead and the cockpits filled with wounded. Porter says in his journal that the *Phoebe* "..kept up a tremendous fire, which mowed down my brave companions by the dozen."

As each gun crew was shot down another took its place. True, their fire was having little effect, but no matter what the odds these Yankees weren't going down to defeat without giving all they had. Porter afterwards wrote of his men, "All appeared determined to defend their ship to the last extremity and to die in preference to shameful surrender."

Seeing his faithful bluejackets falling without any chance of fighting back, Porter decided to beach the ship and land his men. He had cut the cables and drifted within pistol shot of the shore when the wind shifted and drove him back towards the enemy. At this point, Lt. Downes, thinking the fight was hopeless, came aboard and asked Porter for orders The latter, still not ready to admit defeat, told Downes to prepare the *Essex Junior* for defense. The feeble, 20-gun tender had been useless during the engagement and was later captured without trouble.

The fire grew hotter as the *Essex* drew closer to her adversaries. Time and again the deck was raked and everyone exposed killed or wounded. It was cat and mouse game by now. When the shattered American threatened to get close enough for boarding, the *Phoebe* drew off. The *Cherub* carefully took a position out of range and peppered away with round shot from her long guns.

Porter anchored and wondered desperately what to do. Not one of his guns could score a hit. Every available space was jammed with dead and dying. Each minute saw several new men fall. His crew was displaying the finest brand of courage, but it was accomplishing nothing. The men were beaten but wouldn't admit it. Once again, Porter tried to warp his ship. A hawser was bent to the sheet anchor and the anchor at the bows was cut. For a fleeting instant the broadside came to bear. It was a chance.

The lieutenant passed word down to the gun-deck. Sixteen gunners touched lighted punk to the match-holes. Sixteen guns roared like an angry bull tormented by wolves. But there was little triumph in it as the British were too far off for effective shooting. It was the last outburst, and a moment later the hawser parted and what was left of the *Essex* drifted aimlessly.

The hull had taken fire in several places and burned fiercely. Porter ordered overboard all those who could swim, but most of them refused to go. They battled the flames and then returned to their guns. Their firing slackened off. What was the use? They couldn't do any damage. They looked around the slaughter-house that had once been the trim deck of an American man-o'-war. They listened to the cries of their hurt fellows, and for the first time their iron will was shaken. They weren't afraid for themselves, but what about the horribly wounded below? They deserved whatever chance medical attention could give them. The men went to Porter and told him how they felt. He nodded. It was hopeless now. He had tried everything, and he had failed.

He issued orders for his officers to come to him at once. Only one, Stephen Decatur McKnight, was able to obey. All the rest were casualities. Cockpit, steerage, ward-room were all filled with shattered figures that once had been men. At 6:20 p. m., Porter gave orders to strike colors. And then a terrible thing happened. Hillyar refused to cease firing. For ten minutes after the Stars and Stripes were hauled down, he continued to fire on the American. Porter says in his Journal "..my ship was cut up in such a manner which was, perhaps, never before witnessed." Some minutes after the ensign came down four men were killed right next to the captain. Deciding that Hillyar was intent on destroying every man on board, he was on the point of replacing the colors when the British fire stopped.

The *Essex* was finished. She had fought the good fight, and she had lost. The result was inevitable. She had been crippled at the start. She was pitted against a vastly superior force. She was outmanned, outgunned, and outmaneuvered, but not outfought.

She never had a chance, but she had fought as a Yankee in those days was expected to fight, without giving or asking for quarter. Porter, summing up his account of the affair, says, "Suffice it to say, that more bravery, skill, patriotism, and zeal were never displayed on any occasion." He describes some of the almost incredible acts of bravery. Acting Lt. John C. Colwell refused to go below even after his leg was shot off. He directed his men until loss of blood rendered him insensible. Edward Barnewell, acting sailing master, was twice wounded and twice returned to the deck, finally fainting from loss of blood. And Midshipman David Farragut gave "an earnest of his value to the services," but was too young to be recommended for promotion!

The losses of the *Essex* were: 58 killed, 39 severely wounded, 27 slightly wounded, and 31 missing—one hundred and fifty-four casualties. The only effective guns were the six 12-pounders. They had caused the death of Captain Tucker of the *Cherub* and the flag lieutenant of the *Phoebe*. They had planted 18 12-pound shot in the *Phoebe's* hull and put her in a near sinking condition. In all, the British government had spent the immense sum—for those days—of six million dollars in order to destroy the great little American raider.

February 2d 1867.

a/cs Dr to Nat Bank of Comce.			
a/c. pd Self Noun Supp	2 4	$ 25.00	
" , Reed Sawyer	"	4.17	29.17
y a/c paid my Note at Bank.	2.2	3000.00	
a/c pd Cordage Co	2mo 1.	4004.67	
n J. Norton paid him	2 . 8	196.72	
tt. Eglan "	2 8	416.41	
Thornton. "	2 8	479.47	
hart. "	2 8.	479.47	8,576.74.
Nye Dr to Sundry a/cs.			
a/c paid him	2mo 1	$ 15.00.	
Bank of Comce paid his Tax.		64.67.	79.67
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y Note a/c Dr to Sundry a/cs.			
Govt Sec for 25.000 1881. @108½		27,125.00	
25.000 5.20 @105⅛.		26,281.25	53,406.25
2/8.			
Govt Sec Dr to Sundry a/cs			
a/c for 54 days int on			
00 of 7 30		540.00	
Note a/c. for 50000 7 30 @105		52,500.00	
nk of Comce paid them		366.25	53,406.25.
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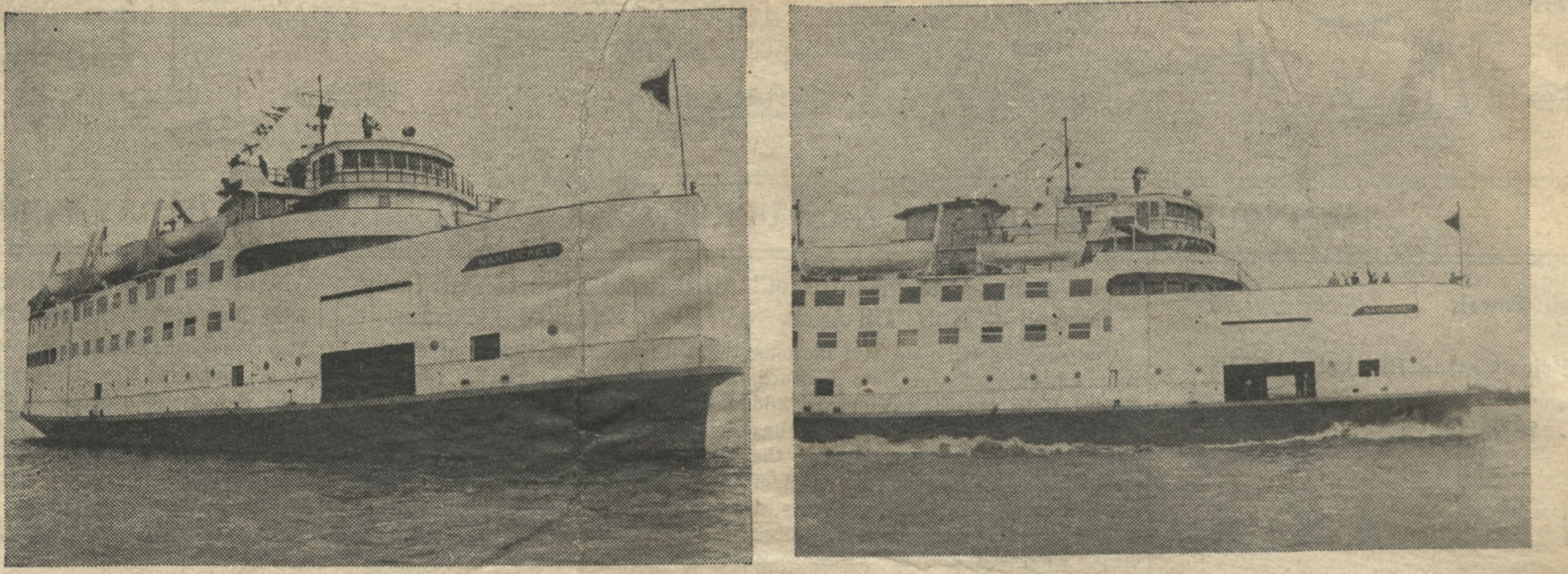
nk of Com Dr to J Note a/c			
000 5 20 Sold @ 107.		$13,910.00	
"			
of Glass Co Stock. Dr to Sundry a/cs			
Nat Bank of Com paid Geo A Burns for assessments of 2100. on 30 Shares Assessment paid in		1800.00.	
" ✓ 304 Bills Pay agreement to pay when balance is assessed.		900.00	
The obligation is made to J. C. Delano. or order.		2700.00	

This 30 Shares costs me $2700
par value. $ 3000.

Two More Views of the New Steamer "Nantucket" 3/23/1957



The above photographs of the new steamer "Nantucket" were taken during her sea trials, held on the Delaware River on Tuesday, March 12. These views give a good idea of the size of the new vessel, and of her general appearance. The "Nantucket" is 229 feet in overall length, with a 50-foot beam, or approximately 20 feet longer than the "Nobska", "Martha's Vineyard", or "New Bedford".

The "Nobska" has an overall length of 210 feet, 10 inches, and a 50-foot beam, and was built from the same model as the other two vessels which formerly served the islands. The "Nantucket" is a completely different design, constructed to allow "straight through" loading and unloading from her freight deck. This feature will be used at Nantucket and at Woods Hole, where appropriate transfer bridges have been constructed, but unless a transfer bridge is built at New Bedford, the side unloading ports at the bow will have to be used as on the steamer "Nobska".

The "Nantucket" has side freight gangways which are larger than those on the "Nobska", and which will allow large vehicles to use the side ports without difficulty. These gangways are 13½ feet high, and approximately five feet wider than those on the "Nobska".

The speed of the new vessel is expected to be 17 knots, or almost 20 miles per hour, which compares favorably with the estimated 12-knot speed of the "Nobska". The vessel's draft is 10 feet, which will allow her to use Woods Hole passage without difficulty.

At the present time, the date upon which the "Nantucket" will make her first trip across the Sound to Nantucket has not been announced, but it is expected that she will arrive here on her maiden voyage within the next ten days.

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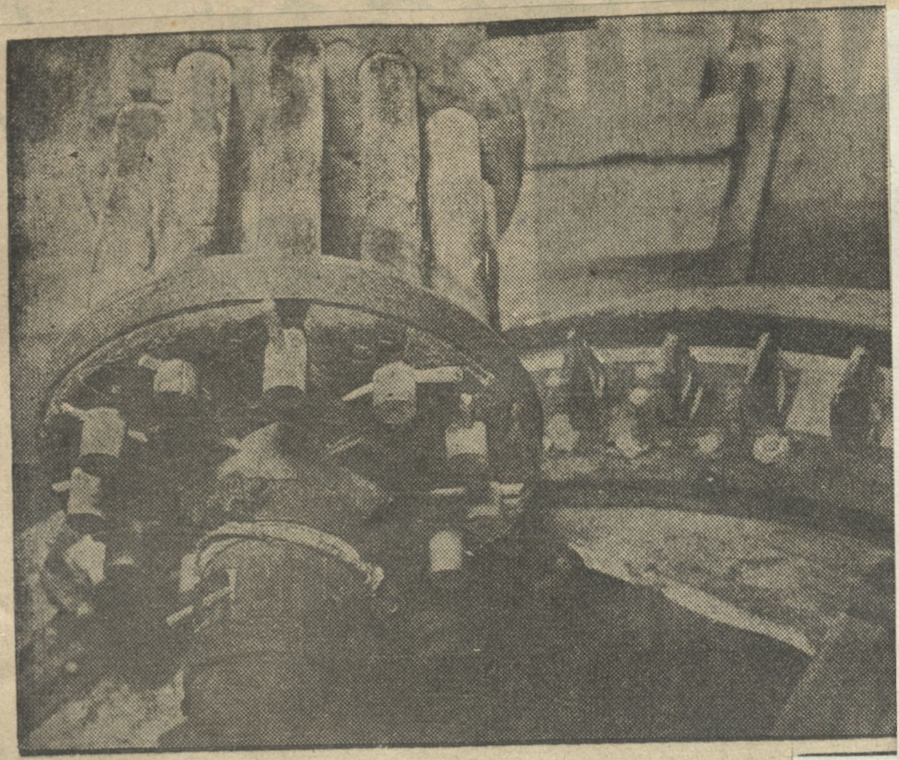
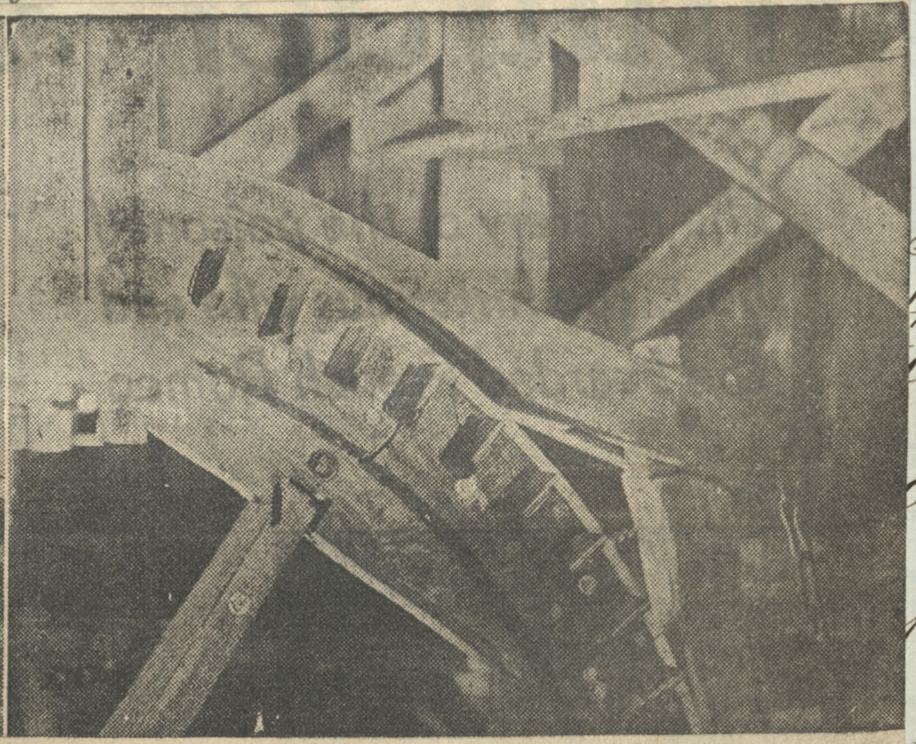
✓✓ 28	of New Dividend Coupon			
✓✓ "	" 7/30. interest in full.	246.57		
✓✓ "	Balance of a/c 6.27	100	49	346.86
✓✓ 295	5 Shares Salem Plane Co Assessment 6 15			125.00.
				$ 471.86
✓✓ 370	Sundry a/c Dr to Expense a/c			
✓✓ 235	J Brindle Comb. Mar 6.20	$ 25	00	
✓✓ 112	S S Paine & Bro. Axle Box "	8	00	33.00
	7/1			
✓✓ 345	National Bank of Co Dr to S a/c			
✓✓ 348	B & Lent a/c md of S & Perry.	2500		
✓✓ 313	Int a/c.	12	50	$2512.50
	Money Lent and Returned.			
✓✓ 291	Emma B Hathaway Int Coupons.			
	90 Gold @ 38⅛. 7/1.			124.31
				$2636.81.
✓✓ 370	Expense a/c Dr to W H Bunker			
✓✓ 234	Balance of Bill 7/1	$214	35	
✓✓ 274	William H Cannell Dr to Expense a/c			
✓✓ 370	paid for Boots. 7/15.	$ 10.00.		

" ✓ 370 Ex

Nantucket Proud of Its Ancient Windmill



Above in the center is the Old Mill as seen from the southwest, showing the great size of the vanes. To the left are pictured the cogs of the main drive wheel (in the background) as they engage the spindles fixed to the vertical shaft. A section of the brake band may be seen below the rim of the big wheel.



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10.29
24.60
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6.50
123.18
2.50
125.00
$ 3,074.52

" ✓ 345 National Bank of Co. Dr to S a/c.
" ✓ 37 34 Shaw Rail Ro Stock New B & Taunton,
Dividend 4%. $ 136.00

" ✓ 242 Bills Rec'd a/c Rec'd of Ben Russell
Int upon his Note. $ 49.46

" ✓ 306 Mrs C D Swift a/c Rec'd for investment.
on her a/c. 7/12 $ 300.00 485.46

" ✓ 242 James Sharpe Dr to Expense a/c
" ✓ 370 paid him
7/16 $ 10.00

12mo 4 1867

315 Sunday

Structure Nearly Two Centuries Old Is Still Capable Of Grinding Corn

THOUSANDS of tourists have visited Nantucket's famous 188-year-old wind mill and marveled at the sturdiness and durability of this silent sentinel on Mill Hill, yet few have stopped to realize what a wonderful tribute it is to the workmanship of its builder, Nathan Wilbur, who was a sailor as well as a carpenter.

The ingenuity and craftsmanship of this Nantucket seaman, who little dreamed that his structure would endure to be a reminder and relic of Nantucket's historic past, is evident to the casual observer, who visits the Old Mill, as it is favorably known to the natives living on the isle, 30 miles out in the Atlantic.

The Old Mill affords a magnificent view of Nantucket, for from its third floor one can see practically the entire island. It looks down upon Nantucket town, and on the skyline appear Sankaty Head Light, Wauwinet, Tom Never's Head, Surfside and the U. S. Naval Radio Compass Station. One may also see from there the fine Summer residences lined along The Cliff. Nearer to the historical monument is the attractive estate of the Frederick L. Ackermans, the Nantucket Hunt Club buildings, and the fine home and garden of Colonel Robert Stewart.

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NANTUCKET is justly proud of its famous mill, and acknowledges its debt to the public-spirited Miss Caroline French of Boston, who in 1897 purchased it and presented it to the Nantucket Historical Association, which also owns the oldest house on the island, the Whaling Museum, and the Nantucket Historical Association Rooms.

Although there may be other windmills in the country which are older, there is none with a more picturesque setting or in comparable condition with the one in Nantucket.

At least $2,000 was spent for repairs this past Summer on the Old Mill, which its owner, Nathan Swain, in 1828, sold to Jared Gardner for $20 for "firewood." The buyer, however, instead of destroying it, repaired and operated it. In 1855, after several attempts to sell the structure, one by the name of George Enos bought it. Six years later the building passed into the hands of Captain John Murray, who in turn two years later sold it to John F. Sylvia, a Portuguese miller. An Irishman, Peter Hoy, worked with the new owner as his assistant for some time.

The mill was used for several years off and on up to 1870. As the demand for its need became less, its operations diminished and it soon became idle. For several years it remained thus. In 1892 it was operated again and a few bags of meal were ground and sold as souvenirs.

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THIS historic shrine, a symbol of the part Nantucket played in the American Revolution, appeared doomed to be razed when it was advertised to be sold at auction. Fortunately, Miss French, then a Summer resident and lover of Nantucket and all its tradition, bought the windmill for $885. She presented it to the Nantucket Historical Association to be preserved as an historical relic.

When Nathan Wilbur decided to build the windmill in 1746, just 30 years before the Declaration of Independence was promulgated by the American colonies, he received little encouragement from the islanders. Familiar, however, with the mechanism of the Dutch windmills as a result of his voyages to Holland, he was convinced the project would be a success because of Nantucket's location in the wind-swept Atlantic.

A year after he built it, however, he sold the mill to Eliakim Swain and John Hay. In 1750, a Timothy Swain bought it. It was destined to be the latter's death house, for he died in it while on duty. It was then that the grandfather of Nathan Swain who bought it in 1828, became its owner.

The mill is down in history as the silent sentinel of Nantucket during the American Revolution for the town captains took advantage of its lofty position on the hill overlooking the harbor and from its top were able to discern British men-of-war and privateers. Forewarned is forearmed, and this served as the motto of these courageous Nantucketers.

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THE Summer of 1934 will be remembered by admirers of the Old Mill, as the time when it was rededicated to the actual grinding of corn after almost two centuries of existence and a number of years of idleness. It was due largely to the interest of Whitman Pearson, history teacher of the Nantucket High School and a member of the Nantucket Historical Association that this was accomplished. It attracted more than 1,500 visitors in two months.

Although milling was new to him, Mr. Pearson turned out to be a much better miller than he ever expected to be. During the season the mill was open, he could not supply the constant demand for corn which islanders and Summer visitors wanted for their Johnny cakes and corn muffins.

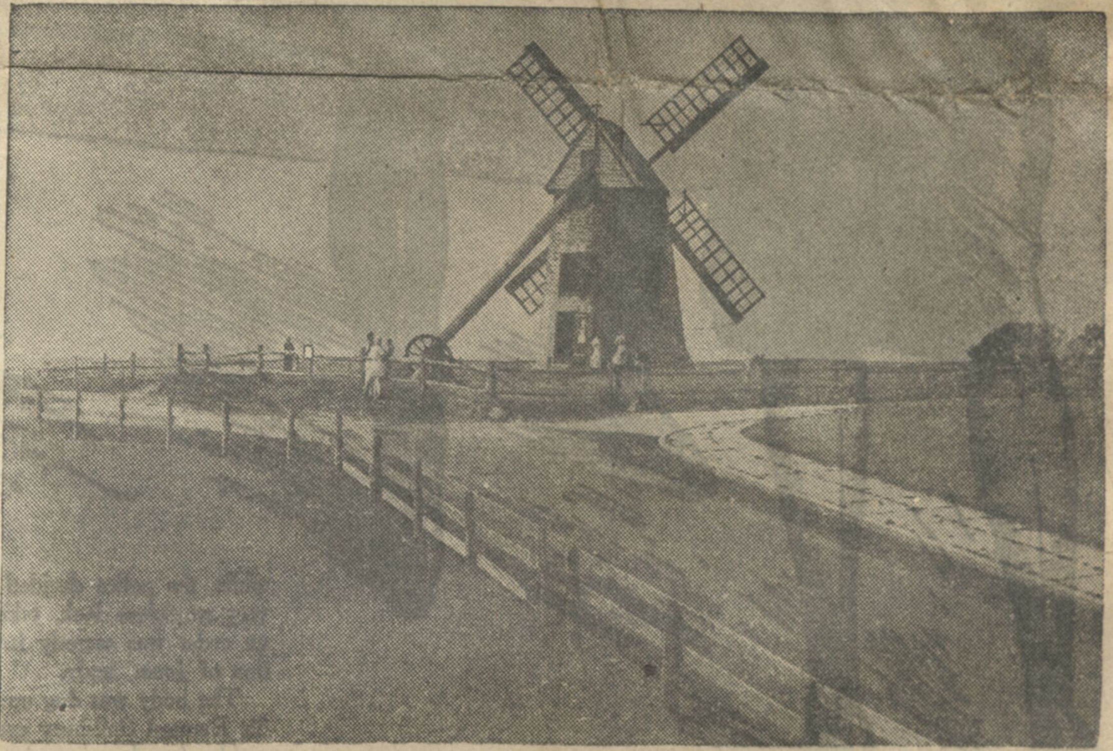
Visitors from practically every state in the Union as well as from Austria, England, Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland, the Philippines, and the Canal Zone, marveled at the fine working condition of the aged structure.

"Features," Mr. Pearson said, "which cause more than ordinary interest are the observatory-like-top, the compound lever device for separating the millstones, and the huge brake.

* * *

THERE is not a square joint in the building, which has a pronounced taper from base to roof, and is also eight-sided, yet every piece of timber is perfectly dove-tailed to its neighbor. Nails and screws were expensive in 1746, so the sailor-carpenter made ample use of strong wooden pegs to further secure the mortised joints. Eight massive foot-square timbers form the octagonal framework of the building, and these are braced and cross-braced so that the combination of heavy timbers and excellent joints gives the structure unbelievable strength and sturdiness. This type of construction minimizes vibration and the tapering frame lowers the center of gravity. A fine illustration of the soundness of the building nearly two hundred years after its construction, is the fact that a contractor who recently repaired the mill, observed that when he jacked up one side of the mill, there was no distortion or sagging by any part of the structure's framework.

The motive force for the mill is obtained from a huge fan or propellor which consists of four 30-foot vanes set into a main drive shaft. These vanes are simply strong wooden lattice-work over which canvas sails are spread. Applying the sails is done by bringing each vane near the ground and then hoisting the canvas by means of pulleys and ropes. While all four sails should be used to develop the mill's maximum power, two are sufficient to operate it in the average Nantucket wind, and frequently a strong wind will turn over the propellor just by the pressure on the open lattice-work.



A view of the Old Mill from the northeast, showing the device by which the top of the structure may be revolved to bring the vanes into the wind.

THE flat surface of the canvas and lattice-work is of course placed at an angle to the supporting arms so that the wind will slide off the surface and impart a rotary motion to it. In the opinion of Mr. Pearson, this angle should be more pronounced —that is—have a greater pitch, but such an angle would be harder to obtain without completely altering the type of construction, he says.

The vane structure has some degree of flexibility and the consequent bending by the wind helps to make a more efficient angle of inclination. The only other external feature of interest is the device by means of which the vanes are turned into the wind, regardless of its direction. Directly opposite the propellor and above the back end of the main drive shaft, there is set into the top of the building a huge mast-like timber which extends like the hypotenuse of a right triangle, down to the ground at a point about 50 feet from the base of the mill. The lower end of this timber does not actually touch the ground but is fixed to the hub of a large wagon wheel.

To the uninitiated this appears to be some sort of a brace, but in reality it enabled the miller to change the position of the propellor according to the direction of the wind. As the whole top-roof main shaft, main drive wheel, and vanes can revolve on a sill or shelf, like the top of an observatory, it is easy to see how a horse, ox, or capstan pulling on the lower end of the huge timber could turn the propellor toward any point of the compass. At the present time this device is not used because of the weakened condition of the wooden boom. The mill always faces the southwest, that being the direction of the prevailing Summer winds.

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THE internal working parts of the mill indicate the exercise of Yankee ingenuity as well as a rudimentary knowledge of the laws of mechanics. The huge propellor by means of a ponderous wooden shaft turns an 11-foot wooden wheel which was built out from the shaft, using it as a hub. This big wheel represents a carpentry achievement of no mean value in itself, as it was made in six 60-degree segments and these were neatly fitted together to form a complete wheel.

Just inside the outer rim of the wheel and projecting out several inches perpendicular to the wheel spokes, 60 wooden pegs or cogs are inserted, making this main driving wheel into a crude but practical gear. At right angles to the main shaft and projecting downward is another shaft which has attached to its upper end two collars which are separated by a distance of two feet. Set into these collars and parallel to the vertical shaft are 12 spindles which are engaged by the cogs of the main drive wheel. This gearing mechanism provides a speed increase of five to one as the 60 teeth of the 11-foot wheel mesh with the 12 vertical spindles. Thus the revolving millstone turns five times as fast as the propellor. The vertical shaft engages at its lower end with the upper millstone which is movable and consists of a circular piece of granite about a foot thick and six feet in diameter. Immediately below this stone is another similar one which remains stationary. The connection between the end of the vertical shaft and the upper millstone is made by having an inverted U-shaped piece of metal which forms the lower end of the shaft, straddle an iron bar which is set into the stone and crosses the hole at its center.

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THE two millstones do the actual work for which the structure was made. The center of the upper millstone has been cut away forming a hole a foot in diameter, and it is through this hole that the grain, which comes down through a hopper chute, is fed to the grinding surfaces. The faces of the stones are cut with many grooves so designed as to better grind the grain as well as to gradually work it from the center to the circumference where it emerges as meal. The angle of incline of the chute may be varied and this in turn controls the speed at which the grain is fed to the stones. The distance between the stones is not fixed but may be regulated by an ingenious compound lever device. The upper stone at its center and the vertical shaft are supported by an iron shaft which passes through the center of the lower stone and is supported by a horizontal beam below the lower stone.

This beam forms part of a compound lever arrangement, so that the miller by adjusting the position of hand lever, conveniently located near his meal bin, can vary the size of the finished product at will. The whole grinding mechanism is enclosed in a large wooden box and this confines the ground meal after it emerges from the circumference of the stones. The circular movement of the stones keeps the meal in motion and it is grad-

12 mo 30 1867

Here is shown a portion of the brake mechanism, revealing how the brake band encircles the main drive wheel. Below, at the left, the circular box which houses the millstones. In the center is the vertical shaft which turns the upper stone.

ually worked around to a hole and a chute which conveys it to a bin on the first floor.

The huge brake by means of which the speed of the mill is controlled is another mechanical device which forms part of the mill. A heavy strip of bent oak encircles the 11-foot main drive wheel and this may be contracted upon the rim of the large wheel. This contraction is secured by means of a large lever which is operated by a counterweight and a block and tackle. Though this brake is 188 years old, it still works satisfactorily.

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"UNLIKE a water mill which may run unattended for long periods," Mr. Pearson declared, "the wind mill requires constant attention and the miller must be both alert and agile.

"A marked increase in the velocity of the wind may require his presence at the brake mechanism on the third floor, while a sudden decrease will mean slowing up or stopping the supply of grain to the stones to avoid clogging the grinding surfaces and stopping the mill entirely. Then he must check on the grinding process by watching the finished product as it is deposited in the bin on the first floor. The vanes pick up speed very rapidly and there is no end to the damage that might occur should the brake fail to function.

"Stopping a 60-foot propellor, which has gone on the rampage would be no mean task and would require the courage of a Don Quixote."

Another interesting feature of the Old Mill is the material which was used in its construction. The big stones used in the foundation are undoubtedly from Nantucket, relics of the Great Glacier's visit. Many of the timbers came from ships which were wrecked around the island.

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IN the days before the radio, the submarine bell and all types of elaborate beacons, wrecks were very numerous on the treacherous shoals which surround Nantucket. The big millstones probably did not come from the island but from some Massachusetts or New Hampshire quarry which specialized in such products. Very little iron work is used, pegs taking the place of nails and screws, but what was used was apparently hand forged "on location" during the process of construction.

Some tools, believed to be part of Wilbur's kit, are on display at the mill and are extremely interesting. One, an old drawshave, has the handles set so wide apart as to indicate its maker must have been a large man with wide shoulders and long arms. A gimlet, hammer and hatchet while crudely forged by hand are still serviceable, though their wooden handles are badly worm-eaten. Several picks used for roughening the surfaces of the millstones after use had worn them smooth, are interesting because they have interchangeable points. Some of the other objects on exhibit are two old fashioned wooden meal measures, an old tool chest with carefully dove-tailed joints, a measuring stick and hand-forged belts, nails and clamps.

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SEVERAL accidents have occurred at the Old Mill. Tradition has it that a girl who attempted to hold on to one of the vanes as they went around, was severely injured when she was thrown violently down to the ground. An another occasion, an unfortunate cow grazed too close to the sweep of the vanes and was killed by the terrific blow it received from one of them. Another woman, who recently visited the mill, declared, in 1888, while playing a game of tag, she ran into the path of one of the arms and was severely injured.

Mr. Pearson, himself, had a narrow escape. When first experimenting with the operation of the mill, he had climbed halfway up one of the fans to adjust a sail when the vane started skyward. Even with his weight of 160 pounds, it picked up speed, but fortunately, he made a swift descent before the vane reached a high altitude.

The Old Mill is the survivor of several windmills built on Nantucket.

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√ 361 171 Share Nat Bk of C Dr to Nat Bk of C
√ 345 for 13 additional Share @ 117. Jany 6. 68 $ 1521.00

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"The Nantucket Love Story"

Nantucket Island, Sept. 20, 1735.

MY OWN DEAR MOTHER: It seems a very long time since you and my honored father and my ever-beloved brothers and sisters started for your new home. But I suppose you have not at this writing reached your destination, and I think of you every day, and all day, following the lonely trail through the forests, and sometimes I am tempted to repine because my father thought it best to remove to that far-away settlement. But my grandfather tells me that to entertain that sentiment would be unworthy, and since it was thought best for me to remain behind for a season, I must improve my time to the best advantage.

This I try to do with cheerfulness, and Aunt Content is so kind as to say that I am of service to her in our household duties, and in spinning and weaving. Peradventure my letter will be a puzzle to you, so I hasten to say that I indite a paragraph or two at a time, upon leisure. I do this, dear mother, that you may share in my pleasurable thoughts and may know of my daily life, also that my brothers and sisters may, in a measure, partake of my enjoyment.

The principal news I have now to tell is—my Cousin Nathaniel Starbuck, Junior, has returned to Boston from his late long voyage to the East, and is now hourly looked for here. There are divers preparations being made for his welcoming. My grandfather walks restlessly up and down the yard. Uncle Nathaniel says with pride: "The boy will have many stories to tell." Aunt Content flits about the house with a smile upon her face, and anon with tears in her eyes, concocting the dishes of which her son used to be fond, while Grandmother knits and knits, because, she says: "'Thaniel never yet wore any stockings but of my make, and I must have a supply for him to take on his next voyage." I, even I, am to have a new blue gown made from aunt's last web, which is the finest and softest piece of serge ever made on the island.

My cousin has come. He is tall and lithe, with handsome hair and eyes, but his complexion is bronzed by ocean winds and Eastern suns. He has brought a great many curiosities and presents for us all. One is a silken creamy shawl for me, embroidered with beautiful flowers. Another is a piece of foamy Canton crepe, as white as snow.

Grandma says they shall be kept for my wedding, but Aunt Esther says it is not seemly for such thoughts to be put into a maiden's head. Yet Aunt Content gave me, the other day, a whole piece of linen from the fall bleach—"To be kept," said she, "for a day of need."

Cousin has returned to Boston, and yesterday he sent by messenger another sea chest. In it is a large box of tea, the first that was ever on the island. It is of a greenish color, with little shriveled leaves, and when eaten dry has a pleasant, spicy taste. Perhaps, when I have an opportunity to send this letter, I can enclose a sample that you may see what it is like. He also sent by the same hand a letter, saying that when he returns to Nantucket, the owner of the ship in which he voyaged, Captain Morris, will come with him to pay us a visit.

We are again making master preparations for visitors, and if you will believe it, the large parlor, which has not been used since Aunt Mehitabel's wedding, is to be open. The floor has been newly waxed and polished, and we have spread down here and there beautiful mats and rugs which Cousin Nat brought from foreign parts.

With the many curious and handsome things which are hung on the walls and spread on the table and chimney piece, and the huge fire of logs, which the sharp weather now renders necessary, you have no true conception how finely the room appears.

When I was admiring it this morning, Aunt Esther rebuked me, saying: "The bright things of this world are of short duration.'

But Grandma observed that it was natural and right for the young to admire beauty, at which Aunt Esther seemed displeased. I sometimes think she dislikes me because I am young.

We have just had tidings that Cousin Nat and his friend Captain Morris intend to arrive here on the 31st of December. Uncle Nathaniel says we will have a tea-party, and invite Lieutenant Marcey's family, and Uncle Edward Starbuck's family, and a few others, to meet our distinguished guests, and to "sit the old year out and the new one in."

We cooked a bountiful dinner, and our guests all came. I wore my new blue gown, with some lace, that Grandma gave me, in the square neck, and my own dear mother's gold necklace. I tied my curls, which Cousin Nat will not allow me to braid, with blue ribbon which he bought in London. Aunt Esther said men disliked to see girls so brave, but Grandpa kissed me, calling me a "bonnie bluebell."

Aunt Content has been much pestered in her mind because she knew not how to cook and serve tea, and after our neighbors had assembled, she confided to them her perplexity. They all gathered about the tea chest, smelling and tasting the fragrant herb.

Mrs. Lieutenant Marcey said she had heard it ought to be well cooked to be palatable, and Aunt Edward Starbuck said that a lady in Boston, who had drank tea, told her it needed a good quantity for a steeping, which was the reason it was so expensive. So Aunt Content hung the bright five-gallon bell-metal kettle on the crane, and putting a two quart bowlful of tea in it, with plenty of water, swung it over the fire. Aunt Esther and Lydia Ann Marcey stayed in the kitchen to keep it boiling.

While I was laying the table I heard Lydia Ann say: "I have heard that when tea is drank it gives a brilliancy to the eyes and a youthful freshness to the complexion. I am fearful that thy sister-in-law failed to put in a sufficient quantity of leaves."

So Aunt Esther put another bowlful of tea in the bell-metal kettle.

When the tea had boiled about an hour, my Cousin Nat and Captain Morris arrived. The tea, which had boiled down to about a gallon, was poured into Grandma's large tankard and carried to the table, and each guest was provided with one of her porringers, also with cream and sugar. The Captain talked to me before dinner, and I told him how you were all off in the wilds. He said that enterprise was what the new country needed, and that it was not best to have Nantucket peopled entirely with Starbucks, that I was one of the old stock, it was plain to be seen, if my name was Wentworth, and he looked pleasantly around the circle of Starbucks. I saw Aunt Esther look at me so sharply that I remembered that she had often told me that it was not seemly for me to talk with men, and presently became discreetly silent.

But when dinner was announced, the Captain took me out and made me sit by him. After Grandma had asked a blessing on the food, Aunt Content said to her son and his friend: "I have made a dish of tea for you, but am fearful that I have not prepared it properly, and would like to have your own opinion."

Whereupon my cousin and the Captain looked and sniffed at the tea, and my cousin made answer: "As my beloved mother desires my opinion, I must tell her that this beverage, which she has with such hospitable intent prepared for us, would nearly kill any of us here at the table."

The Captain then said, laughingly, that aunt could keep the decoction for a dye to color woolens. He further said that he would, if she so desired, himself instruct her how to draw the tea. "And this young lady," he continued, turning to me, "shall make the first dish of the beverage used in Nantucket."

Dinner being over, they all remained at the table except Captain Morris and myself (for Aunt Content bade me to assist him as he should direct), and we searched for a suitable vessel wherein to draw the tea. At last I saw Uncle Nathaniel's large gray stone pitcher, into which our guest instructed me to put as much of the tea as I could hold between my thumb and forefinger for each person, and an additional pinch for each person. Then he told me to pour upon it boiling water sufficient for us all, and set it near the coals to draw.

The tea was then poured into the tankard which Aunt Content had made ready, and the Captain carried it to the table for me, and helped me pour it out into the porringers for the guests. He was so kind as to say it was the best dish of tea he ever drank.

Cousin Nat told stories and sang songs, in which latter recreation Captain Morris joined and the happy New Year's greeting took the place of goodbyes when our neighbors left for their respective homes.

My cousin's friend still lingers for the shooting, and there is little spinning or weaving done, as it takes so much time for the cooking and the eating and the visiting.

I heard my cousin's friend tell Uncle Nathaniel that we had good blood, and that ever since he first became acquainted with Cousin Nat, he had conceived a great admiration for the Nathaniel Starbucks, and he said something about a wife. Perhaps he remains here so long on Aunt Esther's account, but, dear me, she is so prim (I write with all respect) and he is such a jovial gentleman that I do not understand how such a union could be harmonious.

Oh, my mother, how can I tell you? It is not for the love of Aunt Esther that Captain Morris remains, but of me, your daughter. All the Starbucks, indeed (save Aunt Esther, who declares that I ought to be put back into pinafores), have given their consent that I shall marry and sail away with my husband, in his ship, to foreign parts, and see for myself all the beautiful and wonderful things of which I have heard so much, of late. But I will not give my consent until I have that of my father and mother, so there is a company being made up to go with Cousin Nat and the Captain, to your far-away home.

And so it will be this new friend, of whom I have written so much, who will take this long letter to you. I am sure, dear mother, that you, who know my heart so well, will not think it unseemly for me to pray that the Lord will guide your heart and that of my father to feel kindly disposed toward this gentleman.

I cannot help thinking it strange, his wanting to marry me, and when I said so one day, he replied, gravely, it was all on account of the tea that got into his head.

And indeed it may be so, for I was flighty and hardly closed my eyes to sleep at all the night after partaking of it, and even Grandmother says she would not answer for what she might be led to do, were she to make use of it every day. I send along, with other small articles, a quantity of this famous tea, and a bit of the white crepe that I shall, if so it seemeth best in the judgment of my honored father and mother, make up to wear as a wedding gown.

I remain now and ever your dutiful daughter,

RUTH STARBUCK WENTWORTH.

The above version of the "Nantucket Love Story" is the latest to appear in print. All the versions which have appeared, based on one or another of the three "original" letters purporting to be the handiwork of Ruth Starbuck Wentworth, are essentially alike in wording and main outlines. The dates of the heading vary, and a few details in the body of the text.

1/6 1864

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Notes

Coupons

360.00

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" √ 371	Expense a/c Dr to Sundry a/cs.	$ 5.00	
" √ 366	Nat Bk of Co pd Rural Cemetery	" 53.25	58.25
	Kelley & Bro		
" √ 366	"	16.04	
" √ 128	Stock a/c mo of W.H.A.	74.29	
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NANTUCKET'S WHALING MUSEUM WHERE THE LAST REAL WHALEMAN PRESIDES

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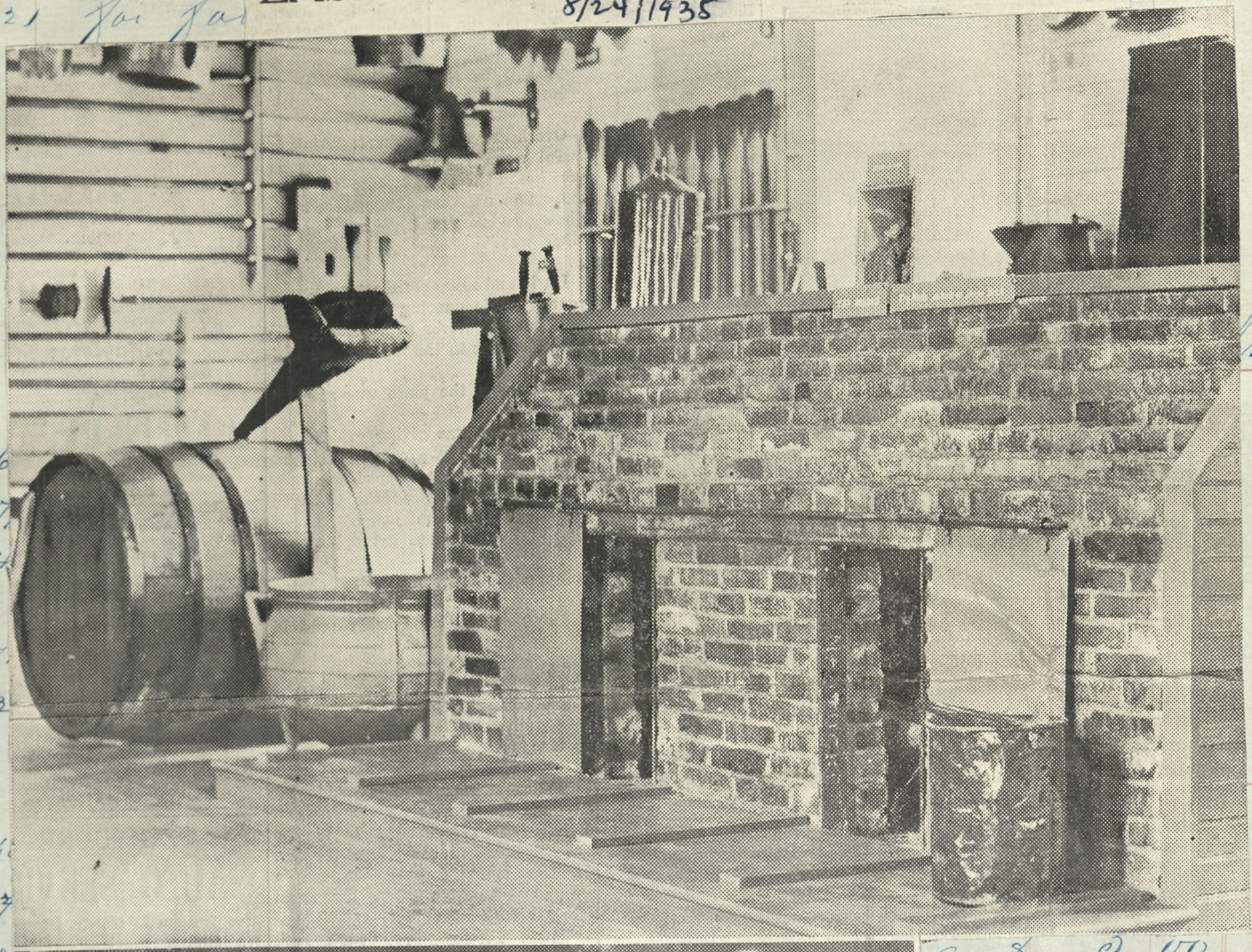

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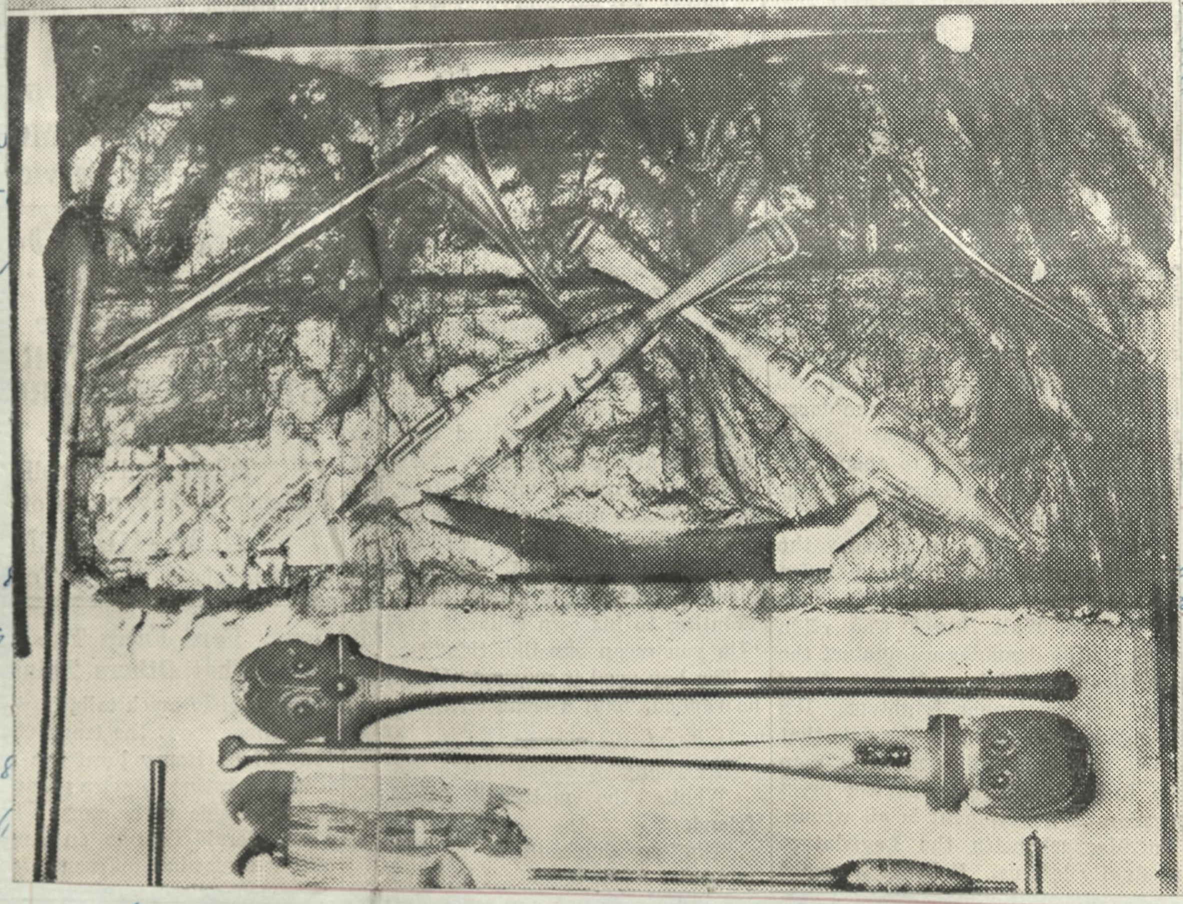

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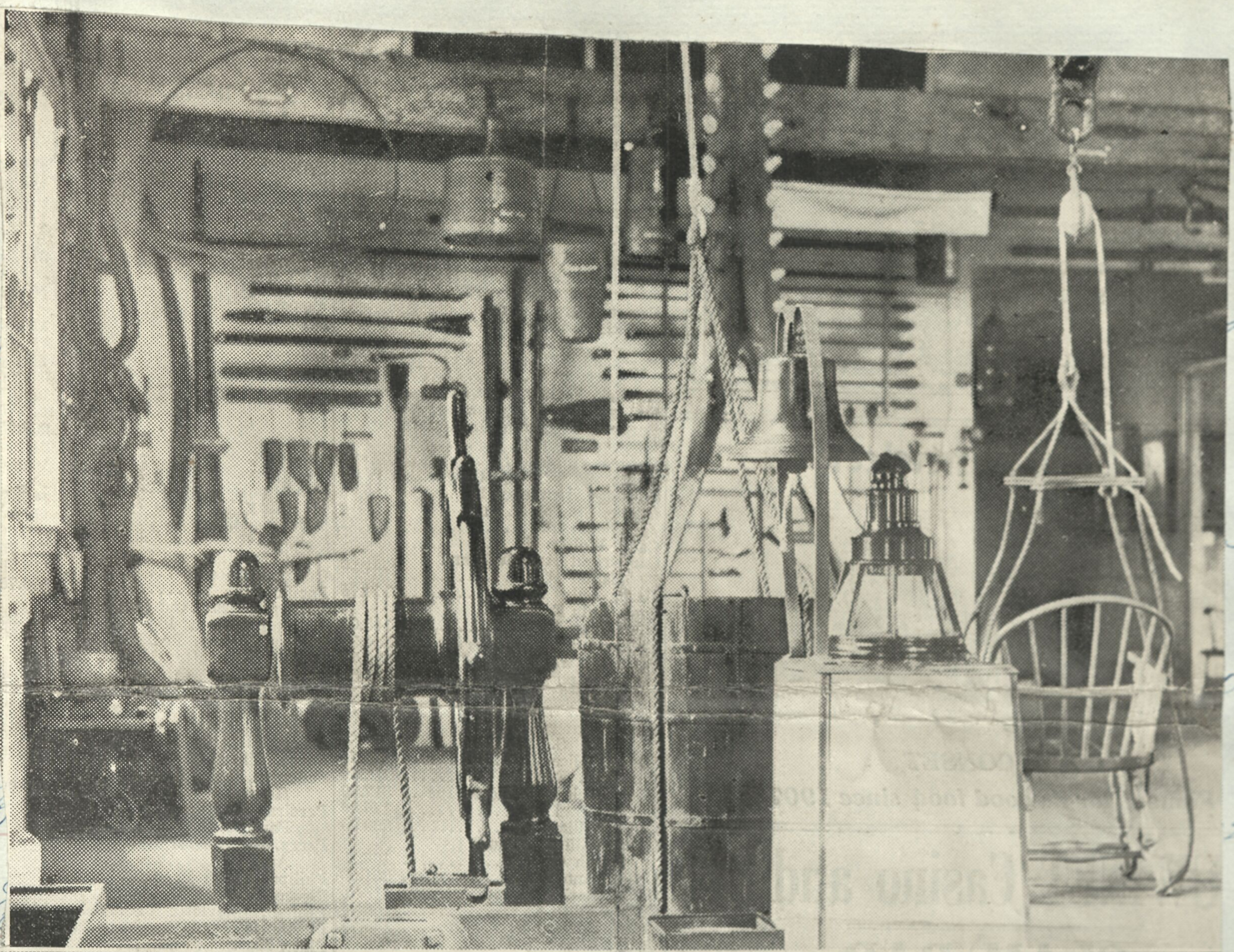

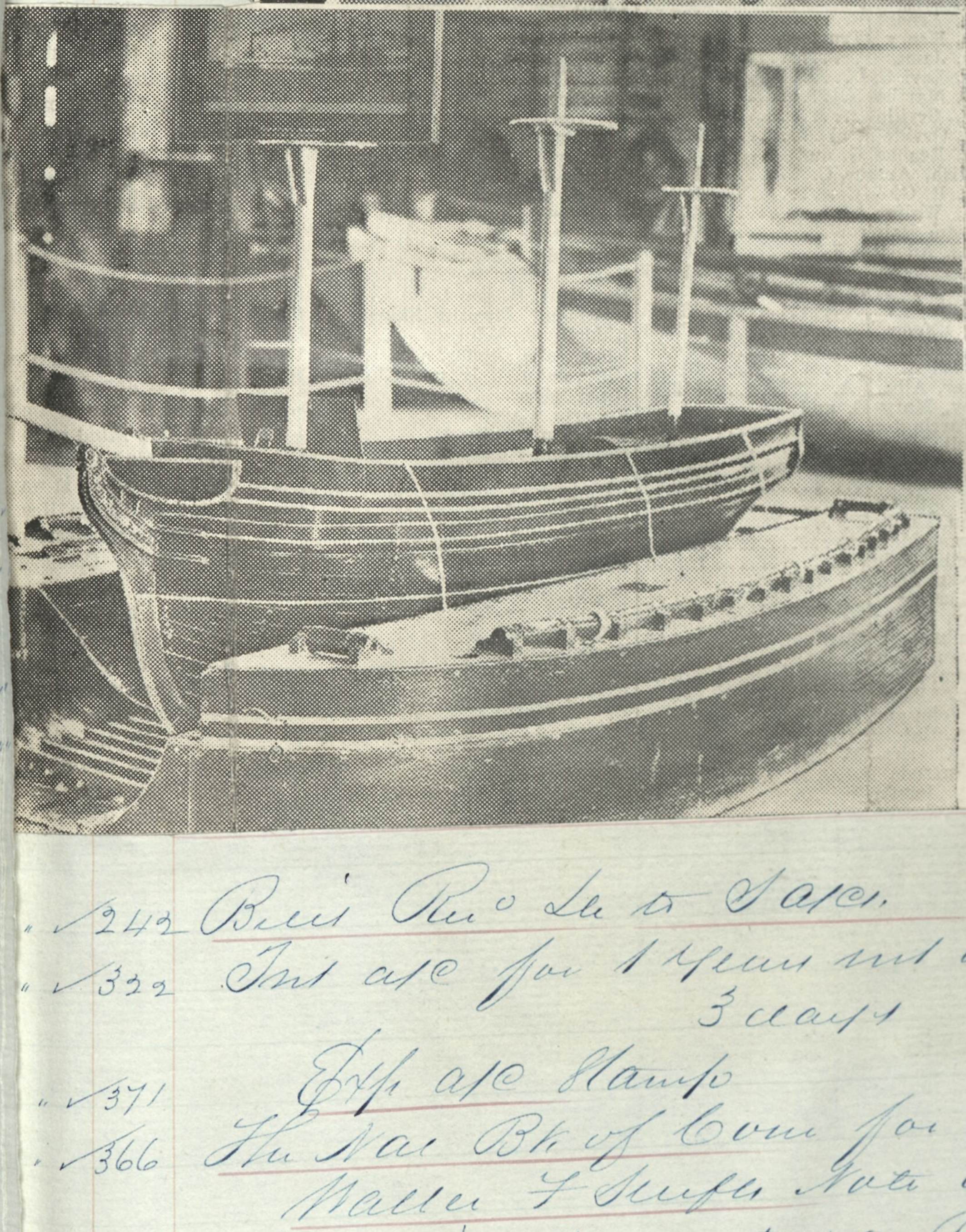

Reminders of the days when Nantucket's name ranked high in the whaling industry abound in the Nantucket Whaling Museum. At the upper left is a reproduction of the try-works typical of those built on whaleships to try out the oil from the blubber. A barrel and try-pot may be seen at the extreme left. The upper right view shows a corner of the main room of the museum, with ship's bell, chair, used in lifting a captain's wife aboard, whale's jaw, harpoons and sundry articles peculiar to the industry.. At the lower left are some of the war weapons and tools used by natives of the South Sea islands, to the display of which a whole room is devoted. The picture in the lower center is of a model of the floating dry-dock or "camels" used for floating whaleships over Nantucket bar and into the harbor. An exterior view of the brick building is shown at the lower right.

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" " √371	Expense a/c Dr to Saw Plane Co	$12.85	
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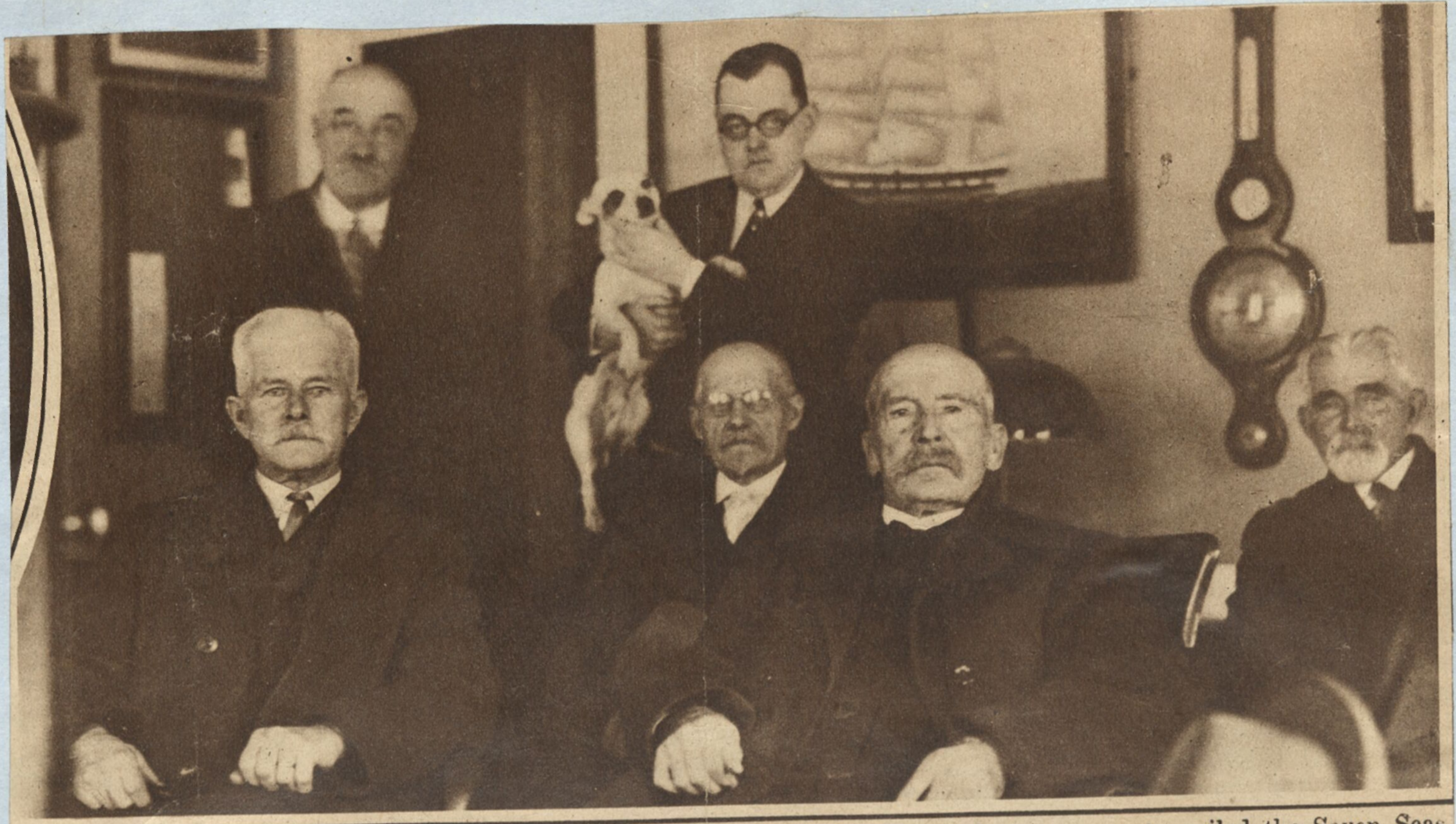
THE HUGHSTON ESTATE IN 'SCONSET

Photo by Fee

NANTUCKET BLACKSMITH

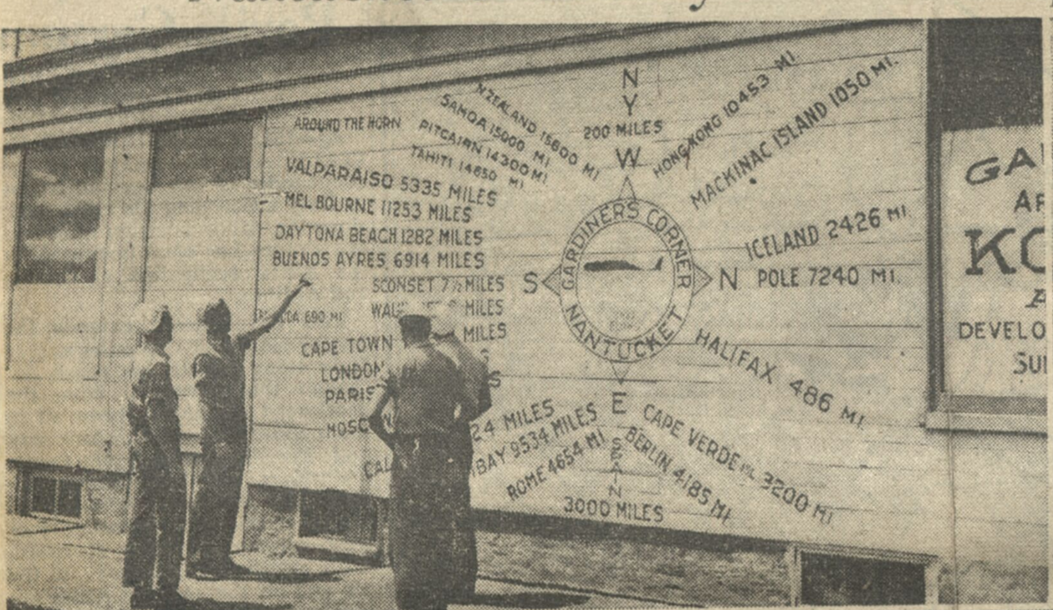
AQUILA CORMIER, 67, the last blacksmith on Nantucket, is shown at his anvil in a little shop on Straight Wharf. A resident of Nantucket for 50 years, he once shared the smithy duties with three other blacksmiths. Where once he shod 30 horses a day now he does about 75 a year. A variety of other work, such as repairing andirons, making iron brackets keeps him busy, however.



OLD SALTS KEEP SAILING TRADITION ALIVE—In the Pacific Club, Nantucket, men who sailed the Seven Seas, and more, gather daily to talk of the old days of clippers and square-riggers. In the photo, from left to right, standing, are James H. Wood. Jr., and Ernest R. Terry holding "Jerry;" seated. Captain Benjamin W. Joy, Captain J. M. Winslow, Captain Joseph T. Remsen and James H. Wood. Sr.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1944

Nantucket Constantly Grows in Popularity as a Show Place


AROUND THE HORN
N. ZEALAND 15600 MI
SAMOA 15000 MI
PITCAIRN 14300 MI
TAHITI 14650 MI
N Y
200 MILES
W
HONG KONG 10453 MI
MACKINAC ISLAND 1050 MI
VALPARAISO 5335 MILES
MEL BOURNE 11253 MILES
DAYTONA BEACH 1282 MILES
BUENOS AYRES 6914 MILES
SCONSET 7½ MILES
S
GARDINERS CORNER
NANTUCKET
N
ICELAND 2426 MI
POLE 7240 MI
CAPE TOWN
LONDON
PARIS
HALIFAX 486 MI
E
CAPE VERDE IS. 3200 MI
BERLIN 4185 MI
ROME 4654 MI
3000 MILES
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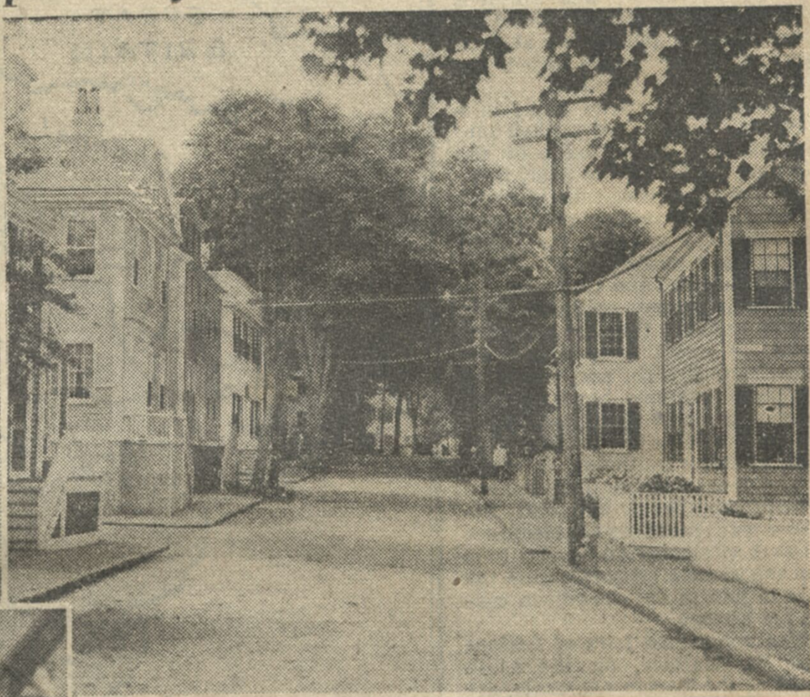
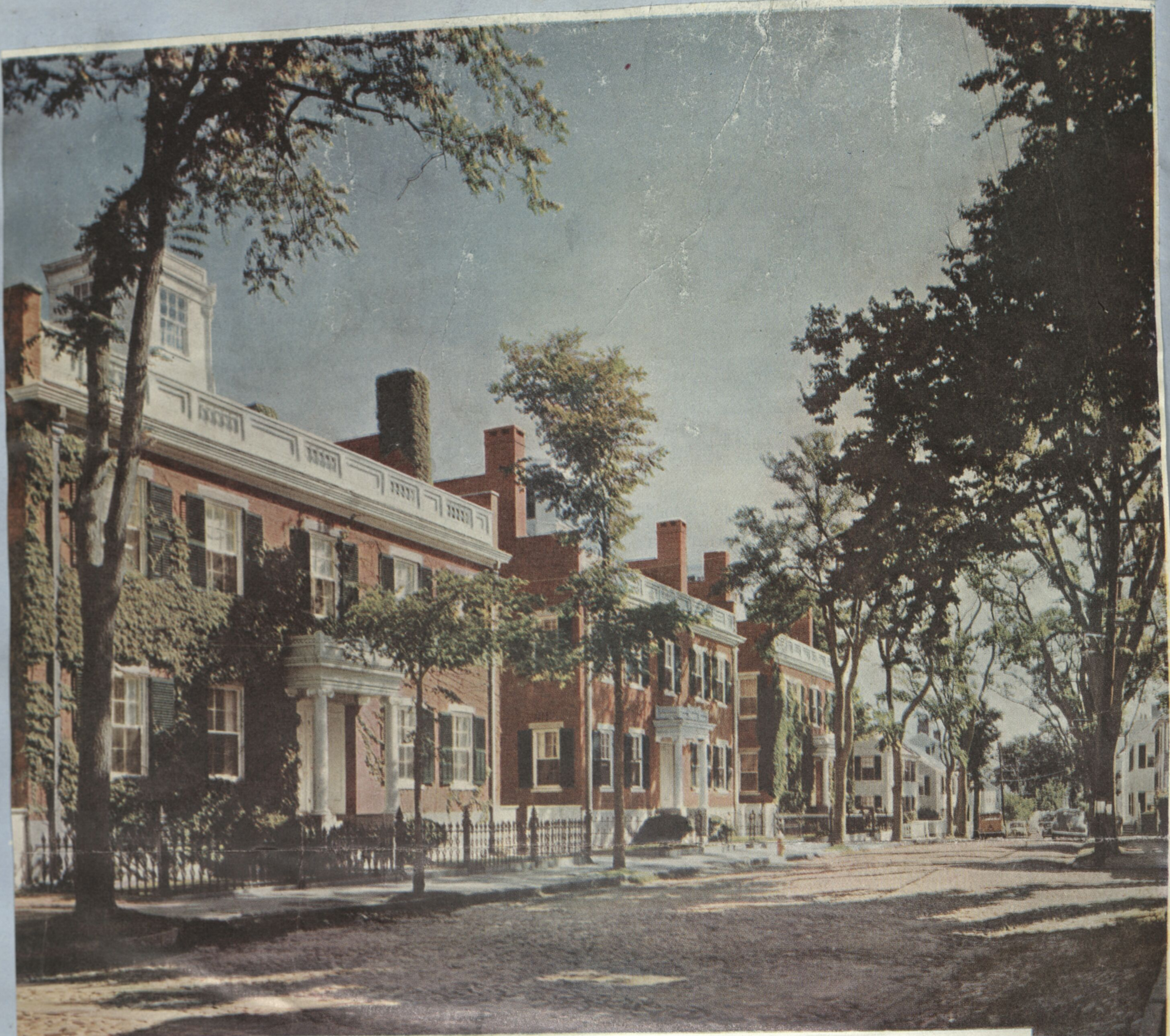


Wide World

No Longer 'Far-Away Island' Its Indian Name Implies

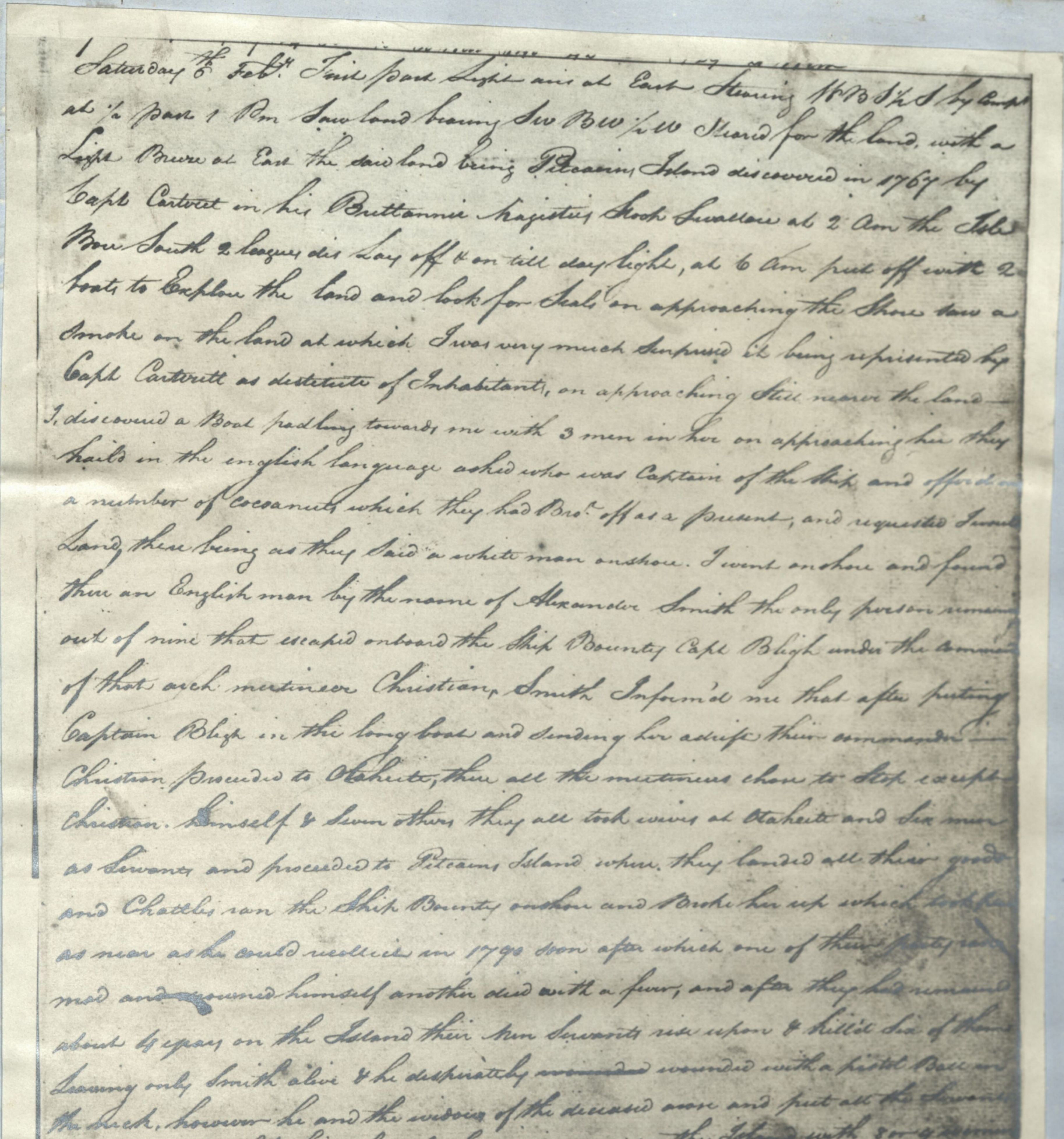
Nantucket has had more visitors than ever this summer. Nor will Labor Day put an end to the season as it does in most summer resorts. Last year September was the biggest tourist month for this unusual resort, which owes its distinctive character to years of Quaker dominance and whaling prosperity. Despite restrictions on travel, the usual peak summer population of 15,000 is expected to be passed this year. Located 28 miles south of Cape Cod, the island was for many years the whaling capital of the world. In 1830 the Town of Nantucket ranked after Boston and Salem as the third commercial community of Massachusetts; in 1842 it was the home port of 86 ships and barks, two brigs, and two schooners. The islanders sailed all over the world in their search for whales, as a poster, upper left, on one of the village streets indicates. The photograph shows a group of men from the Island's Naval Air Station studying the list of places Nantucket's old sailors saw. Upper right—Looking east along the Town's Main Street, the visitor is charmed by the view of old New England homes. Nowhere in the United States, it is said, can one find so many lanes and streets lined entirely with dwellings that were built in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Below—Captain Peterson, old Norwegian fisherman, in a sailboat workshop. His wife was with him when he sailed his Norwegian fishing boat into Nantucket Harbor shortly after World War I, and they liked the island so well they decided to stay.



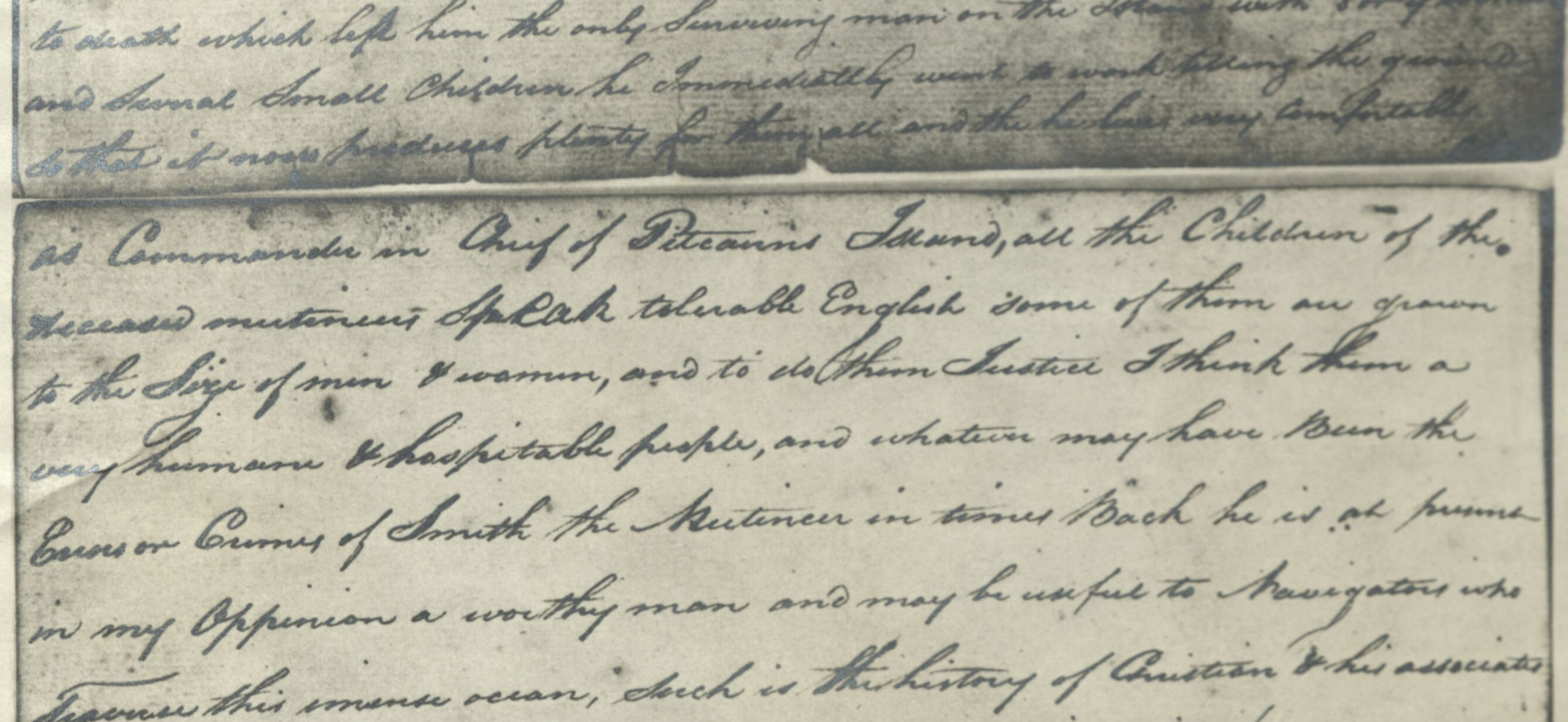
NANTUCKET

By RICHARD PRATT, *Architectural Editor of the Journal*

Twenty miles out in the Atlantic from the coast of Cape Cod, the little island town of Nantucket rises unbelievably beautiful from the sea, filtering off from the clustered harmony of its handsome old houses into long stretches of creamy cliffs and gray-green moors. You walk entranced through winding streets that tell the story of the town. Ancient weathered shingled cottages were the homes of fishermen and farmers as far back as the seventeenth century. In larger white clapboard houses lived the captains of whaling ships when Nantucket was the great whaling port of the world and when wealthy shipowners and merchants were building elegant mansions like those in the picture of Main Street above. Now hardly changed in a hundred years, Nantucket's chief livelihood comes from visitors attracted by its incomparable charm.



Saturday 6th Feby. Fair Pleast. Light airs at East Steering WBS½S by Compt
at ½ past 1 Pm Saw land bearing SW B W ½ W Steered for the land, with a
Light Breeze at East the said land being Pitcairns Island discovered in 1767 by
Capt Carteret in his Brittannic Majesties Sloop Swallow at 2 Am the Isle
Bore South 2 leagues dis Lay off & on till day light, at 6 Am put off with 2
boats to Explore the land and look for Seals on approaching the Shore saw a
Smoke on the land at which I was very much Surprised it being represented by
Capt Carterett as destitute of Inhabitants, on approaching Still nearer the land
I discovered a Boat padling towards me with 3 men in her on approaching her they
haild in the english language asked who was Captain of the Ship and offer'd
a number of cocoanuts which they had Brot. off as a present, and requested I would
Land there being as they said a white man onshore. I went onshore and found
there an English man by the name of Alexander Smith the only person remaining
out of nine that escaped onboard the Ship Bounty Capt Bligh under the command
of that arch mutineer Christian, Smith Inform'd me that after puting
Captain Bligh in the long boat and sending her adrift their commander
Christian proceeded to Otaheite, there all the mutineers chose to Stop except
Christian. himself & Seven others they all took wives at Otaheite and Six men
as Servants and proceeded to Pitcairns Island where they landed all their goods
and Chattles ran the Ship Bounty onshore and Broke her up which took place
as near as he could recollect in 1790 soon after which one of their party ran
mad and drowned himself another died with a fever, and after they had remained
about 4 years on the Island their men Servants rose upon & kill'd six of them
leaving only Smith alive & he desperately ~~wounded~~ wounded with a pistol Ball in
the neck, however he and the widows of the deceased arose and put all the Servants
to death which left him the only Surviving man on the Island with 8 or 9 women
and Several Small Children he Immediately went to work tilling the ground
so that it now produces plenty for them all and he lives very comfortably



as Commander in Chief of Pitcairns Island, all the Children of the
deceased mutineers Speak tolerable English some of them are grown
to the Size of men & women, and to do them Justice I think them a
very humane & hospitable people, and whatever may have Been the
Errors or Crimes of Smith the Mutineer in times Back he is at present
in my Oppinion a worthy man and may be useful to Navigators who
Traverse this imense ocean, Such is the history of Christian & his associates
be it remember'd that this Island is Scantily Supplied with fresh water
So that it is impossible for a Ship to Get a Supply I place it in Lat. 25°2
South, and 130°00' West Lon from my last Lunar Observations